

write with me

please

come in, come out, come write with me,

let your words flow, see letters form

as your pencil scratches across the

page

get down, get loose, and write with me,

draw me a picture, thousands of

Words dance along the image, climb out of the

page

write messy, write neat, just write with me,

your language may not be mine, but then

mine is not yours, yet our words cover the

page

when you get stuck, you can write with me,

pick up your writer's block and heave it to the

floor, watch it smash open, grab the ideas inside for the

page

just

write with me



Dear Young Writers Young Readers,  
(and your grownups and siblings, too)

As we near the end of our 2024 Young Writers Young Readers, I am amazed at everything you accomplished in your two weeks of writing. I may have sat in your class for a bit, talked to your teacher or your grownup, seen you at an author visit, or maybe you joined me for a 'Write with Me' session. Maybe you told me how much you love Young Writers Young Readers.

I am mostly behind the scenes here, a writing teacher not teaching writing - but there is a whole lot I do every summer. Apart from making sure you have a wonderful camp experience, I'm recruiting authors to visit, sorting t-shirts with our intern, and putting together this wonderful anthology which includes your writing.

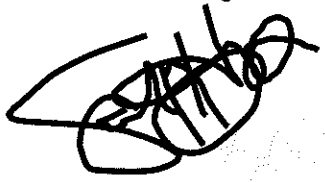
I hope you keep this for a long time. I have some of my writing from when I was your age, some of it good, some of it embarrassing, and some that seriously needs work. There are poems, stories, journal entries. I have one story from second grade I had to write about a picture, and it is one of my favorite pieces I have ever written (and I have written a lot).

So someday you may find this anthology, open it to your writing, and feel a smile spread across your face as you remember being here.

I hope you do.

As always -

Happy Writing!

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Prof. Hyson'.

Prof. Hyson

## Dedication Page

This anthology is dedicated to all of the writers' family and friends. You were our first teachers. Thank you for your support and love.



<b>Student Name</b>	<b>School</b>
Aahil Baig	Greystone Elementary School
Lydia Chen	Valley Forge Elementary School
Sonia Chopra	Beaumont Elementary
Lulu Ferrara	Skyview Upper Elementary School
Eddie Kloss	Concord Elementary
Svarsa Kovvur	Uwchlan Elementary
Sritha Kovvur	Uwchlan Elementary
Charlotte Li	Episcopal Academy
Shawn Martin	Penn Wood Elementary
Emily Sparrow	Montgomery Elementary School
Tharun Kasi	Devon Elementary
Alivia Yu	Devon Elementary
Eric Zhao	Chadds Ford Elementary School
Miss Jolene	West Chester Writing Project

### **The recreation of Godzilla minus one.**

It seemed like nothing would happen in the king's castle near the sea. One day the waves were going higher than normal and 20 people drowned because of it. The people advised the king to do something. So he put the tallest wall up! Nothing happened for two weeks. But then some "blue beam" destroyed the wall. That day, the local people said they saw a giant black lizard called GODZILLA. So the king called in the navy and the marines to attack the creature. But when they tried to attack it, they all failed and only one person survived. His name was Ronald. In so much fear he went to the city and the governor was planning to drown the lizard. So when it arrived they trapped it and tried to sink it with pressure. After two minutes it broke free and beamed all the ships except one, the commanding ship. Then Ronald was with a nuke in his plane. Before he did another blast, the plane went in GODZILLA'S mouth and Ronald shot his nuke, and it exploded GODZILLA'S head off. It fell in the ocean. Luckily Ronald survived as he ejected and put the plane on self-destruct. Everyone thought GODZILLA died but it was being reborn!

### **About the Author**

Aahil goes to Greystone Elementary School which is the latest school in West Chester Area School District. In my spare time, I like playing video games usually Fortnite. I also enjoy listening to Eminem's music and last but not least, I love having friends over at my house. Aahil was born on January 30<sup>th</sup> and he has a younger sister.

## **Sammy and the Wolf**

One day a squirrel named Sammy was in his home sleeping when he heard a huffing and puffing outside. He poked his head out and saw a huge wolf. The wolf was coming near him. Sammy could not believe his eyes. What was a wolf doing here? All the humans lived here and if a wolf was here they would be unsafe. Sammy thought about it and then said in a tiny mousey sort of voice, "I need to put a stop to this!" Sammy jumped on the wolf's back lightly, so he wouldn't know he was there. The wolf was in his den. His den was very different than what Sammy thought it would look like. The den was very warm and dark. All against the wall was covered with shelves. The wolf went all the way to the back of the den. In the kitchen, there was a fridge with all sorts of pictures on it. The wolf was probably called Harry because there was a sign that said Harry in cursive. Harry was looking in the fridge when the room suddenly turned cold. The fridge was empty. The wolf looked around and in aloud grumpy voice said, "Did I eat that much in a week?" Then he looked at his stomach which was very big.

He snuck out of his den and up the hills. It was a bumpy ride since Sammy was still on Harry. Sammy wondered where he was going. Probably a wolf grocery store. Sammy was wrong. They were heading to a house! The wolf was going towards it and looking at a basket. The sign said, "For you. From: Larry James To: Charlotte Lu." He took the basket and took out a ring that was under the cloth. He put it over his head. He was really skinny. When he was asleep Sammy carefully took out the ring off him and put it back under the basket. Just as he put it there a woman walked near the house. She said, "Shoo! Get away from there!" So Sammy ran back. When he got home he said, "Home sweet home. Time to sleep."

## **About the Author**

Lydia is a 10-year-old girl who lives on the outskirts of Philly. She attends Valley Forge Elementary School. In her free time, she likes reading J.K. Rowling's books and listening to Taylor Swift. She has written 6 books. She plays lacrosse, basketball, and swimming. She has one sister who she loves to share her awards with.

## **Brave Mike**

In a little brick house with a little blue door, lived a cat named Murk. Murk hated mice so much that he would walk around the hole they lived in and NEVER let the mice out! They lived on nothing but breadcrumbs if they were lucky. Mama and Papa Mouse told little Mike not to go out there. "It's a scary place!" Papa said. "And the evil cat Murk is out there", Mama said. All of his 20 sisters and brothers told him not to go. Mike was sick of being bossed around all the time. Mike went out. Mike looked around for the thing that all his mice friends bragged about, Cheese! Even though he had never tried cheese, Mike was sure he would like it.

Since his hole was only a little bit away from the kitchen, he could easily climb up. "Thank you", he thought. The fruit bowl was open and had a lot of fruits. And next to it was the cheese board! Mozzarella, cheddar, and any type of cheese you can imagine! Just then the evil cat Murk walked in front of him. He leaned closer and closer. "Hi, new best friend! My name is Murk. People don't like me. Mice don't like me. I try to let them come out and play, but they never do", Murk said. Mike was very surprised. "Well then, will you help me? I need to get to the cheese board," Mike said. "In return, I will tell the mice you aren't bad AND get you more friends." OK!, Murk replied. Mike hopped onto Murk's back and hopped off on the counter. He took a few pieces of cheese and then hopped back on Murk's back for the ride down. Mike scurried back to his hole and told his mother, "Murk is not bad, he just wants to play!" Mama Mouse trusted him. Now he has many friends. All thanks to Brave Mike.

## **About the Author**

Sonia always loved to read ever since she learned to read when she was two. She attends Beaumont Elementary School and is going into 4<sup>th</sup> grade. She lives with her brother, mom, and dad on the outskirts of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In her free time, Sonia will jam to Taylor Swift and read J.K. Rowling, her favorite author. She has won two running awards and she enjoys art as much as she enjoys writing.



## **Rock that Play**

I breathe slowly and carefully as I prepare to go on stage. I watch the play in front of me through the curtain, waiting for my moment to come out. But how do I know that I won't mess up, or not come out at all? Unlike the ensemble, I need to be out there. I may have the most important part in the whole play.

“Dear Pock, come forth to me and lean thou ears in close.”

Uh-oh. There it is. The sentence of my eventual demise. I need to walk out now, or else the whole play is ruined.

This year, the school play was A Midsummer Night's Dream. Not all the words are the same as in the original play, for the script was written by the students who read the play once and then wrote the whole script without revising it. And I have happened to have gotten Pock, the one who created the problem in the first place. Pock is also the narrator, so it's extra stuff. And maybe he doesn't have the most lines (I counted). But he definitely has the most important part.

It's time. It's past time. I step out onto the stage. A spotlight focuses its light on me and I rock the part.

I do everything wonderful. I perfect every word. I put feeling into my every move. And most importantly, I have the most fun I've ever had in my entire life.

After the bows, everyone goes backstage. The main roles immediately huddle up and start whispering. Francis Flute and all his actor friends start goofing off. I go over and talk to the ensemble, for they are in my opinion, the kindest people in the cast. But eventually, everyone in the entire cast comes over to congratulate me, even the main roles! I really have done amazing.

## **About the Author**

Lulu is 11 years old. She lives in Norristown, PA with her awesome parents and older sister. She attends Skyview Upper Elementary School. Her hobbies include reading, drawing, and playing with cats (who unfortunately are not hers). She plays lacrosse, and Dungeons and Dragons with her Dad. She dreams of getting a cat and winning either a Caldecott award or a Newberry medal someday.

## **The Dog**

In a city, in the smallest street, in the smallest house, in the smallest hole lived a mouse. Outside of the hole was a scientist's mouse trap. At the end was a monster made out of cheese. He was very hungry. He felt like he had not eaten in years. But he had not eaten since the day before. So he got the growing spray. He was about to spray when a dog knocked down the cheese. Then he sprayed the dog. The dog grew and grew. The mouse decided to change the dog back to normal. First, he sprayed himself and he grew. Then he got the shrinking spray. He went out and sprayed the dog and then he sprayed himself again.

## **About the Author**

Eddie has written 8 books. He likes to read. His birthday is December 20. Eddie loves to run. He likes wildlife and his favorite animal is the armadillo.

## **The Lunchbox**

One day there were 4 children named Sonia, Charlotte, Lydia, and Eddie who were on a sailboat in a lake! But then, WOOSH, a heavy gust of wind made the children unbalanced. It started pouring rain. TAP, TAP, TAP, TAP. The children fell into the water. They all swam to a nearby rock. Charlotte was carrying a special lunchbox her mom gave to her. Eddie started observing the fish around them, while the girls played Avocado. Charlotte was playing with Lydia when her lunchbox fell into the water. Eddie was very adventurous and he loved to explore, so he said, "I'll go get it." Eddie hopped on the rocks and swung past an alligator by a tree branch. Finally, he saw some fish grouped together, looking at something. "Hey fishy's, what are you looking at?", Eddie shouted. The fish scrambled. Just then, Eddie knew what they were looking at! A lock! Eddie dived into the water to grab it. But then Eddie saw a mysterious path. So, he followed it. The path led to a treasure chest and Charlotte's lunchbox! Hooray!

## **About the Author**

Svarsa is 10 years old and she was born on January 29<sup>th</sup>. She lives with her Mom, Dad, and her younger sister in Downingtown, PA. Svarsa is currently in 5<sup>th</sup> grade and goes to Uwchlan Hills Elementary School. In her free time, she likes to play Cricket, do Robotics, and dance. In Robotics, she qualified for the Nationals and won several trophies with her team.

## **Sam**

One day there was an elephant named Sam and he always wanted to make friends with the birds. He loved cooking and singing. He thought if he shared his love of cooking and singing with the birds they wouldn't like it. One time he even tried to catch them in a jar to be his friend but they flew away. One night he was preparing a feast and singing. When the birds came they were about to fly over Sam when they smelled the delicious food and heard the beautiful voice coming from Sam. Frighteningly, they flew to Sam. Sam was surprised and welcomed them. He gave them some soup and started singing. The birds loved the soup and asked for more. After dinner, Sam asked them to be his friend and they said yes. They all lived happily ever after.

## **About the Author**

Sritha plays Cricket and she even won 2 trophies so far. Shritha is in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade and goes to Uwchlan Hills Elementary School. She is 9 years old and was born on May 13<sup>th</sup>. She lives with her parents and her older sister. One of her hobbies is reading.

## **Little Mouse**

One day Little Mouse was hiding in a cargo ship inside a tiny hole with her brother Annoying Mouse. Annoying Mouse kept on asking her to go out with him to annoy the sailors. Finally, she got so annoyed that she yelled at him, "GO OUT ON YOUR OWN FOR ALL I CARE ABOUT!". Then Annoying Mouse left and she was alone. An hour later Annoying Mouse came back with a dice and she asked him why he brought back a dice. Her brother said, "I brought it back just for fun". That night Little Mouse heard a sound that said, "I can grant your most desired wish." Little Mouse thought, "Hmm, my most desired wish, hmm." Then she made her wish. Here is what it was. "I wish for my brother to be less annoying." Then the next day everything was fine and everybody lived happily ever after.

## **About the Author**

Charlotte is 8 years old and going to attend 3<sup>rd</sup> grade at Episcopal Academy. She was born in January and lives with her parents, an older brother, and an older sister. She plays piano and violin and she enjoys classical music. She has won many piano awards and a few chess awards. Her favorite hobby is drawing and her favorite author is J.K. Rowling.

## **Bob the Bee**

One day there was a bee named Bob that lived in a table because tables are made of wood and Bob is a carpenter bee. Bob loved his home but it was kind of small. So Bob thought and thought and thought until he had an idea. Bob decided to look around the world for a home or at least his neighborhood. But first, he needed a map to know where he was. So he went to the map store to get one. First, he stopped at Roberto's house. "Hey! May I come inside? Asked Bob". "Yes," said Roberto. He looked and looked until he found the perfect house. Well! For himself at least.

## **About the Author**

Shawn is a fourth grader at Penn Wood Elementary School. Shawn was born on November 29<sup>th</sup>. He lives with his mom, dad, and fishes Bob, Rob, and Pleco, in West Chester, Pennsylvania. His favorite sport is baseball, and he likes playing 3<sup>rd</sup> base and shortstop. He also likes the Phillies. Shawn's favorite food is Tommy hot dog.

## **The Witch**

There was a witch. She had a sharp nose, a pointy hat, and a black cat. The witch's name is Olivia. Olivia didn't want to be old because she hated being ugly! So Olivia wanted to steal the Queen's youth so she can look young. Olivia made a poison to steal the Queen's youth. The poison was made out of grass, water, and a special ingredients. Olivia went to the Queen's home, but when Olivia step foot in the home she was trapped in a glass bottle and the queen was saved.

## **About the Author**

Emily was born on the 25<sup>th</sup> of December. She attends the Montgomery Elementary School. She lives with her mom, dad, and her brothers in Montgomery Glen. She is a brown belt in karate. Her hobbies are arts and crafts.

## **Alien Ship Savior**

Once upon a time, there was an Alien Ship. He was on a mission to save people from drowning in the terrible hurricane, He thought of an awesome idea. His idea was dropping inner tubes into the water so that they would get on them. He would call his friends to use his superpower to blow a gust of wind which was stronger than the storm but strong enough to blow just the tubes. After a while, the people got distracted and started laughing. The wind blew the people to the Alien Ship, saved them, and took them to their homes.

## **About the Author**

Tharun is 9 years old and was born on August 17<sup>th</sup>. He is a soccer player and attends Devon Elementary School. Tharun is a 4<sup>th</sup> grader. His favorite movie is Harry Potter and his favorite author is J.K. Rowling. He can speak English and Tamil.



## **Best Day**

“DING, DING, DING!” My alarm rings. This is the best morning in my whole life. We went to a shop to buy a fishing net, some chicken and a bucket. Then we use our credit card to buy all of it. We drive all the way from Pennsylvania to Delaware and we drive to the best place to catch crabs. We put chicken meat in the net and we put it in the water and the crab gets into the net. We catch 10 crabs! We took them home. And I cannot wait to eat them. My dad cooked them. It smelled good but when I ate them they tasted even better. I said, “It is the best day in my whole life.”

## **About the Author**

Alivia was born on April 1<sup>st</sup> in Delaware. She moved to China when she was 4 years old and then moved to PA when she was 9 years old. She attends Devon Elementary School and her favorite subject is gym. The book she is reading is “Wish Tree”. Her favorite song is “Bad Blood” and her favorite sports are swimming, tennis, and soccer.

## **The Pirate's Treasure**

One day a pirate was on his ship. On the 2<sup>nd</sup> day, the sun came up and when they sailed to an island he found a sack of gold. He was very happy to see it. When they got on the ship he sailed to the sea and found a message in a bottle and he was very happy. When he read the message it said it was a meal with the king. They had a good time with the king.

## **About the Author**

Eric is going into 4<sup>th</sup> grade at Chadds Ford Elementary School. Eric was born on October 6<sup>th</sup> and lives with his parents, brother, and his cat. His favorite subject is Math and he likes the movie Spiderman. His favorite author is Roald Dahl.

## **Springtime in West Chester, PA**

As I open the window the fresh clean air slowly drifts in the room announcing Spring's arrival.

No trumpets or brass band just a hint of warm air.

The small mounds of snow on the ground and parking spaces are no longer white but a grey, no longer winter's color.

I see small yellow flowers poking through the ground looking for the sun

Hoping for warmth and sun and not another frost.

Spring is hope-

Hoping that the earth will turn green again and lush with flowers and trees;

Hoping that the world will be bright with color and nourished by the sun's heat;

Hoping that life will be better and brighter;

Hoping that love will beat out hate;

Hoping that kindness will be the norm and not the specialty;

Hoping that the city built by the Quakers so long ago will be kind and just to all;

Hoping for peace and compassion for people of all colors and nationalities;

As I close the window I hope for a brighter and warmer tomorrow filled with promise of all things good.

## **About the Author**

Miss Jolene was a high school English and Writing teacher for over twenty years at East High School. She earned her doctorate at Widener University in Educational Leadership. She spent 12 years at Houghton Mifflin Company representing the Great Source division. Jolene has traveled all over the United States except for three states. Her hobbies including reading, attending Broadway shows in New York City and writing.



**West Chester Writing Project  
Young Writers/Young Readers  
Summer, 2024**

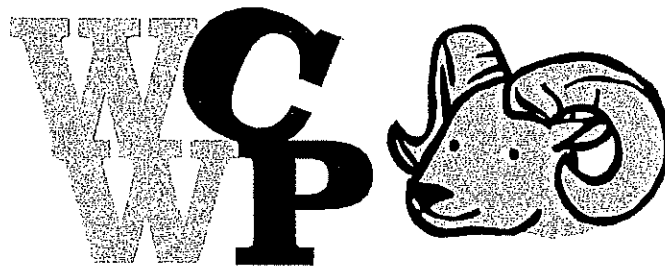
We came together from different places and experiences, leaving with new ideas and new friends. During these past two weeks, we tried many writing strategies and structures. We made lists during our brainstorming sessions and worked independently and collaboratively.

We tried our pencils at different kinds of poetry: Acrostic, Haiku, and rhyming. We used different structures for writing including writing stories, and letters. We also had free write time where we could use story cubes, story starters, or journal jots to help jump start our writing. Exploring literature which included idioms and onomatopoeia examples, helped us find ideas we could try in our own writing. We read many books as inspiration.

Conferring with the teacher also encouraged writers to return to their work and try to stretch themselves a bit. In this anthology, you will read the pieces that the children selected as their favorites from this session.

To the parents and guardians, I extend my heartfelt gratitude. I appreciate your belief in the value of writing and reading skills and your commitment to nurturing these in your child. Your active interest in your child's literacy development is a testament to your dedication.

Rita DiCarne  
WCWP writing teacher



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Owen Lloyd	Groveland Elementary
Leward Sawyer	Pocopson Elementary
Rita DiCarne	Our Lady of Mercy RCS

## PINK

Pink is an adorable Axolotl.  
Pink is a juicy apple.  
Pink tastes like tart pink lemonade.  
Pink looks like a beautiful sunset.  
Pink feels prickly like a rose.  
Pink is my favorite color.



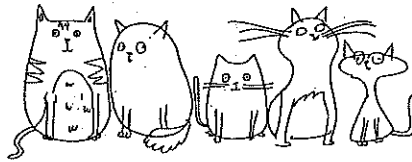
## CATS

Cheerful

Active

Too cute

Sleepy

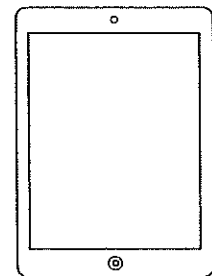


## I Quit!

Dear Avery,

This is your iPad. I am tired of you always staring at me, tapping me when playing games, and having a low battery charge, which makes me really tired. Also, the music from your games always keeps me up! I am QUITTING!

From your very annoyed device,  
iPad

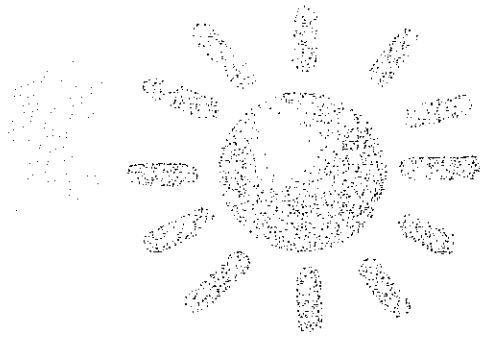


## About the Author

Avery Bartman lives with her mom, dad, and younger sister in West Chester. She loves cats—she has four of them! Avery also loves drawing, reading, and singing.

## YELLOW

Yellow feels bold,  
bright, and happy.  
Yellow sounds like  
singing birds.  
Yellow looks like  
the graceful neck  
of a giraffe.  
Yellow is the  
color of our  
big and bright  
sun.



## I Quit!

Dear Dhara,

I AM TIRED of smelling your stinky tush! My feet get tired of you scraping them on the floor. Weill you also stop punching me? Back to the first think I said. Maybe put deodorant on or take a bath! Can you please sit somewhere else and not on me for sometime?

Your very annoyed friend,  
Mr. Chair

## DHARA

**D**reaming

**H**as lots of books

**A**lways playing

**R**eadng

**A**lways has a nose in a good book



## CATFISH

(Haiku)

Catfish aren't cats

These types of fish have "whiskers"

Catfish are so cool

## About the Author

Dhara Bhanushali lives in Malvern with her mom and dad. She is 8 years old and going into 3<sup>rd</sup> grade at General Wayne Elementary School.



## SPENCER

**S**uper

**P**ianist

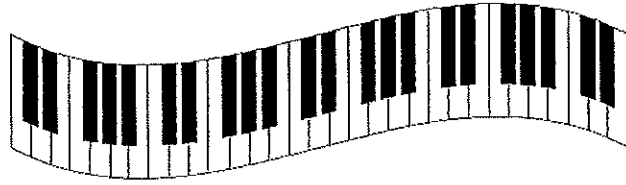
**E**nergetic

**N**ever wants to eat rice

**C**aring

**E**xcited

**R**eaders



## I Quit!

Dear Spencer,

I am tired of being bounced and pounced on by you and your brother. Please don't take off my back padding to make a fort. I also don't like you using me for storage.

Your tired friend,

Couch

## BLUE

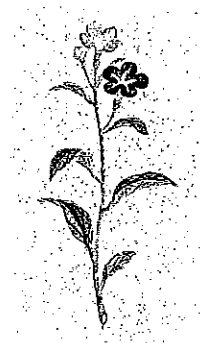
Blue looks like the sky, miles in the air.

Blue feels like the ocean wetting your hands.

Blue tastes like blueberries straight from the farm.

Blue smells like forget-me-not flowers in the garden.

Blue sounds like blue jays chirping in the morning.



## About the Author

Spencer Chan is 100% Chinese but was born in the U.S.A. He has two dogs that he likes to play with.

## I Quit!

Dear Jacob,

I'm your parents' bed. Can you sleep on your bed now? You've slept on me for two months. Please?

Your angry friend,  
Parent's bed

PS: Two reasons

First - you snore so loud!

Second - you're making it too crowded!

## RED

Red is the color of my dad's favorite Columbian soccer team, American de Cali (which is Amercia from Cali in Spanish)

Red is the color of blood.

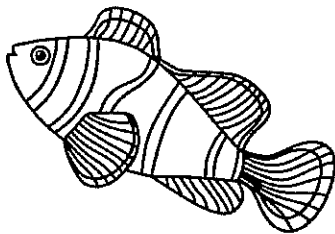
Red is the color of fire trucks. They are saving the day by putting out fires.

Red is half the color of fire. It has a very high temperature.

Red is the color of blushed people's faces. That's when they are embarrassed.

Red is the color of lava. Lava is inside a volcano.

Red is the color of the sun at twilight. It's like a sunset.



## HAIKU

Fish swim in the pond  
I eat fish for lunch sometimes  
Salmon is my dish

## About the Author

Jacob Escobar lives in West Chester with his mom, dad, brother, and sister. He likes reading and Pokémon.



## PINK

Pink is a beautiful sunset and a light shade of red.  
Pink is like the inside of a strawberry cake.  
It's like a rose or tulip perfectly drawn on paper.  
Pink is like a baby girl happily smiling.  
Pink is like a magical waterfall with flamingos standing next to it.  
Pink is like an eraser making sure you have no mistakes.  
Pink is the beautiful frosting on a birthday cake.

## OWL

Owls sleep during the day when it's bright,  
but are usually always awake at night.  
There are over 200 kinds, but did you know  
Owls have amazing minds?!

Owls have large eyes for their awesome sight  
and excellent hearing to help them hunt at night.  
Owls eat rabbits, birds, raccoons,  
and maybe even skunks under the bright night moon



## JASWITA

**J**essi

**A** bunny lover

**S**illy

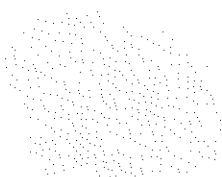
**W**ise

**I**ntelligent

**T**errific

**A**mazing

**! ! ! !**



## FireFly

Firefly shining in the night so bright  
Feeling in its own world, another light  
Looking up and looking down  
Finding its new friend right now  
Flying near, flying far  
Found his new friend in an abandoned toy car  
C'mon, c'mon, let's both go shine in our new  
**BRIGHT WORLD**  
**WE SHALL FIND**

## About the Author

Jaswita Koganti lives with her mom,  
dad, and little sister in Exton. She  
recently moved here from Connecticut.  
She will be going to 5th grade at Exton  
Elementary. Jaswita likes to read, draw,  
and dance.

## I Quit!

Dear Jaswita,

This is your friendly scissors speaking. I  
would like you to give me a break from making  
crafts, opening things, and cutting cardboard  
(which is extremely tiring for me). Another  
thing I am mad about is that you always leave  
me wherever you want! I was hoping from  
now on you will use the little kiddie scissors.  
You never use them!!!

Your pal,  
Adult Scissors

## The Meditator

In ancient times, a wizard named Wintail had a vision. The wizard's vision took a loong time. The wizard decided not to be a wizard anymore. He wanted to meditate. The king was not fond of this idea. So, he sent the wizard off into space to meditate for eternity. Ever since he has lived in the stars.

## I Quit!

Dear Owen,

Look, we need to talk. Every time you walk, we're getting smashed! Not only that, when you got back from vacation, you threw your suitcase on us! Did we mention that we are always stinky? Well, we are! Last, you leave us all over the house!

Yours truly, your annoyed friends,  
Sneakers

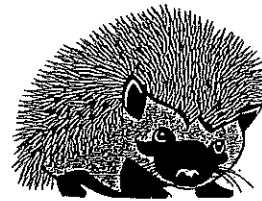
## BLUE



Blue looks like the water at the beach.  
Blue sounds like whales coming out of the water.  
Blue tastes like blue raspberry water ice from Sundazes.  
Blue rhymes with a clue from a mystery.

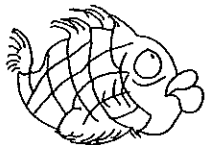
## Porcupine Rhyme

It lives all over the world because it's a mammal.  
It's also a nocturnal animal.  
They have sharp bristles of fur.  
And are related to rats and beavers.



## HAIKU

Fish can live in ponds  
A fish is an animal  
Some fish are cute



## About the Author

Owen Lloyd is a creative writer. He loves Legos, video games, and writing. Owen lives with his parents and older sister in Doylestown and attends Groveland Elementary School.

# *The Eclipse*

"She has no parents." said the first voice. "It doesn't even matter" "I will still miss her" the other voice said. She sounded like she had been crying a lot. "I have will miss her." The other person sighed. "Look we have to let go." A long silence passed. "Yeah, I get it. Otherwise it will be more than just her. I sighed. What do they think. I would kill Randall. After the two villagers left, I crept up to the child. "Come, let me help you." I quickly scooped up the child in my arms and then took her with me. *The same agenda. I remind myself. Oh of course. An introduction where are my manners. I am the horrible witch who killed Randall. That's what the humans call me. In real life. I was the one who did all the work for Randall. Then when I thought I would finally be welcomed into the real world, I figured out that Randall went boasting about how he did all that. I cursed him for telling these lies and crushing my only hope for being welcomed into the world for once. I went back to feeding the baby. You see, whenever I run out of food for the child: I give them moonlight, starlight, or sunlight. Take your pick. But remember, never to give your child light from an eclipse. It will ruin your, and their life. Wait... The eclipse today. I run to the nearest tree and block the child's eyes. A long moment passes by. Suddenly the crickets shuffling their wings again. I know its now over. And there is still sunlight in the bottle. I quickly feed it too the child. She giggles and laughs. Then her eyes start glowing. I know what this means. I know it all too well. What my mother accidentally fed me many years ago. Eclipse light.*

Maybe the humans were half right. I didn't kill Randall, but I was a horrible witch. I broke my biggest rule. To feed Orchid with eclipse light. And I'm happy I did. That was the most terrible thing. Why? I decided to keep Orchid and even named her after my favorite flower. And she gave me so much joy I could cry. But to keep a child who isn't mine and to be happy about it. That was beyond cruel. And she doesn't know.

## *Orchid*

I slowly crept up the stairs with Laurel. My best friend/ partner in crime. And we were doing the biggest crime ever. Going into Mama's basement. Yep. You heard me. We rummaged through stuff and Laurel found a book. "Mama's diary! That's perfect!" Laurel grinned. "Here is what it says. I hope that I have the courage to tell Orchid one day of how cruel the world can be. The harsh truth that I have to remind my self too. She is not my child and she has the power of the eclipse and.. Its all my fault..." The grin disappeared from my face. So Mama is not my mother. I have only heard stories about the eclipse magic by Mama (No just her). It is monstrous type of magic. And I am the monster. No, I just need to go. I grab the diary and ran for it. Laurel didn't even come after me. I guess she understood. But all I knew is that my life was a big lie and it wasn't true.

After a while, I came to a stop. I went to get some food. The shopkeeper was looking at me funny. What was his problem? He tried to grab me immediately. I broke away and realized there were guards out side. Oh god, I should have stayed with Mama. I should have forgave her. The more I read her diary the more I wanted to run back. It wasn't her fault. "Lizzie Moore, come with us" As you know, I'm not Lizzie. And I have just came here, why are the guards so interested in me already. Maybe I shouldn't have stole food by just asking the owner if I could get it for free. He said yes. I figured it was a part of eclipse magic. But it wasn't a crime. The gaurds didn't cuff me. They were looking at me like I was a miracle. Hmm.

