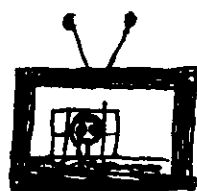
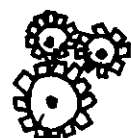
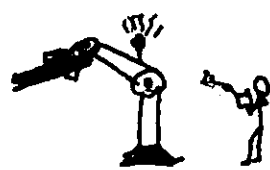
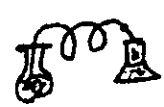
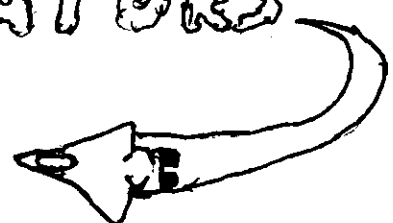


Fourth Grade and Fifth Grade



CREATORS



Tyler

CREATIVE WRITING FROM THE FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADE CREATORS

Prose

Across the Coast and to the Islands

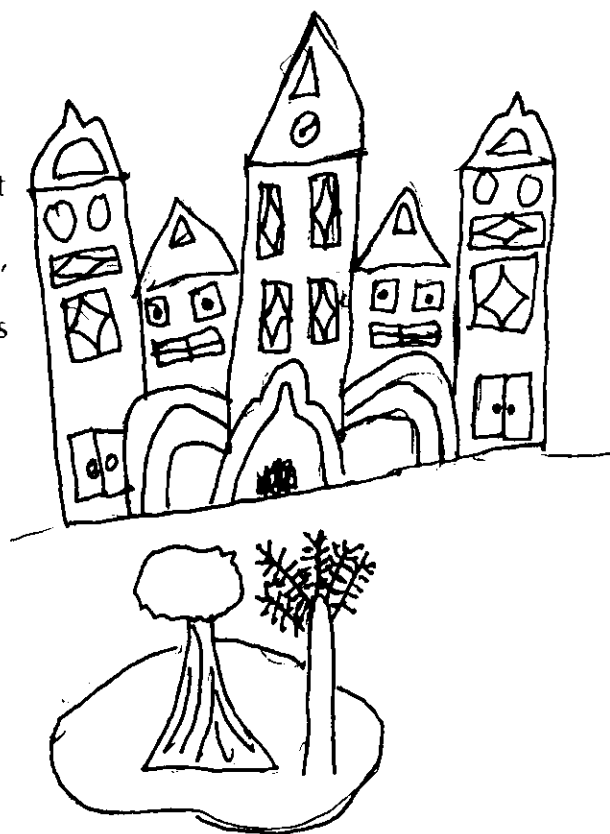
By Jason Fu, age 9

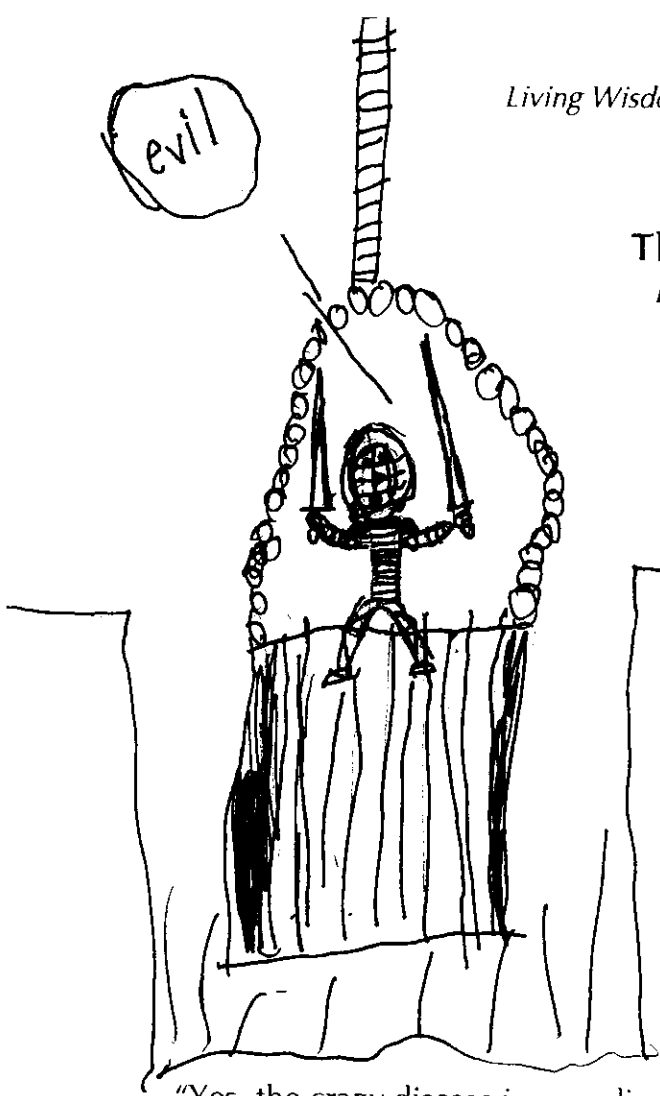
The coast of Tanata was very interesting. It was interesting because nobody had ever figured out how to get from the coast of Tanata to the Tanata islands. Well, people have tried but always died for different reasons. You would not want to live on the coast of Tanata because you would probably die.

Only one family dared to live on the coast of Tanata. Their dream was to prove to the world that they could explore the Tanata islands. They were a family of five. The father was brave and acrobatic; the mother was intelligent and fast; the oldest, Ben, was brave, small, quick, and intelligent; the middle one, Mellissa, was a bright and acrobatic ten year old; the youngest, Austin, was a big, strong, and curious eight year old.

One day, while the family was watching American Idol and thinking of when they would explore the Tanata islands, their house jiggled. The family was so mesmerized in their thoughts that they didn't notice their house was cloned. One was floating towards the Tanata islands and one was standing on the coast of Tanata, just like normal. As we know no ship has survived going to the Tanata islands, but this case was different. This time it was a house and it was unintentional. Therefore, they had a chance.

Austin happened to peek out the window and saw that their house was drifting towards the Tanata islands. He alerted his mom. She knew just what to do. At first, she was worried that a catastrophe could happen at any moment. Then she thought, "What would be enough evidence to prove that we sailed across to the Tanata islands?" Then, like a light bulb, an idea appeared in her mind. Her light bulb glowed brightly, which meant a BRILLIANT idea. She got her computer, turned on her Skype camera, and pointed it at the ground. After that, she filmed what the world already knew of the Tanata coast (which was the front) then she trailed the camera down the ocean, to the Tanata islands, which they were drifting around, and saved the film. After showing the film of their journey to the world, the family became famous, and finally their wish came true.





The Crazy Disease

By Caleb Flores, age 9

One day Locks was taking his morning jog. He saw a crazy man trying to rob a bank. Locks cried, "Stop!" but the man pushed Locks out of the way. Just as the crazy man pushed him, Locks noticed he had spinning eyes. Locks yelled, "What is wrong with this man?"

He wanted to know what was wrong with the man. Locks chased the man and tried to tackle him. He failed, but there was nowhere the man could go. It was a dead end. Locks knew the man couldn't go anywhere so he went home.

The next day Locks went on his morning jog. Everybody was robbing each other and had spinning eyes. He saw people stealing, breaking stuff, and setting things on fire. It was madness. He wanted to investigate again. Before he could begin, people started chasing him. He ran around the corner and lost them. Locks leaned on a wall. He fell into something. The president was in the place that he fell into.

"Yes, the crazy disease is spreading," the president said.

"You did it! You made everyone crazy," Locks yelled.

"Yes, I did it, I spread the crazy disease because I am actually evil and you can't stop me," responded the president. "I will never give you the antidote, never!"

The president had his bodyguards chase Locks. He ran out of the president's lair before the president's bodyguards could get him. He went back to his base to get weaponry and armor. He needed to arm himself against the president's twenty-seven bodyguards. Locks was thankful his crazy uncle had given him his weaponry and armor. He went to the basement in his base to get weaponry and armor. Then, he went to get the antidote for the crazy disease from the president. When he went back outside, the crazy people captured him. Locks was knocked unconscious.

When Locks woke up, he was hanging over a pit of lava. Locks saw the president. "Goodbye kid," said the president. Locks took two swords out of the secret pockets of his pants. He sliced open the sides of the cage he was in. He jumped to the floor where the president was standing. The president's bodyguards jumped in front of Locks. Then, they all hit him. They didn't realize he had armor on. They hurt their fists. Locks pushed them out of the way. He ran after the president. The president ran. Locks caught up to him, grabbed him, and told the president, "Hand over the antidote!" The president threw smoke bombs. Locks couldn't see anything. The president kicked Locks to the ground. Locks grabbed his leg and threw him into a wall. While the president was lying on the floor, Locks searched the president's pockets. Locks found the antidote and took it from the president.

Locks ran to the top of the building. He was about to throw the antidote into the wind to heal everyone. Suddenly, the president appeared at the top of the building and threw Locks off. Locks was falling to the ground. He found a button on his suit that activated a jetpack. Locks switched on the button. He flew back to the top of the building. He hit the president on the back of his head and knocked him out. Then, he threw the antidote in the air.

After some time, everything went back to normal. The people were free of the Crazy Disease. The president was arrested. Locks got a medal of honor for defeating the president. It was very brave of Locks to defeat the president.

The Little Princess

By Chloe Christiansen, age 11

If you look at the trees, they seem so magical and mysterious. But really, they're just like us. We may also seem magical and mysterious, but really we're just big machines – full of cells and atoms working together to keep us alive. It's likely that trees can think and feel just like us. But it's hard for us to tell, since the trees cannot speak.

This is a story about a girl who could speak to trees. The girl was a princess, but not a happy princess like in most fairytales. By the way, this is a fairytale because it will include a princess and even a few faeries, but more about that later.

This princess was no ordinary princess. She had practiced her fighting skills since she could walk, and she was amazing at writing poetry. She had long, silky black curls, olive skin, and bright green eyes. She was very small. She could sneak away or hide so quietly that no one ever knew she had left.

Every night she climbed out of a huge window that overlooked a deep forest beneath the castle. She would sneak through the deep grass surrounding her home, tiptoe across the little footbridge over the little stream that wove through the town, and emerge into the dark, beautiful, mysterious trees. She would leap across the leaves and branches scattered across the forest floor. She would keep running until she reached the heart of the forest.

That was where her favorite tree was, a huge oak whose branches seemed to stretch across the universe. The tiny princess would walk up to its massive trunk and press her ear against it. She could hear water being pulled up from the ground, and it would soothe her. Sometimes, she stayed there for hours. The water rushing through the tree, and the voices of the trees singing to her, would lull her to sleep.

One day, she was making her way out of her window, when her mother walked into the room. She wanted to ask the princess about her garment choices for a dance that was coming up. When she saw her daughter climbing out of the window, she was furious. She ordered the royal guards to stand beside her bed at all times.

The princess was devastated. Listening to the trees was her escape from her life. It wasn't that she didn't like living in the castle, but sometimes all the attention and pressure of being a princess was just too much to handle. Her mother was always bothering her about what she looked like and whom she talked to. Everything she did was always under scrutiny. When she was with the trees she could just be herself.

She couldn't stand just staying in her room. So, one night she quietly chanted an ancient verse that a wise woman had once told her: "Abba mit ku, alum mot cor." Suddenly, the two men standing silently by her bed shed their armor. They became two beautiful young faeries. One had silky black hair that hung beneath her waist and deep violet eyes, and the other had soft white hair and piercing, warm blue eyes.

This was not what the little princess had expected. She was so surprised that she jumped back in fright. She hit her head on the windowsill and knocked off her precious crown made of gold inlaid with bright, clear emeralds.

"Don't worry, dear. We are not here to hurt you, but only to help you," said the white haired fairy, in a voice much older and wiser than fit her appearance.

"I don't understand!" said the poor frightened princess. She looked back and forth between the two faeries with her mouth hanging open.

"We are only here because of you. You called us here with your special words. What is it that you want?" asked the white haired fairy.

"Well, my mother, the queen, discovered that I had been sneaking away at night to be with the trees. Since then, she has confined me to my room. I loved visiting the trees. I could hear them talking to me. It always made me feel better. Can you help me go back to the trees? I could spend the rest of my life there."

"Of course we can help," said the silky black haired fairy. "Now I want you to listen very closely." The princess nodded her head vigorously. "I will give you my cloak of invisibility. You must put it on, and not take it off no matter what happens to you. For if you do take it off, you will find yourself right back in this room. And you will never be able to go back to the trees." The princess nodded.

The fairy continued, "You must go to the center of the forest, where the largest tree is. A freshly killed deer will be there with an arrow through its neck. Take out the arrow, and wipe the deer's blood on the edge of my cloak. A door will appear in the tree. Go through the door and you will meet our sister. You can tell her what you wish for. She will grant it instantly. Good luck."

With that said, the two faeries disappeared as fast as they had come, leaving only a faint scent of flowers and a sparkling, translucent piece of fabric on the princess's bed. The princess, now filled with anxiety, walked over to the bed and picked up the small piece of fabric. It unfolded into a billowing cloak that she wrapped around herself. She looked into her huge oval mirror. She was amazed to find that she was completely invisible.



She then climbed out of her window and ran the way she had so many times before. The only sign that she had ever been in the castle was the window that she had left open when she climbed out. She reached the huge tree in the center of the forest. She was so glad to see it that she forgot all about what she was supposed to do and ran to give it a big hug. Luckily, her cloak stayed tight round her and soon she remembered what the faeries had told her.

She saw the deer. She knelt, removed the arrow from the animal's neck, and wiped the blood on the edge of her cloak. Suddenly a sparkling golden door formed in her favorite tree. The trees whispered to her louder than ever, telling her to go in.

She walked up to the door and gently pushed it open. A fairy twice as beautiful as her sisters combined, with flowing caramel-colored hair, and deep golden eyes stood behind the door, waiting for the princess.

"Hello, little princess," she said in a voice as soothing as honey. "What is it that you wish for?"

The little princess paused, thinking of all the things she could wish for, but nothing came close to what she had wanted for so long.

"I want to live here, in the forest with you."

And to this day, the little princess lives happily with her trees, eating nuts and berries, knowing that finally she has a place to call home.



GONE

The Land of Lost Files

"Inspired by the lost files of Charlotte's computer"

By Elizabeth Peters, age 11

Prologue



So, Bob is a semi-crazy guy who 'thinks' his life is "amazingly exciting." It's not really that exciting. However, Bob types up his entire life everyday. Only Brittney, his pink haired girly, nerd daughter knows these awful secrets.

"Dad! Stop typing that dumb document! I need the computer for my science report," demanded Brittney.

"No, Brittney! I need it for my life memo. If you make anything I won't have enough room for my documents. Now get me a stick from the neighbor's yard to chew," said Bob.

"No. Just buy another Computer!" yelled Brittney.

"No, I'm too busy. I have to type up my life story," said Bob.

"I'm going to quickly dye my hair before school. Bye," said Brittney.

Britney ran upstairs and quickly spray-dyed her hair, grabbed her backpack, and left for school. About five hours later, during fifth period, she was still thinking about her fight with her dad.

"Get out a computer to type up your fifteen page report on the History of America. It will count for 50% of your grade," said her social studies teacher, Mr. Harrisburg. "I will

be right back. I left my glasses in the teachers' lounge." He left the room. "Ring! Ring!" Brittney's phone was ringing. She answered it. It was her dad.

"What, Dad?" Brittney asked.

"My files, my documents. GONE!" said Bob sadly.

"You probably didn't save them," Brittney told her dad.

"No. I triple saved them. They're GONE," Bob said.

After Bob finished his sentence, screaming erupted in the room. Everyone was screaming, "My files, my documents are GONE." And at that inconvenient moment, Mr. Harrisburg walked in. "What is all this screaming about?!" he yelled at the class. Luckily for the children the bell rang, "Ring!!!" The class hurried out the door before Mr. Harrisburg could give them all detentions. As Brittney walked out she stopped by her locker to put away some books. Then she heard some students talking about what had happened in fifth period.

"What ya guys talking about?" Brittney asked.

"The lost files. They just disappeared. No one knows what happened," one of the group members said.

"Well, bye." Brittney said. She began to walk home from school. As she walked she thought, "What if I found the files? No way. I am a nerd, but that is an advanced computer problem. You would need an expert to fix that."

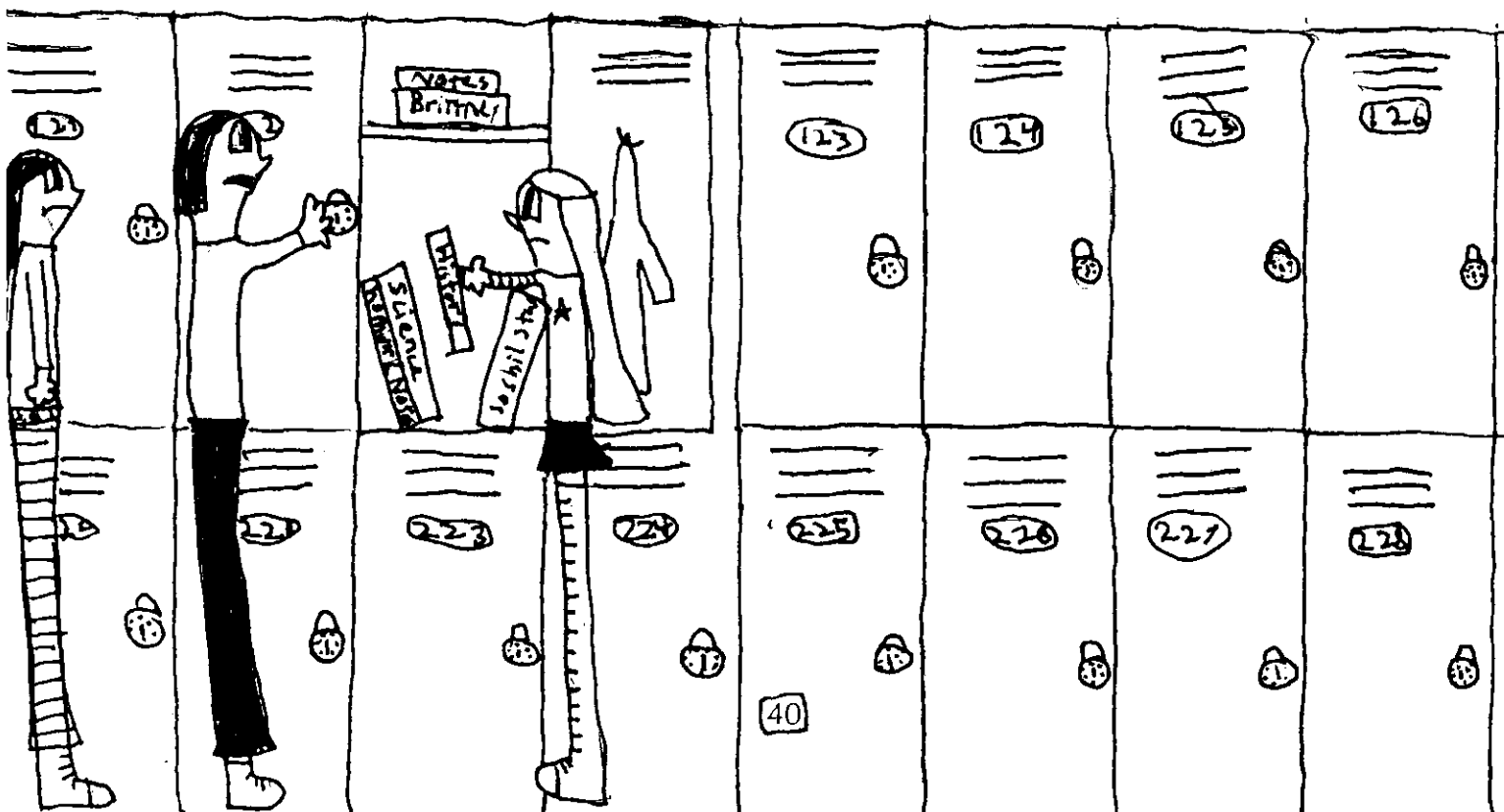
When she got home, her Dad was throwing a fit on the couch.