We reached the castle. I wasn't mesmerized by the golden walls decorated with flower designs, the beautifully designed pillars, or even the great king. All I cared about was finding Mama. I would forgive her for everything. Then a woman came hurtling towards me. She didn't say anything. She just enjoyed my embrace. Then she looked worried. "Do you remember me?" No, obviously. Then I felt the same, fresh, lavender scent that she wore "Lavender" She nodded holding back a sob. My sister. At the orphanage, Lavender made my favorite foods "The same since you were a child, Lizzie." She had a warm smile that broke my heart. How could she be smile when she had the same past she told me. She saw our father kill our mother. And kill himself. She gave me up. That last part made me feel guilty. I have to stay. "Now let me tell you about the horrible witch you were raised by" After a long time, she was finished. How I despised that witch now. Randall was the hero. And The witch was jealous of him. But it all changed when I read her diary again. No, all that stuff wasn't true about Mama. I ran away again that night. It took all my heart to do it. To leave such an

amazing woman like Lavender was heartbreaking. But I had to do it.

~~~~~

Ophelia (The witch)

Orchid burst through the door. I couldn't be more mad, happy, and sad. "Mom, they say all these things about you we need to tell them the truth. "No" I replied. This is me now" Orchid wouldn't stop. Then I was forced to leave the house. She dragged me all the way there. I have to admit, I was on board with the idea, until I saw the army on the outskirts of the town. I saw something I hoped to end. War. Screaming. And suffering. Then I saw a group of soldiers closing in on Orchid. "No!" I screamed. I didn't think. My body acted first. I leaped in front of her. A sword ran through me heart. The soldiers hushed. I could feel the hush spreading across the kingdom. *How could a heartless witch do something so selfless. Orchid was crying. "I think its time we know the the truth. It wasn't Randall who did all this for you. It was Ophelia, my mother." The whole town gasped. Orchid told the story. When it ended I expected some to punch me and bury me. But a girl came and held hands with Orchid. "I vote to help her" The town took me to the hospital immediately.*

While I stayed at the hospital, Many gave me flowers and get well soon cards. Most from Orchid and Lavender. I thought for a while. Well maybe I should've forgave my mother for all she did. Orchid forgave me. I stare into the eclipse right in the eye. Its like I could hear her song in my very head. "Thank you"

Those were her last words as she lie down in bed. She lived a life 3,000 years long. As for Lavender. She became the head of the orphanage and helped millions of kids. She was an inspiration for years. Orchid became a well known author who wrote all her adventures. She thought it was best to write them down in a story, like her mother. A story that you just finished reading.

- AaroHi Bahuguna

# The Hugger, the Garage Sale, and a Havoc Causing Zoo Animal

By: Sohun Devisetty

One day, in the midst of a pleasant Chicago day, a man named George was out in his backyard entertaining many perspective customers. About a week ago, George had decided he had too much clutter in his house, and had decided to have a garage sale. Customers from all over the city came to admire his wares. He was famous for being a professional hugger, his calm demeanor, and his softness always pleased his patients.

As it so happened, one of his customers was a portable zoo driver. He had been passing through when he had seen George's sign and decided to take a peek. The driver had a little girl, who had been begging him for a bobblehead of a famous Yankee baseball player. He was hopeful he would find something like that here for his daughter. In one of the many cages in the driver's truck was a beautiful Bengal Tiger, shipped straight from India. His glossy sheen bedazzled the many passerby who gawked at him. You would of thought that they had never seen a tiger before!

The tiger handsome as he was, only had one intent. Downright murder! You see, George had been recognized by the tiger. A few weeks ago, George had went to the zoo and examined the tiger's cage. As one of the tiger's cubs had came close, he had petted the cub. The father, thinking this was an act of aggression, had immediately attacked where the man had been, but the man was already walking away. While George may have forgotten that unfortunate incident, the tiger never had.

With some superhuman strength, the tiger burst out of his silver cage with a roar of fury, and swatted the first person he came in contact with, which was the zoo driver. Unfortunately for George, the zoo driver was the only person who had tranquilizer darts that could have put the tiger to sleep. The driver banged his head on a table, and was out cold. The tiger then made a beeline for the man. But so many people were screaming and running around him, that he had a tough time getting through the crowd. George managed to get to his car, and with a burst of exhaust. Thinking he had gotten away, he let out a bellowing laugh and yelled, "Take that you stupid, ugly, tiger!" Famous last words.

The tiger, in fact was not at George's house. He was, clinging to the back of George's brand new Maserati, which he had bought when he had gotten a pay raise a couple of days ago. The tiger pounced. George screamed and swerved. The tiger landed in the front seat. For a minute, all the 2 people could do was stare at each other. Then their instincts kicked in.

The tiger clawed at George, and the steering wheel made a huge swerve of its own accord. Too big a swerve. The car flipped not once, not twice, but three times, tumbling for what seemed to be forever, until... silence. The tiger had been thrown clear of the vehicle, and was easily shaking himself off. George, on the other hand, was trapped under the car still alive, and with a dribble of blood coming down his head. By the end of the hour, this would be the least of his injuries. The tiger, sensing George under the car heaved the car up and over the peaceful neighborhood road. As soon as George came free, he made a run for it. The tiger pursued. Being smart enough to realize that he was not a fast enough runner to outrun a full grown Bengal tiger, George made a plan. A plan that saved his life.

He dashed to the side of the road and into a nearby house. Fortunately for the owners, they were currently shopping, and didn't get in the tiger's way. The man

dashed through the mudroom, and hid under a low dining table. Then, the tiger crashed in through the door, sending pieces of wood exploding through the house like little bits of shrapnel.

The tiger slowly moved through the house, his padded footsteps as if on a pillow. He took a deep breath. The man! He was some where in..., HERE! The tiger dashed to the dining room hoping to scare the man out, but no such luck. The man was definitely in here, but where? The tiger eagerly inspected every nook and cranny inside the room. As he was moving across the room to check out the kitchen, he heard a deep exhale. The tiger froze.

Yes, there was another one! The tiger leaned down next to the table, and pulled up the covers gently with the top of his head, and received a sharp punch to the face. You see, when George had seen the tiger start to leave, he had let out a sigh of relief. Then, he saw the tiger moving towards him, he had tensed up with fear. As the tiger had lifted up the covers, he reacted on instinct, pushing his hands forward in front of him to protect himself. The tiger barely reacted, he just took the punch, and leaned forward, growling.

"Sorry?" George whimpered uncertainly.

The tiger raked his claws across George's face. George cried out in pain, and leaned back as blood squirted around him. The tiger menacingly drew closer, as George made futile attempts to get away. The tiger prepared to finish him off, when suddenly there was an odd whooshing sound. The tiger felt a sharp sting, and keeled over. You know what they say, the bigger it is, the harder it falls. But the damage was done.

The zoo driver took one look at George, and called 911.

George was rushed to the hospital, and was immediately treated for. The doctor told him that the damage to his face was irreversible, and that he would have scars for the rest of his life. George was now a deformed man. People turned away from him, sent cards to him, and talked behind his back. George was now a man of even more popularity, but not in a good way. His career was over. No one would take hugging from a man with a deformed face! If they would, they would have to be crazy!!! George's life was over, but he had learned a good lesson. For example, the moral of George's adventure was, "Never hurt someone intentionally. They'll remember it for the rest of their life." A funny moral is,

"NEVER PET A TIGER CUB IF THEY HAVE A MEAN OLD PAPA!!!" And I'm very sorry to say, that zoo driver didn't find his Yankee bobblehead at the garage sale. You know, just anlogy observation.



## The Show Must Go On

By Wynne Herrera

At about eight o' clock each night, the moon and stars begin to shine in the night sky. This is when the stars wake up. For us, it's when we begin to wind down, put on our pajamas, clean up dinner, or read a book to fall asleep. For them, it's showtime.

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"Okay, look up. Have you thought about a look for today?" asked Estrella. She was behind the curtain of the Night Sky Stage in downtown Lunarville. She was the head makeup artist at this particular theater, and her job was demanding. She did it, each night, for hundreds of stars, before they went out to paint the night sky and dazzle the audience.

"Yes, I have," answered her client. "I was thinking about this light blue." She pointed to a color in a nearby eyeshadow palette. "Oh, that's not your color. You should have an analysis done," said one of the cast members passing by Estrella's studio. "No one asked you, Betelgeuse!" exclaimed her client, brandishing one of her points. "Well..." added Estrella, trying to be considerate. "*You are pink. That blue's a bit too icy for you. I would recommend a darker and more pigmented shade.*"

"Alright," her client nodded. "Surprise me." Estrella selected a deep, ocean blue shimmer. "Can you close your eyes and tilt your head up for me?" Her client obliged and Estrella began working. The next few minutes flew by as she remembered why she did what she did. She might not ever perform, but each night she saw the stars who were members of the cast go on stage and blow the audience away, wearing *her makeup, feeling confident because of her. That was enough for Estrella.*

"Aaaand, you're done!" she exclaimed ten minutes later after doing her client's eye makeup and base. She swiveled the client's chair around to the vanity mirror. "I love it!" was the immediate response. She felt pride surging through her. "I really think you were right about the eyeshadow shade." Estrella resisted the urge to say *I'm always right. She had been working this job for over ten years, and she knew the tricks of the trade.* "Thank you!" Estrella responded instead as her client climbed out of the chair. "Good luck," she added, giving a quick thumbs up.

Suddenly, the stage manager appeared behind her. "Estrella, I have some upsetting news for you. They set the clocks forward tonight. Daylight savings time is over."

"But that means..."

"You have ten minutes to work."

"But I have four clients left!"

"And I have more, worse news. The moon had a falling out with her makeup artist. You'll be working with her tonight. I am so sorry for the inconvenience, but the show must go on. Seriously. I can't afford to miss a single paycheck. This job does not pay well and I have a spending problem." And with that, he was gone.

Estrella felt an impending sense of dread. "Altair to the makeup chair, please," she said into the microphone attached to the side of her face. All the stars working backstage had them. "Oh, and Pollux, too." She had no idea how she would pull this off. She would have to work with multiple clients at a time... plus the moon!

Altair and Pollux arrived with haste. “How are we supposed to feel comfortable, as performers, if our backstage workers can’t manage their time?” asked a furious Pollux. “I’m sorry,” replied Estrella. “I thought I had another hour. Please, have a seat.” She worked on Pollux first, since he was clearly more upset. It only took her a minute, since he didn’t want anything on his skin. Altair took three minutes, and that was because Estrella was rushing. “The show must go on. The show must go on,” she whispered to herself as she patted primer onto Altair.

She was able to get done with her other two clients in the span of a couple minutes, for which she thanked the heavens.

And then, it was time for the moon.

She was beautiful up close. Estrella had only seen her from a distance during productions, and she really wasn’t that nice looking in photos. “Hi... your majesty,” said Estrella uncertainly.

The moon laughed graciously. “No need for titles. I’m not the queen, you know. I’m just the largest cast member,” she joked.

“You’re stunning,” replied Estrella candidly.

“Thank you,” replied the moon serenely as she took a seat in the makeup chair.

“Did you have a look in mind?” asked Estrella. There was some comfort in being able to fall back into the usual rhythm with her clients. “Yes, I did,” replied the moon. “I want something ethereal and glowy. Maybe white shimmer eyeshadow.” Estrella almost clapped her hands in excitement. She was on the *exact same page*. “*Awesome! Okay, can you please close your eyes for me?*”

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And so the moon rises and the stars join her. The play lasts hours. Some people don’t bother to watch, but others do. Maybe they capture poorly-lit photos of the performers. Perhaps they bring their loved ones outside to watch with them. They might compliment the actors, thinking that they can’t hear. Or maybe they just sit and watch.

But the next time you see the night sky, in all its glory, remember this tale. Remember Estrella. Remember the moon, the stage manager, Altair and Betelgeuse and Pollux, and all the other stars.

And let the show go on.

*Marcus Alfen -*

*Age 1-3:*

*Living a great life in Alfheim with the other residents of their town, after an attack on Alfheim from some stray humans who were going into battle on Alexandria, he was left on the streets as a little child after his family was killed by the attackers. Luckily, no others died, but he was now homeless.*

*Age 4-7*

*Picked up by some stranger 40 days after his parents were killed, he was living a life in the town with some of the wealthiest people that resided in Alfheim until he brought in a cat he found on the street. After that, they were exiled to a life in the forest.*

*Age 7-15*

*With the cat and the rest of the family, exiled, they started a farm and made a cottage to stay in with runes protecting them from the dangers of their world. With a river nearby, The rest of the family usually got buckets of water from it and purified it using their boilers & steam collectors to get water for them to drink, but Marcus decided to spend his time with the black cat Luna, fishing, and giving the cat the fish while he grabs the scraps of spider-string from when it rains and spider nest gets too much weight on them to hold.*

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*Story:*

*During a regular stroll through the forest, Marcus and Luna stumble upon a supposedly abandoned cathedral, finding a great treasure unknown to the rest of Alfheim. A golden ruby & sapphire crown, supposedly for those who are worthy. "whoosh" A sound emits around the corridors and columns of the cathedral as a dark figure rushes around*

*Marcus and Luna. They lay down the crown as the figure comes into view. A Forlorn cloak dangling from a shadowless black figure with scarlet eyes and hands spiked with thorns tipped as sharp as stalactites forming for years. Blood red gems covering the body, the dark figure rushes towards them with a speed unmatched by any other creature, leaving behind a cloud of void. Hands ignite ablaze as*

*Marcus dodges the figure, a smile on his face as he gets to experience true adventure. He grabs the crown, remembering things not of his memories. Memories of a falling kingdom, Destroyed by bandits, being protected by creatures of darkness until one stands, cowering in the crumbling ruins. The vision of the King falls black as they collapse on the ground, a bandit to the side enjoying their victory. The creature takes refuge in the castle, taking the back route out to the cathedral as it remains in isolation. Getting these memories, Marcus approaches the creature, hand outstretched, gently patting the chest as the creature calms down and embraces Marcus as he puts on the crown, A dark force pulls it onto his head as he tries to pry it off in terror. The creature evaporates, fulfilling it's purpose of having a true king.*

*Having a new King, a throne slowly formed out of golden ichor, creating a red carpeted chair with polished gold and diorite forming a chair fit for a monarch. A scepter forms beside the throne made of gold with sapphire claws and a rotating sphere shifting neon colors. Marcus became king. His adopted parents, wondering where he was, followed his tracks, stumbling upon the cathedral, finding Marcus inside with the crown and scepter, rejecting the throne. Bandits, spying on him, were watching for him to accept the throne, but he walked away from it, and so the bandits left him alone as he developed the new center of Alfheim in a monarchy.*

*- Elliot Hyson*

## Swish

Joseph Kim

April 23rd, 2025, was the final day of the NBA Championship, it's the best year of my whole entire life. That day Jack Hudson scored 54 points, 12 assists, and 17 rebounds. People say that play was their best basketball play that they ever saw. Jack Hudson's team eventually won their final match and became the NBA champions. Jack Hudson got his 3rd Final MVP and retired after that game. I was watching his retirement show and his last game, watching him retiring and saying his last words to basketball fans around the world. Jack Hudson is my father, who's not here anymore.

My father passed away 4 years ago, 2025 when I was only 12 years old. I know, that's the year that he got his 3rd final championship ring. After that game, me and my dad went straight back home to see our family and friends, who were waiting for us to celebrate that day. My dad had an amazing time that night. Next morning, dad had to go out to go to the hospital because he wasn't feeling well. While he was out, I decided to make and buy some food that dad liked.

When I finished setting them, I waited for him to come back. My dad left at 10 AM and didn't come back until 6 PM. I started to think that something went wrong. Suddenly, my phone rang, an unknown number was calling me. I answered it anyway. A woman with a sad voice was the one who was calling me. She said "Hello? Is this Nate?" I said yes. "I'm sorry son, but your dad had a car accident just now. You might have to come to the hospital right now" "..." I was really shocked. "Okay" I said "I'll be there." I lost my mom when I was really young. I couldn't even remember what she looked like. My dad told me that she was really beautiful and kind.

When dad arrived at the hospital, the doctors immediately started to take care of him. But since it was an awful and terrible car accident, the doctors couldn't make him come back alive. The next day of my dad's funeral, many reporters and cars gathered at my house. Some of them started to ask me some questions, but I wasn't able to answer them, I didn't feel like it. I just decided to take a walk. One of the reporters asked me "Can we go in your house and..." I didn't say a word. "Why does everyone think about themselves, do they even know my feelings?" I thought. I didn't know where to go at that time, so I just wandered around the city. Eventually, I arrived at the graveyard where my mom and dad were. I think I stayed there for like 4 hours watching those. Now, I'm a high school student. I had some kind of trauma to basketball after my father passed away like that. But now, I decided to follow my dad's way and be the best basketball player of all time. I know that my father would like it too.

"Nate, wake up!" Aunt Susan said. "I am, I am." I said. After my father passed away, I started to live with aunt Susan and Uncle Sam. My aunt and uncle were the best, they raised me with love even though I'm not their own child. "Nate, is your basketball game today?" asked uncle. I answered yes. "Alright then, I'll see you there." Uncle Sam said.

It was my second year of high school and not gonna lie, high school is the craziest, but the most boring place in the world. School work wasn't that hard, it was just Okay. (the classes were boring though) But the problem was the other kids in this high school. There were some unusual kids in my high school. If I had something that I enjoyed and liked the most at that time, it would be basketball. I started and liked to play basketball because of my father, and I played a lot until now. Also I'm on our high school's basketball team. Our basketball was pretty good and was known as one of the best teams in our district. We won 4 last matches of the tournament and we had our final championship game with GJ high school that day.

It was 7PM, I saw some reporters and hundreds of people here to see our game at the gym. "Alright guys, this is our plan." Coach Tom started to explain his plans for the game in the

locker room. "Gavin, point guard. John, power forward, ... Nate, shooting guard." My heart was pounding fast like the engine of a racing car, because it was a really important game to me and our team. We went to the court and the referee announced the start of the game.

The game started. "Jump Ball!" the referee said. Our center, Jackson, jumped for the ball. But unfortunately, the other center was way taller. The game started as GJ high school's ball. Their point guard started dribbling. 'That guy is really short, how's he even in the team?' I thought. "Wide!" the point guard yelled. Then he started dribbling real quick and ran like lightning. Our point guard couldn't even follow him, and suddenly GJ's point guard scored. It was 0 : 2 We were pretty much confused, but our captain said, "We got these guys, it's only a single point." It was our turn to attack the basket now. Gavin started dribbling, "Guys get open!" he said. Jackson made a screen for me and Gavin passed the ball to me. I shot the ball and made it. It was an easy point. Now it was 2 : 2 "Nice shot, Nate." Jackson said. The point guard from GJ passed to their gigantic center. He post up played Jackson and Jackson couldn't stop him. Suddenly Jackson just fell down and the other center made a crazy dunk. "You good, Jackson?" I asked. "Nah, I'm good. Just pass me the ball." I could tell that Jackson was pretty angry. Gavin passed me the ball and I dribbled and passed the ball to Jackson. Jackson did post up and played the other center as he did before. Jackson pushed him aggressively, shot, and scored one point. "Home team, Number 4, push!" the referee said. "It's a foul? No way!" Jackson yelled. "Jackson, chill, there's nothing good about yelling at the referee." Gavin said. "Fine." Jackson replied. After that foul, both teams started to score again and again. It was 45 : 48 when it was half time. "Nice work guys. But we're still losing, start passing and swinging the ball more often." Coach said. The third quarter started. GJ High School's team started full court pressing. (It's a defensive play that presses and aggressively tries to defend)

Gavin was doubled team, so I went to help him. When Gavin passed me the ball suddenly, someone just stole the ball and scored. "Concentrate!" Jackson said. Not gonna lie, it was a terrible third quarter. When it was finished, the score was 50 : 68. The Coach was really angry but nobody couldn't listen and concentrate on him because we all were so tired. Suddenly Gavin said "Guys, the game is not over yet. We got this!" The final quarter started. "Ball, Ball!" Gavin yelled. 'Is Gavin actually trying to win this? It's an 18 point gap!' I thought. But after that, everyone started to play more aggressively and they were all trying their best to win this game. Our team started to score some points and I also tried my best. When we had 1 minute and 12 seconds left, the score was 71 : 73. The crowd cheered and my heart was pounding so fast.

The referee blew the whistle and Jackson passed the ball to me, I passed to Gavin. Gavin started dribbling, and passed the ball back to Jackson. The time was 30 seconds. Suddenly they stole the ball and rushed to the basket. When they made a shot, Jackson made a crazy block and Gavin picked up the ball. We had 4 seconds. "Nate!" Gavin yelled. Gavin passed me the ball and dribbled to the three point line. I took a shot and the whistle was blown telling the end of the game. The defender tried to block my shot, but the only thing that I could see was the rim and the ball. "Swish!" That was the cleanest sound I ever heard. I checked the score board. 74 : 73. We won that game.

Vital Organs  
By: Claire McInnis

Once upon a time, there was a princess about to be wed. Her parents had arranged a marriage for her to a faraway prince. The princess did not want to marry him, and the dread chewed at her until she decided to do something about it. First, the princess sought out the witch in the forest for help.

The witch told the princess she could make the prince disappear, but for the price of one of the princess's organs. The princess reluctantly agreed, and the witch extracted her liver. The witch put a spell on the princess allowing her to live without a liver and sent her back off into the forest. When the princess returned home, she was told that her fiancé had suddenly been hit by a wagon and died.

Happy with the results, the princess soon returned to the witch in the forest requesting she make her parents disappear so she could inherit the throne. The witch once again asked for one of the princess's organs in return, and the princess allowed her to extract her spleen. The witch once again cast a spell on the princess allowing her to live without her spleen and sent her back off into the forest.

When the princess returned home, she was told her parents had suddenly passed away of an unknown disease and that she was now queen of her kingdom. Now very happy with the results, she once more returned to the witch in the forest and requested that she kill all of her enemies so that she may conquer the country.

The witch agreed under the conditions that the queen trade another of her organs in exchange for her request to be fulfilled. The queen once more let the witch extract one of her kidneys and returned home. She was told that all surrounding kingdoms had suddenly fallen, and that she was now in control.

The queen continued to turn to the witch and request selfish things, each time losing another organ. She returned to the witch so many times that she eventually had no organs left and died.

The land she had once ruled over was soon inherited by another kingdom and all of the fallen cities were eventually returned to their former glory. The witch in the forest was found and executed for creating such a monster, and everyone lived happily ever after.

The end.

## THE BEGINNING | PENELOPE MELVIN

THE JOURNEY HAD BEEN LONG. DANGEROUS. DEADLY, EVEN. I SUPPOSE THAT COMES WITH DANGEROUS. SHE WAS THREE MILES FROM THE BORDER. IT WAS MIDNIGHT. HER FEET ACHED, HER SHOES LONG GONE DUE TO AN ENCOUNTER WITH A WEREWOLF GUARD A WEEK AGO. THEY WERE COVERED WITH BLISTERS AND SCRAPES, BUT SHE PUSHED HARDER. *YOU CAN'T GIVE UP NOW. NOT NOW. YOU'RE SO CLOSE. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO LISTEN TO THAT LITTLE VOICE IN HER HEAD. SHE WANTED TO COLLAPSE ON THE GROUND. TO SLEEP FOREVER. TWO MILES. HER DRESS WAS RIPPED, ITS ONCE ROYAL BLUE COLORS FADED AND TARNISHED FROM MONTHS OF TRAVEL. AND MORE. ONE MILE. SHE PULLED HER DIRT-CAKED FINGERNAILS THROUGH HER HAIR AND STICKS AND LEAVES FLUTTERED OUT OF IT.*

SHE BROKE THROUGH THE WOODS AND BURST ONTO A WELL-WORN DIRT PATH. PANICKED, SHE FRANTICALLY CHECKED FOR ANYONE, BUT NO ONE WAS IN SIGHT. SHE HEARD A RUSTLE IN THE BUSHES BESIDE HER. INSTINCTIVELY, SHE BRANDISHED A DAGGER FROM HER BELT AND HELD IT UP.

"WHO'S THERE?" SHE ASKED, VOICE SHAKING. A SQUIRREL DARTED OUT OF THE BUSHES AND SHE SLUMPED, RELIEVED. SHE SPOTTED A FLASH OF RED AND FOUND A BATTERED SIGN SAYING, "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE KINGDOM OF VERDAFORT!" HIT BY A BURST OF ADRENALINE, SHE STARTED TO RUN. SHE HAD REACHED THE BORDER. TENTATIVELY, SHE SLOWED TO A WALK. NO ONE CAME OUT TO ATTACK HER. NO TERRIFYING WEREWOLF GUARDS. THEY WERE IN VERDAFORT. SHE WAS IN ETHERA.

THE PATH BECAME PEBBLY UNDER HER FEET. OH NO. SHE WAS REACHING CIVILIZATION. MAYBE SOMEONE THERE WOULD HELP HER. THEY MOST LIKELY WOULDN'T. BUT SHE HAD TO TRUST SOMEONE. SHE NEEDED A PLACE TO SLEEP AND FOOD TO EAT. HER STOMACH ACHED WITH HUNGER. IT RUMBLED FEROCIOUSLY. *ESPECIALLY FOOD.*

A SHOP WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER. IT LOOKED LIKE SOME KIND OF GENERAL STORE. SHE TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND OPENED THE DOOR. A BELL JANGLED. A LIGHT WAS ON IN THE BACK. SHE NAVIGATED THROUGH AISLES OF FOOD, HER MOUTH WATERING. A MOSTLY-BALD OLD MAN SAT ON A STOOL BEHIND THE COUNTER, COUNTING A SMALL PILE OF GOLD COINS.

"I NEED HELP," SHE CROAKED. HE LOOKED UP, STARTLED. THE DUSTY LIGHTBULB FLICKERED. SHE CLEARED HER THROAT.

"HUH," HE SAID. "GUESS YA DO.."

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, SHE STOOD ON A QUIET LANE IN A DREARY TOWN CALLED FLEURVILLE. EARL (THE MAN'S NAME) STOOD NEXT TO HER, A BULB OF GARLIC ON A STRING AROUND HIS NECK TO WARD OFF VAMPIRES. SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN WARY OF PEOPLE LIKE THAT. VAMPIRES HADN'T BEEN SPOTTED FOR FIFTY YEARS, AND MOST BELIEVED THAT THEY WERE EXTINCT. STILL, SOME PEOPLE SUCH AS EARL WERE SUSPICIOUS AND THEY WEREN'T USUALLY THE MOST FUN PEOPLE TO BE AROUND. BUT IF SHE WANTED TO BE SAFE, EARL WAS HER BEST CHANCE.

THROUGHOUT THEIR WALK TO HER SUPPOSED "HOME PLACE OR WHATEVER", SHE HAD GIVEN EARL THE LITTLEST BIT OF INFORMATION POSSIBLE ABOUT HERSELF. IN HIS MIND, SHE WAS A HOMELESS GIRL WHO NEEDED A PLACE TO STAY AND FOOD TO EAT. EVEN THOUGH EARL SEEMED NICE-BESIDES THE GARLIC THING- SHE WASN'T GOING TO RISK HER FREEDOM. SHE HAD LEARNED QUITE A BIT ABOUT EARL, HOWEVER. HE WAS SIXTY-SIX AND HAD A WIFE AND THREE GRANDKIDS THAT HE LOVED WITH ALL HIS HEART. SHE HAD TRIED NOT TO



LISTEN. IT JUST WAS HURT.

"AND WHAT IS YOUR NAME?" HE HAD ASKED.

"ANNA," SHE REPLIED. HER NAME WAS NOT ANNA. BUT WHY BRING UP BAD MEMORIES?

NOW, SHE STARED AT THE IVY-COVERED MANSION IN FRONT OF HER. IT STOOD OUT FROM THE CRAMPED COTTAGES NEXT TO IT. WHILE IT WAS QUITE BEAUTIFUL, IT WAS OBVIOUSLY ABANDONED AND SCARED ANNA THE SMALLEST BIT. SHE TRIED NOT TO SHOW IT.

"WILL THIS REALLY WORK?" SHE ASKED TENTATIVELY. "IT'S SO...DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER ONES."

EARL NODDED CONFIDENTLY. "NO ONE GOES IN THE OLD GOOSEHILL MANSION. EVER SINCE THE LAST ONE DIED, THERE 'AVE BEEN REPORTS OF GHOSTS IN THERE." HE SWUNG HIS ARMS AND AND WIGGLED HIS FINGERS, ATTEMPTING TO IMITATE A GHOST, BUT FAILING BADLY. *GOOD THING THERE ARE NO GHOSTS OUT HERE TO SEE HIM. OR ARE THERE?*

STILL, ANNA SHIVERED. SHE KNEW THAT GHOSTS COULDN'T HURT HER ANYMORE THAN A THIMBLE FAIRY COULD, BUT SHE SHUDDERED AT THE THOUGHT THAT INVISIBLE BEINGS WOULD BE WATCHING HER EVERY MOVE. BUT SHE COULDN'T AFFORD TO BE PICKY. SHE WALKED THROUGH WEEDS, AND OPENED THE LARGE WOODEN DOOR. SUDDENLY, SHE WAS EXHAUSTED. SHE WANDERED AROUND BLEARILY, BARELY NOTICING THAT EARL HADN'T ENTERED WITH HER. SHE STUMBLED INTO A BEDROOM AND COLLAPSED ONTO A BED, ASLEEP BEFORE HER HEAD HIT THE PILLOW. ANNA WOKE UP THE NEXT AFTERNOON TO A LOUD *THUMP! MORE CAME SOON AFTER. THUMP! THUMP-THUMP!*

SHE ROSE OUT OF THE BED AND SNUCK OUT THE DOOR AND DOWN THE CREAKY SET OF STAIRS, HER SKILLED FEET FINDING THEIR WAY WITHOUT A SOUND MADE. DIRT-COVERED, SWEATY MEN WITH TERRIFIED FACES WERE LUGGING LARGE WOODEN CRATES INTO THE HOUSE.

"PUT THOSE IN THE KITCHEN," A WOMAN'S VOICE RANG FROM OUTSIDE. SHE STEPPED IN AND ANNA'S HEART ROSE IN HER THROAT WHEN SHE SAW WHO- OR RATHER WHAT- THE VOICE BELONGED TO. A VAMPIRE. THAT EXPLAINED THE MEN'S FACES. *I SUPPOSE EARL WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL, WAS THE ONLY THING THAT SHE COULD THINK. SHE HAD PALE SKIN AND PITCH-BLACK HAIR IN A BUN AT THE NAPE OF HER NECK. HER RED EYES PIERCED THE DUSTY FRONT HALL, AN EASILY FOUND TRAIT OF VAMPIRES, ALONG WITH HER FANGS. A LONG RED VELVET LINED BLACK CLOAK WAS DRAPED OVER HER SHOULDER.*

ANNA REGAINED HERSELF AND CONTINUED HER DESCENT DOWNSTAIRS. SHE HID IN THE SHADOWS AND BEHIND OLD MOLDY CHAIRS, MAKING IT INTO THE KITCHEN. A MAN BURST THROUGH THE DOORS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE KITCHEN AND SHE DIVED BEHIND A HUGE URN IN THE CORNER, PEEKING AROUND THE EDGE. ANOTHER MAN ENTERED AND THE TWO STRUCK UP A CONVERSATION.

"BOSS WANTS THESE IN THE CABINETS. AS SOON AS POSSIBLE," THE FIRST MAN SAID. HIS SHIRT WAS STAINED RED. BLOOD? "APPARENTLY IT'LL BE EASIER TO RETRIEVE *IT IF THESE ARE WORKING.*"

"I'M TIRED!" THE SECOND ONE COMPLAINED. "SHE'S SO BOSSY! AND WHAT'S *IT AGAIN? OH, THE LAPIS LAZULI-*"

"FOOL!" THE OTHER MAN HISSED. "WE CAN'T SAY THAT ALOU-"

SUDDENLY, THE COMPLAINER COLLAPSED, THE VAMPIRE ABOVE HIM, HER FANGS STAINED WITH BLOOD.

"LET THAT BE A LESSON."

THE OTHER MAN STUTTERED, "IS HE-WILL HE-"

"HE'LL CHANGE IN A FEW MINUTES, GIVE OR TAKE. AND THIS IS THE BEST PART:" SHE GRINNED

MALICIOUSLY. "YOU'LL BE WITH HIM." SHE CLOSED AND LOCKED BOTH DOORS.

ANNA WASN'T EAGER TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, SO SHE CRAWLED BEHIND THE FIRST MAN'S BACK AND PICKED THE LOCK. PICKING THE LOCKS WAS LIKE MUSCLE MEMORY TO HER NOW; THE HARD PART WOULD BE GETTING OUT OF THE BUILDING. SHE MANAGED TO EXIT WITHOUT ANYONE SEEING HER AND SPRINTED AWAY TO EARL'S SHOP. LAPIS LAZULI WAS A PRECIOUS GEM, ALL OF WHICH EXISTED WAS KEPT IN ETHERA'S VAULT IN THE MUSEUM OF PREETI. IT WAS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC THREE DAYS A YEAR, AND WAS WORTH BILLIONS OF GOLD COINS. SHE CRASHED INTO THE DOOR, PANTING HARD. SHE THREW IT OPEN AND, SPOTTING EARL RESTOCKING QUILLS, RAN TO HIM AND SPILLED THE ENTIRE STORY.

"...AND THERE WAS THIS LADY, A VAMPIRE, SHE WAS IN CHARGE. THEY HAVE ALL THESE BOXES AND-AND -" SHE STOPPED TALKING, SEEING EARL STARING AT HER SUSPICIOUSLY. "WHAT IS IT?"

HE WALKED TOWARDS ANNA CAREFULLY. "HELLO, PRINCESS SOPHIE OF VERDAFORT. 18 YEARS OLD. PRESUMED DEAD FOR THREE YEARS OF THE TREE ILLNESS, BUT FOUND ALIVE ONE MONTH AGO. HAS BEEN SPOTTED ONCE SINCE. WANTED FOR ASSAULTING AND IMPERSONATING LAW ENFORCEMENT AND ASSAULTING ROYALTY AND NOW FOR ILLEGAL CROSSING THE BORDER BETWEEN VERDAFORT AND ETHERA, TWO KINGDOMS WHO HAVE BEEN AT WAR FOR 34 YEARS. CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, QUEEN CAROLINE WAS PROCLAIMED DEAD AT THE SAME TIME AS THE PRINCESS WENT MISSING,"

*MAMA. A TEAR TRICKLED DOWN PRINCESS SOPHIE'S CHEEK. SHE TURNED AND RUSHED OUT OF THE STORE BACK TO THE MANSION, WHERE NO ONE WAS THERE. THE SUN WAS SETTING. SHE LAY ON THE BED. FOOTSTEPS TREADED UPSTAIRS AND DOWN THE HALLWAY, RIGHT IN FRONT OF ANNA'S DOOR. SHE TENSED UP.*

A GRUFF VOICE RUMBLED. "BOSS SAYS WE'LL DO IT AT THE CRACK OF DAWN. GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. OR DON'T."

TOMORROW? NEVER MIND EARL. NEVER MIND BEDTIME. SOPHIE HAD WORK TO DO. SHE WAITED UNTIL THERE WERE NO MORE SOUNDS LEFT IN THE HOUSE AND CREPT OUT OF HER ROOM. THE NEAREST SOLDIERS' VILLAGE WAS AT LEAST THREE MILES AWAY. THERE WASN'T ENOUGH TIME TO WALK ALL THE WAY THERE AND BACK. SHE FOUND A RAVEN, THE NOTABLE ROYAL BIRD MESSENGER, AND SLIPPED A MESSAGE FOR THE SOLDIERS IN ITS CLAWS. IT RESISTED AT FIRST, NOT RECOGNIZING ROYAL BLOOD, BUT SOPHIE LET THE RAVEN PRICK HER FINGER, DRAWING BLOOD, WHICH SENT THE RAVEN FLYING OFF TO THE SOLDIERS AS FAST AS IT COULD GO.

BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH. THE SOLDIERS HATED BEING DISRUPTED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT- SOPHIE HAD LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE- SO THEY WOULDN'T ARRIVE UNTIL LATER IN THE MORNING, EVEN THOUGH SHE HAD INCLUDED THAT THEY WOULD LEAVE AT DAWN.

SHE HAD TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO KEEP THEM IN THE HOUSE PAST THAT TIME. SOPHIE PONDERED THE IDEA, REMEMBERED HOW SCARED THE MEN WERE AND JITTERY, PROBABLY BECAUSE OF THE VAMPIRE. AND IT CAME TO HER. SHE JUST HAD TO TAKE A QUICK TRIP TO THE GRAVEYARD. SHOVEL AND ALL.

AFTER RETURNING FROM THE GRAVEYARD WITH A FULL CLOTH BAG, SHE RETURNED TO THE HOUSE, SHIMMIED UP A DUSTY GRANDFATHER CLOCK AND INTO THE RAFTERS, AND DEPOSITED THE CONTENTS OF HER BAG ABOVE, TYING A STRING TO TRIGGER THE ATTACK. BUT THE VAMPIRE WOULDN'T BE SCARED. WHAT WOULD SCARE HER? SOPHIE SNUCK INTO THE VAMPIRE'S ROOM, WHERE THE VAMPIRE WAS GONE, PRESUMABLY ATTACKING INNOCENT PEOPLE. SHE SIFTED THROUGH A STACK OF PARCHMENT, AND FOUND A FEW INTERESTING THINGS. A BIRTH CERTIFICATE FOR A "ANASTASIA BLOODMEER". AT LEAST NOW SHE COULD PUT A NAME TO THE FACE. SECONDLY, SHE FOUND A LETTER. WRITTEN IN LARGE, MESSY, HANDWRITING WITH MOSTLY MISSPELLED

WORDS. SOPHIE GRINNED. SHE KNEW HOW TO STOP THE VAMPIRE.

THE NEXT MORNING AT DAWN, SOPHIE LAY IN BED UNTIL SHE HEARD THE SCREAMS. SHE SLOWLY LEFT HER ROOM AND SAW THE SKULLS RAINING DOWN ON ON ANASTASIA BLOODMEER'S HENCHMEN. BY THE TIME THE LAST ONE CAME DOWN, EVERY SINGLE MAN HAD LOCKED THEMSELVES IN THE KITCHEN. ANASTASIA BURST INTO THE HOUSE. "WHY HAVEN'T YOU ALL LEFT YET?"

"MAMA!"

SHE SPUN AROUND AND CAUGHT HER BREATH. "JONAH."

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MAMA?" THE LITTLE BOY SMILED, SHOWING TINY STUBS OF TWIN FANGS.

"OH, JONAH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

"SHE TOLD ME TO COME!"

"SHE?"

"THE NICE GIRL. WITH THE PRETTY HAIR. MAMA, ARE YOU STEALING? WHY ARE YOU STEALING?"

"JONAH-" ANASTASIA'S FACE SOFTENED AND SHE DRAGGED THE BOY INTO HER ROOM AND LOCKED THE DOOR. "STAY WHEREVER YOU ARE, FOOLS. WE'LL DO IT TOMORROW."

THE TERRIFIED FACES IN THE KITCHEN WINDOWS SLUMPED IN RELIEF. ANASTASIA RETREATED TO HER ROOM TO JOIN HER SON. SOPHIE SIGHED IN RELIEF.

A FEW HOURS LATER, SOLDIERS STORMED THE MANSION, WAKING THE SLEEPY TOWN AROUND IT. EARL ARRIVED ALONG WITH THEM. EARL DRAGGED SOPHIE FROM HER HIDING SPOT AND PRESENTED HER TO THE SOLDIERS.

"SHE WAS A HERO ALL ALONG! ANNA OF ETHERA!" HE ANNOUNCED, GIVING HER A WINK. SHE SMILED.

THE SOLDIERS ARRESTED EVERY HENCHMAN IN THE PLACE. BUT AS MUCH AS THEY SEARCHED THE OLD GOOSEHILL MANSION, ANASTASIA BLOODMEER AND HER SON WERE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. EARL MADE SURE THAT SOPHIE WAS GRANTED FULL CITIZENSHIP, BUT SHE WAS STILL SUSPICIOUS OF HIM. COMPLETELY COINCIDENTALLY, HE DISAPPEARED TWO WEEKS LATER. THE QUEEN OF ETHERA OFFERED HER A SPOT IN HER PALACE AS A LADY-IN-WAITING, BUT SHE POLITELY DECLINED. SHE DISAPPEARED A FEW MONTHS LATER. SHE STILL HAD WORK TO DO.

The Forest. This forest. The Enchanted Forest. In this forest lived two sisters. An elder sister and a younger sister. They were the best of friends, always adventuring and exploring the land they called home. Not only were they close, they were also royalty. They were the daughters of the great queen of the forest, Queen Day- light, and the great king, King Moon- night.

The girls always had each other's back. Until now that is.

They were exploring a part of the Forest, which was overgrown with vines climbing up the trees and rocks. The trees were the size of mountains in the land that was basically a wasteland north of the kingdom.

In the north was a kingdom called the Kingdom of Light. To the south was another kingdom, called the Kingdom of Dark. The sisters had been out together, walking around the forest after their daily lessons. Through this outing, did they stumble upon a cave. A cave that glowed the colors of yellow and purple, with hints of white and black.

"Sister, do you see that," the elder sister asked.

"Yes, I do. Let's go check it out," the younger one answered excitedly.

"Wait! Sister," the elder started to call after her younger sister, but her voice was drowned out by her sister's quickly moving feet across the damp grass. The elder sister felt water touch her forehead. She looked up, and saw dewdrops glistening from the leaves of the ever beautiful trees that grew in this forest. She sighed before following her sister inside the cave.

The cave was dark, like most ancient structures in the Forest. What was weird about this cave was the writing that decorated the walls. Images were also [author's choice of word] above the writing. The cave looked ancient, as if it hadn't been touched since the days of old. The days of the first king and queen. The days when the great Queen Lovella and King George sat on the throne. They had founded this forest, protected it from the evil that laid just outside the barrier. The barrier was an enchantment that only the royal family could turn on or off. To permanently disable it, you'd need an insane amount of magic. The amount of power no one had seen since the days of old.

- Mia Myers

## The creature in the woods

There lived a very prestigious family in Cambridge in England. They had an unhealthy obsession with perfection and looks. They believed that people with light hair and light eyes were pure and anyone with dark hair and dark eyes were impure. Anyone in their family with dark hair and dark eyes was disowned or sent to an orphanage.

One day, a baby girl was born in the family. She was named Emily. Emily has beautiful black hair and clear deep blue eyes. She had an amazing personality and always stood out from the family with her perfection. The family members didn't treat her as good as the other kids with light hair and eyes and the family always got Emily dresses, makeup, and the only books they got for her were beauty magazines. From her 16th birthday onwards, the family tried encouraging Emily to get many plastic surgeries and botox, to which she refused. The family was growing impatient, so they eventually forced her to get plastic surgery. Even still, the family was unsatisfied.

So they had her get Botox and more plastic surgery. They were in the waiting room of the hospital when a doctor came out to tell them that the surgery failed. Their faces fell "What? No, this can't be true. You are joking of course!" The doctor shook her head "A failed surgery is very serious, we do not joke about this." The parents were very angry and took her home. A sheet covered her face and when they got home, the mother opened it and saw her child. Her face was deformed and looked unrecognizable. Her eyes were still bright, glittery, and perfect. However, her skin was cracked and looked broken. Her mouth and cheeks were so twisted. Her limbs were horribly mangled. Her parents gasped in horror. "Mom, dad, I am still your daughter, I am the same! Please, don't disown me." Emily pleaded. Her father's face twisted up in anger "What?! No one will take you. We have to take things into our own hands." He grabbed the kitchen knife and raised it high above his head "DAD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Emily shrieked "Don't call me your dad, you are not my daughter." He said as he brought the knife down on her.

He then hauled her body into the back of his pickup truck and drove her to a nearby forest. He dumped her body in the entrance of the forest and left. The night was eerily silent, the noise to be heard was the ragged breathing of Emily. Her mind was racing, but she had only one thought on her mind. Survival. She has to get help. Emily tried walking, but her limbs were so deformed, she couldn't walk normally. She got on all fours and crawled until she saw something in the distance. A pharmacy truck. She had to get to it before she lost any more blood. She finally reached it and tended to her wound. Emily tried to find a way to walk, since she couldn't walk normally anymore. She considered just crawling and running on all fours, since her limbs were deformed so bad, they resembled the limbs of animals. Her toes and fingers were triangular and pointed. The leaves crunched beneath her. This was her life now.

## 10 years later

Emily is living in the forest as an animal. She would catch small animals to eat and live off of water from rivers. But eventually the animal population in that forest decreased, and she had no choice, but to live off of human meat. Many hunters would visit the forest to hunt. "Hello? Is anyone out there? I am lost. Please help me." Emily would cry out into the darkness of the forest. Now and then, hunters would come to help what they thought was an innocent lost girl, but the horror on their faces when they realized they had just walked into the trap of a hungry creature willing to eat human meat. She was known as 'The creature in the woods' Many would try to sneak into the forest to try and take pictures of her, proving that she was real. But all they did was end up as food for the creature. The rumor and legends of 'the creature in the woods' became popular. But like all living things, Emily is mortal. And along with her, the rumors and legends died. Now, she's just a carcass in the woods.

- Joanna Ivy Prakash

## The Black Sakura: Satsui Fujinami

### A Character Backstory by Kylie Spero

Drops of rainfall dripped down the window, the soft sound of rain pattering against the window sending an aura of melancholy echoing throughout the room. It had been long since there was a moment of silence such as this. War, bloodshed, screaming, and horrors beyond comprehension were all that were known to the nation since then. Fulguras, the nation of tranquility and peace, had been overcome by those things, with death hanging over every person's head like a guillotine. The bodies of the deceased laid on every corner and street, leaving an ungodly stench of rotting flesh wafting through the empty streets. The once great nation had been destroyed, and all that was left was fire and destruction.

"Satsui of the Fujinami clan. Your time in this nation has been long over ever since the war started." The voice said, their voice a soothing and somewhat comforting melody. Satsui sat on her couch, drinking a cup of green tea, the steam wafting out of the teacup.

"I must remain here, until Izumi has returned. She will return soon." Satsui said, holding onto the last bit of hope that remained in her heart. Izumi Fujinami, her older sister, had been on a trip to the nation of Hydronal, to visit the Kamado clan that resided there. The Kamado clan had been a long benefactor of the Fujinami clan, giving them the materials that would help the clan stay alive in their difficult times.

"You don't understand, Satsui-chan. Izumi is gone. She was taken captive by Tenebris soldiers on the way back, and was killed by King Nox." The voice said. Satsui dropped her teacup, the sound of porcelain hitting the ground and shattering into pieces echoing throughout the room.

"What did you just say? Certainly you're joking. She's not dead." Satsui said, looking over to where the voice had come from. It was a Luxuri soldier, from the kingdom of light, which confused her even more. "How... how are you even here? You're...you're a Luxurium soldier. Luxurium is thousands of miles from Fulguras."

"Her majesty has asked specifically for you. The tales of your deeds have spread through the seven corners of Orbisto. She wishes to bring you, the last descendant of the Fujinami clan, to Luxurium." The soldier said, his hands folded neatly behind his back. His white and gold knight armor shimmered in the dim lighting, his expression firm and void of emotion. He certainly had the aura of glory and strength emitting from him.

"What does the Elementum of Light want from the Fujinami clan? We have no business interacting with the Luxuri people." Satsui said, crouching down to pick up the sharp pieces of porcelain that laid on the ground. One of them cut her hand, and she winced in pain. The knight did not even blink an eye, just observing her as she did so.

"She wishes to help you. The rest of the Fujinami clan is dead. Their remains have been found by the remaining soldiers of Fulguras." The soldier said. "We also found this." The soldier handed her a red sakura flower blossom, with traces of ashes on it. The ashes were, simply, Izumi's ashes. The soldiers of Tenebrist had their own special way of execution, which was simply injecting a lethal amount of corruption into the victim's body, which would make their body decay and turn to ashes. Tears welled up in Satsui's eyes, and she held the flower close to her chest.

"Izumi...you must be alive...you cannot be dead...you promised...you promised you would stay..." Satsui

whispered to herself, and she took a deep breath to calm herself down.

"Satsui, it's time to go." The guard said, and after a moment, Satsui nodded, looking over to the guard. She felt sad, no, heartbroken, to be honest. All she wanted to do was be back with her family, but she would never be able to see them again. Satsui stood up, walking over to the guard and following him out of the house. After she stepped out of the door, she looked back to her house for the last time, knowing she would never be able to see it again. Not for a long time.

"...Give...give me a moment. I have to get something." Satsui said, and the guard nodded, giving her some space. She walked upstairs to her sister's room, looking for something specific. Her sister's sword, the Shinku-no-Nami, was a sword feared by many. But with the holder of the sword now deceased, someone had to take it. "No...no...I cannot think that way. I will find you, Izumi. I will find where you truly are. You're not dead." Satsui whispered to herself, trying to assure absolutely no one, not even herself. She took the sword, holding the smooth and pristine metal in her hand, and sheathed it on the side of her belt. She nodded softly to herself, walking downstairs and returning to the guard. The guard was standing next to a white and golden portal, which he had created using the device that soldiers always kept for travel purposes.

"Come along now. The Queen is waiting for you." The guard said, and Satsui nodded, walking over to the portal. She had never gone through one before, so she hesitated. The guard sighed gently. "Have you never gone through one before? Do not be afraid. All you have to do is step into the portal and remain calm throughout the process, and you will be fine."

"And what happens if I'm not calm...?" Satsui questioned, slightly hesitant as she asked the question.

"Then your atoms will combust and you'll fade from existence. Simple as that." The guard said, and shrugged. How could he say such things so calmly?! It weirded Satsui out. With everything that has happened in these past few days, she wasn't sure if she COULD stay calm.

"V-very well..." Satsui said softly, looking at the portal and examining the light. The light emitting from the portal shimmered and sparkled, looking almost heavenly from the naked eye. Satsui couldn't decide whether it was terrifying or soothing.



ELLA TOURCHIEV

HAPPILY NEVER AFTER

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A LAND FAR, FAR AWAY, LIVED A GIRL NAMED ELLA. HER MOTHER DIED WHEN SHE WAS A BABY, AND HER FATHER REMARRIED. SHORTLY AFTER REMARRIAGE, HE FELL ILL AND PASSED AWAY. ELLA'S WIDOWED STEPMOTHER WAS A CRUEL WOMAN NAMED PATRICIA AND SHE HAD TWO BRATTY DAUGHTERS, ANGELICA AND FRANCESCA. AFTER HER FATHER'S DEATH, PATRICIA FORCED ELLA TO DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK AROUND THE HOUSE INCLUDING WASHING THE DISHES, DOING THE LAUNDRY, MAKING THE BEDS, PREPARING MEALS AND LOTS AND LOTS OF DUSTING. AFTER CLEANING SO MUCH SHE WAS REALLY FILTHY SO HER STEP SISTERS GAVE HER THE NICK-NAME CINDERELLA. ONE DAY, A LETTER ARRIVED AT THEIR HOME AND AN INVITATION WAS WRITTEN ON IT. THE LETTER WAS INVITING ALL SINGLE WOMEN TO A BALL THAT SAME NIGHT BECAUSE THE PRINCE WAS SEARCHING FOR A LADY TO WED. PATRICIA SQUEALED

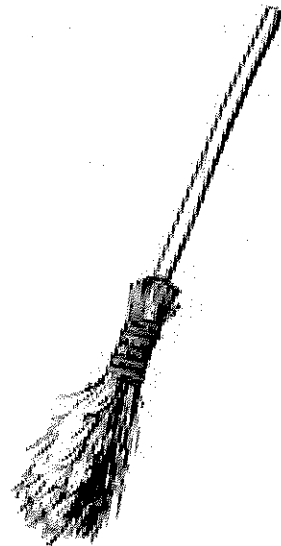
" ANGELICA, FRANCESCA, GET READY IMMEDIATELY! CINDERELLA GO HELP!"

" WHAT ABOUT ME, STEPMOTHER?" SHE ASKED.

" WHAT ABOUT YOU? AS IF THE PRINCE WOULD EVER WED A LOWLY SERVANT LIKE YOU." CINDERELLA NODDED SADLY AND LEFT TO HELP HER STEP SISTERS. WHEN THEY WERE READY THEY SHOVED CINDERELLA AND SAID HAUGHTILY.

" HAVE FUN CLEANING!" THEY LEFT IN AN EXTRAVAGANT CARRIAGE. CINDERELLA FELL TO THE FLOOR AND STARTED CRYING. WHEN SHE FINISHED SHE STOOD UP AND STARTED DUSTING. SUDDENLY A BRIGHT LIGHT FLASHED. CINDERELLA FELL DOWN THE STEPS AND BROKE HER NECK. HER FAIRY GODMOTHER GASPED AND LEFT.

THE END.



## War of 4

Fred, George, Jeff, and Bob. Together the 4 kingdoms lived together in harmony. That all changed when the George kingdom attacked. Only John, master of all four names, could stop them, but when the world needed him most, he vanished. 10 minutes have passed and the Fred kingdom discovered John in a 7/11. Although his slushie-making skills are great, he's got a lot more to learn before he's ready to save the world. But I believe, John can restore balance to the four nations.

The battle was tough. Fred vs Jeff was the most bloody war in history. Fred XXX was a soldier in the war. The Jeff kingdom had armed their soldiers with pillows and Fred's general had armed them with sharpened candy canes. The canes would usually cut right through their blue pillows, but sometimes, the red candy canes would shatter and the Jeffs would pick up the shards and stab Freds.

There was a conflict in this war, however. Many Freds were friends with Jeffs. This includes Fred XXX. He was best buddies with Jeff XXXX. They had grown up together and knew everything about each other. They wrote letters and sent carrier pigeons to one another daily.

Fred XXX was running through the underground trenches. He was running so fast that he almost tripped over his candy cane. He was running from a Jeff that had just killed his entire family. They were all slaughtered one by one in front of his eyes by being hit over the head by a pillow. They had suspected him of being in the war, which he was, so they tried to kill him. He had been able to kill the soldier but it left a scar. Not a physical one, but a mental one. What if he had killed a friend of Jeff XXXX? Would he be forgiven? He had no time to think, not that he could very well. The only thing keeping him running was pure and unadulterated adrenaline. His thoughts were so fast that they correlated to absolutely nothing. He felt like a coward for blindly running but Fred couldn't help it. He was scared. He was a coward and he knew it. He shouldn't be in the army but it wasn't like he had a choice. He would be killed if he wasn't for betraying his country.

He was running in the underground trench when he tripped and fell. He immediately got back up and continued running. As he ran, soldiers left and right of him were being killed. There was nothing he could do. That was when he was whacked in the stomach with a pillow. He immediately coughed up more blood than in a horse. He fell onto his knees and dropped his candy cane. He was lucky it didn't stab him. He looked up to see Jeff XXXX!

Jeff XXXX looked down at Fred and said, "What'd you run into my pillow for?" Good to know he was as sarcastic as ever.

Fred chuckled and slowly stood up while clutching his stomach. He said sarcastically, "My bad. Should've looked where I was going" he dapped up Jeff.

They both laughed but this wasn't a time for happiness. This was war. They heard a loud sound and looked up. Their eyes widened. Up above them were over 100 Candy Cane nukes soaring through the air.

Both Jeff and Fred simultaneously fell back on the ground. They again both laughed. Fred said, "I always knew it would end like this," he turned to Jeff, "It's been a good run, hasn't it?"

They both laughed like they weren't going to die and Jeff said, "The best" and the nukes exploded.

- Ethan Widdowson

George the XVII lived in a cheap house with the 18th, 19th, and 20th Georges. When George 17th bought the house with the other Georges they discovered that there was a cemetery in the backyard. It was 12 minutes ago that they bought the house. Now, at 12:47 PM, 16 zombie Georges start coming out of their graves. George the 17th was waiting for the 18th to make pizza rolls for their last meal before their one-hour lives ends. But the zombies had other ideas. They killed George the 18th already and threw him in the oven. They kill George the XVII with a lamp that goes through his head and throw the pizza rolls on his face. The pizza rolls melt his face off and the zombies bury him in the cemetery. George the XVII had only lived for a total 47 minutes before buying the house. He lived for 13 minutes in the house. Exactly an hour of life.



- Toma Young

# Whispers of the Grave

by Chloe Zangari

On a chilly evening, as the mist rolled through Nurture Green, a community garden in a small town, the superstitious Mr. Reed clutched his rabbit's foot charm tighter. He had always avoided the old cemetery bordering the garden, but he couldn't help but visit tonight, the mod-mint scent from the herbs drawing him closer.

Suddenly, the rumble of an old bus echoed through the garden. Its driver, pale and gaunt, stared straight ahead, eyes hollow.

"Last stop, Nurture Green," he intoned, his voice devoid of life. The bus was moving frighteningly; Mr. Reed barely missed getting squashed like a bug as he scrambled onto the sidewalk.

The gravedigger, emerging from the shadows, placed a cold and bony hand on Mr. Reed's shoulder. As Mr. Reed shivered, the gravedigger whispered, "This is where the dead come to nurture the living."

As a terrified Mr. Reed stumbled away from the strange figure, his charm slipped from his hand as the garden seemed to close in on him. He tried screaming but nothing would come out. Instead, the smell of mod mint from the garden mingling with the earthy scent of freshly dug graves overpowered his sense of smell and slowly overtook him.

He abruptly halted, turned around, and felt a dragging pull as if an unseen force was drawing him toward the damp cement. He let out a slight moan as his head hit the ground, cracking his skull. Blood began to spill out of his damaged head like a bottle of wine, as his eyes became lifeless and his skin pale.

A slim shadow loomed over the now-deceased old man. The gravedigger smirked as he carried the corpse to a burial plot, a gravestone towering over it marked, "Mr. Reed".

"Did you think you could escape?" The gravedigger's smirk slowly twisted into a grotesque smile. Mr. Reed's eyes widened, a mix of fear and an eerie sense of familiarity creeping in.

Leaning in closer, the gravedigger murmured, "Welcome back. We've been waiting." As the words echoed in the air, the surrounding graves began to stir, and from the soil, ghostly hands reached out, each one grasping at Mr. Reed, pulling him into the earth, his screams swallowed by the night.

## The Two Snakes

by Patrick Zhang

I arrived at the subway station, bought a ticket downtown, and headed toward the trains. Two middle-aged men stood in front of me, wearing leather jackets and jeans straight out of a 19th-century comic book. They turned around, their cold stares sending a shiver down my spine. I glanced around, but the usual train station was for some reason very empty.

"Can I help you?" I asked nervously.

The guy on the right said in a raspy voice like a snake. "Yes, actually you can."

Before I could react, they seized my arms with an iron grip. I struggled, but their hold was unyielding. "Help! Let go of me!" I cried out desperately.

Suddenly, a low, humming filled the air. The men released me instantly, their expressions twisting with surprise and fear. They attempted to flee, but thick vines erupted from the floor, entangling their legs and halting their escape.

I turned towards the sound of the humming and saw a girl emerge from the shadows. She appeared around my age, holding something that looked like a flute in her hands.

"Are you okay?" she asked, her voice calm amidst the chaos.

I nodded, still shaken from the bizarre encounter. "Who are they? What just happened?"

"They're not human," she replied gravely. "And I'm here to protect you."

"Come with me," she urged urgently. "We don't have much time; my vines won't last forever."

I hesitated, still shocked from what I had just witnessed.

"HURRY" she said impatiently

And together, we hurried down the platform, leaving the trapped figures and the echoing sounds of her music behind us.

When we got out of the station, she led me to a brick wall, which looked

like it had been there forever, it looked like she was searching for a specific brick because when she pushed that brick, the wall opened like a door. She looked behind us, then brought me inside. I could hear a hissing sound which soon I realized were the two men who were snakes. She hurried me inside and when I stepped in. "What is this place?"

The monsters charged at us, they were fast, but we were faster, we slipped in and shut the brick wall quickly keeping the snake men out. But we were too late, the two snake men slipped in through the cracks, and attacked the girl with the flute, I watched in horror as they sucked her blood, she turned pale as white and flopped onto the ground, then they looked at me and I backed up. They lunged at me, but I stepped to the left and dodged them. But they were quick, they turned and charged at me. I was tackled onto the floor and then I felt my blood being sucked out. I was starting to feel dizzy and then suddenly everything turned black.

# The Moon Emerges

Lucy Kwon

Days sometimes feel like they never end  
The sun kicks you down to tease you  
But after sunlight hits, one thing stays the same  
The moon emerges

Days fade into a watercolor blur  
Memories swim and haunt you  
But after sunlight hits, one thing stays the same  
The moon emerges

Close your weary eyes  
I promise that soon the cozy winter comes  
To darken the summer skies

Days pull you down just like a sinking ship  
Floating is getting harder  
But tread the water, you know that soon  
The moon emerges

Days pull you up just like a daffodil  
Up from your garden, far from your shade  
It'll dry you out but even so  
The moon emerges  
Days seems so cruel and rude  
to steal away each dream you keep  
I promise you'll be visited by sleep because  
The moon always emerges

# The Secret of the School Masters

*By: Faith*

I, Cherry, came from the Woods Beyond. I had applied for the School for Good and the same night I got kidnapped by a bony bird, carried through the Woods and dropped into the School for Good. But that was 2 years ago. Now I'm standing in front of School Master's Tower, which now has swans all over it and — white swans on the side for Good and black swans on the side for evil — and continued to repeat when message:

*"In the forest primeval  
A School for Good and Evil  
Two towers like twin heads  
One for the pure  
One for the wicked  
Try to escape you'll always fail  
The only way out is  
through a fairy tale"*

The Tower is sinking too. Agatha and Sophie entered the Tower the first time there was a flash from the Tower's window. After the 90th or so flash, The Queen of Camelot and Dean of Evil return to the Clearing, holding a total of 99 rings — 50 of them with a black swan and 49 of them with the white swan.

Then, The school masters faces appear on the tower And -A good brother on the side for good And the evil brother on the side for Evil — and Rhian — the good brother — repeated one short message:

*"How did Rafal send me  
to my grave? Follow the clues  
and reveal the secret to  
My death. But be careful!  
Rafal's magic may still exist.  
The first clue is something that  
was connected to Rafal. What is it?  
Find it — and before the Evil Wizard does!"*

What could the answer to the first clue be? Could it be Rafal's ring to Sophie? But that was destroyed too, when Rafal was destroyed for good. Or maybe it's what it was made from? Black swan gold, that's what the ring was made from, right?

"What'll happen if the Evil Wizard finds the clues before we do?" Kiko asks.

"I don't think we *want to know what could happen*," I say.

"Does anyone know *Fala and His Brother? The tale?*" an Evergirl named Plum, asks.

"Yes," I say, and a few other Evers and Nevers too, while everyone else answers, "No."

I attempt to create a live action form of a scene I remembered from *Fala and His Brother*. *Actually, the only scene I could remember.*

"Semi-reality!" I say, as I create a scene of something from the past.

We race to the Blue Forest as the scene opens: two shadows and someone hiding in the trees.

We could hear Fala's thoughts: "*Don't do it. Please. Please, Rhian.*"

But whatever Rafal didn't want Rhian to do, Rhian did. No one ever said which brother was Good and which one was Evil. We just always assumed that Rhian was the Good School Master and Rafal the Evil one. Was it the other way around? Rafal the Good brother and Rhian the Evil



one?

I turn my attention back to the scene and Fala.

*"No," he gasped. He shot out of the Forest, toward the School Masters' Tower in the scene, turning back into Rafal at the same time.*

"Follow the scene!" someone says, and we do. I create a staircase of snow and ice to get to the Tower more quickly.

"Hold onto the railing, please! This can be slippery," I say. But I race up with ease, because I created it with my powers.

In the Tower, Rafal tries to grab the Storian in the scene, but it slashes his hand. It didn't magically heal like it should have, which meant that *something had been broken, but what? I watched the rest of the scene play out, but no one could figure out what had been broken. Everyone agreed that we had found what was connected to Rafal, but not the actual answer to the clue.*

I create another scene — this time, Rafal and Rhian in front of the Storian, one would seal the oath, and the other would die. I allow the scene to play until both twins' faces were facing the Storian — making sure that the scene looks real — and then paused it.

"Look carefully. Dean Sophie? Which twin looks closest to Rafal during your third year?" I ask.

"Rafal, the one with white hair," she answers.

I zoom in on the paused scene.

"Did he have *green eyes*?"

"No . . . no. I don't think so. I think he had *blue eyes*."

I zoom out and make sure that everyone could see the eye colors of both twins.

*"Rhian had blue eyes, and Rafal had green eyes. It was Rafal with Rhian's blue eyes. One twin won the battle, and one twin died. However, we always assumed that Rhian was the Good twin and Rafal the Evil one. Good won every fairy tale from that point on, to keep the balance," I explain.*

*"But if Rhian took the oath, then Rafal was killed. How did Good win every tale since that day? Rafal was the Evil twin!" a Never says.*

"Exactly! Maybe he was actually the Good twin and we just assumed that he was Evil. That means, if Rhian was killed, then Evil would have won every tale after that, instead. Which means, Dean Sophie, that it was actually Rhian who only looked like Rafal, minus the fact that he had blue eyes, not green eyes, like the real Rafal," I say.

"The only reason you didn't fail History yesterday, Cherry, is because you actually showed proof with your answer to the question," Professor Hort says.

"Of course, this is only a theory about what happened. We may never know if what I just showed you was true," I say.

"KIKO QUIT CHASING RAVAN WITH A SPOON! YES, HE DID PUT A FROG IN YOUR SOUP, BUT STOP CHASING HIM!" Castor yells.

**TO BE CONTINUED . . .**

The Umbrella  
Gwen Pizzica

It was a gray day in Laporte PA, the sky matching my mood. I'm walking to school. I have my book bag slung over my shoulder and I'm carrying a hand held umbrella like always. I'm gripping the handle so tight my knuckles are turning weight. My brain starts replaying the scene from this morning when my mom packed her bags and drove off, I know she's not coming back. Tears spring to my eyes. *"She just left me with him." I can never forgive my father for chasing my mother away; she was the only one who cared. We used to camp in the backyard, watching the clouds and stars. Now she's gone and I might never see her again. Tears well in my eyes I take a deep breath whipping them away. I can't forgive either of my parents. One has left me, the other one never cared about me.*

As I turn the corner off of my street my school comes into view Brackenhill Academy. I've never loved school. I have always been a sports person playing field hockey and basketball, I do well enough in my classes and I always have a passing grade. Today is different. My school looks foreboding, a prison. I feel that if I go in I won't have enough space to breathe. I don't know how I'm going to last seven hours in there with my friends asking if I'm ok and shooting me worried glances. Only my best friend Liz knows that my mom left because we were on a call when it happened but knowing my bff, she's probably told my entire friend group.

I walk to my locker struggling with my door more than usual, when I finally yank the door hard enough that it flies open I grab my books for first and second period. As I walk down the bustling hallway I see my friends clumped around Carter's locker there laughing and cracking jokes. I realize that I can't join them. I'm in too much pain to stand there and act like everything is fine because it's not fine. I don't know if it will ever be fine again. I slide into a pack of sophomores and pass Carter's locker unnoticed. I decide to head strait to English and make up a question about the homework Ms. Day assigned even though I had already finished it the night before.

I hustle through the halls trying not to catch anyone's attention until I reach Ms. Day's classroom. There are a few students milling about looking at the books in the back of the room but thankfully none of my friends are here. I walk over to my desk placing my books down. I have five minutes until class starts. The room seems to tip and turn, shrinking, I gasp for air. I need to get out. I leave my bag and books at my desk and rush out of the room. I need to get to the bathroom. I'm practically sprinting through the halls I can't breathe. I hit someone on my way by but I'm in too much of a hurry to stop. I finally see the girls bathroom sign and race in.

## *"Little Red Riding Hood"*

Sadie Romig

Part one; Little Red Riding Hood.

"Go. You are no longer no longer welcome here. Not after what you did."

"B-b-but I"

"No. There is no defense for you. What happens to you no longer matters to me. You are a horrible child, I will pray you get what you deserve. You have no place here or anywhere anymore. I wish you the worst. Go and don't come back."

With her head disparagingly downward, her wicker basket clutched tightly in both hands, covered in her red velvet cape. Her worn brown shoes dragging on the floor, scratching them even more then they already were. She looked back at her Mother one last time, eyes narrowed, staring directly at her child. With sorrow, she made her way out the door.

She thought about what she could do. She couldn't ask to stay with anyone. They hated children. They were only extra mouths to feed, they couldn't take care of themselves. They would take care of there own children, only because they wanted to continue the circle of life. No one would care for a child that wasn't theirs. No. One.

Isabella continued her walk down the path leading her away from her old home. Perhaps she could stay at her grandmothers house? Did her grandmother remember her? Was she even still alive? It was at least a 4 day journey by cart. And the last time she went to her grandmothers house was eight years ago, when she was five. Did she remember the way?

It was at least a four day journey by cart. But that was going around the forest. She could cut through? That wasn't safe. She had been warned about the dangers of the woods. She had been told everyday before she left;

"Don't go in the woods, Red. You don't know who, or what, is lurking there."

The woods would kill her. But unless she made it to her Grandmas house, she would die anyway.

She might even die at her Grandmas house if she wasn't remembered.

But there was more hope for her there than here. She detoured to the woods.

Her heels hurt. Her feet hurt. Her legs hurt. She was hungry. How long had she been walking?

Was she even going the right way? Would she ever make it? She should rest. No. She could make it. She needed to keep going as long as she could. She kept walking.