"Dad, seriously," said Brittney.

"I wish I had my files," her Dad wailed. "I wish you could fix it!"

'Pouf!' Suddenly, Brittney was in the computer!

"How ironic," Brittney thought.



She saw a road sign. It said, "Welcome to the Second Dimension"

"So, THAT is where I am," she thought. "Well, if I'm here might as well look for those lost files."

First I need to get into the Internet. A swirling portal opened up. She jumped through. That was easy she thought. Brittney was in a swirling tunnel with portals opening and closing every which way. She continued soaring through the Internet tunnel thinking about what to do when she noticed something very strange. Documents and files were flying out of the portholes and zooming down the tunnel. Then, she noticed something very, very bad. A huge, black portal loomed up. It was the end of the tunnel. She, along with files and documents were sucked in, "Whoosh!"

When she was inside. It looked like the lobby of an office building- except in the middle of the room sat a huge monster. It kind of looked like a huge bloated sack, with tiny lizard legs, and a squashed-up dragon face. It was eating all the files and documents! He spied Brittney. He galumphed over toward her with his mouth open. There was a scream and Brittney was eaten. A minute later he barfed Brittney and all the lost files and documents!

Turns out, he was poisoned by her hair dye. The portal opened and everything was returned to their computers. Now all Brittney needed to do was get out of the computer. Suddenly, she was jerked into one of the portholes onto a computer screen. Someone was emptying the trash! Screaming, Brittney was sucked in. Then, she was catapulted out of her roof top satellite dish into her back yard where her dad caught her.

"I'm sorry I was so into my documents. You are more important than that," her dad said.

"I love you Dad," said Brittney.

"I love you too," her dad said.

In the end, Bob became sane, and they lived a happy life together.

Bob the Pig and the Land of Puxxlepus

By Freya Edholm, age 11

Once upon a time, there was a pig called Bob. Bob was a special type of pig made out of a math worksheet, and decorated with Pentominoes. He absolutely loved math, puzzles, adventure, and his family. Therefore, he thought exploring the land of Puxxlepus would be perfect for him.

On his 20th birthday, he told his family that they were leaving for Puxxlepus that day. His children, Blues and Katy, were shocked.

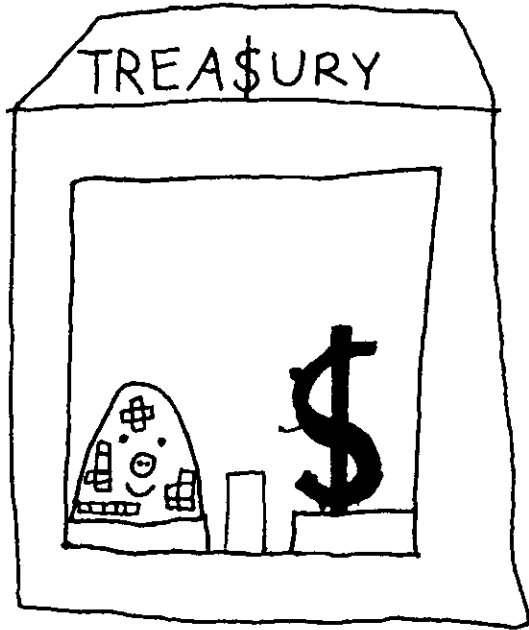
"Daddy, what are you thinking? Aren't those Puxxles demons?" asked Blues.

"Yeah, Dad, those Puxxles are demons," said Katy.

"Look, Mom said so. So why aren't you listening to her?" echoed Katy. Bob assured Blues and Katy that their mother, Ann, gave them permission to go and would protect them. Fortunately, Blues and Katy agreed to go.

The next day, Bob, Ann, Blues, and Katy got into their van for pigs. Bob drove them to Puxxlepus. Ann took Blues, Katy, and the other piglets to an Ice Cream Parlor, while Bob went to the Council.

At the Council, Bob met the treasurer, \$harpline, who taught Bob all about money. Since Bob loved math, \$harpline let Bob do some of his money problems. Bob did so well that he was appointed Assistant Treasurer of Puxxlepus.



Bob also met the Principal of the Puxxlepus Public School, the President, and the Vice-President of Puxxlepus. They all saw that Bob had very creative thinking, could solve any brainteaser, and was a great mathematician. They decided that not only would he be Assistant Treasurer, he would also be the Boss of Math at the Puxxlepus Public School. Bob was exhilarated, for he loved the land of Puxxlepus.

That evening, Bob announced to his family about his new jobs, which meant that he would have to move to Puxxlepus. Fortunately, Ann, Blues, and Katy loved Puxxlepus. They had changed their minds about the Puxxles being demons. Bob and his family decided to move to Puxxlepus. They all lived happily ever after in Puxxlepus.

The Five Cats – White Kitty and the Drink of Doom

By Rishi Deshmukh, age 11

One day the five cats, White Kitty, Blackee, Friday, Autumn, and Woodruff were playing. White Kitty found a glass full of something red on the ground. On the side of the glass, it read: "WARNING: if you drink this you will morph in to a hamburger!" The other cats got hungry from playing so much. They went inside to eat, but White Kitty stayed outside. "It's just a dumb old label," said White Kitty to himself, while drinking the liquid, and morphing into a hamburger.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" he screamed. "I'M A HAMBURGER! Ooh, I taste good!" he said, biting himself. Before he could take another bite out of himself, Autumn came back out and ate him! White kitty had fun sliding down Autumn's esophagus and falling into her stomach.

While Autumn was outside she found a bottle on the ground with green liquid inside. "Mmm... I am parched. I need something to drink." So she swallowed the green liquid. It was the antidote for the red liquid. The antidote absorbed into White Kitty in Autumn's stomach. He turned back into a cat, but he noticed he was as tiny as a treefrog. "Oh no!" teeny weeny White Kitty screamed, "Oh, how small I am." Autumn burped and White Kitty flew out of her.



White Kitty ran and ran through the gigantic stalks of grass looking for the antidote's antidote, but found a carnivorous praying mantis instead! The praying mantis lifted him up in its claws. But just as White Kitty was about to be devoured, he found the antidote's antidote! He drank it, and grew bigger than Godzilla! He walked step-by-step, country-by-country, searching for the antidote to this giant making formula.

Finally, on the other side of the world he found the antidote. He drank it and shrunk back to his normal size. Then, he realized he wasn't big enough to walk across the world anymore! He looked around for a way to get home, but couldn't find one. What luck! He noticed he was in an airport! So, when no one was looking, he climbed into somebody's suitcase. The suitcase was carried on to a plane. During the flight White Kitty parachuted down to his house.

"Yay, I'm back in time for lunch!" The five cats ate and played.

Lick Smiles Chases After Gangster Wu

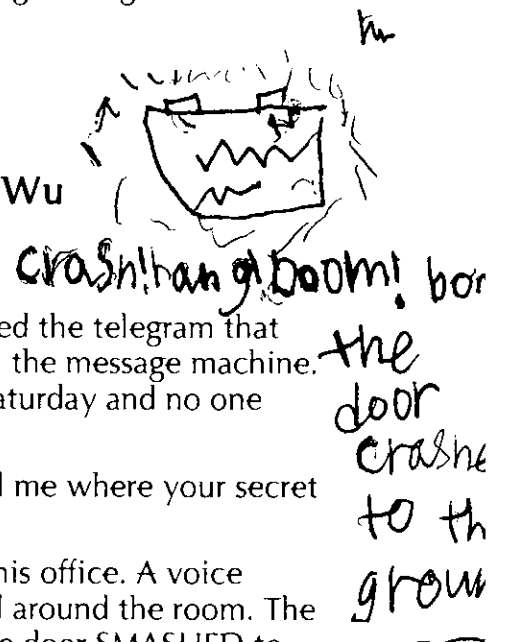
The Secret Stash

By Quincy Linder, age 10

Lick Smiles was in his office filling out paperwork when he received the telegram that would change his life. He tore the piece of paper off the role from the message machine. The sound echoed eerily around the room. It was midnight on a Saturday and no one was in his section of the building. The note read:

To Lick Smiles, from Wu. We have kidnapped all of your men. Tell me where your secret treasure is or I will be forced to kill your men and you.

Lick heard a bang. A bullet whistled through the wooden door of his office. A voice outside said, "Just wood, no problem." Several more bangs echoed around the room. The door drooped on its hinges. Then, "Crash! Boom! Bang! Bong!" The door SMASHED to the ground. Seven men ran into the room, "Put your hands up Lick," one shouted. But Lick had already gone.



Lick was not at all pleased. If this Wu person was gutsy enough to kidnap his men, then Lick could be sure that something bad was going on outside his building. He tried to think of strategies that he could use against this Wu person. But it is quite hard to think while you are sliding down an especially modified escape chute. So, he waited until the chute took him underground. Then, he pressed a button. The chute forked and dropped him off in the middle of a narrow passageway.

Lick walked to the end of the passage and took a key from his belt. He slid the key into the lock and opened the ultra reinforced steel door. He walked inside. Before him were thousands of jewels – diamonds, pearls, and dollar bills. It was the secret stash that he found when on another occasion he had defeated the “Evil Force” and saved an island. Lots of the fortune was still left.

“It’s about time I got a refill,” Lick muttered to himself, as he stuffed five thousand dollars into a secret pocket in his shirt. Then he went out of the room and closed the door behind him.

“Now to get some assistance,” he said. He went to the opposite side of the passage where an elevator waited for him. He went two floors up and entered a room.