Isabellas feet hurt. Her entire body hurt. Her stomach was growling. Her eyes and mouth were dry. Was she going the right way? Would she make it? She was... so tired. She needed to rest. She could not make the journey all in one day. The sky was dark. That meant she was meant to sleep. She just needed to rest. Just for a little...

A furry, broad figure was making its way toward her. Was it a person? Would it hurt her? She rubbed the leftover sleep out of her eyes and stood up. The thing snarled. She had only been told not to go into the woods. Not what to do if she was in them!

She ran. She ran as fast as she could, tripping with nearly every step. But she ran, not daring to look back.

Just then, the arch of her foot landed directly on top a massive tree root. She toppled forward right over her head, landing on her tail bone.

What? Damn It.

She thought, getting back up and rubbing her tail bone, only making it hurt more. She put her right foot in front of her, but fell right on her stomach when she tried to put weight on it. She couldn't use her right foot. Maybe she could rest a little? But that thing was still chasing her. It could be ready to pounce on her at this very moment, and she could do nothing.

Then, she smelled something like... she couldn't place it. Slobber maybe? She heard growling

She turned around, just in time for a beast bite into her mid section.

# *The Looming Forest*

Jonathan Sam

The looming forest, with scraggly, sculpted and curved trunks. The lush canopy fluttered with birds of all kinds weaving in and out. Fireflies filled around making the forest lit up in, what was seemingly, sparks and was softly lit by the moonlight. And then it started raining, absolutely pouring. Lightning streak across the night sky. Then I see it... her. An old hag stands in front of a cottage. An old, humble cottage.



I sprint to the cottage and find nothing, no one, to be there. Then lightning flashed and I saw the silhouette of the hag.

# The Haunted House

By Zoe

Eliza stood at the edge of the driveway, gazing up at the structure that loomed before her. The house, with its gothic architecture, seemed to be with holding long past. The windows, dark and vacant, appeared to watch her every move. Her parents had always dreamed of owning a historic home, but Eliza never understood. As they moved their belongings inside, the air seemed to grow colder, and the feeling of being watched grew stronger by the minute.

Eliza's room was on the second floor, at the end of a long hallway. The walls were covered with faded wallpaper, and the floorboards groaned when she walked. She set her suitcase down on the floor and took a deep breath, trying to shake off the unpleasant feeling that had settled over her.

That night, as she lay in bed, the house seemed to be alive. The wind howled through the trees outside, and the branches tapped against her window. She tried her best to remind herself this was just a house. But still her heart was pounding in her chest. Suddenly, she heard a faint whisper. It was so soft that she almost thought she had imagined it. She listened, and there it was, a voice, distant and sorrowful, calling her name. "Eliza..."

She sat up, her eyes wide with fear. The voice seemed to be coming from the hallway. She first debated whether to go investigate. Gathering her courage, she slipped out of bed and tiptoed to the door. She opened it slowly, peering into the darkness. The hallway was empty, but the voice didn't disappear but growing louder and more insistent.

"Eliza... help me..." She followed the sound, her heart racing. It led her to a small door at the end of the hallway, one that she had yet to see. She reached out and turned the knob slowly, the door creaking open to

reveal a narrow staircase leading down into the darkness. Taking a deep breath, Eliza walked down the stairs, taking each step with caution in the silence. At the bottom, she found herself in a cold, humid basement. The air was thick with a scent she could identify.

In the corner of the room, she saw a figure a girl, about her age, with long, dark hair and a pale face. The girl's eyes were wide with fear, and she reached out a hand shaking with what Eliza assumed as fear. "Please," the girl whispered, "you have to help me. I'm trapped here."

Eliza couldn't even comprehend what the girl had said because her mind was racing with thoughts. Who was this girl? How had she become trapped in this house? And more importantly, how could Eliza help her? As she stood there, the pieces of a tragic story began to play in her mind almost like a movie. This house held dark, terrible secrets and the girl was asking Eliza to uncover them and free the girl from her torment.

Eliza nodded. "I will help you," she said softly. "I promise." The ghostly girl gave a small hopeful smile before disappearing into the darkness. Eliza stood alone in the cold basement trying to understand what she just agreed to. She knew that the journey ahead would be filled with danger even though she was uncertain if she was ready to face whatever horrors the haunted house had in store. But she was determined to help. After a minute Eliza turned and made her way back up the stairs. No one knew how deep the secrets of the house went. But will Eliza be able to uncover the dark truth about this house? Will she be able to free the restless spirits?

# The Rumor

Shritika Sriram

It was midnight. Not a sound was heard from the orphanage at the edge of the town. Well, 'of course not a sound was heard, it's midnight,' you might say. But usually, there were flashlights, giggles, and chatter. But today, there was not a peep that was heard.

And that's because some of the girls that made the most noise had gone to the Forbidden Forest. The Forbidden Forest was not so forbidden until a really strange incident took place on 13th of June in 1970. Let me take you back to that day.

It was about 6 PM on Friday the 13th, so it was already bad luck, and even beyond that, some boys and girls entered the forest. When they took a step inside, they didn't realize that they were the first ones to step in the "Forbidden Forest" in 12 years. And they were just going there to explore. They never came out. Probably died there too. So now that the girls entered the forest, they were also going there to explore. Let's just say the devil took their soul.

Many people tried to warn them, but the warning was clearly ignored. But why would they ignore it? I mean they clearly knew that they shouldn't have gone in there..

Were they forced to? Did they purposely want to go in there? Or.. did they want to find the dead bodies of the boys and girls that never came out in 1971? I guess we'll never know.

I mean, there was a rumor going around town that the girls in the orphanage were doing something strange that was related to the Forbidden forest, but it was a rumor. No one knew if it was going to



'come true.' And yet it did come true.

So after everyone knew about the girls 'wanting to purposely go in the forest, everyone made a few phone calls to the Director of the Orphanage, since they were concerned about the girls. And neither did he pick up, nor did they stop calling.

So some people thought that the orphanage director was planning something. Most people thought that was wrong, because the director was the one who was really kind to the orphans, and he helped them a lot. But everyone knew that he was a very mysterious guy, so they started doubting him as well.

And finally, after the girls went into the Forbidden forest, and never came out, everyone finally agreed on talking to the orphanage director and seeing what was the problem.

Twelve years later, he came out of jail. And all of the girls were rescued and they were much older, and after they were rescued, they recalled seeing lots of dead bodies, skeletons, blood, and much more. So they blocked the forbidden forest, and made sure that no one got through it ever again. *Ever Again.*

A few years later, a man walked out of the Forbidden Forest. Everyone was so scared and astonished, since he was part of Friday the 13th ruckus in 1971. How did he survive?

No one knows.

# The Cursed Steamboat

Katelyn Xu

A recent immigrant travels with her boyfriend of 15 years on a steamboat across the ocean. While on the boat, her boyfriend decides to propose to her. He had bought the ring the previous year from a suspicious drug dealer who told him that the ring would grant the person being proposed to one wish, but with consequences. While presenting the ring to his soon-to-be wife, a raspy voice speaks out to him as he tells her about the wish. Before she could say a word, a gust of wind could be felt, and the man was lifted off his feet and thrown into the ocean, head first. The shocked woman stares after the spot he vanished from and hastily picks up the ring. Without even thinking, she wishes that her man would come back to life. Though her wish had come true, she would not know it until she later realized her grave mistake. As it turns out, her boyfriend had come back to life, but not completely as a normal human. The woman, devastated, prepares to depart the steamboat. Her whole face lights up as she sees her pookie wookie bear and as her wish comes true, but she quickly realizes that not all is well. The man's eyes gloss over as the raspy voice from the boat speaks through his lips, warning them of the curse. All around the couple, people drop dead, and screams rise from every corner. It was almost like an aura surrounding them, a horrid curse, meant to wipe out the last remnants of life.

# *Three-Eyed Wonder*

By Alan Yu

It was a silent night while a red Honda sped through the city at light speed. The engine vibrated like an earthquake in the big city, preventing every resident from sleeping through the night. Mr. and Mrs. Eyed were rushing to the Hospital of Dionysus. Their unforgettable story would start in just an hour.

As time passed, Mr. and Mrs. Eyed exited the hospital with their baby. But there was something unusual on the baby's forehead: a third eye! Instantly, a swarm of reporters rushed up to Mr. and Mrs. Eyed; waiting for the answer.

"Can you explain what happened to your son's forehead?" asked one of the reporters. They know that there will be more questions like that, so they both shook their heads and walked away, shielding their child from the flashing cameras and the barrage of questions. The city buzzed with curiosity and speculation as the couple disappeared into the night.

The next morning, the Eyed family's story dominated the headlines. Theories ranged from genetic mutations to supernatural events, but none could explain the mysterious third eye. Mr. and Mrs. Eyed kept to themselves, hoping to protect their newborn from the prying eyes of the world.

As days turned into weeks, the city's fascination with the Eyed baby grew. Scientists, mystics, and curious onlookers all wanted a glimpse of the child with the third eye. Yet, the Eyed family remained a mystery, their home guarded and their lives shrouded in secrecy.

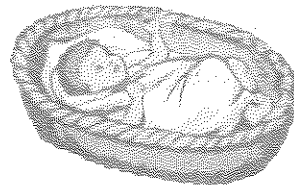
The baby's third eye, however, seemed to possess an unusual ability. It glowed faintly at night, and the baby often seemed to stare into the distance, as if seeing things beyond the ordinary. Mr. and Mrs. Eyed couldn't help but wonder what the future held for their child. Would the third eye be a gift or a curse? Only time would tell. But his sister who will be born will tell the answer.



# *Nellie's Origin Story*

By: Ashley Yurko

When Penelope was only 5 days old, she was left on the doorstep of Saint Francis Orphanage Home. She was left on the doorstep with nothing but a basket and her full name written out on a small piece of paper, "Penelope Claire Davis". At Saint Francis Orphan Home, the children weren't very well care for, but they were very well taught by the Orphan Home educator, Mrs. Morris. From a young age, Penelope was seen as a very bright child among the other children and Mrs. Morris took notice of this. She would give Penelope harder problems to solve and more complex books to read. Mrs. Morris began to become more close to Penelope and often gave her to nickname Nellie for short. Nellie began to see Mrs. Morris as a mother figure towards her. Since Mrs. Morris seemed to favorite her over the other children, and tried to take care of her since she was aware that the children were not taken care of. One day, Mrs. Morris was given a letter from a Prestigious School asking her to work for them. Mrs. Morris happily agrees as it is a high paying job and would be happy to leave Saint Francis Orphan Home.



WATERLOO

1910

## *The Botanical Gardens*

Mr. Rea

Pacing around the royal gardens, staring at the full moon peering down at the manic toy maker. Palms sweaty. The toy maker sighs, "he isn't coming". A hunter... A hunter dating a toy maker in a bubble gum kingdom. CRAZY TALK. Panic sinks in as the toy maker turns around to see the hunter staring and holding out a bouquet of pastel flowers that sparkle under the fully starry night sky. Cotton candy trees dance around them as the brisk air sways. The world freezes around them. Smiling at each other as if it is fate stepping in.

There the toy maker and the hunter stand in the royal botanical gardens smiling at each other. Yet, they realize their love for each other burns hotter than any ember as if they will melt the world around them. The stars twinkle above them as the full moon casts a light upon the magical couple. Their love for each other was known far and wide. As a sudden return of memories pulsed through the toy maker, he realized the hunter was there to kill him. His heart starts pumping quicker as their embrace intertwines and snuggle up gazing at the stars above.

The toymaker took a step back and gracefully walked through the royal botanical garden, watching the hunter's every move. Then as if a violent dance ensued, the hunter wrapped his arms around the toymaker and then took a knife to the toymaker's neck. Holding the sharp blade closer and tighter to the toymaker's flesh. The hunter hears the whispers coming from the velvet black roses in the royal botanical garden as he stumbles back in fear. The toymaker makes a run for the castle. The lightning striking down as the fear in both of their eyes settles in.

The rain falls on the hunter as a tear drips down his ghostly white face and stares down at the toy maker laying limp in his arms. The toymaker's neck mixing with the blood and rain dripping onto the colorful stone steps leading up to the crystallized castle. He breathes heavily as he keeps mentally repeating to himself he meant nothing to me. The last thing the toymaker said to the hunter was "I know."

# BEYOND THE MAGIC

YOUNG WRITERS, YOUNG READERS 2024

M S . E M I L Y ' S C A M P E R S

# **West Chester Writing Project**

## **Young Writers/Young Readers Camp**

### **Summer 2024**

The Young Writers/Young Readers Camp in Ms. Emily's classroom explored the magic of reading and writing through the Wizarding World of Harry Potter. Spending time inside and outside the classroom, the campers were able to explore and grow as readers and writers. The students were asked to brainstorm, draft, and complete final copies of the work to be published in this anthology. Students could also explore various genres to continue growing and developing their love of reading and writing.

A member of the camp created every piece within this anthology. They worked hard over the two weeks to grow as authors, and I couldn't be prouder of them. They laughed, made new friendships, and bonded over their love of reading and writing.

A special thanks to the caregivers who brought their children to and from camp every day, giving them this opportunity. Your support of your child's reading and writing helps them develop their skills that much more. A colossal thank you to the Young Writers/Young Readers camp staff who helped ensure that I had everything I needed and discussed ideas with me. Finally, thank you to West Chester University and the Graduate Building for allowing us the space to create together.

Emily Wisniewski  
July 2024

**West Chester Writing Project  
Young Writers Young Readers 2024**

**Teacher:** Emily Wisniewski

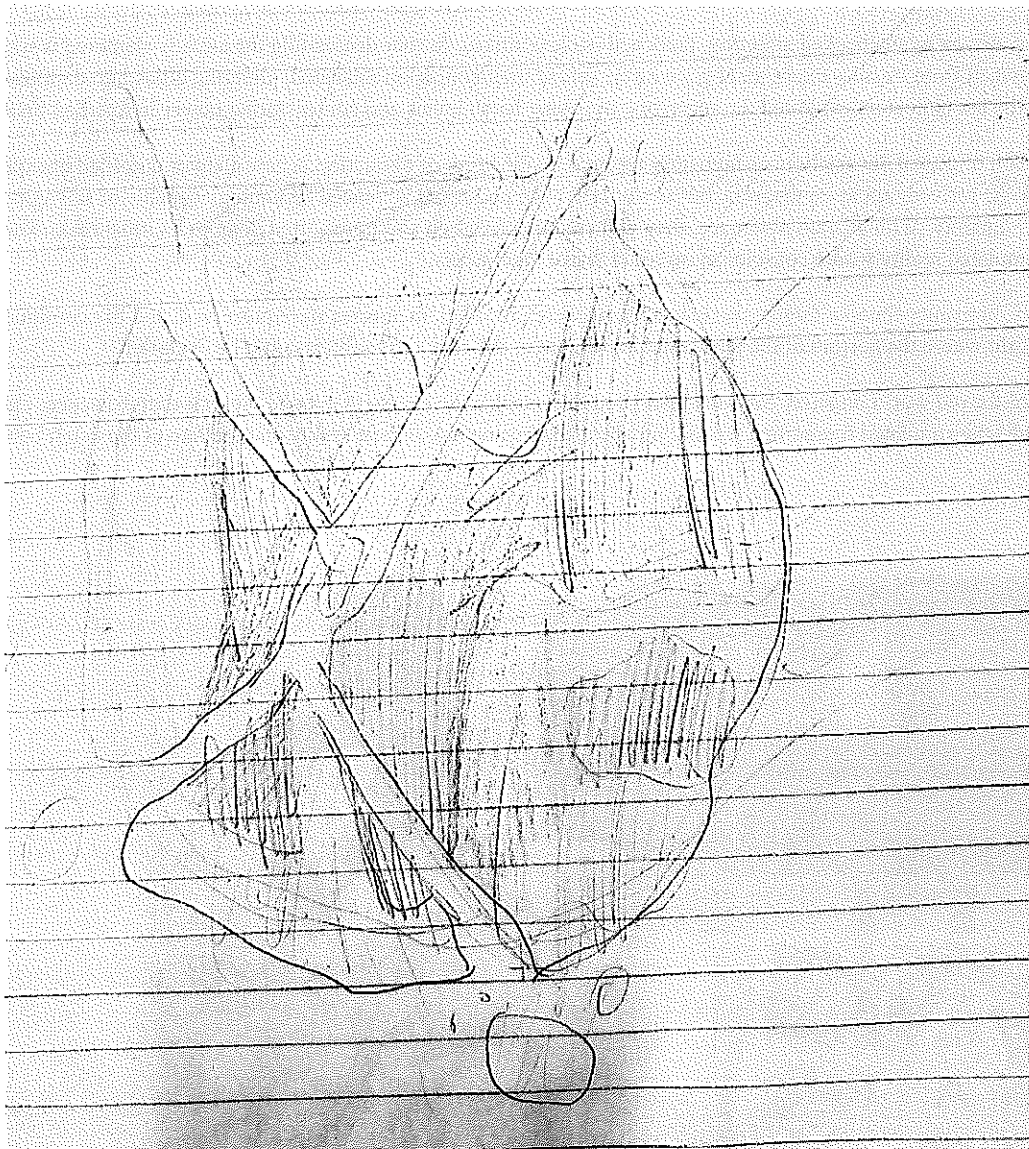
| <b>Name</b> | <b>Incoming Grade</b> | <b>School</b>      |
|-------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| West        | 5th                   | Westtown           |
| Max         | 5th                   | West Vincent       |
| Aadya       | 6th                   | St. Peter and Paul |
| Rianna      | 6th                   | East Ward          |
| Maddy       | 6th                   | West Vincent       |
| Anvi        | 5th                   | TE Middle          |
| Emma        | 5th                   | Episcopal Academy  |
| William     | 4th                   | St. Peter and Paul |
| Akshar      | 5th                   | Garnet Valley      |
| Malachi     | 5th                   | Collegium Charter  |
| Aarva       | 6th                   | Fugett Middle      |
| Ms. Emily   | High School           | Kennett High       |



Untitled

By West Brown

Two rapers are on stage. The first guy starts to rap, ya ya. Your gyat so flat it makes me want to cry. Ok. What about you cashoio. Casho nooo, Casho jumped. BOOOOOM. So it's all sone but don't fret aliens came from planet nervous 79. ANd made a fake reality for the hummens to live on. But the reality split, Like the world that has a clash infeschin that they go outside and scream your banned. Or the one ware everybody is brain roted. Or a world ware all movies are real. And a lot of others but through the worlds we will show you them.



Once, in a world not unlike our own, an ordinary event triggered an extraordinary chain of events that led to the brink of destruction. Casoh, a humble inventor experimenting with a new type of energy, inadvertently triggered a catastrophic reaction that rippled through the fabric of reality itself. The consequences were immediate and devastating.

As the world began to crumble, three distinct factions emerged with their own agendas amidst the chaos: the remnants of a rogue Russian military unit RU seeking global domination, a horde of mutated zombies 🧟 hungry for flesh and spreading a viral apocalypse, and a clandestine group of tax collectors 💵 exploiting the chaos to seize control and enforce their own harsh order.

Amidst this turmoil, hope flickered briefly when an unexpected figure appeared: Dumbledore, a mysterious and powerful wizard, descended from the heavens. However, in his attempt to intervene with magic, a tragic mistake occurred - Dumbledore's spell backfired due to holding his wand the wrong way, leading to his own demise. His noble sacrifice momentarily stalled the chaos but ultimately did not thwart the malevolent plans of the factions.

The Russians, driven by unchecked ambition, launched nuclear strikes, further decimating the already shattered world. The zombies, spawned from Casoh's experiment gone awry, spread their contagion unabated, plunging cities into darkness and chaos. Meanwhile, the tax collectors exploited the survivors, imposing harsh levies and consolidating power in fortified bunkers.

In the aftermath of global devastation, as humanity teetered on the brink of extinction, a new chapter unfolded unexpectedly. Alien beings 🛸 arrived, not as conquerors, but as saviors. They possessed advanced technology capable of salvaging the remnants of humanity. With solemn reverence, they gathered the deceased and transported them to a virtual realm known as the Matrix - a simulated reality where consciousness could thrive indefinitely.

In this Matrix, humanity found a fragile sanctuary. Minds were uploaded, memories were preserved, and life continued in a simulated world where the horrors of the past could be forgotten, and new possibilities could be explored.

Yet, echoes of the old world lingered. Some remembered the cataclysmic events that led to their current existence. Others sought answers amidst the simulated tranquility, wondering about the true nature of their reality and the fate of those left behind.



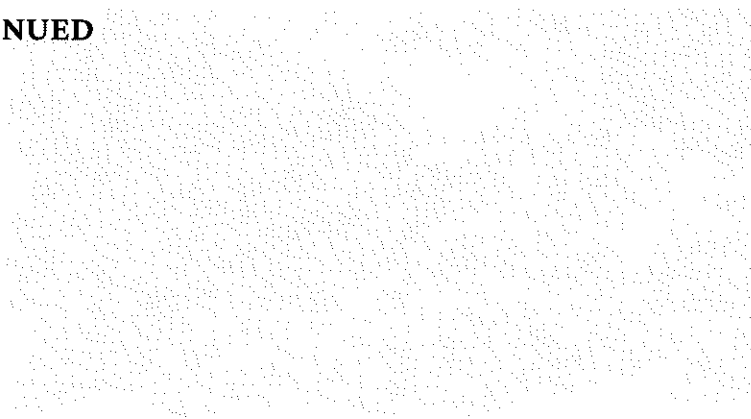
# Neville and the Devil's Snare

## Part 1

Aadya Chitoor

We all know that Neville was horrible at a lot of subjects in Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry however, the one subject he was good at was Herbology so, it's no surprise that he became the Herbology professor at Hogwarts. One fine day, Neville was teaching a group of first years. Although their topics were particularly simple and easy, this group was by far the hardest to teach yet. The reason was because of Albus Potter and Scorpius Malfoy. They were very behind compared to the rest of the class. Neville didn't blame them, for he was practically a squib himself until Harry, Albus's father, started Dumbledore's Army, which had changed his life. He had started the class by giving a small intro about Devil's Snares. He first asked them if they knew what they were. To no surprise, Rose Granger-Weasley's hand shot into the air, "A Devil's Snare is a magical plant with the ability to constrict or strangle anything in its surrounding environment or something that happens to touch it." "Excellent, just like your mother," Neville said. He couldn't have been prouder. The rest of the class glided by rather smoothly than usual. After class Neville decided that it would be better to water all the plants before his next class. There was a watering can near the Devil's Snare so Neville took his wand and pointed it at the watering can, "Aguamenti," he recited. The watering can filled with water however, he brushed his hand against the Devil's Snare in the process. The Devil's Snare started to strangle Neville just how Rose had described, "What a horrible way to end my life," Neville thought. After all he had done, his end was to die in a plants hands. Leafs rather.

**TO BE CONTINUED**



# Neville and the Devil's Snare

## Part 2

By: Rianna Kaur

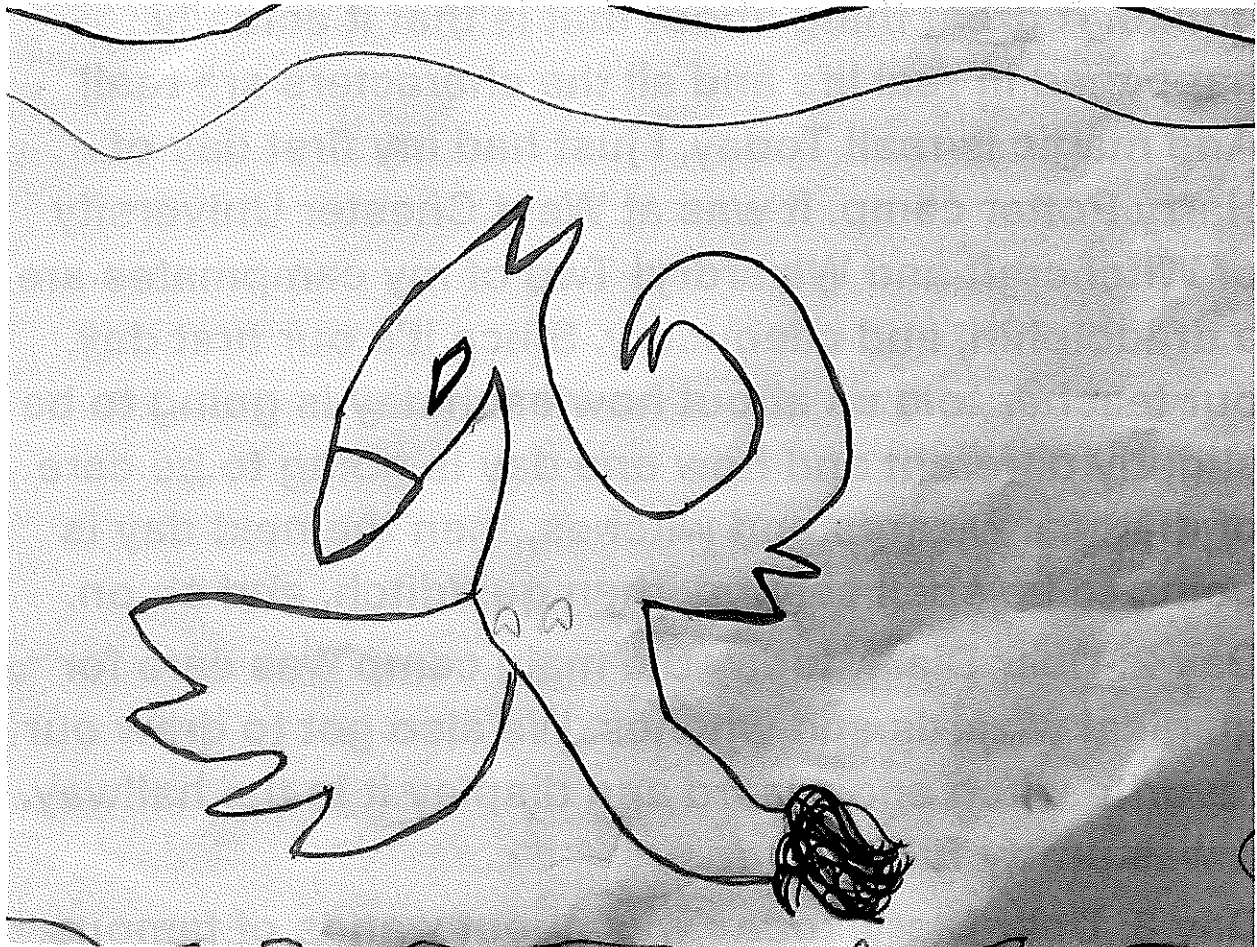
"Help!" Neville cried- a word his mouth had become so familiar with- "Someone help". By now the snare was wrapping around his waist. "Please Help" Now you're probably wondering why Neville didn't whip out his wand and cast a fire spell, but his wand was about 5 feet away on his desk. "Help" Neville screamed. Then he heard footsteps and voices outside. "I heard someone screaming Rose," said a soft voice. "So did I, good ear Lily" said a louder but kinder voice. It was Lily Potter and Rose Granger-Weasley! "Please help me!" By now the Snare was around his chest. Rose and Lily burst into the Greenhouse. "Professor Longbottom, is everything okay?" Lily asked. Neville was gasping for breath but managed a strangled "Light a fire," Rose said "There's no wood!" "Aren't we witches, Rose?" said Lily. "Oh yes Lily *Incendio*" Immediately bright blue flames spared and the plant loosened its grip since Devil Snare loves dark damp places and hate heat and light. Neville fell on the floor with a nasty crunch. "Oof" he moaned. Rose and Lily hoisted him up and saw his nose bleeding. "Let's go to Hagrid's" suggested Rose "Me and Lily were headed down there before we heard you" "Ok" Neville said "I just need tissues" He grabbed some and they headed down to Hagrid's. Hagrid took one look at him and said "Blimey, Neville what did you do? Butt heads with Fluffy or something?" Neville moaned "Well you better get going to the Infirmary so Madam Pomfrey can fix you up" said Hagrid. They walked to the Infirmary. Madam Pomfrey took one look, clucked her tongue, and gave him a drink that fixed his nose in 2 seconds flat. "Thanks" said Neville and then he headed downstairs for the next class of 1st years.



## THE PHOENGRIFF

By Anvi Khandelwal

Meet the Phoengriff, it is a beast. It can be found in the forbidden forest. It starts as a rock shaped egg and then it should hatch a week after the mother gives birth to it. If you happen to find one it is half hippogriff and half phoenix. The magical properties are that whenever you touch its slime on the scale it will give you 100% super speed for eight hours then it wears off. You should take care of the Phoengriff properly. This is how you should take care of a Phoengriff. You should never touch its slime on its scale unless you're in danger. You may always pet its head gently and carefully. Last but not least you always have to have someone with it because it gets scared and can fly away, but if you want it to stay, then you must have someone watch it while you are not there.



# **The Hippopuppy Diary**

**By Emma Kim**

**Day 1: Hi! My name is Emma and I am a hippopuppy. That is a hippogriff and a puppy mix. My magical powers are to fly, talk any language, and to change from full hippogriff to hippopuppy to normal puppy(with powers). I am a big fan of the Harry Potter books. A great thing about that is that it actually happened in real life and all the characters are real! And magic is real! Today, I just had my first day of Harry Potter camp. It was at West Chester University of Witchcraft and Wizardry! Two of my campmates are a dradolphin, and caeoucery. Since it's our first day, our teacher told us about how each day is going to be slightly different and how one day is going to be care of magical wizards and witches, then the next day is going to be spell casting, then quidditch, and so on.**

**Day 2: Dear Diary, today the main camp was care for magical wizards and witches. We also got to draw our favorite witch and wizard and display it in the hallway. It was pretty fun.**

**Day 3: Dear Diary, today was about wands of famous wizards and witches. We also went outside to get some sticks to use as wand for the rest of camp. We also made a blackout poem.**

**Day 5: Dear Diary, today the camp theme was potions. We could make our own real potions that are actually really good and the effects were to be really hyper. We also got to meet an author. We did an activity where we could get a piece of chocolate and write in our note book about what magical spell it reminds you about. I also got her autograph in my notebook.**

**Day 6: Dear Diary, today we started writing a class anthology. We can write different stories and I am going to write about a normal muggle going to this Harry Potter camp not knowing that magic is real.**

**Day 7: Dear Diary, today was the last day of camp. This Harry Potter camp was pretty amazing and I got my anthology page finished just on time. I hope I can do this Harry Potter camp next year too.**

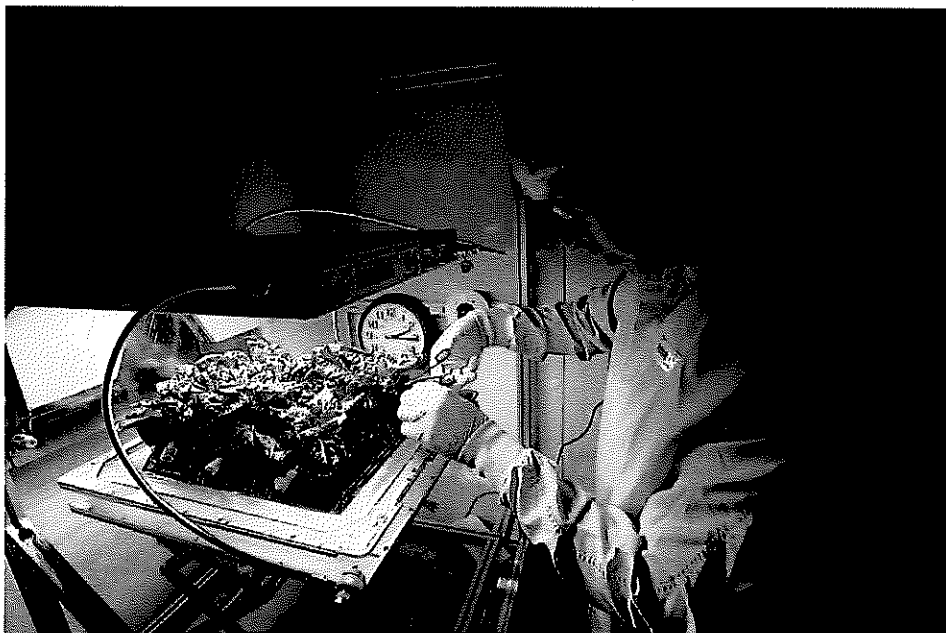


## William Wang Liu

On a cold and dreary night, a black cat prowled through the shadows, hunting for food. Abruptly, it was pulled into a drainage hole by an unseen force. Hours later, the cat awoke on a wooden table bathed in a dim green light. Standing over it was a meticulously dressed man with sleek, brushed-back hair, exuding an air of authority fit for a formal event. The cat observed in astonishment as the enigmatic figure known as Caseoh approached, offering a cup filled with a shimmering, crystal-clear liquid. Initially unaffected, the cat soon began to grow at an alarming rate. As its size increased, its mind spiraled into confusion. Before long, the cat found itself unleashed upon the city streets, its sheer presence causing chaos.

In another part of town, a similar transformation occurred. Hours later, the two scientists, driven by their respective experiments and visions, finally encountered each other. Sparks flew as they clashed fiercely, their ambitions and egos fueling the intense battle. Each scientist was determined to prove the superiority of their research and the potential of their discoveries. The confrontation escalated, with brilliant flashes of light and bursts of energy illuminating the night sky. Despite their efforts and the spectacle of their clash, neither Caseoh nor Blake could gain a decisive advantage over the other. They grappled with the uncontrollable forces they had unleashed, each realizing the profound consequences of their creations.

Exhausted and at an impasse, Caseoh and Blake reluctantly called a truce. Standing amidst the remnants of their confrontation, they acknowledged the limits of their understanding and the complexity of the powers they had attempted to wield. With a shared sense of awe and humility, they vowed to collaborate, seeking to harness their combined knowledge for the betterment of humanity and to mitigate the unintended consequences





# *All you need to know about Magic Kingdom*

*By Akshara Patnaik*

Are you familiar with Disney World or perhaps Disneyland? Maybe you've heard of Disney+ or Disney Hotstar? Whether you're familiar with them or not, you're about to learn something new in this passage.

Disney World is a very popular place . Most people are tourists , who tour around . There are many different parks in Disney World. One of the most known parks is Magic Kingdom !

When you appear you can come by a train or a cruise ship . You must get out and you will land on Main St . Once you arrive on main St , you should grab some maps they're very useful . Also check the language for the maps, there can be different languages . If you are with a family you should grab extra .

You can go now and explore Disney World ! As you go in you will see Mickey at Town Square Theater . Pop into Mickey's rehearsal room to greet Mickey ! Discover props and posters from Mickey's magical career !

As you go deeper in you may see train-like tracks , that is the parade tracks there is a very cool parade called the Fantasy

Parade !The Fantasy parade is a 12 min long parade ! You will see all the

characters you love in this parade ! All those characters will come on a long wagon and disappear in a gate .

As you go upwards from Main St you will see the castle . You may want to take a few pics , in that case there are photo spots . Photo

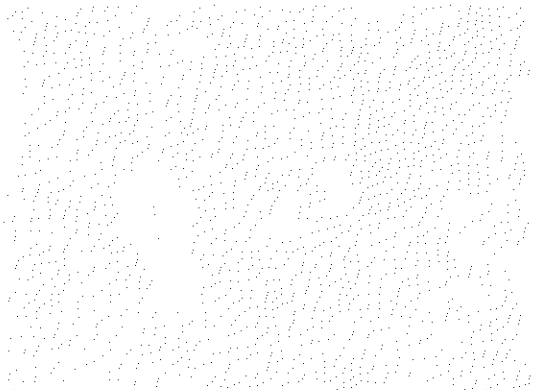
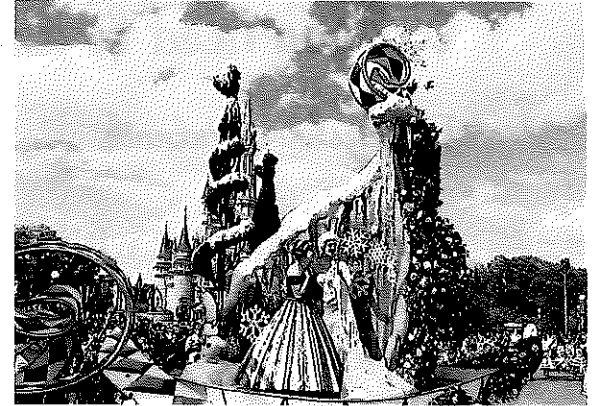


**spots are where you take a pic at a specific angle and you will get amazing pictures !**

**There are photo spots all over Magic Kingdom. Look around for them .**

**It is really important that you check the days you pick to go . On some days it is really crowded . The days it is most crowded are Independence Day , Easter ,Thanksgiving and weeks before**

**Christmas and during it too . And New years Eve brings significant crowds , which frequently result in the park's closures due to park capacity exceeding the maximum capacity of people . There can also sometimes be traffic of people .**



# The Future

By Malachi Rodgers

People over the years have been destroying our planet. People thought global warming was a problem for our world, and they were right. After decades of trying to save our planet scientists were obsessed with trying to find life on another planet. They wanted to reach a new planet that could support as many people that earth does. A man named Fredrick E. Alexander found out how to harvest nuclear energy from the sun with rocket capsules. The containers take about twenty years to return to earth. After sixty years of doing so we gathered enough energy to shorten the time for the capsules to return to earth by fifteen years. People still fought against global warming. We did all of this for two centuries and somehow our planet still could support us. We shortened the time for the capsules to come and go but we still lacked the energy to get across our galaxy.

Finally after decades and decades we stored up enough energy to fly a rocket to all the way to neptune. And then the year of 2558 astronauts actually saw other beings on the planet with them. After ten years of learning each others speech with their advanced technology and hand signs, we learned the story of how they got there and what challenges they faced. The humanoid beings were far superior and had way more advanced technology. They taught us about some of their technology and science while we asked how to solve some of our problems concerning global warming. They also taught us how to alter our body's to survive with less food, air, water, and how to survive in hotter and cooler climates. This was the start of a new society. Sadly we had decided to throw everything we don't need a way but that had many consequences to it.

Lakes dried up, crops couldn't grow, there was drought all over the world, animals died, and we lost many resources. It was hard to call us human anymore. We missed that we still needed all of the things that we normally needed but just in lower amounts, so we had nothing to eat drink, and we barely had any air to breath. The hot climates and humans taking things for granted has poisoned the planet earth. Before people that lost their jobs as farmers and clerks due to the new, altered human reopened their shops for the people that now needed at least a crumb of food. A late fall morning is now the temperature of a hot summer day. War for food is now breaking out even when shops are reopening. The struggle for food is at large. People didn't care about their food, now there is a raging war caused because of it? A huge Asian conflict between Russia and China shook the continent and Germany had a large, long fought war with England for food and fuel for automobiles. North and south america remained peaceful as the two north east continents fought giant civil wars. China either conquered or allied with the countries in the south while Russia did

the same with the west. The two European leaders replicated Asia when England and Germany took their sides in the west of Asia.

Asia and Europe's leaders China and Germany fought until there was a final champion of Eurasia. China's allies rebelled and fought against the leader. At the end of the day, Europe and Asia were just piles of rubble.

Everyone wanted materials for their countries' needs but started war to get it.

There was no trust left in the world. People advanced their weapons with the rest of materials they had left. The crime rate went up twenty percent in this era and people started aiming nuclear weapons at each other. At the end of the twentieth century people were supposed to take nuclear warheads off of their arsenal but here they were again. Lands were destroyed and cities were brought to the ground. This was called the ground zero era. After this age people were forced into poverty. There were no animals left on earth, nothing could be grown and the only natural water left on earth was the water left in the ocean. Scientist continued to experiment to advance the human body's further. Peace grew and the human race now is growing to try to improve. I tried to make a machine to send this letter to the past. If you got this letter try your best to prevent this timeline from happening.

Made by ME and edited by CHATGPT

In the boundless expanse of the universe, amidst swirling galaxies and twinkling stars, there existed a figure of legendary proportions known far and wide as Fat Casoh. His massive frame, adorned with a belly that rivaled the enormity of nebulae, earned him his name after he devoured not one, but several entire planets in a single cosmic feast.

The saga of Fat Casoh's journey into galactic gluttony began with a planet-sized pizza, topped extravagantly with mountains of cheese, rivers of sauce, and meteorite-sized pepperonis. With each bite, his belly expanded like a supermassive black hole, drawing in everything within reach with an irresistible gravitational pull.

As Fat Casoh traversed the Milky Way on his epic culinary conquest, celestial bodies trembled at his approach. Asteroids and moons quivered as he devoured asteroid belt nachos and moon rock candy, leaving behind a trail of empty snack wrappers and interstellar crumbs.

Yet, amidst his insatiable hunger, Fat Casoh had a heart as vast as the cosmos itself. Between bites of comet ice cream and galaxy-sized hamburgers, he paused to chat with passing comets and share cosmic donuts with friendly aliens. His jovial laughter echoed through the cosmos, shaking planets and causing solar flares of delight.

But even the grandest of feasts must come to an end. With a contented sigh that reverberated through the galaxies, Fat Casoh reclined among the stars, his belly now a testament to the cosmic banquet he had enjoyed. As he gazed out into the infinite expanse, he knew that somewhere beyond the twinkling lights and swirling nebulae, there would always be room for another celestial snack and another chapter in the epic tale of Fat Casoh, the cosmic connoisseur of indulgence.