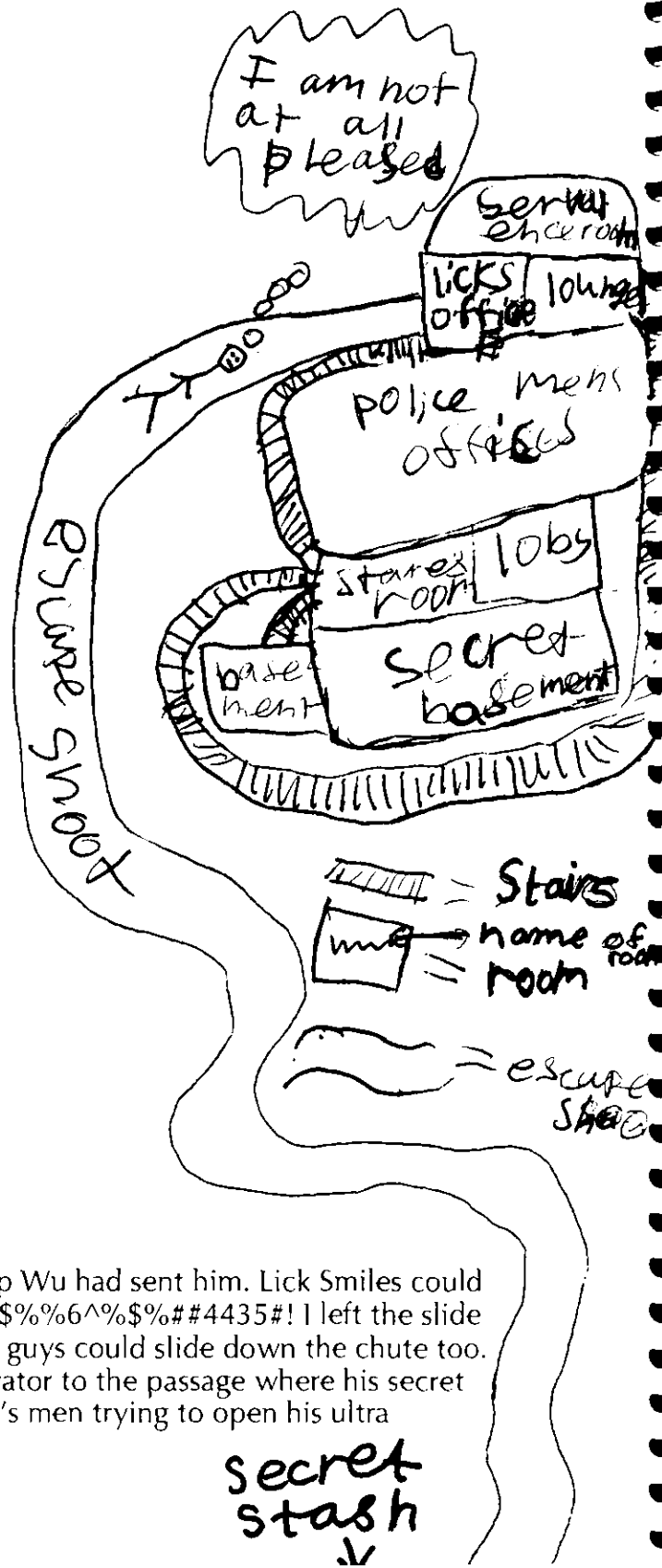
In the room there was a telephone and a computer. He brought up the monitors that showed him what was going on in the city. Everything was quiet except for a couple of cars. Apparently, nothing was wrong outside. But it didn’t make sense. Lick studied the screen closely for a minute or so then shouted, “I’ve got it! Somehow Wu is feeding me a loop on the video.”

Lick Smiles telephoned the army general. He asked, “Can I lead an operation?” The general said, “I can spare twelve soldiers. I will send a chopper to you but the rest of the soldiers are having medical checkups.”

“That’s not enough,” Lick said. “This guy has hundreds of men.”

“I’m signing out. You get what you get,” the general exclaimed.

Lick rebooted his computer and got rid of the loop Wu had sent him. Lick Smiles could see the army chopper in the distance. “OH @#\$%\$%^ᅓ#! I left the slide shoot open,” Lick exclaimed. He realized the bad guys could slide down the chute too. He ran to the elevator. He went down in the elevator to the passage where his secret stash was. Sure enough, there were several of Wu’s men trying to open his ultra



reinforced steel door. One of them noticed him. "Hey, look it's Lick!" he shouted. They all ran at Lick. He only had one trick up his sleeve, but it might be enough to get him out of this mess. He went to the chute and slid down three floors to another passageway. He detached another key from his belt and slid it into the lock. Wu's men arrived in the passage. They ran at Lick. Lick opened a drawer and took out some explosives disguised as cigars. Lick threw the explosives at Wu's men and went to another elevator door. He went up for a while then the elevator stopped.

He climbed out the top of the elevator. He ducked an overhang and crawled along to a fake ventilator he had put there. He pushed the ventilator forward. He was now in the basement of the police station. Lick crept up the stairs and poked his head out of the basement. Bad luck! Lick was spotted by six of Wu's men. They ran over to him and yanked him out of the basement. They dragged him over to a chair and tied him up tight. Just then the twelve soldiers burst through the door, guns blazing. Wu's men sprinted away. One of the soldiers untied Lick; the others went after Wu's men. Lick and the soldier waited a couple of minutes until the soldiers returned.

"All Wu's men are waiting outside," said one of the soldiers. "There must be two hundred out there."

"We have to move out," said a sergeant.

"Not yet," Lick said. He lit a fuse to a stick of dynamite. "Okay now we can move out," he said as two hundred of Wu's men rounded the corner to the basement.

"We have ten seconds!" Lick yelled through the gunfire. Lick led the twelve soldiers. They sprinted towards the door to the basement. Then... "BOOM!!!!!!!!!!!" Wu's men and the twelve soldiers were killed as the police station exploded. Lick saw the explosion. Then, everything went black.

Unfortunately, Lick was the only one who survived. He woke up feeling terrible. He felt as if he never wanted to smile again. A doctor was leaning over him.

"He is alive," he shouted. Lick's son Jimmy Smiles stepped into his line of vision.

"Hi daddy," Jimmy said. "We thought you were gone forever."

"Oh really," Lick said. "Just how long have I been out?"

"Seven months," Jimmy said. "The doctor called me here when your brainwaves started spiking. The police station is almost rebuilt so everything is good. Except..."

"Except what?" Lick asked.

"Wu was in your vault. He survived the explosion and stole your stash. We tracked him to his house."

"Shall we go there?" Lick asked.

"Sure, if you're up for it," Jimmy said.

"Let's go then," said Lick.

So they went to Wu's house. Jimmy shot Wu. Wu died. Then Lick shot Wu's butler and reclaimed his treasure. The police station was rebuilt, and Wu's threat was extinguished.

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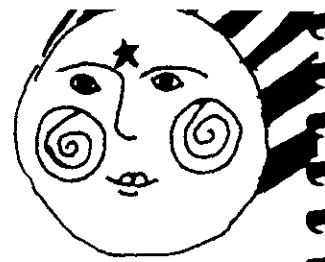
"Wu was in your vault. He survived the explosion and stole your stash. We tracked him to his house."

"Shall we go there?" Lick asked.

"Sure, if you're up for it," Jimmy said.

"Let's go then," said Lick.

So they went to Wu's house. Jimmy shot Wu. Wu died. Then Lick shot Wu's butler and reclaimed his treasure. The police station was rebuilt, and Wu's threat was extinguished.



Summer Camp

By Ansley Perryman, age 9

I can't believe my mom and dad sent me away to Camp Doring, or should I say camp boring, a summer camp in Florida. My friends said I shouldn't go because weird stuff happened there.

My first night was a mess because I am allergic to peanuts. Guess what it was for dinner? Yep, you guessed it, peanut butter sandwiches. I went to bed without dinner.

Next morning I was starving. I had some toast. Then I went to my first class, swimming. In my opinion it was the best thing about Camp Doring. Well let's just say I had more fun than on the first night, for sure. I met a girl called Natalia. She was really nice. We had a weird thing in common. Someone kept moving our suitcases into the woods or to the camp doctor's room. At first we thought it was our enemy, Katy. So, we played a prank on her. We put some hair remover in her shampoo. It made some of her hair fall out. However, we made a mistake. We found out it was actually just the cleaners moving our suitcases when they cleaned. "Oh, dear!"

I realized that camp wasn't about how cool you are, or getting away from your parents; it's about being happy and meeting new friends.



The Adventure Of The Secret Agent

By Pongsa Tayjanant, age 10

Chapter 1: Tom

Hi, my name is Tom. I'm a secret agent for the U.S. with special talents. I have lots of snakes of every kind with special powers. Right now, I'm going to tell you about a mission I led that could have led to almost certain death. I rocketed through the galaxy to fight an army of things I didn't know about. You may ask why I had to do this. Well, the reason is, I had to save the president.

Now, for the story: I flew in to the secret base at lightning speed. "No sign of the enemy," I muttered to myself. I was alone apart from my snakes. I told two boa constrictors, "Find the enemy and report back." (All my snakes have a special talent.) I walked forward and heard something; something that sounded like an advancing army. Then, my boa constrictors reported back, "There is a huge army advancing towards us!" "CODE RED!" I yelled to all my snakes. We had about 15 minutes until the army reached us.

I decided to turn invisible. I put on my invisibility cape. I marched toward the enemy. I shot the power transformer for the base and everything went black. I snuck through a vent, and then I heard clanking – droid footsteps. I looked down and saw about 10,000 armed droids below me. I walked forward and stuck a camera on the wall so I could see what was going on. I shot a liquid force field onto the ground to hold off one branch of the droids. I found a hole in the floor and jumped through. I saw no enemy and advanced forward. I turned a corner and saw some monsters. Silently, I crept past them. I saw a droid. I knocked him out and took his memory chip. I reprogrammed it “to kill any droid in its path.” I put it back in for two minutes to reprogram his computer and took it out again. The droid marched off in the other direction.

I took the memory chip and plugged it into my computer. I found dimensions, scales, airways, and then, “Aha!” their plan to destroy Washington D.C. It contained diversions, ships, planes, and ground attacks. Meanwhile I heard the words: “TRAITOR!” screamed out by the leader of the droids. I guessed my plan was working.

I saw a person running across a hallway. I took off my invisibility cloak.

“Hold up!” I said.

“Who are you?” He asked.

“I am Tom, agent for...”

“Stop!” he said.

“Why?” I asked.

“Because now I know who you are! You’re an agent for the U.S. So am I.”

“Right you are,” I announced. So I told him my plan, and he approved.

“What location are you from?” I asked.

“I’m from location 25B76.”

“Wasn’t that location Pearl Harbor? How old are you?” I asked him.

“Twenty seven,” he replied.

I thought, “Something isn’t right.” I waved away my thought and checked my computer. I selected ‘dimensions.’ I saw a diagram and saw a weak point in the building. So I turned and asked, “What’s your name?”

“Cameron,” he answered. I told Cameron to go east and that I’d go west. So I raced through a vent and burst through the end of it and landed in the “control room.” I was smart enough to cling on to the wall. The room was full of monsters. I put on my invisible cloak – 3,2,1, I was invisible! I shot the control panel, and it exploded. The monsters fled the room.

Suddenly, I realized 10,000 droids were charging me! I quickly turned and hid in the vent. Two minutes later from the camera I planted, I heard the commander tell his troops, “Scour the area for any signs...” and then, “BAM!” The camera was destroyed. It shriveled up and burnt. So, I was on my own.

I heard a gust of wind from behind me and things suddenly got warmer. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw something red, a flame. I soon realized the droids had a flamethrower. They shot it at the vent where I was hiding! I turned my water gun on. “Whoosh!” The fire was extinguished. “Phew!” I said, “That was a close one.” Then

everything went black. The heat from the flamethrower overpowered me. I awoke in the vent. The enemy had not found me. "How long had I been passed out?" I wondered.

I shot a hole through the vent where I was lying. I shot a grappling hook to the floor beneath me. I carefully climbed to the floor and put a camera on the wall. I ran through the door into a big hallway. To clear the hallway, I threw a little bomb down it. "Boom!" the bomb exploded. I ducked into a room. It was empty, nothing but eerie silence. Suddenly, 'CLANK!' the doors slammed behind me. "Huh?" I thought. "That was weird," I muttered to myself. I walked forward. "This looks like a mess hall," I said.

"Because it is," a voice said from behind me. I turned and saw Cameron.

"So, I see you've joined the dark side," I sneered.

"Yes I have," said Cameron.

"You are now my enemy," I said.

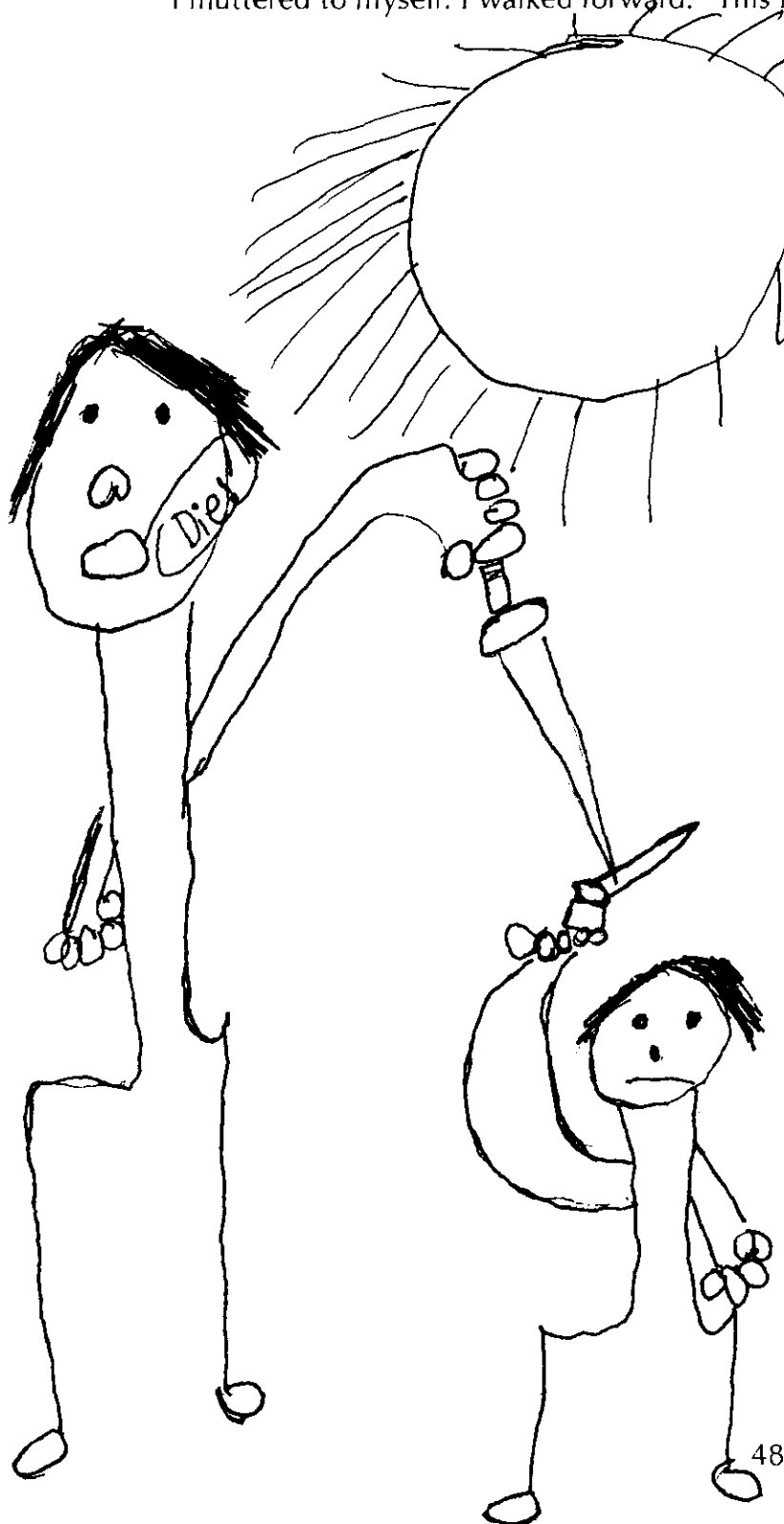
"Well..." he swung at me with his double-bladed sword. I quickly blocked the strike with my machete and deflected a bullet he shot at me. He shot another bullet at me. I dodged it. I threw my machete at Cameron. He blocked it. It dropped to the floor. He threw a sticky bomb, but it missed! It clung on to the wall. '2:00' it said. I threw a 6' x 8' piece of steel. It hit Cameron hard and made him fall backwards onto the floor. I approached Cameron. One by one, I threw ten bricks on the piece of steel. Just to make sure, I put a slab of concrete on the steel and ran out of the room. The door felt hot. The bomb blew up. A chill went up my spine. My knees turned to water, and I collapsed.

I woke up in a net. "Dang it," I muttered, "I have been caught!"

"Yes, you have," said a voice that sounded like a nail scratching against metal. I turned to see 10,000 droids facing me. I tried to move but no use. And out came... "No, I don't believe it," I thought. It was my previous boss, President Bush.

"Hello agent C78Cf67," he said.

"But. But..."



"Yes agent C78Cf67, America was too slow after all. I'm the best president that ever took the throne. Except that Obama guy, so that is why I created this army." And there, right before me, was his whole army of monsters, human warriors, and droids. The grand total of warriors in the whole army was probably 1,000,000. According to my boss, that is a bad ratio.

"My plan is to over run the city of Washington D.C. and capture Obama," Bush said. "People will think he is a bad president to let this army into the United States of America. Then, I will still be the best president in the history of the U.S. My droids have predicted that Obama will pass me in 'The Best Presidents List.' I will fall to number two. I can't take that."

"Were you ever number one?" I asked.

"Yes, I was, agent C78Cf67. Now you have two choices: you can perish at the hands of my army, or you can become a part of my army. Your choice."

"I want to perish at the hands of your army!" I exclaimed.

"Ok," said Bush. Suddenly, I dropped into the army. I crushed a droid, cut the rope that secured me, ran for my speeder, and sped away.

Chapter 2: The Battle of Life and Death

I immediately went to the White House. "Boss! Boss!" I panted.

"What?" said Obama.

"Bush is coming to take you sir."

"Okay, guard the border," he said. "And Tom, lead them into battle. I will give the other guards and their tanks."

"Yes sir," I said.

I lined up our troops. Right on cue, Bush's army appeared out of the sky. "Stand ready! FIRE!" And from the explosion, I swear, I saw stars in the sky. At 1:00 PM, the battle was in full swing. I was manning a cannon. The enemy was winning "the battle of life and death," as I called it.

I knew if the battle went on like this we would all die. So, I made a bold move. I snuck behind the enemy lines and planted a bomb. I kept on progressing up the ranks until I got to their gunship. From here they were sending in troops and covering them with defensive fire. I shot my grappling hook and hit the gunship. Then, I stuck my sword into the side of the gunship, pulled myself up, fired my gun at the engines, and jumped off. Instantly, it blew up. "Now, they can't send reinforcements, and we can actually win," I thought. I ran back to the battlefield. We were doing better. I started attacking from the back. I was quite successful. From that moment on, we wiped out the enemy pretty quickly. We had defeated Bush's army. After that win, Obama promoted me to highest ranking, field agent. And that's the end... for now.