Generated By CHATGPT

In a realm where cosmic beings wandered, there existed Casoh, a towering figure whose very footsteps echoed across galaxies. Casoh's immense stature and playful demeanor belied the catastrophic potential within his leaps. Unlike others of his kind, Casoh had a penchant for jumping from one celestial body to another, driven by a childlike curiosity and boundless energy.

One day, while traversing the cosmos, Casoh decided to explore a vibrant blue planet known as Earth. Unaware of the delicate balance of life that teemed upon its surface, Casoh's colossal form touched down upon a majestic mountain range. His landing unleashed seismic tremors that shook the planet to its core, triggering catastrophic earthquakes and volcanic eruptions worldwide.

As Casoh's monumental figure soared through the skies, the very fabric of Earth's atmosphere twisted and contorted under the weight of his presence. Hurricane-force winds swept across continents, tearing apart cities and uprooting ancient forests. Tidal waves of biblical proportions surged across oceans, swallowing islands and coastal cities in their relentless advance.

Humanity, caught unaware and ill-prepared for such cosmic devastation, faced annihilation on an unprecedented scale. The cries of billions echoed through the chaos as Casoh's inadvertent leaps unleashed a cataclysmic chain reaction that spelled doom for all life on Earth.

Amidst the devastation, Casoh, now realizing the magnitude of his actions, hovered in the upper atmosphere, witnessing the destruction he had wrought. His heart heavy with regret, he tried desperately to mitigate the havoc, but his very presence continued to wreak havoc.

In a final act of penance, Casoh summoned the cosmic energies within him, creating a barrier of celestial light around Earth to shield it from further harm. With a heavy heart and tear-streaked eyes, Casoh bid farewell to the shattered planet and vowed to wander the cosmos alone, haunted by the echoes of his unintended apocalypse.

Thus, the tale of Casoh, the cosmic wanderer whose innocent curiosity led to the downfall of a world, became a cautionary legend whispered among the stars—a reminder of the awesome power wielded by those who tread the boundaries between the heavens and mortal realms.

## A Mundane Task Activity

By Ms. Emily

In camp, the campers were tasked with making a boring task sound interesting. Then, they had to guess what that task was. Read the story below and try to guess what the task is!

The Bristled army waited in anticiapation for the war to begin. The great army was always ready in a moments notice. Whenever the commander called, the army wuold stand to attention, ready to attack the greatest enemy of the land. WHile the army usually stood in the dark about the enemeies, about how they multiplied so quickly, the Bristles knew their job. They would attack with quick, percise, and effient movements; gliding across the wooden plains of the great country. Then, when the task was finally completed, the enemy swept into the despair of death, the army would return home, waiting for the next battle.



Answer: Sweeping the Floor

**YOUNG WIZARDS & WITCHES**

**MS. EMILY'S AFTERNOON CAMP**

**2024**



**West Chester Writing Project**  
**Young Writers Young Readers 2024**

**Teacher: Emily Wisniewski**

| <b>Name</b> | <b>Incoming Grade</b> | <b>School</b>       |
|-------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Isaiah      | 5th                   | Valley Forge Middle |
| Shrita      | 7th                   | Lionville Middle    |
| Sabrina     | 5th                   | Valley Forge Middle |
| David       | 5th                   | Uwchlan Hills       |
| Emma        | 5th                   | Groveland           |
| Srinika     | 5th                   | TE Middle           |
| Josephine   | 6th                   | Fugett Middle       |
| Myra        | 5th                   | Chadds Ford         |
| Kylee       | 6th                   | Montgomery School   |
| Lincoln     | 6th                   | 5/6 Center          |
| Jasper      | 6th                   | 5/6 Center          |
| Vihaan      | 6th                   | Mary C. Howse       |
| Ishan       | 5th                   | K.D. Markley        |
| Vivaan      | 5th                   | East Ward           |
| Vyvian      | 6th                   | Stetson Middle      |
| Anjali      | 5th                   | Valley Forge        |
| Ms. Emily   | High School           | Kennett High        |



# ***Harry Potter and the Martian***

## ***Thestral***

By Isaiah badejo

The task at hand was straightforward: to locate a Thestral, procure its heartstring, and return home. The Thestral, a magnificent yet elusive creature, roamed the skies of a distant land. Its heartstring, a magical component, held the key to unlocking a power that was strong enough to transport me home. With determination in my heart, I set out on this extraordinary quest, knowing that the journey ahead held both peril and promise.

As I ventured deeper into the unknown, the landscape transformed into a surreal tapestry of swirling clouds of dust. The air was thick with the scent of uncharted territories, and the ground beneath my feet seemed to dance with a rhythm of its own. With every step, I felt the incoming meteor shower make more craters behind me.

The meteor shower behind me raged on, leaving an ever-changing tapestry of craters in its wake. The ground trembled beneath my feet as the meteors crashed down, but I pressed forward, driven by an unyielding determination to find the Thestral. The wind howled around me, carrying whispers of the unknown and stirring a sense of anticipation within me. As I navigated the treacherous landscape, I knew that the greatest challenge still lay ahead: facing the Thestral itself and convincing it to part with its heartstring.

As I pressed forward, the air grew colder, and the shadows seemed to dance around me, playing tricks on my mind. The path ahead was shrouded in orange dust, and I could feel the presence of the Thestral drawing near. My heart pounded in my chest as I prepared for the encounter that would determine my fate.

I heard the call of the Thestral all around me, its presence seeping into my mind. I knew that the hardest part of my journey had come. The Thestral's call beckoned me further into the heart of the meteor storm. I knew that only by confronting my fears and embracing the challenge could I hope to claim the Thestral's heartstring. With renewed determination, I pressed on, eager to unravel the mysteries that lay ahead.

I finally saw the creature itself, its wings flapping vigorously, making the annoying clouds of dust I had been noticing everywhere. As I approached the Thestral, its piercing gaze met mine, and I felt a surge of both trepidation and excitement. Its skeletal body exuded an ethereal aura, and its eyes held a wisdom that seemed to transcend time. I knew that this encounter would be unlike anything I had ever experienced before, and I braced myself for the challenge that lay ahead.

The Thestral was still staring into my eyes and then I heard a booming voice in my head. The voice said, "what do you seek?" I answered by saying, "I seek your heartstring, Thestral. I have

traveled far and wide in search of it, for it holds the power to transport me home." The Thestral seemed to consider my words, its gaze unwavering. A moment of silence stretched between us, and I felt the tension in the air grow thicker. Suddenly, the Thestral's voice boomed in my mind once more. "Your sincerity moves me, traveler. You now possess the heartstring that you seek." After the Thestral had finished speaking, I felt the heartstring drop into my pocket.

As I held the Thestral's heartstring in my hand, a surge of gratitude and awe washed over me. I thanked the Thestral for its generosity and wisdom, and promised to use its heartstring responsibly and for the greater good. With a final nod of its skeletal head, the Thestral spread its magnificent wings and took to the skies, disappearing into the orange dust. As I watched it go, I felt a profound connection to the creature and the magical world that it inhabited. And with the Thestral's heartstring safely in my possession, I knew that my journey home was finally within reach.

I tied the heartstring to my wrist, drew a circle in the dust, and then everything went blue before my eyes. As the wind whistled in my ears, I knew I was finally going home.

# Treasure to be found

By: Shrita Bolla

"Brrring!" shouted the loud bell. The sound was ringing in my ears. Students filled the empty hallways, looking like a wild river. I could hear several lockers clanging together. After a minute or two, I finally make it outside, breathing the fresh, cool air around me. On the outside, my school is a giant building with a board saying "Einstein Middle" at the top. Children ran into buses chattering. It was finally Summer break!

I searched for bus 406. It is on my right, next to a few oak trees standing strongly in front of the school. I wasn't too surprised the bus was almost full.

"You ready for Summer, Maple?" asked Mrs. Simon. She was an old lady with gray hair, and bright blue eyes.

"Yes, I have several activities planned for this Summer!" I replied back. I climbed on to the back of the bus. Loud sounds of kids filled my ears. I sat beside my best friend Lily, as my other friends sat in seats beside, and across us. Lily's eyes were red, filled with tears, as proof she had been crying.

Oh she does this every year. Although we aren't leaving the school to go to another, Lily's welled up tears poured down.

"It's okay Lily. We will be back next year!" I say as calmly as I can.

She stopped sobbing about two minutes later. Then, we all started talking about our year books and what happened during the day. Most of my friends left the bus by the time it was my stop.

I say goodbye to Mrs. Simon and my friends. I step off the bright yellow bus and watch it leave. Several sparrows fly past me. All of a sudden, I noticed a small rolled up note, lying by my feet.

It read:

Treasure is to be found at the end of the river.

My mind wandered. There is only one nearby river, Phoenix River. I decided to add this to my list of "Summer Activities".

...

The next day, I left to go find the treasure. It was about a fifteen minute walk, but I didn't mind it. I love nature anyways. I looked at the birds, and felt the warm sun on my skin. I had a metal shovel in my hand as I walked. I finally arrived by the end of the river, or where it got really narrow. I started digging deep. I kept on doing so still I heard a loud clang!

I slowly lifted up the big box. My heart was thumping so much, it was all I heard. I gently placed it on the ground. My arms hurt because it weighed them down. Full of excitement, I opened the box.

I saw shining coins of gold as I gasped. They looked as bright as the stars at night. I dragged the treasure home without a thought. I had to show Mom. It took twice as long to get back home. My arms felt like jello as I laid it down in the garage.

...

I talked to Mom and Dad. They didn't know what to do, so I decided to save half of it, and give the rest to charity. I felt happy and joyful, till the door rang, with a man in a black coat showing up.

# *Draco Malfoy*

## *V.S*

# *Harry Potter*

### *Harry and Draco's first impression in Draco's perspective*

*By Sabrina*

*Draco woke up august 30 to discover that he "HAD" to go to Diagon Alley.*

*"Draco" said a calm voice, "come" He walked through the hall of his large manner toward the voice." we are all going to Diagon Alley," said Draco's father coldly. By all of us he ment Draco's mother,father and himself. "Fine," Draco replied resentfully. When they arrived at Diagon Alley Draco let his parents do all the shopping for him while he got ice cream. A 'A few minutes later Draco got bored and left his parents at boring shops he went to get fitted at madam malkin's Robes for all Occasions. After a few minutes another boy walked in "Hello" Draco said "Hogwarts too"*

*"Yes" the boy said "my father's next door buying my books and my mother's up the street looking at wands" Draco said "then I'm going to drag them off to look at racing brooms. I don't see why first years can't have their own. I think I'll bully father into getting me one then I'll smuggle it in somehow"*

*Throughout the conversation the boy just sat there and stared at Draco. He wondered if the boy was a mudblood.*

*"Have you got a broom"Draco asked*

*"No" the boy answered,*

*"Play Quidditch at all?"*

*"No" said the boy again*

*it seemed like the boy had no idea whatsoever what he was talking about witch was strange because every half-blood or pure-blood knew what Quidditch was*

*I do-my father says it's a crime if i'm not picked to play for my house and I must say I agree. Know what house you'll be in yet*

*"No" the boy said yet again*

*"Well,no one really knows what house they'll be in till they get there, do they, but I know I'll be in Slytherian, all our family have been - imagine being in Hufflepuff, I think I'd leave, wouldn't you?"*

*"Mmm" the boy said*

*"I say, look at that man." said Draco*

*"That's Hagrid." the boy said. He smiled.*

*"Oh," I've heard of him." Draco said with disgust.*

*"I think he's brilliant." the boy said.*

*"Do you?" Said Draco with a small sneer. "Why is he with **you**? Where are **your** parents?"*

*"They're dead." the boy said shortly.*

*"Oh, sorry." Draco said, although he wasn't sorry at all. " But they were **our** kind, right?"*

*"They were witches and wizards, if that's what you mean.." answered the boy.*

*" What's your surname?" asked Draco curiously.*

*But before the boy could answer, Madam Malkin led him out of the shop. Before the boy left, though, he turned and looked at Draco again and Draco noticed a small lightning scar on the boy's forehead.*

**HE HAD BEEN TALKING TO HARRY POTTER THE ENTIRE  
TIME??!!??!!**

*The End.....For Now!*

# 2176, Oxygen and sky disappear

David kim

2176, August 28.

Hi! My name is Roy. I'm playing in outside with my brother. But than, I feel like I can't breathe. brother and I running Into home. Mom and dad wear oxygen mask. and mom and dad put an oxygen mask on me and my brother too. We live home and we arrived at the Emergency Shelter they have some oxygen and food. Everybody is watching the news. and one man come wear oxygen mask. "Whole Earth's oxygen has disappeared. Please wear oxygen mask and don't go outside." news end, and just heard very loud crashing sound in outside. "What is that?" dad, everybody go outside. And I see that I can't believe. I looked up. The sky was black and purple. I can see the planets, stars and bright sun. It was too hot and we go to inside. 5 month flow. half of earth's people die. because of small oxygen and bright sunlights. In shelter,we have little oxygen and food. my brother say "mom, now where are we gonna go?" mom says " I don't know." dad was watching news, and he says "UN made city called checoche. they give 10 year-oxygen and 8 year-food. we need to move there." and I say "but how do we go?" and dad says "NASA-78AA." and my brother get excited. NASA-78AA is Luxury-safest space ship

NASA made. my dad is the US supreme commander, and He is friend with NASA Supreme. but I was a little scared. but my family into a spaceship. My family slept for 3 months. And we arrived at checoche. Now, we living in checoche.



Writing Camp- A Haiku  
By Emma

Pencils and Paper  
Fun Writing Exercises  
To Stretch My Knowledge

Indescribable Immortality- A Potion Recipe

Ingredients:

- Unicorn Blood- Four Drops
- Three Mandrake Leaves
- One Phoenix Tear
- A Handful Of Niffler Fur

1. Pour water in our cauldron- don't boil
2. Crush mandrake leaves and add them into the potion- wait an hour before moving on
3. Boil the water, toss in half of the fur, and wait two minutes to add the other half.
4. Pour two drops of Unicorn Blood in (and step back because it will send up a small explosion) and then add the other two
5. Walk counterclockwise around your cauldron while chanting "Alohomora" to unlock the magic within the fur and leaves. Do this five times
6. Recite a spell that has emotional value to you and drop in an object with emotional value to you- immortality comes with a price
7. Let the potion sit for two months. Then drink up and test the capabilities- spoiler alert, they will all work!!,

~ \$ ~

Affects: Everyone knows that Unicorn Blood grants cursed immortality, so by adding the phoenix tear, the curse is erased leaving immortality behind. The Mandrake leaves are for giving everything except our brain an upgrade. Never

forgetting the brain, the Niffer fur upgrades the brain. May immortality be forever yours!!!!

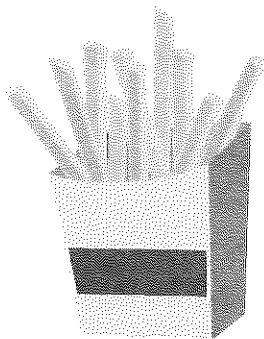
The Gypsies Are Coming- A poem based on Shel Silverstine's *Falling Up*

"When gypsies come," the old ones say, "they buy young ones and take them away. Five dollars for kind ones, three for mean." "Do they pay?" Ask the kids, "Do the parents pay?" The old ones nodded. "When gypsies come," the old ones say, "they buy young ones and take them away. Twenty dollars for rich ones. Ten dollars for not." "Do they pay?" ask the kids "Do the parents pay?" The old ones nodded. "When gypsies come," the old ones say, "they buy young ones and take them away. Eight dollars for loud ones, six for quiet." "Do they pay?" ask the kids, "Do the parents pay?" The old ones nodded. That night, a huge caravan rode in and out hopped two dozen gypsies. Every house with a child received a knock late at night. Every child went to listen to whoever it was. Every parent opened the door to find a lavishly dressed boy or girl. "Five for kind, three for mean, twenty for rich, ten for not, eight for loud, six for quiet. Dollars, I mean. Every child froze with fear and every parent reached for their wallet. Some say the children of that unfortunate town escaped to a town already cleansed by gypsies. Others say the children paid their eternal debt to the gypsies until their last day. People covered up the truth, so you can never discover it. Remember, when the old ones talk, listen.

The End

About The Author!!!

Emma Lloyd is ten years old and adores poetry. She lives with her mom, dad, and little brother. Emma's bedroom is covered in books and you can always find her reading. Emma is going into fifth grade and cannot wait to do writing camp again next year! Emma's favorite food is a potato in any style and her favorite color is orange.



# Music Kitten

By Srinika

A girl named Madison had the most adorable Persian kitten and a Teacup Poodle. Their names are Coco and Aspen. She always thought that her pets are the cutest from all of the other animals. Her pets fit into her pockets, which is the most adorable thing that she has ever seen.

The kitten loves listening to all types of music. The puppy loves to play with Madison. When Madison is at work, Coco sneaks into her room and plays some loud music. Aspen comes and sits with her while she is listening to music. Coco is a naughty little kitty when Madison is not there. When Madison comes into her room, they quickly close the music and act like normal cute animals. Madison never knew what they were doing.

One day at Madison's office it was to bring your own pets to work. She put both of her pets in her pocket. Her office members thought it was cute that her pets are. While Coco and Aspen are relaxing in her pocket. Then they went for a long walk around the neighborhood. When they went they all fell asleep.

# The Guardian

By: Josephine Ragusa

One stormy night, a baby's wails echoed through the large castle, clearly no one would be sleeping that night. A black cat emerged from the doorway and entered a room with two young adults huddled over a wooden crib.

"Honey, she won't stop crying!" Cried the woman, heavy bags visible under her sky-blue eyes.

The man sighs as he rubs the bridge of his nose in frustration.

"Yes, Hilda, I can hear that." He replies, staring down into the crib blankly.

The black cat claws at the leg of the crib so fiercely that it begins to rock back back and forth. The baby recognises the cat and immediately stops crying. The two stare at each other as if communicating in their own secret language, the light from the fireplace illuminating eerie light on the four in the room. The baby giggles playfully, and the cat takes this as permission to pounce up into the crib. The black cat's sudden movement startles the exhausted woman, her frizzy brown hair flopping into her face. She hastily shoves it back behind her ear in time to see the cat snuggled against the baby, both sound asleep. The man and woman sigh in relief and walk out the room, their footsteps echoing on the cold stone floor.

For Ivy's entire life, she had grown up alongside the black cat. A year after her, Aisling, her sister was born. On stormy nights the cat would comfort the girls during the loud booms of thunder and blinding lights of lightning.

Once Ivy was eleven and Aisling was ten, their father opened their large castle as an academy. Ivy met her two best friends that kept her company and helped her when she was sad. Aisling also met hers a year after when she started at the academy. What the girls didn't notice was that the black cat no longer roamed the

dimly lit corridors of their stone castle. When the two were in need, the cat still showed up by their side, though now elderly and slightly dimmer. When Aisling wandered into trouble- the cat directed her away. When Ivy felt anger beyond control- the cat reminded her of the comfort she felt when they were side-by-side. As the two grew up, the cat slowly faded away. Just because the two could no longer feel its thin black fur or see its pink button nose, they would both always remember the cat as an extremely important part of their childhood.

When Aisling got married and had kids, she soon discovered a lean tabby cat lying beside her new-born son during a fierce thunderstorm.

When Ivy gave birth to twins she also started to notice a white cat with emerald green eyes following the two toddlers around the house. At the end of a tiring night, the sisters would fall asleep knowing that a cat was snuggled up beside their children.

# The gaming girl

By myra

Have you ever done gaming before ?, Well if you have meet kylie she has a dog named biscuit a fluffy pomeranian, and sister named charlotte and a cat named melissa you might be wondering how she has a cat and a dog they are not in the same house her parents are divorced she is really into the horror genre of games she loves boba she is twelve the story here all started in the morning at 6:15 am. Where kylie woke up she took a bath she put on her favorite shirt and jeans then she goes downstairs to eat Pancakes and waffles then she stops at the boba shop to have some boba And today she is trying a new flavor has the strawberry boba and it was surprisingly good for her then once kylie gets to school she says omg i' m late for class wait im late for class that 's a good thing! Then she meets allyson oh did i not tell you she is she is allison 's best friend she hates math like her and she loves to hang out with her math had 50 minutes and hen she goes inside she is sitting with allyson and miss gabby oh i did not tell you about ms gabby she is the math teacher she has a favorite student and a non favorite student she even does student of the week and the hated student of the week and this week as usual is emily she is the biggest smarty pants in the school and ruth a really dumb idiot he needs a helper but he tried his best he has diseases and miss gaby right now is teaching trigonometry and the teacher asks what is interesting about trigonometry ring ring ring the bell rang and after that she goes to lunch and is talking with her best friend allyson and she is eating and talking about the playdate that they were having i honestly do not thing i should call it a playdate its a sleepover and and they had the rest of their classes after lunch one of them was computer class the tech teacher mr roy is really nice today was the last day of 6th grade eagle high so mr roy said everyone today you will get to choose which unit of tech we will do i will say all of them computing systems, data nd analysis, software and engineering, algorithms and programming universal programming principles, programming with scratch, programming in python and web development anyone want to review a specific lesson and allyson raises her hand and says i want to review ring ring the bell rings mr roy said oh guys you have to go bye bye all of the students say bye bye now they all go home today was not usual today was a half day so they all go home early and allyson was coming to kylie's house it was good day to come to allyson's house or is it ? Now Allyson is at Kylie 's house and They are hanging out at the couch and Kylie is setting up the Xbox and Kylie gets sucked into the Xbox and Allyson comes in the room and says where is Kylie, oh well she might be in the bathroom and meanwhile in game world kylie is screaming Help! Help! Then she realizes she is in the horror game and realizes that no one can hear her not even allyson and there are 3 rounds the maze, horror mario and monster shooting and when it is reading the rules to allyson it says if you die the game is over and you restart and it reads the rules to kylie and for her it says if allyson dies you don' t respawn you die for life! Well that just means you die you

never come back now the game starts and it is the maze the catch is that if you go the wrong way a monster or a goblin it will start coming for you and allyson went the wrong way 2 times so she got a lot of bloody marks and at the safe zone again she screams help but even louder HELP! HELP! Kylie screams then next is monster shooting and Allison said don't be scared it's just a game or is it? Now she is in concern of where kylie is she pauses the game and goes to find her she is nowhere to be found and allyson she said oh well i might go back to the game and then it is monster shooting so you have to shoot monsters and then if you miss they try to shoot you and then she got shot one time she was covered with blood then she got to the save zone kylie said omg i can't do this any longer but if i quit i die the last round was horror mario and she was moving her she got some bloody marks on her head after the game she got out of the tv then allyson got so worried and allyson said omg you were in the tv this whole time i feel so bad for you we have to tell your mom then kylie who had almost lost her voice she said ok then she tells her mom the whole thing then her mom said we have to go to the hospital then she goes the they say she is ok but this should never happen again and how did this happen allyson said she fell of the stairs and hit her head then she said ok from then on they never played xbox on the tv ever again and that was her biggest secret even if anyone would hear it no one would believe it but allyson saw it she was the only one who would believe it from then on they never played horror games and her mom put protective stuff on the stairs and kylie and allysons mom will never know ever in there entire life.

The end

# Traveling Princess

By Kylee Wang

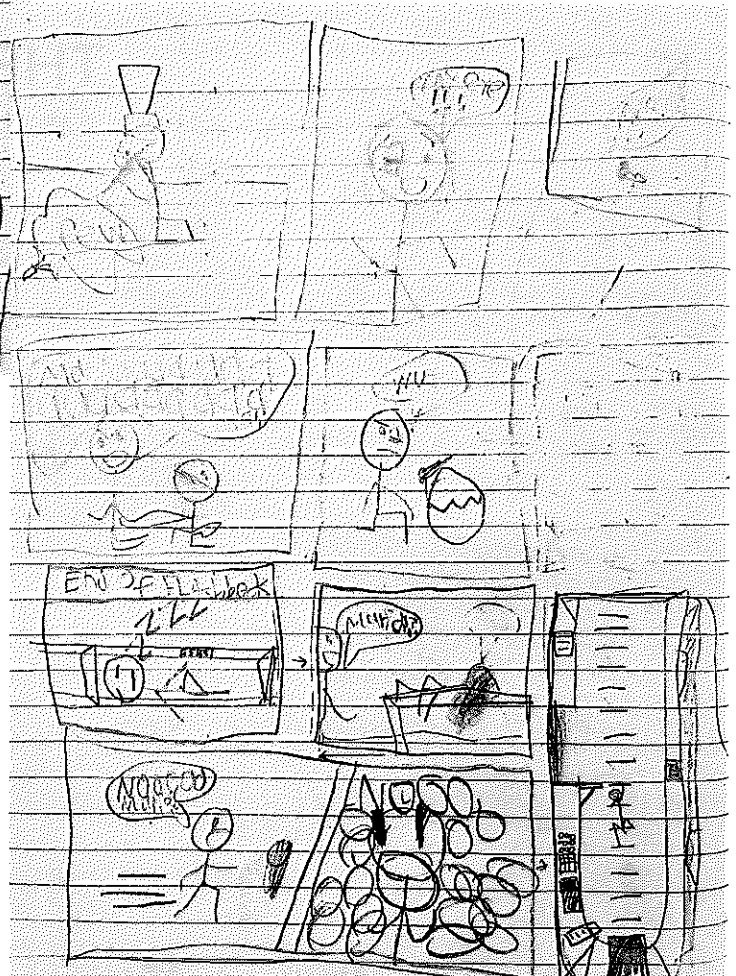
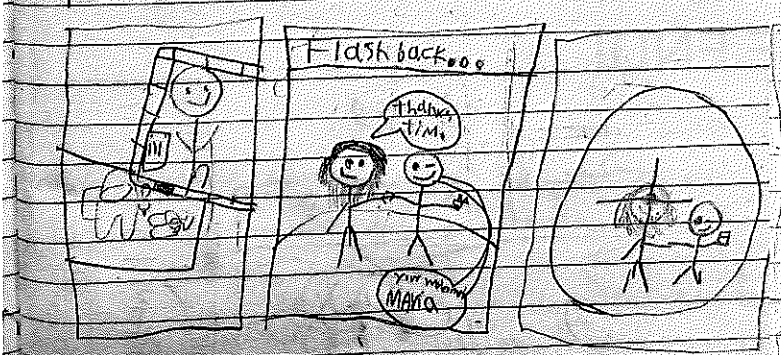
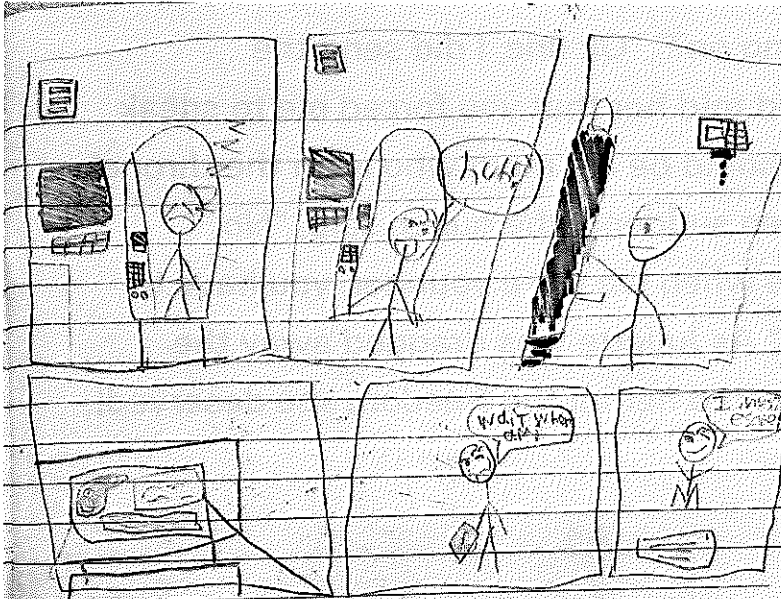
Once upon a time there was a princess, named Holly. Ever since her dad died her mom, the queen had been sad and very strict. She would never even let Holly out of the palace! Until one day Holly's cousin, Juliette, came to visit them at the palace. Juliette found out from Holly that she had never gone to the village to see the real world! Juliette felt so bad for Holly and said "come on ,let's go, I want to show you the village, you're gonna love it!" "What? No, the queen would kill me!" Exclaimed Holly. "Well then we just don't have to tell her." "There is no way she wouldn't find out there are guards everywhere!" "Then we just have to make a plan,"said Juliette. "Fine, but if we get caught you're taking the blame!"Said Holly. So the next morning Juliette and Holly snuck into a food truck that stopped by everyday so that the guards wouldn't catch them! Once they got to the village Holly was amazed! Juliette was right, the village really was beautiful and it was filled with such kind and sweet people! After that Juliette and Holly started sneaking out daily to go and have fun in the village! But one day, the queen had gotten an anonymous letter from someone telling her about Holly and Juliette sneaking out! The queen was furious and made sure that she would stop that food truck the next day! The next day as usual Juliette and Holly snuck into the food truck but this time there was a guard there to stop the truck! Once Holly heard the truck stop she said "Oh no! She found out!" "Who?" Asked Juliette "The queen!" As Holly and Juliette got dragged away Juliette was Brought to her room and Holly was brought to the queen! As Holly walked into the room the queen said "Holly, since you have not been acting like a princess for who knows how long the crown will be skipped over you and will be given to the next person in

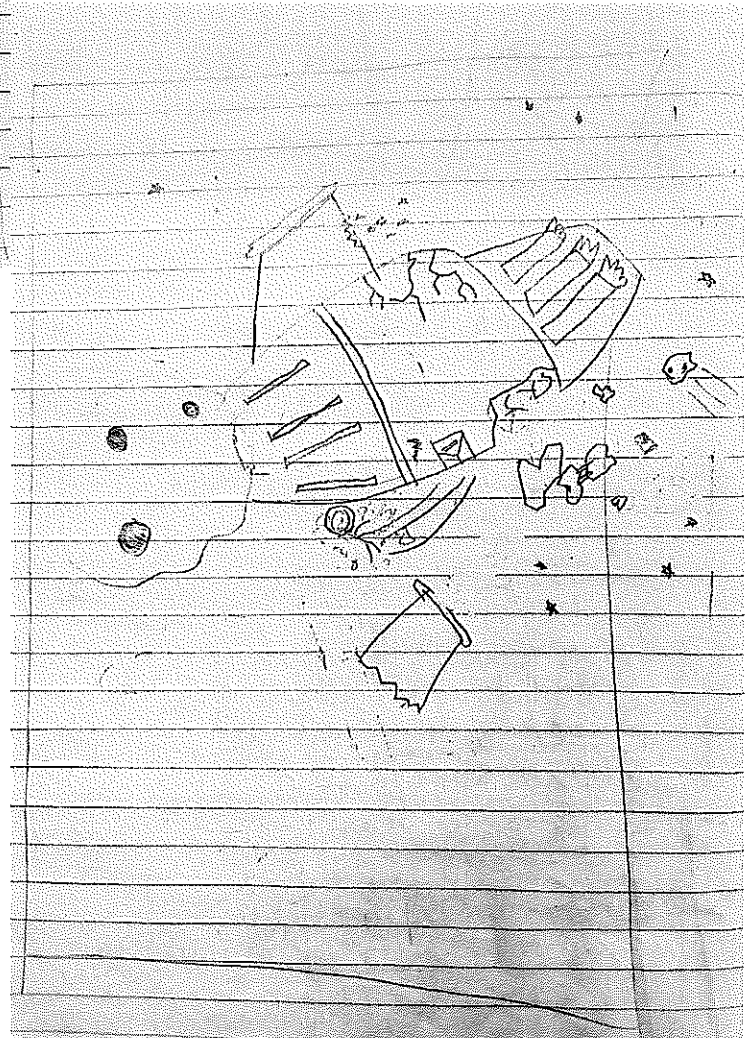
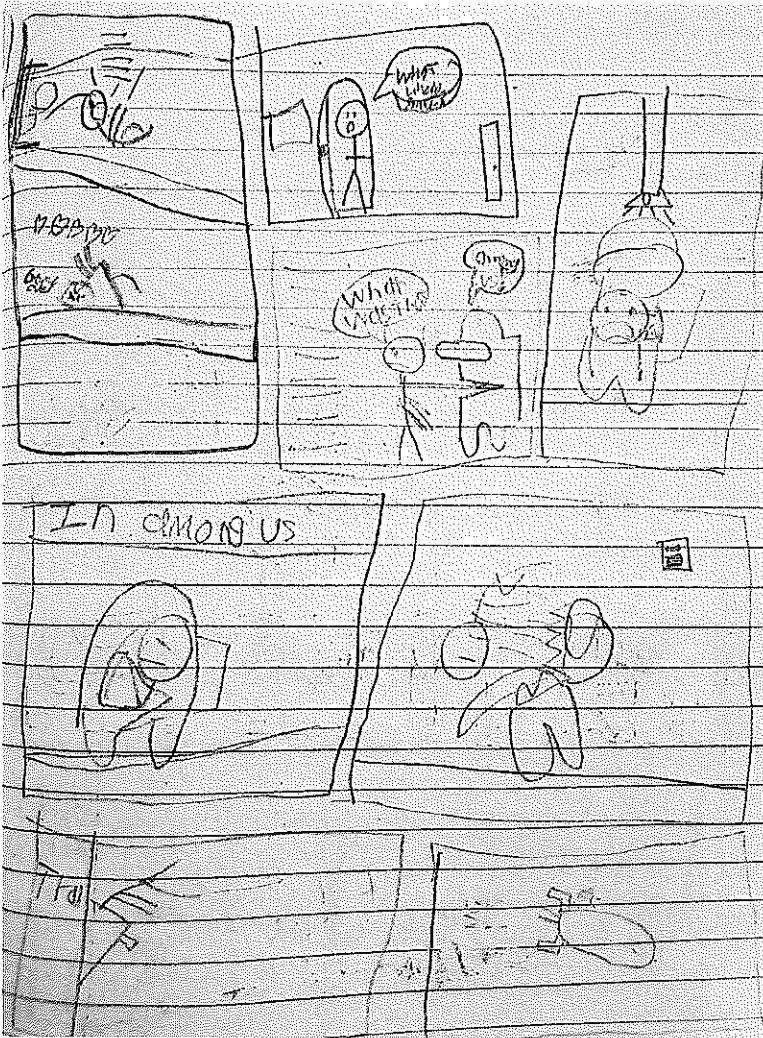


line, Juliette” The whole room was silent. “What? That's not fair though it was Juliette’s idea to sneak out!” Suddenly Juliette walked in and said “Holly why are you lying you know it’s true!” “Oh come on Juliette you know it was your idea what is going on?” “Ok fine, I did send the anonymous letter to the queen and told her that you forced me to sneak out with you but only because it should be my mom who is on the throne! She was the Eldest daughter!” Then suddenly the queen said, “No Juliette, your mom made a mistake when we were younger, you have to get over it! Guards take her away!” As Juliette was dragged away the queen apologized to Holly and granted her all the freedom she deserved! And they lived Happily ever after!

**THE END!**

Untitled  
By Lincoln and Jasper







# *World's Notice*

*By: Vivaan, Vihaan and Ishan*

## *Prologue*

*Cleopatra's three bejeweled eggs that have been lost since World War 2 have been located again. One in a Roman museum, one in the Amazon Rainforest, and the other inside Cleopatra's tomb. Whoever reunites all three eggs and delivers them to Elon Musk receives \$10 billion. A team of three sought to find them and complete the challenge: the Silver Soldier, Fanum Skull and Caliente Contigo.*

## *Fanum skull and museum egg chapter 1*

*"Bye Silver bye Calienta," As I rushed to the airport to get to Rome where the first egg is located. I took the plane to Rome. It was boring and I was knocked out by the end of the plane ride. I woke up and took a taxi to the museum. When I got to the beautiful museum there were tons of cops. I thought to myself, "This is going to be hard." I walked in with my bag to steal the egg. Inside the bag is a replica of the egg but purely fake. I hustled into the building trying to act not suspicious. I went to where the precious egg is kept, and pulled the fire alarm. Everyone was screaming and shouting. I took my fake egg out of my bag and replaced it with the real one. I scurried past the guards but they ran after me. There were 4 buff guards chasing me by the tail. They caught up to*

me so I kicked the air out of him. He fell down and laid there helpless. I ran away and punched another guard in his face "ahhhhh" he screamed. I sprinted out of the museum and stole a bike from a random person and dashed out of any sight of the police. I went to my secret house and went to bed and took a nap. When I woke up I booked my flight to Colorado. I went outside and saw a whole SWAT team. I hurried back inside and slammed the door shut, but the SWAT team kicked open the door. I tried to save myself but they shoved me in the back of the car and arrested me but they did put the egg in the same SWAT van as me. I looked around to see if there was anything that could help me to escape the handcuffs. I saw a tiny paper clip next to me. I snatched it and hustled to unlock the cuffs. I went up to the driver's seat and threw the hardest, most fierce punch and knocked his body out like there ain't no tomorrow. I chucked him out of the car and turned the sirens on and went straight for the airport to catch my flight. When I got to the airport, there were a bunch of cops. I grabbed the egg and put it in my bag and went to buy a disguise. There were posters listing a \$ 3,000 bounty for arresting Fnun Skull. I put on my hood and went to the nearest store and bought a disguise so no one would recognize me. I hopped on my plane and headed for Colorado. When I got there, I met Silver and Caliente at the food court.

## *Caliente Contigo and the amazon rainforest egg chapter 2*

"Hasta la vista Fnun! Hasta la vista Silver " As i started my journey to the Amazon rainforest. To find the second egg according to the map. Which was in the Amazon rainforest. So I started my plane trip to Rio De Janeiro, Brazil. It

was an 8 hour plane ride to get there. So when I reached Rio De janeiro . I took a big stretch to get ready for the mission to get the second egg. So I ran to a taxi to go near the Amazon rainforest so I didn't look suspicious. But then the taxi driver curiously asked me "Why are you going to this place?" and i said "To go see the entrance of the Amazon rainforest " So when he dropped me I waited until he left and climbed over the fence and went into the rainforest. As I was anxiously looking for this type of underground bunker . I tripped on some vane. So I looked for what I tripped on. Until I heard a loud "Growl" of a jaguar in the distance . So I kept looking for any chance I could stay alive and then I found the bunker and I knew it was a chance I could take. So I opened the bunker, went in and went down the ladder. Before the jaguar came in I closed it and with my flashlight I looked everywhere. Until I saw a box that said "Top Secret". So i opened the box and found an egg and i knew it was one of the three cleopatra eggs so i put the egg in my backpack and left for Rio de janeiro . I was checking if there was a jaguar still waiting for me but it wasn't. So I ran all the way to the entrance . Until I saw a fierceful Anaconda chasing me but I outran the Anaconda because I wasn't in the water . So I reached the gate and headed for Colorado with the second egg . When I arrived I met with Fanum and Silver at the food court.

### *The Silver Soldier and the Pharaoh's Sarcophagus chapter 3*

"Mae Alsalama " I bid my friends goodbye as I started my journey to Alexandria, Egypt. According to the ancient map, the third egg was hidden in Cleopatra's tomb, which was where I was headed. As I boarded my flight, I started daydreaming about

*the adventure that was ahead of me. Six hours later, I got off the plane in Egypt. I jogged across the airport until I found a clothing shop where I put my hoodie up and went in. I bought a disguise which consisted of a pair of sunglasses, a fake beard and a wig. I trekked across the dunes until I found what I thought were the correct coordinates. Then, with excitement, I started vigorously digging up the sand with my bare hands. There it was! - the hidden entrance to Cleopatra's tomb. Suddenly, I heard footsteps behind me. I turned around to meet 5 armed police officers.*

*"You are under arrest!" said the one that looked like the leader.*

*But luck was on my side today. A giant sinkhole appeared under the officers' feet and they plunged into the darkness! One officer was able to pull himself out of the hole but I just kicked him back in after swiping his gun. I continued with my work, opened the latch to the tomb, and let myself in. The dust was everywhere, but after several tense minutes of searching, I found the bejeweled egg! I climbed out of the hole and hurried back to the airport to board a flight set for Colorado. Nine hours later, the plane landed in Colorado. I hustled to meet Fanum and Caliente in the food court.*

## *Epilogue*

*The trio arrives at Elon Musk's party at his mansion. They are here to present him with the three eggs as a gift for Elons's son. He is getting married and his father wants him to receive the perfect present. The trio will receive 10 billion dollars for uniting all three eggs, which has not occurred since World War 2.*



# Uncommon Allies: Part 1

An ending is always a new beginning.

By *Vyrian Bui* and *Anjali Devisetty*

## Introduction:

Are you a Ravenclaw who enjoys reading? Or are you a Gryffindor who enjoys an adventure? Either way, this story's for you! Read ahead to learn more about Quevies and Wishing Waters, and then read part 2! So, my fellow Muggles, enjoy the story Uncommon Allies!

## Part 1 - Flascyn/Wishing Water

- |                                  |                                                                              |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. 1 Baxter leaf                 | Flascyn was thinking about how people see him to grant wishes in exchange    |
| 2. 2 drops of Unicorn blood      | for eternal friendship... It wasn't uncommon for Wishing Waters to think     |
| 3. 5 Sipple Slimes               | that way. Well, they are probably the most rarest magical spirits in however |
| 4. Go 50 m. deep in the Red Sea  | big the universe was. He was a hybrid of an owl, hippogriff, and             |
| 5. Drink the potion and see them | a unicorn. He had an owl beak                                                |

made of Baxter Leaves, Unicorn  
Legs made of ice, a mane that is water, and a body shape and  
wings that are from the Hippogriff. Lastly, a tail that were ice  
crystals. This wasn't the usual shape of a Wishing Water but  
-everyone was different. 'Wow' was he hungry. His diet was the  
spark of a flipstone from the Deep Cave. A famous Norweign  
Dragon's lair for its fire breath and sharp dagger claws. Or he  
could just have the drink Cinder Flifern, which was not actually  
from Cinder wood. But it may taste like it. Yes, he could have  
that drink. Flascyn's thoughts went back to wish granting but no  
time for that!

## Part 1 - Quevies

### Steps to get gear from a Quevy

#### 1. Create the potion

Ingredients:

- 1 piece of a Baxter Leaf
- 1 drop of Basilisk Blood
- 15 light rose petals
- 1 liter of goat's milk

#### 2. Head to Light Field, and make sure it's daytime.

#### 3. Drink $\frac{1}{4}$ of the potion and no more.

The Quevy is a beast  
that is very helpful in the  
Harry Potter world. They  
are very gossipy  
creatures, and therefore  
will only offer their  
services in exchange for a  
secret.

They are magical  
creatures, and hence  
have magical properties.  
They can create almost

indestructible gear and tools for you based on any mission(s) that you are on.

Quevies live in caves and hibernate in them in winter, and are most active in summer, which is why it's best to try and see one in summer.

## Uncommon Allies: Part 2

Never stop trying.

By *Vyrian Bui* and *Anjali Devisetty*

### Chapter 1; Introduction

Since the Quevies were discovered by wizards, they have always stayed allies and great friends with Wishing Waters. They often exchange wishes and gear. One specific Quevy, named Hindle, became best friends with a Wishing Water named Flascyn. Their friendship was the reason why the two species are allies. This wasn't very common, as before this, Quevies and Wishing Waters usually didn't have best friends outside of their species. This is their story.

### Chapter 2 - Flascyn

There are such things as books underwater. So, one day, Flascyn was researching about magical creatures (such as him) when he came across something called a Quevy. Whatever that was. It was a beast with what looked like a hybrid of a bunny and a firefly. With a

special sharp tooth. All non-magical creatures. But the beast was fully magic. To be fair, Owls also existed in the muggle (non-magical) world too. Mostly in the zoo or once or twice in the night if you are lucky enough. That means if all the Owls aren't trapped in the zoo desperately clinging on to their life. (Too dramatic?) "Whatever", thought Flascyn, "I'm going to bed". He turned off the lights and went to bed. Since the light was turned off, you can't read anymore. Goodbye fellow muggles! Or readers....

## Chapter 3 - Hindle

Hindle was feeling lonely. She was surrounded by others like her, but she wanted a true friend, not someone that was only friends with her because of their likeness in species. She decided to do some research that night. Hindle prepared to set out that night. She decided to go to the Quevy Library. She told her mom that she was going to do a project (that was technically true, but don't tell her parents that), and she left.

She arrived about 30 minutes later (man, it's so much harder to fly with such tiny wings) and started browsing. She eventually found a book named *The World of Exchanging Creatures*. Since she knew her species would be in there, she decided to flip to a random page, knowing that the creature that she flipped to would be somewhat like her. She ended up picking page number 156. The top read "Wishing Water". It said that Wishing Waters granted 2 wishes in exchange for eternal friendship. She made a vow that she would find one, and make a wish.

## Chapter 4 - Flascyn

Flascyn woke up with a start. He had to see the Quevies. He went downstairs to have a jumpy start to make the potion. He went far out to sea as he collected ingredients for the potion reading off the book. After he mixed and grinded the necessities back at home, he said goodbye to his family and set out for Light Field, the place where you see a Quevy to get some gear in exchange for your biggest secret. When he got to the tip of the field, he drank the potion which revealed a Quevy! An actual Quevy! "You're a Quevy!" "You're my best friend!"

## Chapter 5 - Hindle

She had found one.

"You look even more majestic in real life!" the Wishing Water exclaimed. "My name is Flascyn."

"Um, hi! I'm Hindle." Hindle smiled.

"You're right. You are now officially my best friend, even though we just met!" Flascyn looked like he was about to look her down with a magnifying glass, but she was fine with that. After all, Hindle thought she was going to explode from how excited she was!

"I've always wanted a best friend!" she ranted. "I never even knew such a majestic creature existed before I met you!"

"Thank you! I must warn you, our friendship may change everything for both of our species." Flascyn suddenly frowned, as if change was the worst thing in the world.

Just then, her parents came out.

"Hindle! We talked about this. You may not interact with other species!"

"Mom, just give him a chance!"

And that she did.

“Alright,” she said a few minutes later. “You can be friends.”

Eventually, their friendship became so strong that their species started meeting, starting with their parents and ending finally with a Species Meetup party.

## Chapter 6; Epilogue

The two species were never meant to meet. It was never supposed to happen. But that’s how history forms. This special bond of friendship was given a second chance filled with trust and hopes for opening up to new species. Being outside your comfort zone. And this, I tell you, is the story of their bond!

# The End

## A Mundane Task Activity

By Ms. Emily

In camp, the campers were tasked with making a boring task sound interesting. Then, they had to guess what that task was. Read the story below and try to guess what the task is!

The Bristled army waited in anticiapation for the war to begin. The great army was always ready in a moments notice. Whenever the commander called, the army wuold stand to attention, ready to attack the greatest enemy of the land. WHile the army usually stood in the dark about the enemeies, about how they multiplied so quickly, the Bristles knew their job. They would attack with quick, percise, and effient movements; gliding across the wooden plains of the great country. Then, when the task was finally completed, the enemy swepted into the despair of death, the army woulf return home, waiting for the next battle.



Answer: Sweeping the Floor





## **West Chester Writing Project**

### **Fantasy Writing Camp**

**Summer 2024**

From July 8<sup>th</sup> through the 19<sup>th</sup>, dynamic and creative learners met at West Chester University for Fantasy Writing Camp. For 40 years, the Young Readers and Young Writers program, sponsored by the West Chester Writing Project at West Chester University, has served the students of various school districts throughout the area. This summer, it provided the context to allow our students to live out their love of the genre of fantasy and to push themselves to explore the many styles and forms of the craft of writing.

The goal of the Young Readers and Young Writer's Program is to inspire students to love reading and writing by introducing them to the tools they need to become better writers. These tools include collecting ideas in a Writer's Notebook, stretching their capabilities in writing and reading, helping them to read like writers and to see themselves as writers with individual voices, unique in their manner of expression. The enthusiasm students demonstrated in the learning of these goals was infectious and their teachers could not be more proud in what they have accomplished in two weeks.

Though students ranged in age, from rising 9<sup>th</sup> graders to rising 11<sup>th</sup> graders, they came together to form a true community of learners. This anthology represents the culmination of the hard work and creativity students have demonstrated in attaining the tools of dynamic readers and writers. All the pieces were written and edited by the students of the camp.

We are very grateful to Pauline Schmidt, director of the West Chester Writing Program. Our thanks also goes out to camp director, Sarah Hyson, for all her work assisting and guiding the camp throughout the past two weeks.

Finally, I would like to thank the parents and guardians of the children involved in our camp for their belief in the value of reading and writing and their willingness to nurture a love for both in their children. We all appreciate all your support!

With gratitude,

Greg Maigur



## Morning Session

|                |            |                                   |
|----------------|------------|-----------------------------------|
| Margot Ferrara | 9th grade  | Methacton School District         |
| Lily Matsuura  | 7th grade  | Upper Dublin School District      |
| Leila Phillips | 9th grade  | Westtown School                   |
| Albert Pizzica | 10th grade | The Grayson School                |
| Jaydon Sam     | 9th grade  | West Chester Area School District |

## Down in the Mansion

Valentine did her best thinking over breakfast. And she *was* hungry.

"Mama?"

"Yes, my malicious offspring?"

"Will you share some with me?" She pointed one long, sinuous tentacle towards the platter of Oglop meat piled delectably high, letting off a wonderfully bitter stench.

Her mother snatched up the platter and held it close to her, muscly tentacles forming a barrier between Valentine and the food. "I *told* you, you have to finish your cocoon first!" Dexterously, she wrapped the meaty tip of a single tentacle around a particularly lengthy strip of oozing meat and slurped it up vigorously. It was at least half a tentacle long.

Valentine rolled seven of her eyes- the others were still growing and didn't have a full range of motion yet. "Now! Now, Mommy Mary, now!"

"No, my icky-sticky-licky daughter."

Her mother's calm smile sent a wave of frustration through Valentine's body. Her tentacles itched. Frustratedly, she launched herself at a nearby tentacle and held on tightly. Her sharp mouthspikes-hardened clumps of baby fur- dug into the muscle with an insatiable hunger.

Suddenly, she was splayed against a wall, tentacles and eye stalks flying in every direction. She slid slowly down, dirt and grit collecting in all of her joints. She finally flopped down on the floor, unhurt but winded.

"Rule number twelve: don't eat Mommy," chittered a baby shuffling past. She was speaking in the cheepy tounge of the young, but Valentine had never forgotten the language. Her vibrant pink fluff contrasted starkly with her jet-black eyes.

"I memorized the Eyesore Code of Conduct before I had even separated from Mother," Valentine growled. Then, she turned and slithered sulkily up the passage leading to her room.



Slamming the rusty iron gate behind her, Valentine entered her chamber. A bed and a clean corner for one's cocoon were standard. The differentiation came from the decorations, which were sparse, but all made with her own eleven tentacles. A mobile with some of her baby hairs hung from the ceiling above her bed. There was a long rod with a point on the end made from a spare bedpost. This was used to etch on the floor, which had once been dirt, but since dusted off to reveal rock underneath. Her half-eaten cocoon was hanging from its designated corner. Made of dust, held together by saliva, twisted into all the strangest shapes, it was every Eyesore's proudest creation. The bad part of it was that, when not eaten within a few days after emergence, it collapsed into a pile of a flammable goop that was not easy to remove. Valentine ripped off a chunk to nibble at as she plotted.

Grabbing the rod, she drew a likeness of her mother on the exposed rock. "First, we attack. Strategically, so she can't fight back," she narrated as she added a few dozen teenage Eyesores like her surrounding their mother. "Then, we take her captive until she yields her throne to me."

A few eyes peeked in through holes in the iron gate. "What are we doing?"

"Ending this dictatorship." Valentine unlocked the door with her longest tentacle, continuing to sketch as she did so.

"That sounds fun!" It was her sister Ghoul, followed by her twin, Ghost. Or maybe it was the other way around. Sometimes it was hard to tell.

Valentine sighed. "It's not *fun*, it's a revolution. Typically, those turn out less fun than intended." She caught the twins up on what she had done so far. "And finally, once I'm ruler around here, we'll betray her and send her far, far away!"

"Where?"

"I have a couple ideas," Valentine said, but before she could give more details, she noticed a baby Eyesore standing in her doorway. "Who's the kid?"

"Oh, I think that's... Flame? Or Spark? Or Ash?"

"Smoke," corrected the baby, with two chirps and a whistle. "And I think I can help you."

"Help us how?" Ghoul asked.

Smoke closed her eyes in a look of concentration. Her fur suddenly moved, forming mouthspikes- on the *outside* of her body. She punctuated the transformation with a small *cheep*!

"Okay, maybe you can," Valentine said, impressed. "Do you promise to be loyal to the cause at all costs?"

The baby squeaked a yes and looked up at Valentine adoringly, her big, black eyes glimmering in the small amount of light that made its way in through the air shaft.

"I think she's okay," Valentine said. "And we could definitely use those spikes of hers."

Ghost nodded her eyes approvingly. "Is this everyone?"

Valentine stared at the three, tentacles up in the air in surprise. "What, are three teenagers and a spiky hairball going to defeat the Mother of All Monsters? This is a *revolution*. Today, we will rally the troops. Tomorrow, we will train and plot and train some more. Then, and only then, we attack."

Margot is a rising sophomore who goes to Methacton High School. When not singing,

activating, hanging out with her friends, or laughing, Margot is doing all four in theater. Or she is doing homework, playing with her sister, writing... never mind, there are a number of things she may be doing. Whatever it is, she's sure to enjoy it and she's trying to be as imaginative as possible.

# The Forest of Monsters

It was a dark, rainy day in the Forest. The girl, safe and dry in her shelter, was hard at work, using her knife to make the final plug for the gaps in the walls. Topaz, her cat, was curled up in the warmest, driest part of the small room. The girl paused, setting her knife aside, and took a moment to stroke the kitten's fur. Topaz lifted her head up and yawned, showing her little pink tongue and tiny sharp teeth. Picking up her handiwork, the girl carefully slotted the finished plug into the only remaining gap in the wall. The rest of the structure around her was made first of a shallow indent in the Forest floor, then a wall of tightly woven sticks. The door was made of carved hinges and wood salvaged from a fallen tree. The final piece of the only safe place in the Forest was a special type of waterproof leaf that had been woven carefully into the walls and roof. All that wasn't protected by the leaves had been plugged with wooden carvings.

The girl pulled on her boots. "Going out again so soon, Cypress?" Cypress didn't look back. "I need to get out, Paz. It's been raining non stop for over a week. Watch the fire for me, will you?" Before Topaz could respond, Cypress pulled open the door and stepped outside. Topaz frowned. "That was foolish. She knows that monsters lurk out there." Cypress did, in fact, know about the monsters. She knew she could handle them.

Boots splashing in the puddles, Cypress ventured deeper into the dark Forest. The rest of the people feared the Forest, as it was well known that monsters lurked within. Only the bravest- or the most foolhardy- dared to venture inside. None ever returned. But Cypress was different. Abandoned as a child on the outside edge of the Forest, her parents had clearly expected her to die. But Cypress had been lucky. Topaz had found her. One of the last remaining talking animals, the black cat had taken pity on Cypress and brought her into the safety of the trees, where the monsters didn't roam. As Cypress grew, so did her strange ability to speak to the Forest. The Shelter (as Cypress and Topaz referred to their home and sanctuary) had been grown by Cypress's command. The earth had fallen away. The branches had woven themselves in with the leaves. A long, sloping tunnel led from the door to a trapdoor that kept the monsters out. None had ever come out of the forest, the

stories said. But Cypress didn't want to leave. It was her home. She could survive.

When strangers did enter her home, it was mostly to try to do what no one had done before. Cypress let them pass, not helping, but not harming either. The monsters would cause far more harm than she ever would. She was making her way through the densest part of the wood when she felt it. A tremor. A monster approached. Pulling out a sword she had... acquired from a dead explorer, Cypress prepared for the attack. But it never came. Instead she heard a scream. Against her better judgment, Cypress sprinted towards the sound, scaling a tree both for protection and practicality. From her perch, she saw what was happening. One of the explorers- bravely foolhardy, by the looks of him- had cornered one of the Silwas, or forest snakes. Cypress gritted her teeth. She usually looked the other way during the attacks, but this was a Silwa. The Silwas were gorgeous creatures, half snake half bird. Far less harmless than most of the other creatures, excepting the talking animals. And this one was being attacked. Cypress had to intervene. Calling the plants, she looped vines carefully around the Silwa before depositing it into a pit that hadn't existed a minute before. The Silwa flailed, but it was safe. The explorer froze, staring at the snake. Before he could react, Cypress sent him flying as far away from the Silwa as she could without hurting him. Then, as silent as the wind whistling through the leaves, she vanished into the woods. *Topaz is going to be furious, she thought ruefully. I'd better go and face her.*

Lily spends most of her time at Sandy Ryn Middle School in the Upper Dublin School District where she is going into the 8th grade. When not at school, she enjoys reading, writing, cuddling with her kittens (Amaya and Georgia Peach) and annoying her little brother.

## The Broken Eye of the Lost Thief

Jayden knew he was wrong. He knew he screwed up when Swalia warned him. Even kilometers apart, her voice rings in his ears. There was nothing but the sound of an occasional cricket. The wind blowing against the trees. He knew he was wrong, but the sense of grief and shame was more powerful than any wise teachings he's received in the past nineteen years of his life. He grieved his father's death when a drunk driver killed him but walked away with mere scratches. No justice was served. Why? Because they were poor, barely living off the combined income of his parents. Now here comes the shame. The shame of being too powerless in a world where money and power were glorified. The shame of being forced to live and watch the domino effect of his father's passing. His poor mother, barely able to care for herself now shouldering bills along. With three still growing children. And how she herself returned to God's arms without the proper and peaceful sendoff. Jayden's sister, already some sort of parental figure to her two young siblings, was forced to give her life up for her sibling's future. Only that future would be filled with vain and torment as not only his lovable parents dying, but the gruesome deaths of his two sisters. So Jayden could only reflect on the 'what if's', wondering when it'll be his turn. So no words that passed through his young ears, no consequences he's seen his one eye could sway his decision to cross the portal. Him not knowing of what lied ahead seemed to be seldom his mind. The thought of revenge ran deep in his bones, and no consequence seemed to phase him. So why were Swalia's words ringing like the 12 o'clock noon bells? Where people could only express their distaste in their weary minds. *Don't fall into the temptation of these creatures Jayden. They promise to give, but they only take. And they will take what little you have left, whether you want to or not.* Jayden's heart squeezes in his chest, as if to warn him of what's coming. *Don't do it.* His hand quivers as he pulls the pocket watch from his pocket and clicks the button, opening it. The clock spun forwards before stopping with a loud *ding*. His hands first



disappear into the portal. Then hid knee. Then the rest of his arms. His feet. Until his entire body was submerged.

There was no telling what was on the other side. A surprise? A nasty surprise. The lavish green fantasy world he dreamed of, filled with unusual creatures and unique flowers lining paths, the sky a clear blue with the sun shining, the weather not as hot as New York during the summer, but not as cold as when he would be forced to lay awake at night in the winter in his worn out clothes, but just in the middle. Instead of that, Jayden's fingers immediately went rigid, his eyes blaring with a warning: *Danger! Danger!* He ducked, just seconds before his head would have flown across the air and tumbled onto the harsh, red, barren ground filled with metals that prickled against his skin. An attack like that would have killed any normal human being. The sky correlated to the ground: Red, and filled with gray smoke that he was so used to inhaling everyday. Destroyed buildings crumbled around him as he tried to stand up, regaining his sense of surroundings. The portal had long disappeared, making it impossible to go back. "It's fine," Jayden murmurs, struggling to stand up. His vision got hazy. It reminded him of the time he had been poisoned. *S—* The sounds of humans screaming and machines firing made his ears bleed. He knew where he was. And it was the very place he wanted to leave. The place he had called home the nineteen years of his life: New York City.

Leila Phillips is a rising sophomore at Westtown school. She's extremely passionate about human rights and knows how to voice and express her opinions. Leila is an avid reader and writer when she's not in school, doing homework, and doing co-curricular activities. Although spaces to write were cut short when she entered high school, she still made time dedicated to her books. Leila is a bright young student who is always willing to learn new things from curriculum or from others wiser than her.

## **The Story of the Great Explorer Burke**

Once upon a time, in a land we could not locate, there was a brave explorer named burke. Burke was his last name, his first is lost to history. For all we know, he might not have had a first name.

Anyway, this brave explorer started out a poor peasant, with barely any money to his name. Wishing to change his fortunes, he signed up to be a crewman on the ship of John Pinake. On this expedition John and the crew discovered the land now called Pinake. John got very wealthy from this cruise, and settled down as the governor of Pinake. Burke had learned many things on the expedition, and showed himself as a valiant explorer.

He was soon tasked with his own expedition, to better explore the lands around Pinake. He would take this expedition down the river that now holds his name. He would face alligators and waterfalls, funguses and illness. The crew almost mutinied but Burke talked them out of it.

Finally Burke's ship came out onto a lake, and on this lake there were islands. The crew explored these islands, and found many delightful things like blueberries, raspberries, and watermelon. They also found some less desirable things like stinging nettles and sharks. Burke named the lake and the islands after himself, and they would remain that way until Clark the Great would rename them after himself.

Burke would then move on and discover the lost kingdom. This was quite interesting to study, although it gave the crew more questions than answers. After exploring the lands of the lost kingdom. Burke sailed home where he became famous. He then embarked on a voyage south of Pinake, never to be seen again.

### **The Slither**

The slither has the body of a snake, the upper body and arms of a man, and a sea horse-like head. They are known for being very vicious. The creature smells like seaweed and can be found both in the ocean and on the coast. Reports are contradictory on if it has a venomous tail. It is highly recommended to bring a source of fire when dealing with this creature, as burning a slither is the best way to kill it.

Albert Pizzica is going into the 11th grade. In his free time, Albert enjoys reading, playing with Legos, watching Youtube, and playing video games. Albert does not have a favorite food, but a few he likes are fish and chips, caesar salad, and vanilla ice cream.

## The Glass Vial

The ordinary glass vial stood on the shelf, flanked by a troop of mismatched objects. A deck of cards, a broken watch, a cracked doll, a tarnished doorknob, and other items lay on the shelf next to it. However, the plain vial seemed to sparkle, a shininess not seen in the other items. Jeff picked it up, turned it around, and inspected it. He walked over to the counter and gave it to the cashier. Looking at the vial jealously, the cashier responded "\$1.75 please." Jeff handed the cashier five quarters and walked away with the vial. Jeff turned back as he passed the door. The cashier's eyes were still on the vial.

While waiting at the bus stop, Jeff felt others walking by staring at the vial. As the bus pulled up, Jeff hurriedly got on and took a seat. He took out the vial and inspected it on the bus. There was nothing peculiar about it, plain glass and a regular cork stopper. However, there was a certain allure to it. Jeff didn't need the vial, he wasn't a chemist or scientist of any sort. He desired the glass vial for reasons he didn't fully understand. He saw the elderly man across from him staring eagerly at the vial and quickly tucked it away in his pocket.

Stepping off from the bus, Jeff looked up at his home. The unkempt lawn overflowed with massive weeds. Battered shutters beat at the dirty windows. The broken shingles of the roof wobbled as if about to fall. Jeff twisted the key in the lock, opening the door with a wavering creak. The house's interior was little better than its exterior. A tattered rug lay on the floor, covered with a hodgepodge of random items. Books and snacks littered the sofas. Dust covered the shelves. The kitchen was messy, dishes piled up in the sink. Jeff unstoppered the vial and poured a little water in it to wash it out.

Immediately, a torrent of water gushed out of the wall, slamming the wall and pouring out on the floor. Jeff quickly slammed the stopper back on the vial, struggling against the force of the water. As soon as the vial was sealed, the flow of water stopped abruptly. The inside of the vial dried up, leaving no trace of the water. Jeff tossed some towels and rags on the floor to soak up the water. Meanwhile, he grabbed a red jelly bean from the jar he kept on the top shelf and placed it in the glass vial. Again, a fountain of jelly beans erupted from the vial, spilling on the floor. Jeff aimed the flow at a nearby empty container, filling it to the brim. He stopped the vial and grabbing a handful of jelly beans, looked for more items to multiply. Container after container was filled with chocolate, paper clips, marbles, pencils, and the like. Jeff went upstairs to try to find another item to duplicate. In the attic, he sees something gleaming in the dim light. Moving aside some dusty boxes, Jeff finds a gold coin. On one face, the face of Liberty looks back at him. He pockets the coin and goes back downstairs.

Jeff thought about the possibilities of his future wealth. He could buy a Lamborghini, a mansion, a beach house, maybe a massive diamond. Jeff excitedly dropped the coin into the vial. Coins immediately explode out of the vial, spurting in every direction. Jeff waited for the pile of coins to reach his shins before reaching for the stopper in his pocket. His fingers closed on empty air. Jeff checked his other pocket, searching for the missing stopper. He tries to move to check upstairs, but the coins are piling up at the weight of the gold immobilizes his legs. The

coins flow faster, burying Jeff further and further. Knees, waist, elbows, shoulders, soon the coins were piling up around Jeff's head. Jeff tilted his head back and opened his mouth to scream, but the coins rapidly fell into his throat, sealing away his body. Jeff struggled for a little longer, gold coins barely shifting. As he gasped for his last breaths, Jeff felt something in his hand. He groped around, then stopped once he realized what it was: an ordinary cork stopper.

“Reminiscing on the Exton Mall”

Small fingers on plastic, joy echoing in the air,  
Tiny me, ruler of the mall playground, dreams held there.

Across the aisle, a store full of toys, desires untold,  
Birthday wishes whispered, cake eaten, dreams unfold.

Years turned, and childhood dreams flew from my grasp,

The mall, a silent witness, as I matured so fast.  
Now, beside its weathered form, a clinic stands so bold,  
A whisper of healing, where new stories unfold.

As I grew, toys were traded for stores, the playground left for age,  
The mall was a familiar friend, a stage for changing stages.  
Then, silence, COVID’s shadow, doors sealed, a world on hold,  
The vibrant mall, a ghost town, stories left untold.

Bleached hallways stretch, skeletal and vast,  
whispers of laughter lost in the distant past.  
The playground stands silent, a monument to glee,  
where once joyous shrieks filled the air, carefree.

Toy store dreams behind bars now lie,  
A food court void, where food once did vie.

The Exton Mall, a hollow shell it seems,  
A melody of memories, lost in forgotten dreams

If you walk into the Sam family home, you will likely find Jaydon reading books. Jaydon loves reading fantasy books and his favorite series is The Secrets of the Immortal Nicholas Flamel. Jaydon also enjoys math and computers. He hopes to pursue a future in either quantum computing or game theory. Jaydon release by watching Indian movie. HIs favorite movie is Pashpa. Jaydon is going into the 10th grade at West Chester East High School. This is his first year at camp and he would definitely do it next year. Jaydon lives in West Chester with his parents and younger brother, Jonathan.





### Afternoon Session

|                    |            |                                        |
|--------------------|------------|----------------------------------------|
| Ash Felegy         | 8th grade  | Downingtown Area School District       |
| Ahana Gupta        | 8th grade  | Great Valley School District           |
| Carolina Hernandez | 9th grade  | West Chester Area School District      |
| Anya Kasireddy     | 8th grade  | Great Valley School District           |
| Malia Lee          | 9th grade  | Rosetree Media School District         |
| Ethan Loi          | 10th grade | Wayne School District                  |
| Fenton Orsetti     | 9th grade  | Wallingford Swarthmore School District |
| Reagan Pascoe      | 9th grade  | West Chester Area School District      |
| Maya Pryszyk       | 9th grade  | Colonial School District               |
| Charlie Stein      | 10th grade | Tredyffrin Easttown School District    |
| Axe Thell          | 8th grade  | West Chester Area School District      |
| Arnav Tyagi        | 9th grade  | Downingtown Area School District       |

Once upon a time, in a grand kingdom where every creature lived in harmony, a faerie King and his queen were expecting a child. This kingdom rejoiced, from the kelpies and sirens to the fae and pixies. And after months of anticipation it was discovered that The Queen had given birth to not one child, but three.

The first born was a beautiful baby girl with glowing pale skin and inky hair and striking emerald eyes. The second born was a boy with blond curls, thin lips, and aquamarine eyes. The third born was a boy with strangely chalky skin and amber eyes. He, like his sister, had inky hair, and thin lips like his brother. He was smaller than both of them, however, the obvious runt. The Royals cradled their infants, enchanted with them. But then The King spoke up,

“Oh my queen,” he worried, “such beautiful children, all of them, but how will we ever decide who to pass the kingdom off to?”

“Do not despair, my love, for there is an easy solution,” The Queen assured him calmly.

And so The King and Queen decided to not choose one heir, but to divide the kingdom in three separate lands. Seeing as she was the first born, Princess Astoria was given the center of the land. The second born, Prince Locke was bestowed the land neighboring all the creatures of the sea. The third born, Prince Gregorith, was given the land in the corner of the map.

All tension presumably solved.

As the triplets grew, their personalities began to develop. Astoria became reserved and responsible as young as four, “Put that down!” She would screech. “Get off of there! That’s not allowed!” Or, as Locke liked to call her, a “bossy pants.” She also became more obsessed with vanity. No one else’s hair shone like the night of the starry sky. No one else’s eyes were of the freshest green. No one else was as mature, as grown up, as she.

Locke only became more obsessed with hoodwinking people, tricking them, berating them. As faeries were incapable of lying, he had to get creative with his words, embracing the challenge each time. He constantly deceived the people around him, untruth never passing his lips. No one ever really could grasp what their brother, Gregorith, was truly like. He mostly kept to himself and tried to stay out of his brother and sister's way. He spent his days in the huge garden behind the palace, playing with the gnomes and pixies and insects. No one really ever saw him doing things he actually liked to do, but he certainly had a knack for oddities. Not that anyone really cared what he liked.

One day he would be king, completely separated from his siblings. Greg's siblings didn't even really seem to mind. Any time Locke and Tori tried to play with each other it always ended in a fight and neither of them really paid attention to Greg; he was just the runt. They probably couldn't wait to be apart.

But, hey, Greg tried to comfort himself, they were only ten, no way they would be isolated any time soon. He was sure of it. His nerves, however, couldn't help but worry about what would happen when they were.

Ash Felegy is a 14 year old boy who's been writing and telling stories since he was seven. He likes thrifting, collecting and theater and also thinking about writing. No, not actually writing. He can be found staring at empty word documents and wrapped in blankets avoiding civilization.

## **Turn Back Time**

The usual hustling and bustling was taking place on Trafalgar Square. The bright red, double decker buses were passing by, the smoky gray sky above was indicating the opening of the factories and the tolling of Big Ben announced lunchtime. There was a small bar on the corner of Westminster Abbey which seemed to be attracting everyone. I walked in and sat down. The bartender came up to me.