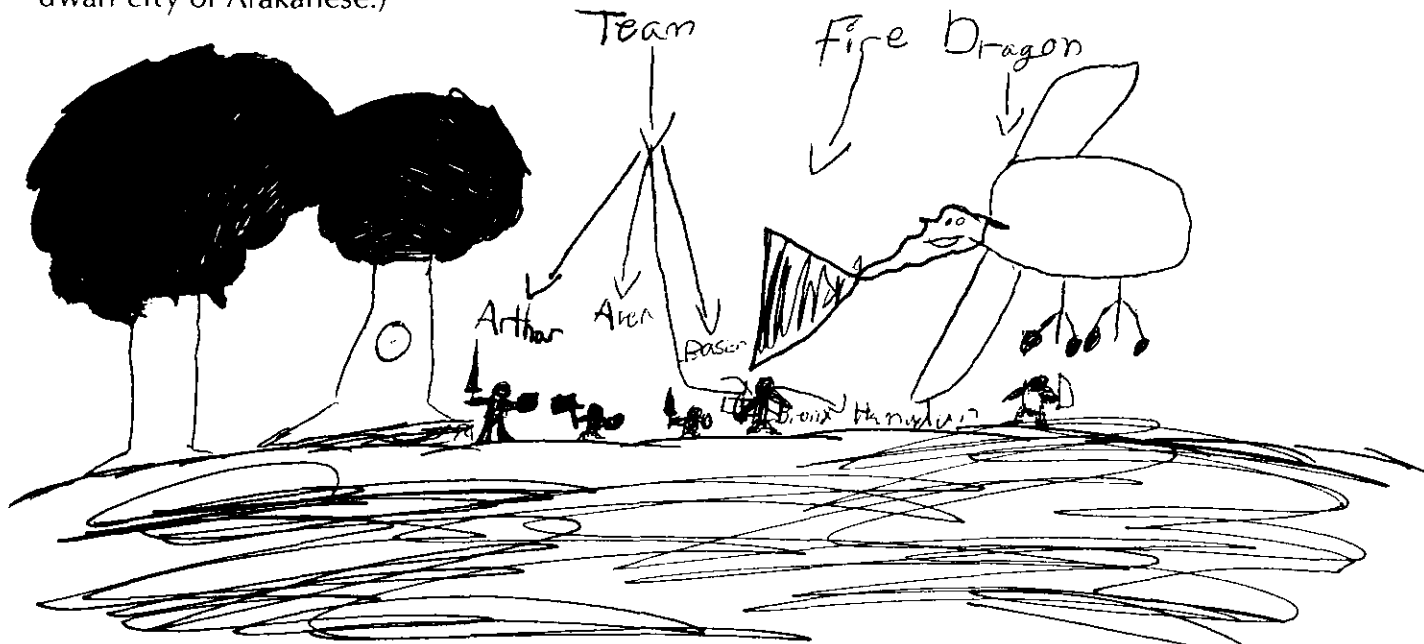
The Knight in Black Armor

Inspired by *The Hobbit*

By Kalyan Narayanan, age 9

Once upon a time in Middle-Earth, there lived a man who's name was Arthur. Arthur Took, to be precise. He was a very adventurous man. One day, when he was walking through the market he heard Mr. Frank talking about a quest to the heart of the mountains of Balkan. Arthur immediately got excited. He walked over to Mr. Frank and asked, "Who is going there?" Mr. Frank said, "It is a team consisting of: Aver and Baser – two dwarves, Hamadun and Bronx – two elves, and of course, one human who we have not chosen yet. Arthur immediately applied for the spot.

The next thing he knew he had been accepted. Two days later the team left. (Now I must pause the story for a bit, to tell you that the team faced many dangers on their quest including dragons and snakes, and so on. I am only telling you this so you know that I am going to be skipping some minor parts, like when the team stopped in the dwarf city of Arakanese.)



For two days straight the team journeyed without stopping for rest. Until they met the dragon named Slaving, a deadly Rastofocorian type. It happened very quickly Baser found a large "tree" in their way. Aver took his axe and chopped at it. The axe bounced off as if it were made of sponge. Hamadun aimed an arrow at the middle of the "tree." Suddenly the tree roared, (Wait, the tree roared! Yup, the tree roared.) "EVERYONE DUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Yelled Bronx. He was right. Just then a wave of fire rushed towards them. It nearly scorched Baser's hair. Arthur's swiped his sword on Slaving's legs. No blood was drawn. It just made Slaving angrier. By now, they knew it was a dragon. Slaving cut a gash in Arthur's left arm. "AAAAGGGGH!" Arthur yelled. His left arm was in serious pain. Hamadun had had enough. He climbed up a tree and shot an arrow in Slaving's mouth. That ended Slaving's life. Bronx quickly healed Arthur, who was still screaming.

Three days later the team stopped in the city of Arakanese. After picking up supplies they continued on their quest to the Balkans. Twelve days later they reached an opening in the 1,743rd Balkan Mountain. Before they entered, Hamadun gave them a pep talk.

"Friends, Dwarves, Elves, and Humans, I am here to tell you that our quest is nearly over...and to tell you the real reason why we are here. It is to find the Black Armor and to destroy the Black King."

"What?" Arthur said.

"That's suicide," exclaimed Baser.

"You're mad," Bronx mumbled.

"I never should have signed up for this," Aver said.

"Let's go," Hamadun said, and he walked inside the opening. The others had no choice but to follow him in. The inside was filled with skeletons. They lit a torch and continued. After what seemed like hours, they reached a door. They opened it. Inside was nothing except a round pedestal with the Black Armor standing on it.

"Who will don the Black Armor?" Hamadun asked.

"Not me," Baser said.

"Not me," Bronx said.

"Not me," Aver said.

"I will," Arthur said.

"WHAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" everyone yelled.

"Yes, I will don the Black Armor," said Arthur calmly. He slowly walked up to the pedestal and donned the Black Armor. It was as if power was coursing through his veins – ultimate power! With one stroke of his hand, he made the magical Sword of Balkans appear.

"Now we must march to the Black King!" commanded Arthur in a deep resonant voice. First, they marched to different kingdoms to gain help for the war. Finally, they formed an alliance. It included five dwarf kingdoms, 18 human kingdoms, and one elf kingdom. The united army marched to Black Land.

The war began. Eight Kings who had sworn allegiance to the Black King entered the fray. They were ferocious fighters, killing anyone in their path. A quick swipe from Baser's sword killed one. Five minutes later, Hamadun shot an arrow in the chest of another of the kings. He vaporized into dust. The team killed five more kings. Arthur shot a zap of electricity from his magic sword, killing the final king. Then, Arthur found the Black King. He radiated pure evil power that made everyone feel fear and dread.

"I see you wear MY armor you idiotic fool. Now you shall die!"

"NO, NOW YOU SHALL DIE!" cried Arthur.

As they fought, the very ground seemed to tremble. Sometimes Arthur would be winning; sometimes the Black King. Finally, Arthur stabbed the Black King in the chest. The Black King was killed. Arthur was the victor of the battle. "Arthur, Arthur you won," cheered the team. There was no response from Arthur.

"Please take off the armor, Arthur, please," pleaded Aver.

"NO," said Arthur's voice from within the armor. The ground shook with the sound.

"Please, Arthur, please. Take off the armor," again demanded Aver.

"NO," said the voice of the armor. "Yes," said the voice of the true Arthur.

"NO!"

"Yes!"

"NO!"

"YES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" The armor flew off revealing Arthur. He took the magic Sword of the Balkans and destroyed the Black Armor.

"AHHHH!!!!" screamed the armor.

"That armor was wicked," said a relieved Arthur.

"WE HAVE WON!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" the team cried.

The Poisonous Kale Chips

By Charlotte Glen, age 11

Once upon a time, there was a flock of ducks. Their names were Marty, Fred, George, Bob, Pacifica, and Britney. They lived on a floating island on the planet of Chipotle, and they loved to eat kale chips. It was their favorite snack. But then, one day, George accidentally ate a poisonous kale chip! He passed out. "OMG!" exclaimed Britney. They rushed George to the hospital. When they got to their room, the doctor announced that George had food poisoning! "OMG!" said Britney as she reached into the bag of kale chips. She ate one and Britney fainted too!

"Hmm, that's strange, I'd better sample one of these kale chips to make sure they're safe!" said Bob, and soon after he did, he fainted! The doctor was 'confuzzled.'

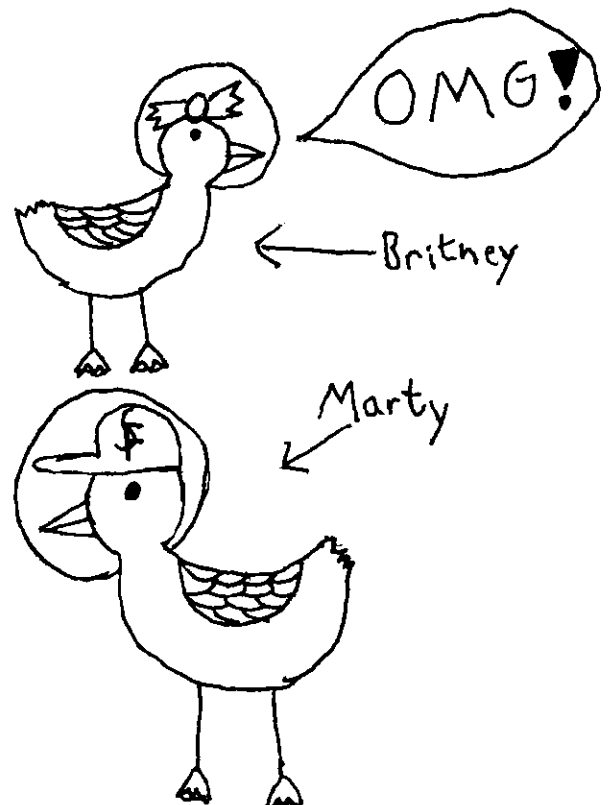
"I am going to have to test these kale chips in my lab!" he said. After an hour, the doctor came back out. Britney, Bob, and George had all un-fainted by that time.

"We have had other cases of the exact same thing, so I went out and bought some other bags of kale chips to see if they were contaminated by the same thing, and they were. So, I put out a meter to detect any changes in the air status. It turns out that a wave of energy went over the planet and has contaminated all the kale. All the bad kale chips will be cleared from the stores and replaced with good kale chips. When this is accomplished, an announcement in the news will tell you that they are safe to eat," said the doctor.

"OMG!" said Britney.

"You will have to resort to eating potato chips during this time," said the doctor.

"NOOOOOOOO!!!!!" yelled Bob.



"This is horrible!" exclaimed Marty.

"What are we going to do?!" screamed Pacifica.

"I can't live without kale chips!" yelled Fred.

"Oh no, this is terrible!" said George.

"OMG!" exclaimed Britney.

The ducks were devastated. On their way home, they stopped at SpaceMart to stock up on freeze-dried potato chips. When they got home, Bob was the first to be brave enough to taste the potato chips. "These are pretty good!" said Bob, nodding his head. They all reached into the bag to try one.