"Quite a crowd of soldiers here. Shouldn't you lot be out fighting some Nazis in Germany?" I controlled my immense desire to bawl with laughter.

"Yes" I said, using my smile to hide my laughter.

"My regiment has been ordered to move up North, we're staying here overnight and moving out first thing tomorrow."

"Ah well, good business for me ain't it" he said, full of glee.

"Now tell me, what can I get for you?"

"I'll just have a beer" I replied. The bartender brought me my beer and left me alone, in the corner, to my thoughts.

"Well, well, isn't this quite the party?" Said a familiar voice behind me, I smiled.

"Care to join me, Arthur?" I asked.

"Why not?", he replied.

"You reckon that the Germans are moving up North?" Arthur asked.

"Probably, I mean they're moving us North for a reason aren't they?"

"True" he replied dimly. After a moment of silence Arthur spoke again.

"Do you think we'll survive?" His question hit me like a bullet in my heart. I sighed.

"I don't know." After a mostly silent rest of the night, we headed to our quarters. As we were walking we passed a dumpster. I turned my head toward it and something inside caught my eye. An old pocket watch gleamed on top of the trash bags. I went to observe it.

"What are you doing, Ben?" Arthur asked. I got closer and picked it up. There was a note inside. It said, DO NOT USE. TIME TRAVEL HAZARD.

"Time travel?" I thought to myself.

"That's not possible" But what if it was? I could go back in time and kill Hitler. I could stop this entire thing. I could prevent thousands of deaths. I set a date on the watch, April 20<sup>th</sup>, 1889, the day Hitler was born. All of a sudden, a giant whirlwind picked me up and in an instant swooped me down. In front of me laid a baby. I looked around, there were pictures on the wall, some books written in German on the desk. I observed the infant. I saw his sleek black hair and his mischievous smile. The baby right in front of my eyes would grow up and cause mass destruction, immense chaos, and kill thousands of people. I put my hand on my pocket, picked up my gun, aimed it..... and pulled the trigger.

Ahana Gupta is 14 years old. She is going to enter her freshman year at Great Valley High School. Ahana lives with her parents and younger sister. She loves sports and participates in competitive swimming on the MSA swim team. She enjoys watching movies with her sister and traveling to new places.

Red and orange shone everywhere. Heat, so hot it could burn you from just looking at it. People running and screaming all around. There, Aeilana stood with tears streaming down her face as she screamed for her parents to find her. She didn't understand what was going on, no one was answering her cries. She was alone. Until a man appeared in front of her. He held an evil look on his face as he approached her. It scared her for this unknown man to come near her, so she screamed for him to go away but he only continued towards her. He drew his sword from its scabbard and raised it in the air—

Aeilana shot up in her bed, sweat dripping down her face, breathing heavily. Once she calmed down, she wiped the sweat from her face. "It's been years since that day, why do I keep having that dream?" She questioned. Ignoring her recent panic, she looked out the window. Red, orange and pink covered the edge of the skies as the sun started to rise. It was beautiful, until her mind drifted to what was to come the next day. Tomorrow was the day her and the people of her kingdom would raid the capital. The day she would kill the man who single handedly ruined her life all those years ago.

A scowl started to form on her face at the memory. Not wanting to think about the past, she got out of bed to get dressed and headed downstairs to grab something to eat. As she ate, she went over the battle plans for the invasion for what felt like the thousandth time. After tomorrow, nothing would be the same in the kingdom, she would make sure of that. She sighed at the thought before leaving the safety of her home. She carefully checked for any guards that could be patrolling the area and once sure no one was around, she took to the roofs. She quietly made her way to the described meeting place for the last meeting before the invasion. She jumped down to the ground in front of a rather large, brown building at the center of the kingdom.

"How perfect." She whispered sarcastically. She entered through the front doors to see a crowd of people huddled around 2 men. She made her way to the corner of the giant room as she listened to their argument. *I'm late*, she thought.

"You must understand that this is not the best idea. The king has an entire army with weapons that could take us down in minutes, and what do we have? A group of people with pitchforks. We need to think about their families, my family!" A scoff was heard from the opposite party.

"What are you trying to say Gabriel, you're not willing to fight for you and your families freedom because you're scared of a mere army? You know what you signed up for when you joined this group, so why do you give up now?"

"Oh come on, you know that's not what I meant—"

"Then, please, enlighten us with whatever it is you mean." He yelled at him.

At this point Aeilana had enough and took it upon herself to interrupt the conversation. She walked through the crowd as she spoke out to the two. "Boys, boys, calm down. No need to argue about baseless things." Her attention shifted towards Gabriel as the atmosphere grew slightly heavier.

"Micheal is right, you knew how dangerous this was when you offered your expertise to us. How important this invasion will be for the future of the kingdom and its people. You, of all people, should know how important it is to keep your family safe."

She rendered him speechless, "So unless you would like to die, along with your family, under the rule of that man that calls himself a king, I propose you don't object to this raid any longer." He started to speak, but decided upon nodding instead.

She turned to the rest of the crowd, "Any other objections?" She was met with silence, making her smile.

"Perfect."

With that, she walked out of the building, Micheal running after her. He started to ask a question but she cut him off before the words came out of his mouth.

"Leave me alone Micheal."

He sighed in response but continued to follow her as quietly as he could anyways. "I told you to leave me alone Micheal, I can hear your footsteps."

This came as no surprise to him. He knew of her past, of what she had been through, even if he had to squeeze it out of her.

"I'm sorry about earlier," he began to talk, "He was out of line. I know how important this is to you." She stopped walking, which caused him to stop.

"You don't know anything about me." She whispered to herself.

"What?"

"Stop acting as if we are friends Micheal, you are nothing more to me than a pawn to get what I want. I will not let anyone or anything get in my way, even if I had to kill for it, understand?" She spoke coldly to him, leaving him hurt.

"Right."

She continued walking until she was sure he was out of view from behind. *I don't need anyone. I never have and I never will*, she thought to herself. She knew all she ever wanted, needed was revenge, and she was willing to do anything to achieve that goal.

That night, Aeilana lay on her bed feeling quite tired but not being able to fall asleep. Tomorrow she will finally get her revenge. If not, then what had all those years of training been for? She would make the king suffer the same way he made her suffer, her parents. She'd take away everything he loved, his family, his power, his life. He would know what she and the people of his kingdom had gone through. The thought brought her back to her conversation with Micheal earlier that day. She didn't mean to be so cruel to him, but that was in her nature. She didn't know how else to be, she lived and breathed to avenge the people she lost, not have friendships. But she did know how important this raid was to the kingdom, even if it meant many of the raiders would lose their lives. She concluded her thoughts with a small prayer asking for strength and forgiveness before finally falling asleep.

The next day she met up with Micheal and a small group of the raiders early in the morning. Their spies had already been planted in the castle weeks before the plan was to take place, giving them the advantage. The group was to act as merchants from far away coming to offer their goods to the king, at least in the eyes of the guards escorting them. Once they were inside, a loud trumpet sound was heard and a guard yelled from the top of the castle walls.

"Intruders! The castle has been infiltrated, protect the king!"

The guards that were escorting their group realized that Aeilana and her group were in fact not who they said they were and started attacking. All around you could see spies dressed

as maids and butlers and stable boys fighting with the soldiers. Chaos broke out across the castle as Aeilana fought herself to make her way across the castle in search of the king and his family. She searched giant bedrooms and main corridors. As she searched she thought of how selfish a king could be to attain all this wealth and power and never use it for good. Her search came to an end when she found the king sitting on his throne, sword in hand covered in blood, laughing insanely to himself. Next to him lie his wife and two children, all dead. *He killed them.* His laughter died down when he saw Aeilana across the room, a sword in her hand as well.

"What's this? A little girl? With a sword, what could you possibly do with that?" He mocked.

She only scoffed at his words. "You're a monster."

He pondered her words, "Monster? Nonsense, I'm a king, a powerful one at that."

This set her off. She ran towards him and slashed her sword in his direction. He simply dodged and attacked her from behind, but she was smarter and blocked his attack. This surprised him as they continued to fight.

"You're good, I wonder where you acquired those skills?"

"That's none of your concern. Do you know who I am?" She asked bitterly, not particularly enjoying his praise.

He rolled his eyes as he swung at her, "Why would I know who you are? You're most likely a peasant, and a king as powerful as me has no time for peasants like you."

Aeilana grew more angry as they continued to spar around the throne room, knocking and breaking things in the process.

"Don't you feel any remorse? Your family is dead, people are fighting all around and all you can think about is how powerful you are?" She angrily cried out to him.

"Remorse? Why would I feel such a thing? Remorse is for the weak and nimble. Not someone like me." He responded arrogantly.

She grew more distressed as she took in his answer, he was a monster.

"My parents were beautiful, hard working people. And you.. You killed them! I will never understand what they did so wrong to deserve their deaths. They died by your hands, serving *you* and your ridiculous customs! I will never forgive you!" She emphasized loudly.

The king only smirked before deflecting Aeilana's sword out of her hands. She fell to the ground as he hovered above her, the tip of his sword at her neck. He stared at her before smiling, though it was not full of kindness but spite and misery.

"Oh, I know who you are. Your father was my right hand man, my most trusted advisor, but even he betrayed me." He went silent before speaking up again, "Thought he could overthrow me like everyone else. Arrogant man. Should've known better."

Aeilana continued to lie there on the floor as her anger and despair grew inside her. Memories of her parents before they were killed, when they were happy. Memories of the night they died. Tears started to fall down her face as she remembered.

"Oh, but you know what I remember the most?" He looked at her with a sinister smile. "The look on your mother's face as she begged me not to kill her, not to kill...you. She looked just like you do now. I still remember it as if it were yesterday."

At those words, Aeilana screamed in anger as she pulled a knife from her side and stuck it into his waist. Caught off guard, he dropped his sword and put his hand to the knife, stumbled back a few paces before falling to the floor. Aeilana shot up from her spot on the floor and



rushed towards him, violently pulling the knife from his side and sticking it directly into his heart. Blood gushed out of his waist as he stared wide-eyed at the shaking girl on top of him. He coughed up blood as she leaned down.

"You know what I'm going to remember for the rest of my life? The day I saw your face as you slowly withered into nothing." She whispered, almost insanely, into his ear.

She stood up and stared at him as he lay there in a puddle of blood. She watched as the life slowly left his eyes before pulling a match out of her pocket, lighting it up, and throwing it to a nearby curtain. Watching as the fire engulfed the room. Then she smiled, retrieved her sword, spared the dead king one last glance and walked right through the twin doors of the throne room, never to be seen again.

The End

Carolina Hernandez is soon going into 10th grade and is 15 years old. She currently lives with her mother, sister and two cats. She goes to Rustin High School and enjoys reading, music, word searches, and TV shows. Her favorite book is *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupery.

I breathe a loud sigh and look out my window, willing tears not to come. I really thought this summer was going to be carefree and serene, where I would kick back and relax with my friends, without a care in the world. That was when Mom came into my room and hauled me to the car, explaining that I'll be spending the summer with Grandma.

Great. What every thirteen year old wants to do.

I pack a few shorts and shirts, and one pair of pants and a sweatshirt if it gets cold. The drive was long, and Mom was listening to one of her lengthy podcasts that lasted the entire ride. I tried not to listen, but some parts were intriguing. Most of the car ride, I glanced out the window, willing for someone to take me out of this car ride and to the pool. Mom kept reminding me that I would have fun with Grandma, but I doubt it. When Grandma isn't knitting, she's either trying to work the television or trying to play Monopoly by herself. It made me kind of sad to think about, but why did I have to be the person to be with her all summer? I try to close my eyes and sleep, but Mom makes me stay awake because we were pulling up to Grandma's neighborhood. Grandma lives in a townhouse with her kitten, and I have to admit the townhouse is pretty. The wallpaper that lines the house is beautiful, and the furniture she has is vintage yet stylish. We pull up to the driveway and Mom and I ring the doorbell. A few moments later, a white-haired lady answers the door, wearing a knitted sweater and satin pants, with a huge smile on her face.

"Welcome! Oh, it's so good to have you here! I have brownies in the kitchen," Grandma says, with a knowing smile. Her brownies are my favorite, so I rush to the kitchen and swallow two whole brownies. My gaze then lands on a kitten, who seems to be sleeping. It must be Igor, but he's gotten a lot bigger. Igor is the kitten Grandma got a few months ago, and who she adores fully. Mom was glad because it meant Grandma had some company, and she enjoyed the cat a lot too. Mom only stayed for a few minutes, because she had to pack for her big business trip. We waved goodbye, and Grandma led me to the kitchen.

"So, how are you, Paris?"

"Fine," I reply, brownie in my mouth. Grandma smiles and tells me she needs to run to the store to get some food for dinner, and asks if I want to come with her.

"I think I'll stay here and unpack, Grandma," I tell her. She nods and grabs her purse, tells me to keep an eye out for Igor and leaves. Igor still stood in the same position, sleeping, so I went upstairs to the guest room. I've only stayed over at Grandma's house once, so I haven't seen the guest room a lot. As I unpack, I explore the guest room. Though it was small, Grandma added some neat decorations like the dreamcatchers strapped on the wall and a dresser with photos of Grandma and her family. As I'm unpacking, I see something on the ceiling. It's some sort of door, and when I climb on the bed to push it open, I realize it's the attic. Somehow, I get excited

and take my suitcases and put them on top of each other. Then, carefully, I get up on them, and try to get inside the attic. I wobble, then steady myself and get on the bottom of the attic. Pushing myself up, I get inside the attic and regain my balance. I look around, and see the attic was covered in dust. With cobwebs everywhere. Suddenly regretting my decision, I sigh, then explore a little more of the attic. Stumbling upon boxes, I open one of them and find an array of all sorts of things. An old rustic hat, a keychain, and a typewriter lay in the box. The typewriter was bronze, and when I lifted it up to examine it, my last name was engraved on it. Janet Lake lay written in gold across the typewriter. I wondered if the name was descendant of mine because of the last name, but the typewriter looked amazing. I wonder why Grandma never put this out for display. I then place the typewriter on the floor and saw some paper was already in it. I wiped off some of the dust with my sleeve and began typing:

It was a stormy night.

Boom. Boom. I startle, and try to calm myself as I try to investigate what happened. It seemed the noise was coming from an attic window, so I look in it and find that afternoon was suddenly dawn, and rain and lightning scattered around the town. I try to calm myself. It was just noon. How is it that suddenly it is now night? And stormy . . .

“Oh my god,” I quiver, looking back at the typewriter. It’s a mistake. It has to be a mistake. Trembling, I go back to the typewriter and stare at the words I wrote. Then, with my fingers shaking, I type:

My clothes were green.

After I type the last letter with my hands shaking, I slowly narrow my head and look at my clothing. My black satin sweater and navy blue jeans were suddenly green. I try to calm myself, but it doesn't work. This typewriter makes things real. Question by question flows into my mind, and I try to steady myself, but I can't. What is up with this typewriter? Why does it make things real? And how? And most of all—why is my last name inscribed on it?

“Paris, I’m home!” My Grandma yells and she opens the front door, and I will myself to move.

I rush downstairs, my mind a blur, trying to make sense of what just happened. The world shifts in and out of focus as I try not to trip down the stairs. I need to talk to Grandma about the typewriter and its strange powers. As I enter the kitchen, I see Grandma putting away groceries. She smiles at me warmly.

“Did you unpack everything, Paris?” she asks.

I nod, but I can't keep the urgency out of my voice. “Grandma, I found something in the attic. An old typewriter with Janet Lake on it. It... it made things I wrote come true. It's dumbfounding.”

Grandma freezes, a look of shock and recognition crossing her face. She sets down the groceries and motions for me to sit at the kitchen table. Trying to calm my

heart pounding, I make my way to the table and sit. Taking a deep breath, she begins to speak.

"That typewriter belonged to your great-grandmother," she says slowly. "Janet was a writer too, and it's said that she discovered its magical properties by accident. She could make her stories come to life, but she kept it a secret from most people. She used it to help others, but she also knew it could be dangerous if misused."

I listen, wide-eyed, as Grandma continues. "When she passed, the typewriter was hidden away to keep it safe. I didn't think you would find it, but now that you have, you must be very careful with it. The typewriter's magic is powerful, but it can also have unforeseen consequences."

I glance back towards the guest room, where the typewriter still sits in the attic. "What should I do with it, Grandma? Should I put it back?"

Grandma shakes her head. "No, Paris. I think you found it for a reason. Perhaps it's time for you to learn how to use it responsibly. But remember, with great power comes great responsibility. You must think carefully about what you write and the impact it could have."

Taking her words to heart, I nod. "I understand, Grandma. I'll be careful."

Just as I'm about to head back to the guest room, a sudden knock on the door startles us. Grandma exchanges a puzzled glance with me and goes to open it. Standing at the doorway is a man in a crisp suit, holding a leather briefcase.

"Meredith Lake?" he asks.

"Yes, that's me," Grandma replies, her voice tinged with curiosity.

The man nods. "I'm James Whitfield, an attorney. I'm here regarding the estate of your great-grandmother. It seems there's another item left for you, something of great importance."

Grandma looks confused. "Another item? But I thought I had everything."

James opens his briefcase and pulls out an old, ornate key. It had some sort of bronze shade to it that matched the typewriter's color. Then, he took out a piece of parchment and began reading from it. "This key opens a hidden compartment in the attic. Inside, you'll find a book—a book that contains the secrets to controlling the typewriter's magic."

Giving us a curious look to what he just read, James says, "That was the message Janet Lake wanted to give you. She wanted you to have it when the time was right."

A shiver runs down my spine as I realize the significance of this revelation. We thank James and rush back to the attic. With the key in hand, we search for the hidden compartment and finally uncover it behind a loose wooden panel. Inside lies a dusty, leather-bound book titled "The Keeper's Guide."

As I open the book, an eerie glow fills the attic. The first page reads, "To my descendants, use this knowledge wisely. The typewriter is a gateway, not just to manifesting words but to another realm entirely."

Grandma and I exchange bewildered looks. "Another realm?" I whisper.

The attic starts to hum with energy, and suddenly, the typewriter begins typing on its own. Words appear on the paper: "Welcome to your destiny, Paris. The adventure has just begun."

I gulp, realizing that this summer is about to become more extraordinary than I ever imagined. With the typewriter, the book, and Grandma by my side, I'm ready to uncover the mysteries of this magical legacy—and the other realm that awaits.

Anya Kasireddy is 14 years old and going into ninth grade. Born on April 5th 2010, Anya enjoys reading and biking. She has a dog named Zylo who is a golden doodle. She also loves going on rollercoasters and baking.

When We All Fall Asleep, Where Do We Go?

“A bed, I really need a bed,” May exclaims to herself, wanting an audience to console her.

“A pillow too, oh, and a nice cup of hot cocoa, and finally a giant blanket,” she shivers with delight. The image of laziness danced in her head. A man appears from the forest with a deep booming voice that shakes the ground, “Who are you and why are you in this territory?”

“Why am I here, well if you were considerate enough you would understand that I just fell out of a car. And look I’m bleeding,” she states.

“Well, you will be in more danger if you don’t leave,” thundering stomps shake the ground even harder than the man’s voice did.

With haste, the man runs off, “I told you to leave.”

“Well, I’m staying. I’ll do whatever I want to do with my life. Gosh, people can be so rude,” May snaps.

“And what was that no-” fear fills her eyes. In front of May stands a twelve-foot-tall scaled beast full of furious rage.

“Run!” A firm calm voice of a stranger shouts. Their face hiding in a dark cloak. The cloaked stranger flies towards the beast, detaching the beast’s head from its neck with a terrifying sword. The stench of death swirls around the sword as the head of the beast falls to the ground.

The stranger starts to walk off, until.

“Can you, can you, um--” May tries to speak but the leftover terror inside her still lingers, keeping the words from flowing.

“Can I what?” the stranger says somewhat calmly, with hints of anger seeping through.

“Can you protect me? I don’t know where I am and I almost died.” she asks quietly with hesitation.

“Protect you? How can I help someone who has no regard for the ones she calls friends?

Max and Rosa, Did you forget? And now you’re here alone with no one to brag to about your spurious riches, and now you're here with no one that wants to protect you. How can I help someone that selfish!?” As their anger hits her, an unwanted tear runs down May’s face.

“There is no need for my help. You will be back in your bed soon,” the cloaked stranger turns his back to her, forever abandoning her. Breathing heavily, May awakes back in her bed, covered in a blanket warm enough to keep her warm and cozy, but not to her standards. With no hot cocoa, though she is worthy of a personal butler who gives her an entire meal when she asks for it. And, two perfectly nice pillows, though she should have twenty magnificent ones. Which is what she usually would think at a moment like this. Another tear slides off her cheek. And a glint of disappointment shines in her eyes.

Malia Lee, though not skilled at it, loves to write fantastical stories, especially the ones that make you feel like you have been transported to an alternate world. As a 10th grader in Penncrest High School, she enjoys reading, creating artistic masterpieces and baking new, odd creations as well.

## **Don't Fear the Darkness**

Olive had heard of the dark deep of the Abyss, a sort of nightmarish rift into nothingness. In The-World-Under-the-Dome, stories about the Abyss had long been told in whispers and ancient, cryptic texts. She had always had a fascination with this strange rift under the world, hearing the stories about it from her grandfather as a child, studying it in secret as a young woman, and searching endlessly for it during her adult years. Now, however, she was here. She was in the Abyss.

As she walked down into the rift, hearing her feet land on hard stone and loose pebbles, and her lantern illuminating stalactites and old carvings patterning the walls. Olive looked out into the eternal darkness ahead of her. The pure blackness of the depths of the cavern seemed to pulsate, move. This wasn't just the absence of light; but a force pulling her deeper and deeper. Her mind thought ill of the darkness below, but her heart drew her in.

As she gazed into the void, Olive instinctually reached for her lantern, but touched nothing. Confused, she searched through her backpack, frantically ruffling through the various flaps and pockets. Nothing.

Olive grabbed her head and rubbed her temples, throbbing pain and horrific images floating through her head. Her sight seemed to rapidly deteriorate, she slowly could see less and less of the cavern walls, these sights being replaced with the pure darkness slowly creeping towards her.

"I see you have found me." A deep, echoing voice sounded in her head. It sounded like the ringing of a large church bell right inside her head, causing Olive to fall to the ground, landing on rough, cold stone. When she reopened her eyes, she could not see a thing. She felt around the ground for her tools but found nothing.

"Listen well." The deep voice echoed again, sounding like a shout in one ear, but a whisper in the other. "Listen well." The voice repeated, "I am oblivion. I am nothingness. I am God here."

Olive's breathing quickened as she realized that all she had now was the clothes on her back. She grinded her teeth together as the sharp, throbbing pain now felt like she had cracked open her skull. She clawed at her skin, scratching at her arms until she had broken skin and began to bleed.

She tried to think about her family, but only disgusting and regretful scenes arrived in her mind.

When she glimpsed her husband, her heart dropped, and she felt empty.

When she saw her son, tears dripped down her cheeks.

When she beheld her father once more, she crawled into a ball on the ground and her skin felt like it had frozen.

She ripped up her clothes and pulled at her hair. She tried to scream but no noise escaped her lips.



The deep voice chuckled at her suffering as the throbbing pain only increased and spread across her body. The chuckling turned to delirious fits of laughter which was all that she could now hear.

The pain in her head, in her skin, was unbearable. And now, she could see nothing, smell nothing, and hear nothing barring the incessant laughter of the Abyss itself trapped inside her head. She crawled about the ground, scraping her hands against the rough stone until she felt that she was falling.

She awaited the bottom, but it never came. Instead, she landed on what seemed to be wet grass before she could feel nothing more.

She would awake quite a time later and when she reached out her hand, she felt the rough cloth of a tent. When she opened her eyes, she was surprised by the mere fact that she could see again. She looked thoroughly about the tent, with many questions swarming around in her mind. As she gazed at her arms, she noticed scratch marks and open wounds surrounded by dried blood. She felt strands of hair intertwined with her fingers and felt an ache in her back.

She heard the distant chirping of crickets and the hooting of owls. There were murmurs and whispers, but she could not hear the exact words. There were brief glimpses of moving shadows across her tent before she heard a slight gasp.

She felt something wrap around her, causing her heart to jump a little bit. Then she noticed it. A warm weight on her chest. When she investigated, she found her son hugging her, glad to see her alive she had no doubt, and she smiled.

Ethan Loi is a student, currently going into his Junior year. He is also an amateur writing, artist and what ever else kids are these days... His work has already been published in school magazines. Fantasy has always been a particular passion for him since they were some of the earliest stories he wrote. Ethan has also taken an interest into other mediums of the genre, taking a liking to fantasy stories, video games and role playing games. As a writer, Ethan has done plenty with fantasy, while also going a bit into historical fiction and science fiction.

Bob was a pirate on the seas. He and his crew were sailing to the land of gems.

As they were sailing there was something that caught his eye. He looked and his face went pale. One of his crew noticed this and looked. He screamed "KRAKEN!" The crew went to attention and armed the canons all aimed "HOLD!" Bob yells. "Is hasn't noticed us yet and I want to keep it that way" "but sir-" says one of his crewmen, but he doesn't finish the kraken screams a roar that could make the bravest man wet himself and dove under the waves. No one talked no one breathed, they all knew that if they did it could cause death. Bob Looks over the edge of the ship. He seas it. It's lurching underneath the ship. one of his men do the same. They look over and he looks like he's about to scream. Luckily one of his colleagues covers his mouth, and the only thing that escapes his lips is a soft wimper. The kraken then dives out of view. some of the newer members let out a silent sigh of relief but the more experienced members, like Bob, know it's not over. CRACK the hole ship rises as the kraken bears its massive jaws in the hull of the ship. Then all breaks lose. Some jump over board and when they do several more smaller leviathans eat them up. "OH NO" Bob says "THERE IN A FEEDING FRENZY" the ship gets torn apart leaving only Bob alive.

Hours of drifting on some debris send him to a sand beach "we're am I?" Bob asks but there is no one to respond he gets up, still soaked. He seas a hill and climbs up to get a better view. It's steeper than expected. But he sees a plain valley "welp no one just going to look for me, I better get a move on" he says. He doesn't even take one step before tripping into a deep hole. He hits his head on a rock on the way down.

Bob wakes up in a dark forest. "Ugh, I need to stop falling asleep" bob says. "Ya you do" says a voice behind him. Bob panics and reaches for his revolver but he doesn't have it. He turns to the voice and see's a woman, by the height she seems to be his age roughly, 28, she has shockingly little pigmentation in her skin. Her hair is rough and curly, sorta like a pile of twigs for hair. She has emerald green eyes. Bob finally comes back to reality when she lifts HIS revolver and aims it at him. "Hey, hey, hey! Don't be rash!" Bob yells. He doesn't get a reply, which bothers him, but he also doesn't get shot, so it kinda evens out. "I'm Evelin, and who might you be?" she eventually says. "I'm Bo-" he can't finish she shoots the gun, but not at him. Bob turned around and sees a skeleton covered in blood with smoke coming of of it. Bob screams at the top of his lungs. He had seen some gruesome things being a pirate but nothing compares to THAT. It grows flesh all over its body and falls flat with a bullet hole in its head. Still gasping for air, Bob finally croaks out "what. Was. That" he then feels a kick in the back in the neck 'oh right I'm a hostage' he thinks and turns back to the Evelin. Bob then realized he still needs to

introduce himself "I'm Bob, now, WHAT WAS THAT THING!" he says "that thing" Evelin explains "is a wraithless. Former explorers who drank from the wrong lake. Get up and move your ass, that thing will degenerate soon" Bob is so confused. "Degenerate?" He asks Evelin waits for him to get up before talking "they lose water, when they are 'alive' they are mostly just bones but when they die, they gain all the water a person needs. Unfortunately if you drink the water you become a wraithless." Evelin jabs the gun into his back telling him to go forward. "Ugh ,sandlots." She mumbles under her breath "what" bob says. "You people, those without sand, what's your native tribe?" Bob is still confused "tribe" he asks Evelin starts stepping on his ankles, so he decides to just shut up.

After few minutes Bob sees sunlight. It then occurs to him that he has a hidden knife 'sorry not sorry Evelin' he thinks. Bob ducks and backs up into Evelin. She grunts and drops the gun, Bob then kicks it far away and pulls out his knife he turns around as Evelin grabs him and kicks him in the family jewels. 'Thank god adrenaline' he thinks to himself and tries to stab her but she blocks with her forearm, but he just pulls the knife into the arm and she kicks him in the crotch for a SECOND TIME, this time he feels all the pain he screams in a pitch that you think should come from Evelin and drops the knife as he falls to the ground crying in agony. Evelin steps away and looks very uncomfortable and ashamed. "Why?" Bob barely says. Evelin looks away "um... well...you uh kinda tried to kill me" she looks away from Bob . "You held me at gunpoint " he squeaks. This time Evelin looks angry "says a damn spy!" She tells him. When he wails again she looks embarrassed again. "I. Ain't. No.spie- " this then turns into a screech as the pain from the first kick hits him. He then hears some footsteps "Evelin what's wro-... oh" this new voice sounds much more masculine so he assumes a guy. "Well" Evelin tries to explain "I found a spy" she says awkwardly. "Does he look like he is from the other tribes?" Says this voice of reason. "Don't just shoot people."he finishes "well um about that..." Evelin says "I kinda kicked him in the balls" her sentence is punctuated by bobs screams "twice" she finishes as he wails. The other voice sighs then says " haven't you learned your lesson last time?" Evelin looks angry "fine, you deal with him." Bob hears more footsteps and see a guy who looks like a male version of Evelin "hi I'm max and you are?" The pain subsided enough for him to talk clearly "Bob" max smiles "hi Bob, I'm sorry for my sister's...accident" Bob tries his best to look skeptical "didn't feel like an accident" he says. Max lifts him up and Evelin gathers his weapons.

Bob then realizes that there in a desert the heat hits him as he sees a few houses. Once they get to one of them he gets a welcome blast of cold air and is placed on a cot. The pain feels almost distant now,almost. The two people sit in chairs near him "so, we know you ain't our