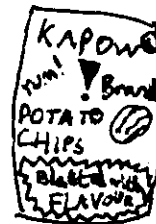
"They're almost as good as kale chips!" exclaimed Marty.

"Dee-licious!" said Pacifica.

"Yum!" said Fred.

"I love potato chips!" said George.

"OMG!" exclaimed Britney.



They put the bag of potato chips on a pedestal that was next to the pedestal with the bag of kale chips on it. From then on, they ate potato chips frequently. Of course they still bought kale chips when they were available again, but they also ate potato chips along with them. And that is the story of how this flock of ducks came to love potato chips.

The Thief

A Police Report

By Matthew Roberts, age 9

New York Square, 9:15 p.m.

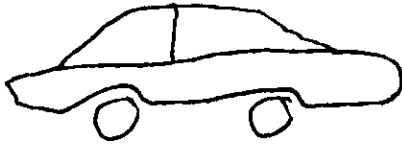
A man walked into a building on ~~New York~~ Square. He killed two guards and grabbed five files. He took one of the files and torched the building. He got into the getaway car that he had parked behind the building.

He drove to an airport in ~~New York~~. He got on a plane and he flew to ~~Moscow, Russia~~. A ~~CIA~~-agent was told to track him down. He got on his tail and tried to track him down to arrest him. The ~~CIA~~-agent tracked the thief to his last known position, ~~Moscow airport~~ in ~~Russia~~. The ~~CIA~~-agent searched the airport looking for him. He looked everywhere. The thief was nowhere to be seen.

He upgraded his search to all of ~~Moscow~~. The agent located the thief in a hotel on ~~Cannon Court~~, a ~~KGB~~ outpost. The ~~CIA~~ agent called the ~~US Navy Seals~~. The ~~CIA~~ agent and the ~~US Navy Seals~~ surrounded the outpost. The thief ran out of a backdoor. He climbed over a wall and stole a car. The ~~CIA~~ agent saw him leave. He jumped into his car and chased the thief to Paris.

The ~~CIA~~ agent stalked the thief for two days. The thief was hiding out in an apartment. The ~~CIA~~ agent found the building. Finally, the thief left the apartment. The ~~CIA~~ agent had his chance. He opened the door to the thief's apartment and set off a trip wire with

his feet. He heard a ping and the house exploded. The CIA agent was thrown back fifteen feet into a wall. He died. The thief went on the run.



Two weeks later the US army located the thief in Berlin Germany. As soon as the army found him they called the CIA and the Navy Seals. They went to the apartment he was staying in. They were about to open the door with C4 when shots rang out inside the apartment. They blew the door open and found the thief dead. They heard a crash and someone jumped out the window. They took their guns and shot at him. He was wounded and surrendered. He was a KGB agent sent to recover the files. He told the CIA about the thief's plot to blow up Hoover Dam. He said the files included a plan of the dam's construction. The CIA agents thanked the KGB agent for helping to save America and let him go.

The Wall

By Finn Mennuti, age 11

Dedicated to the Baldoni family

Once upon a time there was a twelve-year-old boy named Ian. Ian lived in Pellmellia, a very hard place to live. Now Ian had mean parents. They locked the food up, hid the bed sheets, and they beat him. One night, Ian decided to run away. He snuck out of bed and crept downstairs. He stole all the food he could fit into his backpack, packed all his clothes, a slingshot, and a radio and put them in too.

"It's going to be hard to get out," he thought. "They lock all the doors and windows." Ian was a very good boy. He would never do this purposely unless his life depended on it; however, he broke a window. He grabbed his backpack and quick as a flash, he leapt out the window. The breaking glass woke his parents. They jumped out of their bed and ran downstairs. "Max!!!" yelled his mom, "Ian's gone!!!"

"Tell me something I don't know, Sarah!" yelled his dad. "Release the hounds!"

The hounds chased after Ian. It was dark; he was running hard, and then he... tripped! His future didn't look too bright. The dogs were right behind him. In front of him was a wall. "Damn it!" he yelled as he crawled backwards. He saw the lead dog about to catch up with him. He scooted backwards until he was almost touching the wall. The dog jumped. Ian leaned away from the dog's path so it would hit the wall. Ian's head touched the wall. He felt a warm sensation; he heard a buzzing hum; and suddenly, he was transported inside the wall.

"Where am I?" thought Ian.

"You're in the wall," said someone.

"What's the wall?" asked Ian.

"The wall is like a transport system, it takes you where ever you want to go. Lets you see whatever you want. Lets you do whatever you want," said the voice.

"By the way, I'm Luke what's your name?"

"My name's Ian," said Ian. "Question, if I wanted, say, um, a new family. Could I have one?" asked Ian.

"Yes, but there's a catch you must spend a year in a haunted house!"

"Really?" asked Ian.

"Nah, I'm just messing with you," said Luke. "The door is right over there."

"Thanks for all your help," said Ian.

And with that Ian walked through the door. There was a “whoosh!” sound. He started spinning; he felt every color and saw every noise. He woke up on a couch with four people leaning over him.

"Hello, Ian," said Nick, the man leaning over him. "We're your new family. I'm your father, Nick. This is your sister Creegan, your mother Karen, and your brother Luke."

"You must be starving," said Karen. "We'll make you a peanut butter and jelly sandwich."

His new parents left the room. His new brother Luke sat on the couch.

"Wait," said Ian, "your name is Luke?"

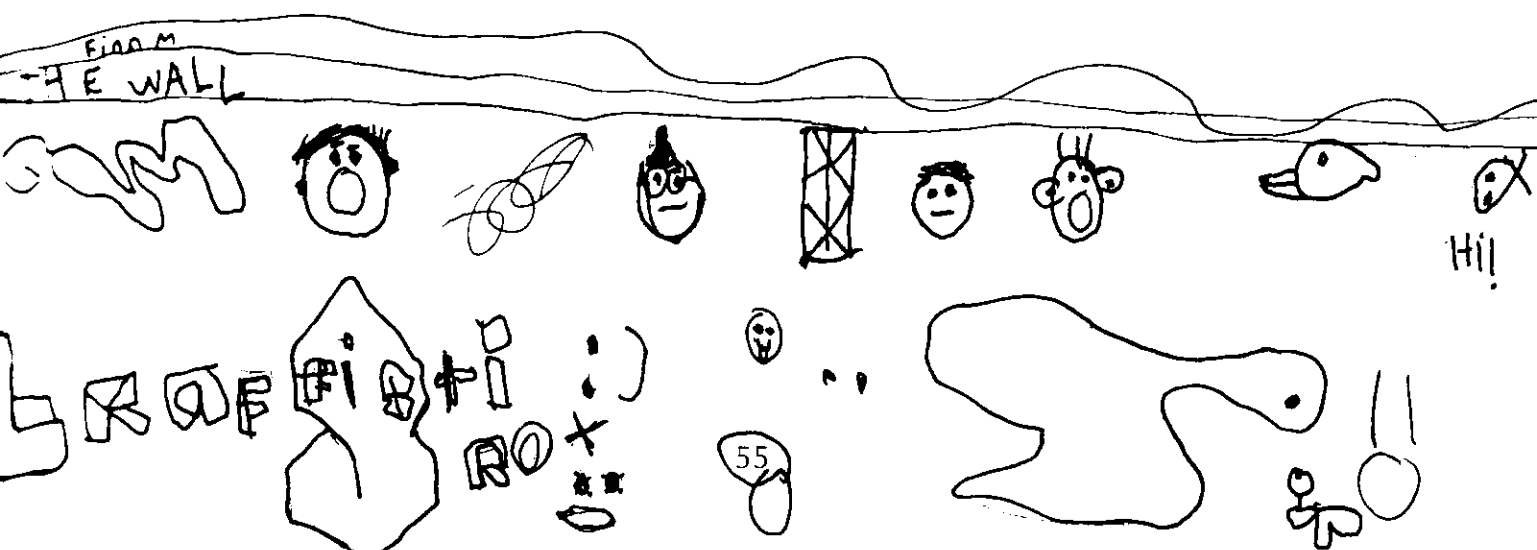
"Luke can't talk yet," said Creegan.

"Luke, you've helped me more than you know," said Ian.

"Who wants milkshakes?" yelled Nick from the kitchen.

"Yay!!!" said Creegan and Ian.

"I think this is going to be a great place to live!" thought Ian.



The Haunted Country

By Tyler Keen, age 9

One day, when I was having dinner with my friend Scott, he told me about a ghost that rose out of the river Ragubanaja on a full moon. He claimed that it was a real story. "I'll be okay," I said. As I was driving back home, I came to a fork in the road. I choose the road on the left, since I usually go that way.

After a few more miles, my car stopped. I got out and opened the hood. My battery had run out of power. Suddenly, I heard the sound of snapping twigs. I looked to see what it was. It was Scott! Now, his face was pale and his eyes we're red. I called his name. He didn't answer. Quickly, I grabbed my suitcase and ran.

I walked for hours and hours through the night. Finally, I came to a forest. Exhausted, I lit a fire and made a breakfast of oatmeal that looked like dirt. I looked around at my surroundings. The trees looked like they had faces and arms. "I must be seeing things," I said. When I woke up, the trees were moving towards me and they were saying: "Kill him, kill him!" I didn't need to hear them any more. I threw a stick that was on fire at them and set the forest ablaze.

After several days, I came to a river. I was about to take a drink from it, when I saw Scott. I was about to talk to him, but he was still pale, and he had red eyes. So I ran away from him. Several days later, I found my car. I looked at the battery again. Someone had cut the power cords! "Who did this?" I wondered. I retraced my steps back to the fork. I had taken the wrong road!

I took the right turn and I walked to my house. I went inside. In the living room I found Scott! I was stunned. He just laughed.

"All those times you saw me, I was wearing a costume. Pretty good, right?"

"Sure," I said. "You really scared me."

"That forest was remote controlled for a movie. You set off the detectors." After that, we talked and ate. Scott said I seemed like a good actor. I agreed.



Poetry

Time

By Finn Mennuti, age 11

Time is constantly fading, lost forever.

What has happened to yesterday?

I fear we will never know.

We never recycle it,

We don't know how yet.

What will happen when we run out of time?

I worry for humanity.