enemy so where you from?" Max says. Bob like max. "I was a ships captain we came here looking for the sapphire, but then these creators destroyed my ship and ate my crew. When I cam too I stepped and fell into a hole and woke up here" max nodd clearly paying attention as Evelin scoffs "looks like you fell into a wraithless trap." Evelin retorts. "They make puddles and if you touch em you get warped to the dead forest to be eaten." Bob hates Evelin. "Could I have my stuff back?" Both of the twins replay different answers which you can probably guess. In the end he gets his stuff and he smugly smiles at Evelin. "So, what's the deal with the tribes" max smiles to happily for comfort. Evelin notices this and says "I'll explain" before her brother does anything.

"Once, long ago the four tribes lived in one place, the lake in the center of the continent. The lake was ruled by one king, the king had four children which all wanted the throne. One day the magic that of the lake disappeared. That was the moment the king died. The manic works only if a person can control it. The oldest, his daughter, claimed it was hers because she was the oldest. The second oldest, his son, said he was the most smart and should take charge. The third oldest, his other daughter, claimed she was the strongest and could lead the country to its best possible path. The youngest, his son, the runt. Well, he was the most clever. He suggested that they get there own kingdoms were they go to war. This suggestion is why we are at war until someone wins. This is why we have to fight to go back home. They then chose territory's the oldest daughter claimed the mountains as her territory. The oldest boy took the plains as his territory. The youngest took the rainforest. And the runt took the desert. Were we are now."

Bob just sat there, eyes wide. "Wow" he said. "Yup" the twins said at the same time.

Fenton is 14 years old. He loves making stories. He loves video games and mythology, especially with mythic creator.

## The hat of many voices

The mall busles with people, teenages laughing, shaking their coffee around, children screaming asking to go on shitty mall rides and sad workers working their dead end mall job. I grumble in annoyance by all the loud music and screaming when I finally find the hat store my friend had told me I just *have* to go to. The store is quiet, two people trying on hats and a girl manning the counter and I heave a sigh of relief. As I look around at all the hats though I can't help but think that they are all just so ugly, I knew I should have never listened to Jerry. I look around in hopes of finding at least one hat that would suit me and find no luck.

"Hello sir, need help finding anything?" I hear as the girl from the counter is suddenly beside me.

"Uh yes, you see I need a new hat today for work but nothing seems sleek enough I guess."

"Oh! Is something exciting happening today?" I shake my head.

"Sadly not very exciting, I'm having to fire someone today."

"I see, that is horrible, well I think I have the perfect kind of business hat for you then." She strolls over back to counter and into the back as I follow her. After doing some digging in the dusty containers she presents a clean black cap with a notch at the side that might have once held featers.

"We used to have this up on display," she explains "But after it was bought a week later someone would come returning it. Would you like to try it on?" I take the cap from her hands and put it on my head. It seems to form perfectly around me and looks as sleek and professional a cap can get. It's perfect, except for the fact that maybe it would look nicer if there was a feather in its holder.

"I'll take it. But, if you could provide me with a feather that would be amazing."

"Of course! I'll get you one right now." I go back out front to the counter with the hat in hand and soon so does the girl with a feather. I put the nice looking gray feather in the holder and pay thanking the girl as I leave.

I start walking to my office building with the hat still in hand. I wonder for a long time how Sydnee would like me in it. Sydnee is my co-worker and one of the most beautiful women I have ever set my eyes on, right as I saw her setting up her desk I fell in love. My superiors did not though and found her to be useless for the company. They called her lazy because she never got in paperwork on time and a glutton since she takes more food then she apparently should at complimentary lunch. They simply don't see how those flaws just make her more radiant and human than before.

Thankfully they gave me the option of firing anyone today, they were just strongly hinting toward firing Sydnee and no way was that going to happen. I'm just going to fire the new guy whats his face. He seems alright, quiet, gets his work done but just a nothing compared to my Sydnee.

I stand in front of my office building, the sun casting a glow off its many stories. I stand tall and confident as I fasten on my new hat and take my first step up the sta-

ACK!

A horrible screeching noise sounds in my ears making me cover them and drop to my knees on the floor. The screeching goes on for a bit before it fades out into something else.

"Do you really think this is a good idea?"

I look around me to see if anyone is speaking to me and come up with nothing.

"Like seriously you're going to maybe destroy some guy's life just for a stupid little office crush?" It takes me a while but I suddenly recognize the voice as the girl from the hat store. But where is she? Why is she talking to me? How does she know my crush? And why is just being so good damn rude to me for no reason! I take off my hat in anger and scream,

"Hey, what are you talking about!" Some people give me some weird look as one guy turns to his friend and laughs,

"New York, am I right?" Ignoring that guy I look for the girl and yet still no sign of her, not even a response. Okay, so I guess I am a little bit more nervous to fire someone than I thought, this is my first time doing it after all.

I take a few deep breaths regaining my confidence again as I fasten my cap back on-

"I'm in the hat you dumb dumb." The girl's voice deadpans. And I am shocked again as I let out a little screech.

"What do you mean you're in the hat?" I whisper.

"Well I guess technically I'm in the feather that is on the hat. And I guess technically *I'm* not in the feather, just a copy of my consciousness is." No way that's believable, I'm going crazy. I better start looking at good mental institutions now while I have the chance.

"Now you may start thinking that it's unbelievable but it's true. Do you see that feather there?" My eyes glaze over the street in search of said feather when my eyes land on the basic gray pigeon feather.

"Ask anyone on the street to put it in your hat and then a copy of their consciousness will be in your head too."

"No way that's crazy and I've already look crazy enough from whispering to myself"

"Come on dude just try! Jeez, you're so difficult." I sigh in defeat and decide why the heck not all it will be is just one extra therapy session in the mental institution. I scan the sidewalk as my eyes land on some guy who doesn't really look like he's in a rush. I pick up the feather and walk over to him.

"Hello sir, um, this may sound weird but could you please put this feather in the notch of my hat?"

He gives me a weirded out expression as he asks, "Uh, why?"

"I mean I look pretty silly when I try to put it in myself y'know so it's much easier for someone else to put it in."

"Yeah well you look pretty silly asking a stranger to put a feather in your hat when you can just take it off and put it in yourself." The girl chuckles a bit and I finally snap out and yell,

"Just put it on man!"

"Jesus! Okay fine, just don't yell at me!" He slips the feather into the notch off the hat and pushes through people in an attempt to run. I wait a second waiting for the guy's voice to come through but he says nothing.

"See I am going crazy this hat isn't magi-"

"Hey man don't listen to this crazy chick here go get your girl." I stop. No way, no way, no way this is real! There is actually a guy in my head right now telling me things and a girl too in some weird magic hat!

"Good job, of all the people you could have picked on the street you chose the asshole." Says the girl.

"Hey I'm just saying Rando can get another job, all jobs are temporary. But love is forever man." Throughout all of this I had totally forgotten that I had to fire someone today and now that I know I'm not crazy I'm really starting to like what the new guy has to say. With that in mind I square my shoulders take a deep breath and walk into the building finally with my head held high-

"Wait! You can just fire some poor innocent guy when the girl clearly sucks at her job." I begin to walk up the stairs no longer being able to whisper to them I just shake my head. Sydnee must stay here. For love!

"Let the guy do what he wants, it's his life."

"It's the other guy's life too, imagine how hard he might have worked to get this."

"Come on, it's just an office job, he's not some lawyer at a big firm." I begin to walk up to the new guy's desk paper ready to give and ready to fire away.

"At least it's something more than me. I would kill to be able to work in an office job but I can't because I didn't go to college. This guy could have nothing on the other side and he's trying hard to stay here. Don't take this opportunity away from someone who worked for it instead of someone who doesn't even care." The girl's voice makes me stop for a minute as I stand there mulling over what she just said. After thinking hard I decide to pivot my foot and start walking.

"Hey man what are you doing, for love remember!" I tune both of their voices out now fully set on my goal.

I slam the paper down on Sydnee's desk as she looks up to me.

"He Randy how are-"

"Your fired"

Maybe Jerry does have good taste in hats after all.

End

My name is Reagan Pascoe and I am 15 years old. I am heading into 10th grade. I am a military brat that has lived all over including Hawaii, Germany, Texas and now in Pennsylvania. I have one dog, Ra and one cat, Anubis, whom I love very much.

## Hellbringer

On the turmoil and noise of the sea, wicked pirates were legend to sail. Tyrannus, on his damned ship from hell, was known as far as the deep moist jungles to the great kingdoms across the lands. Only story and speculation provided light on the true nature of the devil and his twisted ship. “Hellbringer”—it was called. Those who saw its mighty masts were only found with a deep wound in their throats and the scorch marks of battle surrounding their corpses. This was, however, only legend to the young sailor, Clarkson. He had fished the seas as his father before him and so forth. The concept of such fantasies were foolish to believe and scoffed at by him.

“Why should such tales be feared? No man or woman has ever had a reliable encounter with the ship or its wayward captain, a complete lack of evidence.” Clarkson remarked one night whilst he repaired a fishing rod. A few faces turned towards him, a subtle change in the air arose. Silence gently hummed and Clarkson waited for a reply, for a defense in the name of Tyrannus. It came in the form of his mother.

“Now, dear, you ‘ought not be saying things like that, you’ll summon the beast here!” She chided. Clarkson felt the itch of an argument, ‘it was feeble minded people like her’, he thought, ‘that caused these lies to fester in people’s lives.’ The look on his father’s disapproving face prevented his rebuttal. He returned to the broken blank in his hands. Though the verbal argument with his mother had ended, the thought rippled in his head. ‘Hellbringer was a story, a tale to keep foolish youngins from venturing too far from the island’, he decided. “I am no such fool”, he concluded to himself as he lay in bed later that evening.

Assigned with the task of catching fish for the next night’s dinner, Clarkson spent the next day on the sea. The small family row boat rocked on the sea, it stunk of rot and threatened to sink at any nearly strong tide. The winds were soft but swift, they brought a sort of sweetness that contrasted the salty air. Despite the situation, Clarkson was happy—he loved the sea and helping his family, no matter if he disagreed with them on their viewpoints. A particularly strong gust of wind reminded Clarkson that his mother warned him of a large storm approaching. The warm summer was dying in the way a large bonfire drags out its snuffing. He sighed, the day hadn’t been bountiful for fishing. He’d only caught just enough to feed his family, there would be nothing left to sell. As the shame of not being able to provide built up, a smudge appeared in the distance, a great black thing. It pulled closer and closer to the island. The setting sun’s last rays of light provided it with just the visuals it needed to reach the island.

It docked itself at the pier where Clarkson had launched his boat, which was now dwarfed in comparison. The ship was just as dark as it had looked from a distance. The figurehead of a naked woman with her arms outstretched in an mesmerizing state of beauty, a pinnacle of temptation. The ship was taller than any home in his small village. Its underbelly was studded with barnacles and sea growth. A great ornate beast, it was. Clarkson quickly realized he could not hear anyone aboard. Surely a vessel of that grandeur and size would have an enormous crew operating it. It would be impossible to pilot that ship by oneself. He rowed his boat to the dock, quickly securing it to a hook on the dock.

At first, he stood a ways back from the ship, still on the dock. He watched the ship intently, trying to detect any sign of a crew or a captain. He saw neither. Oddly enough, what he noticed was that the ship had already been docked, the sails lowered, and a plank lowered—it had invited him in. He saw no crew doing these tasks. Clarkson was reminded that it was incredibly unusual for large vessels like this to actually dock, they usually just anchored a short distance away while smaller ships brought the goods and people ashore. A bizarre thought struck him.

“A magic ship,” he muttered aloud—completely enraptured by the idea, “A magic, self sailing ship!” he extolled. He approached closer. Inscribed on the side that wasn’t visible before he moved was a single word that dampened his excitement. “Hellbringer” was painted in sleek gold lettering. The name rang out in his skull, a gong of a thought. The words he had spoken last night were whispered in the breeze. “I am no such fool” the wind taunted with his own words. Perhaps—perhaps the story had been wrong, the tales had gotten mixed up over the centuries they’d been told. He tried to reason. There was no cause for fear. Once he convinced himself of this, another thought consumed him.

“A self sailing ship must have its own will, meaning it chose to dock itself here, in front of me.” he marveled, quiet at first then louder, “It wants *me* to sail it.”



At this, the sun disappeared under the horizon and Hellbringer heard him. The sails flourished down, the wind began to pick up, and the ties began undoing themselves. Without a glance back, Clarkson rushed aboard the boat. Once actually aboard, everything around him was dwarfed. He saw how pitiful the row boat looked, it was nothing in comparison to the marvel that was now his. For a moment he thought of where he would go, what he would do, then he was reminded of the task he was originally assigned to.

"I'll catch the greatest and largest fish for dinner tonight, Pa will be proud— we'll be rich surely!" He declared triumphantly. A quick survey of the ship and its quarters revealed no crew or captain aboard, confirming his suspicions. He stood at the wheel, with the ship and wind following his command, he set sail. As he traveled, he was impressed by the efficiency of the vessel, he barely needed to utter a command before it obeyed him. His home island faded into the distance as the stars emerged. The spray of the sea brought a cold and bitter wind that reminded him once again of the storm. He paused for a moment, the ship paused with him, and wondered if he should head back home to avoid the storm. 'Surely,' he assured himself 'the ship could withstand the turmoil of a storm' and that was that.

The storm hit, and it hit hard. Sailing was easy, but remaining upright wasn't. The waves should have been rocking the boat to the point of it collapsing in on itself but the vessel remained steady. The rain beat down on Clarkson, soaking him to the bone. The light provided by the stars and moon were totally extinguished, dark clouds stood in their way. He had quickly given up on the thought of fishing in this weather, he just wanted to return home.

He turned the wheel of the ship to face the opposite direction, to double back towards the island. With a sick feeling in his stomach, he realized the ship wasn't cooperating. The masts refused to turn and the wind only pushed him further into the storm, further away from home.

"Damned ship, listen to me now! Turn back this instant!" he bellowed, waving his arms around frantically like somehow the ship might have not noticed his commands. Hellbringer did no such thing. Standing upright without slipping was impossible, the quarter deck was no longer safe. He rushed down the stairs and slipped into the captain's quarters. Panting, with sopping cold clothing, he lit a lantern. At a shady desk in the center back of the room, sat a man who was certainly not present when he checked the ship earlier.

"Who are you?! What is your business aboard my vessel?" Clarkson screeched and drew his pistol which was useless considering its rounds were completely wet. The man, now illuminated by the lantern's light, was not really a man at all. Almost skeleton like, with a face so hollow and dark it could be called truly haunted. A ragged beard with similar clothes to match, this man was an old peasant at most, emphasis on the 'old' part.. He smiled a nearly toothless grin, a sinister glaze upon his eyes. He had something heinous and greedy about the way he looked at Clarkson.

"Hell of a ship, ain't she?" the man spoke as he lit a cigar. His voice was smooth, he'd almost be charming with a voice like that if his appearance wasn't so disgusting. As the match struck and lit, the lamps hanging on the wall of the cabin burst into ignition as well, rendering the lantern in Clarkson's hand useless as its light was outshone. He did not extinguish it. Clarkson only stared, a cold sweat dripping down his back. The pistol trembled in his hands. When Clarkson gave no response the man laughed, a deep hearty thing that shook the very cabin.

"You probably already know who I am." the man continues, kicking up his feet onto the ornate desk, knocking over various navigation tools and scrolls of maps. He looked directly through Clarkson, seeing all of his gruesome insides, fears, and hatreds.

"You're Tyrannus, the pirate, the captain of the Hellbringer." Clarkson managed to declare though he didn't truly believe it himself. The pistol slumped at his side now. The man smiled.

"I see my reputation precedes me. We need no more introduction then for I already know you, Clarkson." Tyrannus stated simply, providing no further explanation. Clarkson doubted he would receive one if he asked. At this point, he knew that his moments were numbered, his time left alive was little. His heartbeat became steadily louder in his ears, his own heart and lungs working overtime as if screaming 'I'm still here! I'm still alive!' in defiance of whatever was about to happen.

"Why don't we streamline this process? I've been waiting for this, waiting to be free." Tyrannus laughed without any humor behind it. Swinging down his feat, he stood from the desk. Approaching Clarkson, seemingly

growing a foot larger with every stride closer. Clarkson tried to flee the cabin, but found that the door to the outside no longer existed. He yelped as he realized that Tyrannus's hot breath was on his face, that he was but inches away.

"You wanted to be captain. You wanted power. You wanted Hellbringer." Tyrannus spoke and any sounds of sea or rain crashing outside was inaudible. Clarkson shrieked and shook his head. Drowning his screams, Tyrannus roared once again.

"You will have what you want and more!" With that, he swung down a mighty rapier into Clarkson's throat, nearly instantly bringing darkness to Clarkson's eyes. He gargled and gasped as blood filled his mouth and air would no longer enter his lungs. Quietly suffocating on the ground, the last thing Clarkson saw true was Tyrannus. From this new angle, he could clearly see a similar, if not the same, laceration on Tyrannus's throat.

When Clarkson awoke, he was different. A subtle burning sensation filled his mind but there was no other pain. He could no longer hear the storm raging outside and he certainly didn't see Tyrannus anywhere. Perhaps it had been a sort of dream, a delusion. Exiting the cabin, he was momentarily blinded by the sun. His vision cleared and he could only see the open ocean. Clarkson navigated to the best of his ability his way back to the island, back home. Hellbringer seemed to once again obey his every command without even having to speak.

He arrived at an island, it was not his own. Cursing, he realized the storm must have blown him off track. 'It was no matter,' he assured himself, he could ask those on the island for guidance and directions. The isle was relatively small, the town was poor, and there weren't many people out. Having no other choice, he docked himself with Hellbringer doing most of the work. The plank to land slid out and Clarkson attempted to cross it. He found, however, that he couldn't exit the ship. His feet wouldn't move according to his command. He was unable to cross the threshold. A curse on him. He understood very fast and paled at the realization. He was no longer Clarkson, he was the feared ghost captain of the Hellbringer. He was forever cursed to pilot the mighty vessel until he could trick another who was just as foolish as himself into his role. But could he pass on this curse? It would mean that he was a coward, a true coward. He wouldn't pass on the curse, he would not be Tyrannus, he wouldn't be a mindless victim of the curse.

"I am no such fool." he repeated, knowing the words would reverberate throughout the rest of his life.

### **About the Author:**

Maya Pryszlak is fifteen years old and attends Plymouth Whitemarsh highschool as a rising sophomore. If she's not drawing while listening to music then she's playing Dungeons and Dragons with her friends. She has a passion for reading and writing which was sparked by authors like James Patterson and Chuck Wendig.

## To Light a Fire

By Charlie Stein

Lushin stared at the bleak sky, filled with mournful clouds that began to cry. The rain fell hard as he sheltered in his small little indent in the mountain.

"Why do you insist on training on the mountain?" A soothing voice asked from beside him.

"To call forth the flames," the words sounded like a question coming from Lushin's mouth. "But why are you on the mountain today, Mel?" Lushin glanced at the cloaked woman to see her pulling out a piece of flint from her pocket and gently placing it next to her. Mel sat in her usual silence as Lushin gathered some old lumber he had brought up here the other day. Striking the rock against his sword, Lushin tried to ignite the fire. Barely even getting sparks, he sat down after a minute of failure and stared at the unlit wood. Mel stared at him in response, preparing herself for what was coming.

"How do I do this again?" Lushin asked Mel, as she turned her gaze back to the sky.

"Why don't you ask Stochis?" Mel replied softly, eyes fixated on a small pocket of light.

Lushin stared at her in confusion, listening to the heavy pattering of the rain, "He's gone, and you know that. Don't mock the dead," Lushin retorted, "Why would you say something like that?" The words held sadness in them, as he had already exhausted his anger.

"You have so many questions, and he often has answers." Mel explained, thinking that it was in vain, but knowing she must.

Lushin, frustrated, stared at the sky with her, looking at the clouds spilling their tears as he began to do the same. Lushin let out a horrible sob, "He's gone now. He always had the answers, I already knew that. So now what am I to do with questions that don't have answers?"

"You can get to the answers," Mel assured, voice almost a whisper, nearly getting lost in the rain. She pulled her cloak in tight and rubbed her hands together as Lushin looked back at the fire.

"But he's-" Lushin began but stopped at a sudden movement from Mel who raised her hand and pointed at him. Lushin looked down at his hands, cut and bruised from training. His eyes filled once more with tears and his vision went blurry.

Lushin felt a small flint rock being gingerly placed in his hand as Mel wiped the tears from his face, "Try again. Just once more." *Please. Please try again*, she hoped, holding out Lushin's sword for him to take.

Lushin, Stochis's pupil, picked up his sword, stood up and gripped the flint. Mel stood and held out her open palm as she nodded. Stochis's pupil looked at her hand.

"Are you sure you need that?" Mel asked, poking at something, or rather, preparing the fire. "Remember, there is always another way. Sometimes, the impossible is possible." Stochis's pupil looked at her, eyes dry. He looked down at the sword in his hand as he placed the flint in hers. Lifting the sword, he gazed into his reflection in the clean sword.

Mel began to lay kindling, "Remember the feeling. How did it feel last time? What were you thinking? Did you want to protect something, or destroy something? You have done it once before, Just once may not seem like much, but you *know* it is enough."

Stochis's disciple took over, "There is so much that I don't know." Lushin took a deep breath and lifted his sword out in front of him, concentrating on the blade, and the weight of it in his hands. The first time had been a complete fluke that he was unable to repeat. Why did the answers evade him so? Why did the world give him the mightiest flame only to have it burn out so quickly? The sky, completely covered in clouds, rumbled and shook the world with the force of the gods.

"What will you do if you can't find answers?" Mel asked, her voice rising, adding one last piece of kindling.

Stochis's pupil smiled and twisted it into a smirk, contorting the bashful Lushin's sly smile into the mighty Stochis's arrogant smirk. "There is always another way." He began, "if I can't find answers . . . Then I'll make them!" Lushin roared.

Sparks flew onto the kindling.

***"Flames, to me!"***

The words he had failed to call so many times before felt perfect in his mouth. Fire roared from Lushin, completely enveloping the sound of rain and thunder. Mel stepped back as she broke out in sweat. The light danced all around the cave and bled

out into the darkened sky. The sword was quickly cloaked in flames. Lushin looked down at his arms, his veins pulsing, glowing a hot fiery orange.

Mel gazed at him in amazement, a grin emerging on her all too often stoic face. The veins all over Lushin's body glowed bright. She knew his latent power was supposed to be strong, Stochis decided to teach him personally after all, and he never does that. She couldn't believe it; she knew he was strong . . . but this? The flames bellowed and roared like the flames of a dragon. This . . . this was raw untamed power, she couldn't help but stare in awe. *How can a newly awakened be this strong?* She wondered as the flames grew brighter still. She instinctively took another step back. In that moment she knew: *He can do it. He can take that demon down. I honestly didn't even know if I thought he could-*, she cut her mind off, killing the thought.

"Can you move at all?" Mel asked, verbalizing the question they were both thinking. Lushin, gripped his sword even tighter, just barely braving the weight of his own power.

Tugging on his muscles and mustering up the last of his remaining strength, he pushed himself to step forward. All the power coursing through his body made it heavy. This incantation drew every ounce of power he had to the surface, and he could feel the excess power flowing through his veins. He slid his right foot forward and slashed the sword towards the wall as a whirlwind of fire arced off the sword and hit the wall, scorching the cave wall with the intensity of Lushin's power. Quickly he called his flames back in and staggered to the ground.

Mel quickly rushed over to him, crouched, grabbed his shoulders, looked him in the eye and beamed.

Lushin glanced at the logs he had placed earlier, "I forgot to light the fire," he chuckled lightly, a big smile on his face.

Mel smiled, gave a soft laugh, and pulled him into a hug

Charlie Stein is a rising junior at Conestoga High School. He has a passion for all things fantasy, science fiction and fun. He enjoys Dungeons and Dragons, reading and video games in his free time. Lasty, he has a passing and undying love for creative writing.

## **A Dance of Silence**

**The moon was bright,**

**A meadow glowed,**

**Vibrant flowers moving with the wind;**

**Ethereal, Golden, Mystical.**

**Skeletons danced**

**No music was playing**

**As the skeletons**

**Swayed,**

**Twirled,**

**Jumping to music no one heard.**

**Flowers had replaced what had once held eyes,**

**Garlands draped through ribs,**

**Swaying with the wind and bones,**

**Joining in the silent dance;**

### **Free**

Axe Thellis is a freshman in high school. He enjoys reading realistic fiction and fantasy books. Axe has been writing poetry for a long time and has only recently started to write short stories. He hopes to write a novel at some point in the future.

Years ago, during the beginning of humanity the great sage of sixth paths named Lord Rhyku had descended upon this planet after defeating his brother kaguya and sealing him away to the moon. Kayuga, like his brother Ryku, was a greedy arrogant sage who let the power of the sixth paths get to his head and ended up being sealed for eternity in the moon. The title of the Six paths was not an ordinary name given to one. For someone to be named the sage of six paths means they have been chosen by the universal gods to protect their solar system and their beloved planet earth. When Ryku landed upon earth he decided to create such a human race in which his six paths' powers were split upon clans and bloodlines of these humans. The first two humans to be made with six path abilities and not normal human abilities was Rhyku's two sons Ashura and Asuma. Lord Rhyku made a plan that he would give both his sons special six path abilities and see how they will spread them across humanity and if they will abuse their power. Since both of his sons were gifted with six path abilities, they were born leaders and had made their own clans following the religion of the Otsuki clan. Normal humans believed they were gods and looked up to them with great honor and respect. Rhykus first son Asuma was given the six-path ability of manipulation and universal control with his eyes. You see Asuma possessed an eye ability called the Sharingan which allowed one to manipulate another while also making their users very deadly and silent killers. This eye was capable of God-like abilities but also came with the price of sacrifice. Asuma would sacrifice more abilities he would unlock within

his eyes like the Amaterasu which is the ability to create a non extinguishing hellfire which comes from one of the six path gods of fire. Asuma could also unlock the ultimate genjutsu eye the Rinnegan which would give him the ability to teleport and control spacial time while summoning the god of thunder's guardian the almighty Susanoo. Ashura Ryu's second son was gifted the power of God like wisdom and leadership while having the ability to control and absorb the natural power around and convert it into a sage mode which he could use to control all kinds of elements. Ashura wasn't gifted with the eyes of Asuma but he had the great power of a six paths god and could have nearly unlimited energy to use. In short terms both were gifted half and half of their fathers six path abilities.

As both got older Rhyku noticed what kind of character his two sons were starting to develop. Asuma had an incredibly competitive spirit but also began to steer into the dark side and began to become evil and aggressive with his own people. He would mindlessly kill his people just for talking back to him and soon became a tyrant when he ascended his throne of king. Ashura on the other hand was a noble, humble, inspiring leader. He led his people well and all his clan members were very happy with what he did with his leadership. Years go by and Asuma began to get jealous of his older brother as he sees everyone following his leadership and treating him like a king, he watches his clan beginning to steer into his little brother's clan and



decides he will back stab his brother by attempting to invade his clan. When he presents this to his military and they refuse and go against him. Asuma loses it and begins to violently kill and torture his people. With such great fear engraved in Asuma's clan his clan calls for help from Asuras clan. When Asura arrives to talk with his brother his brother madly began destruction and attempts to kill him. Lord Ryku now notices this as a god and realizes that Asuma is beginning to remind him of kaguya. Scared Rhyuki begins to wonder if Kayuga is used his visual prowess to reincarnate himself as Asuma.

A great war had begun which would affect humankind and create history. There was no longer equality left, everyone was fighting for their own purpose. No more clans align everyone was just trying to survive and figure out who is the hero who will restore balance. Asuma and Ashura break-out in a huge death battle which caused a 6 year long storm of back-to-back fighting and eventually Asuma had been defeated. Asuma watched as both him and his brother dead on the ground. He watches everyone walk over his dead body and save Ashura. This broke Asuma's heart not even a single person looked back at him once. Asuma eventually was left dead on the floor and awoke in a cage with black flames surrounding him. Asuma figured that he is now in the afterlife and is facing punishment, but he was wrong. Asuma sees a figure roll out of the flame and face him. This figure looked like his father Asuma thought. The

figure presented himself as Kayuga and brainwashed Asuma's mind into vengeance. He told Asuma they were alike with visual prowess and asked Asuma if he made a deal with him, he would receive all the power in the world to kill his brother and destroy his father's creation with the price of Asuma's death after one day. Asuma arrogantly answered yes without knowing Kayuga was planning to use his dead body as a vessel to come back alive and Asuma would face a very painful death.

After the great battle with his brother Ashura had severe damage to his body and was under a coma. While in coma Ashura thought he was dead and was in a box of light where he saw all the universal gods and his father. They had told Ashura his brother was on the way to fight again but this time with the evil spirit of Kayuga planning to use his body to come back to life. The universal gods each granted a bit of their powers to Ashura which turned Ashura into a six paths sage like his father temporarily. The gods told Ashura to make sure Asuma does not die or do damage to himself and instead Ashura should use a sacred spell on him so the gods can talk to him and end Kayuga. Ashura detrimentally agrees and begins his healing process and battle with his brother once again. After a great battle almost the whole earth is damaged and Asuma is reaching his death and weakness. Weak ashura attacks and casts the spell on Asuma breaking kayuga away and getting sent to a prowess with him. Asuma and Ashura talk things out with the

gods and Asuma truly changes and understands what he has done wrong. Asuma asks forgiveness from the gods and receives another chance to live. Asuma and Ashura both become six path sages and create the next generation of humankind.

Arnav Tyagi is a 15 year old freshman who attends Downingtown East High School. He is in the class of 2027 and has exceptional hobbies like playing basketball and listening to music while also walking or just cruising around. He has one sibling and has played multiple school sports and basketball clubs.