Our time is rationed;

We use it constantly,

Wasting it, without regret.

But what happens when we worry about time?

Will there be wars?

Riots?

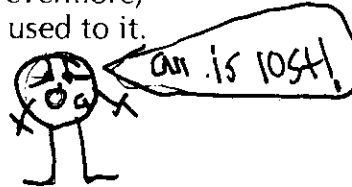
Or peace and love?

Time fades away

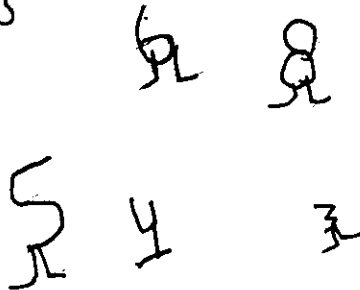
In life and earth

For evermore,

Get used to it.



and numbers
:-12

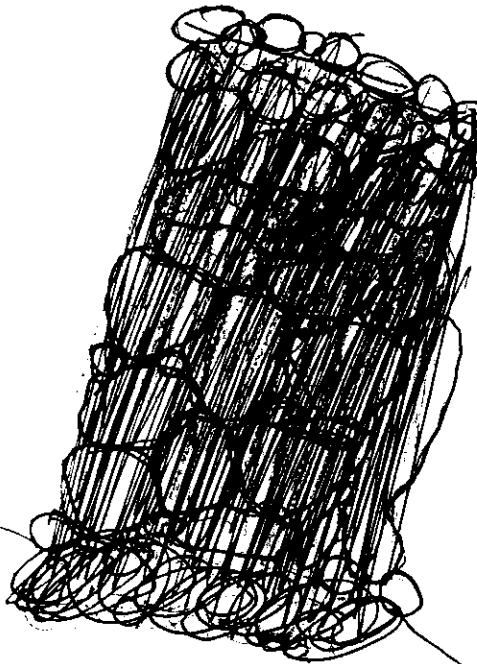


The Sanctuary of Water

By Jeannessa Lurie, age 11

The water
rushes,
spilling over
the rocks.

The
split-splattering
water sound
in
the stream,
serene,
Gives
me 'a
sense of
Peace.



Poems Inspired by Hafiz

Wonder

By Tyler Keen, age 9

Wonder!
What is wonder?
It is the feeling
Of a curious
Soul
Figuring out
A question
For itself.



Love

By Tyler Keen, age 9

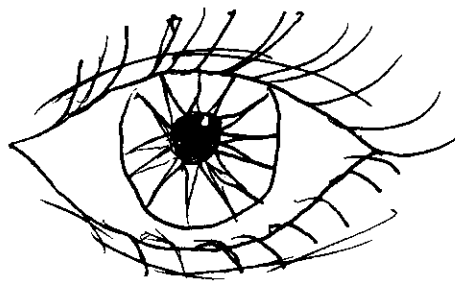
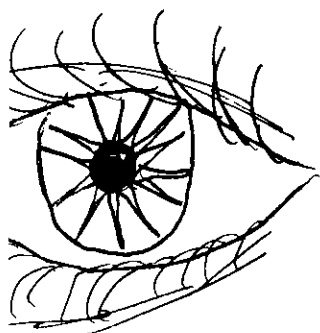
Love!
What is
Love?
It is the
Feeling
Of a
Soul
Embracing
Its beloved!



Tomorrow

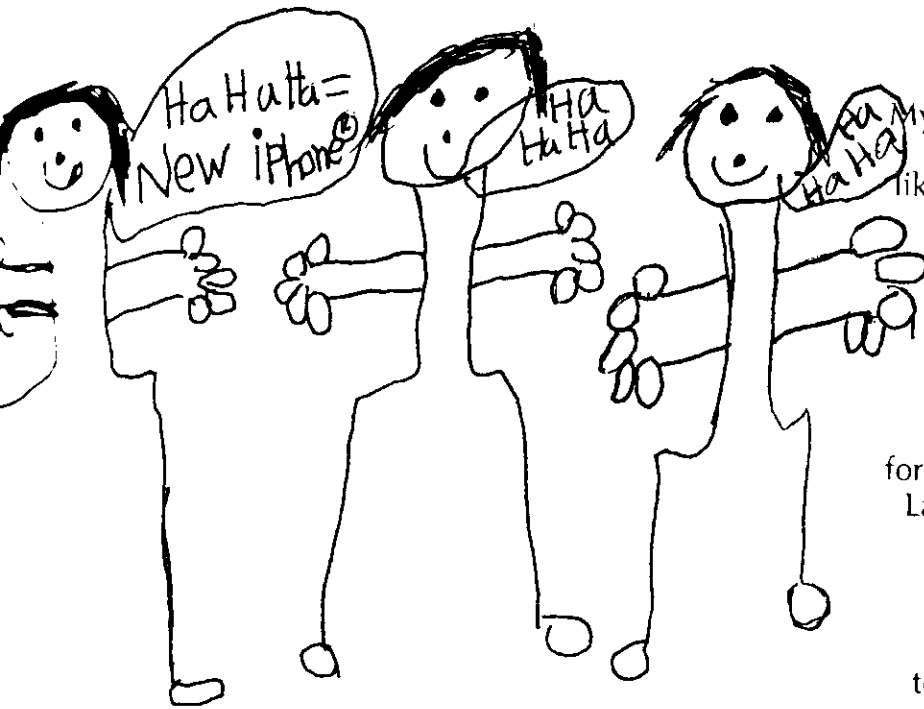
By Chloe Christiansen, age 11

The happenings
of fate
will find you.
The chains
of life
will bind you.
But persevere
and your eyes
will show clear
that there is
hope of
Happiness
for tomorrow.



The Subject Tonight is Laughter

By Pongsa Tayjasanant, age 10



The subject tonight
is laughter.
Tonight
I am happy.
My happiness spreads
all over
like a new invention.
Laughter,
laughter,
laughter,
I can't get enough.
I will soak
my bones
in laughter
for the rest of my life.
Laughter is endless
like numbers
in math.
You can
never get
too much laughter
or happiness
for that matter.
Laughter
and happiness
are the keys
to life.

What is Hate?

By Quincy Linder, age 10

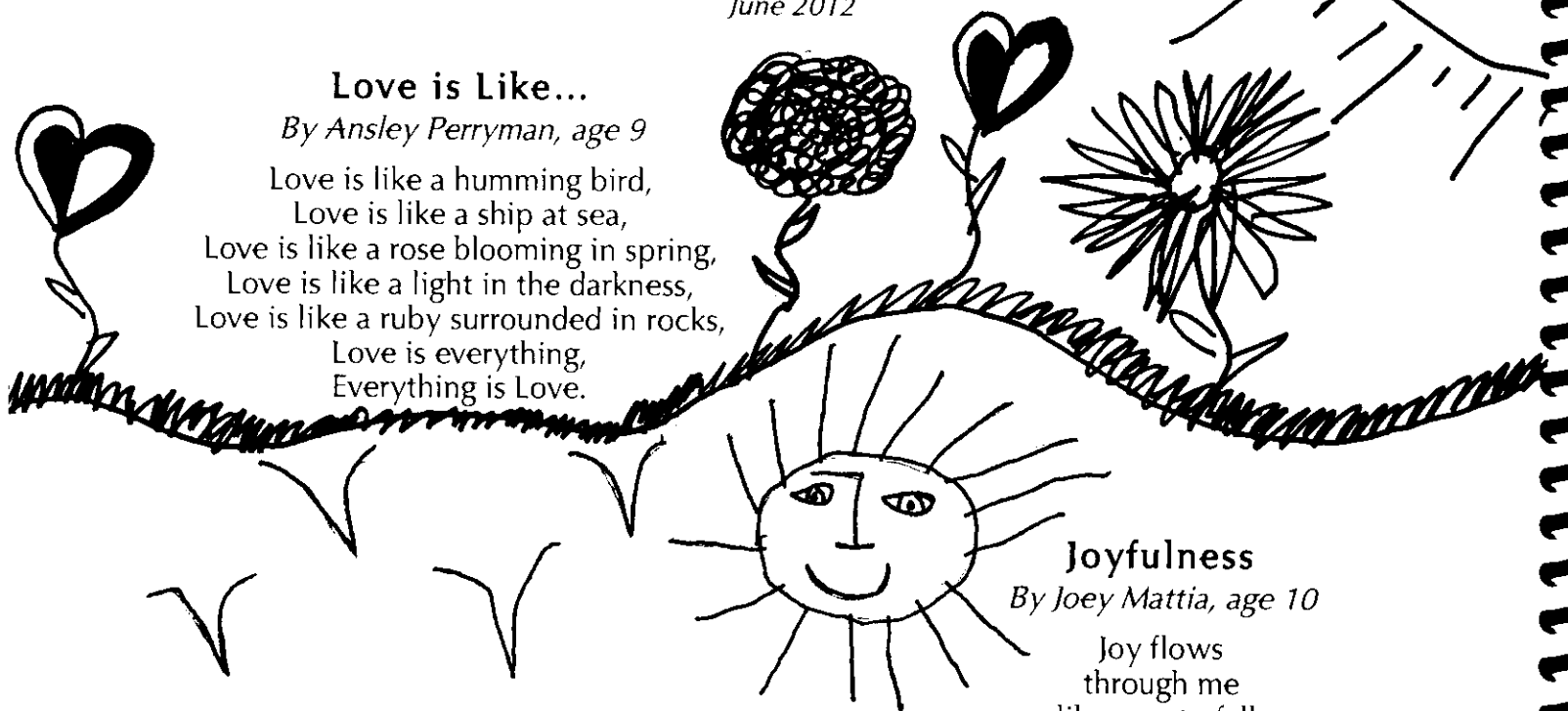
Hate is sadness
Turned bad,
Hate is my
Body waiting to pounce,
Hate is God
Not glancing
In my direction,
Hate is constant loneliness.



Love is Like...

By Ansley Perryman, age 9

Love is like a humming bird,
Love is like a ship at sea,
Love is like a rose blooming in spring,
Love is like a light in the darkness,
Love is like a ruby surrounded in rocks,
Love is everything,
Everything is Love.



Joyfulness

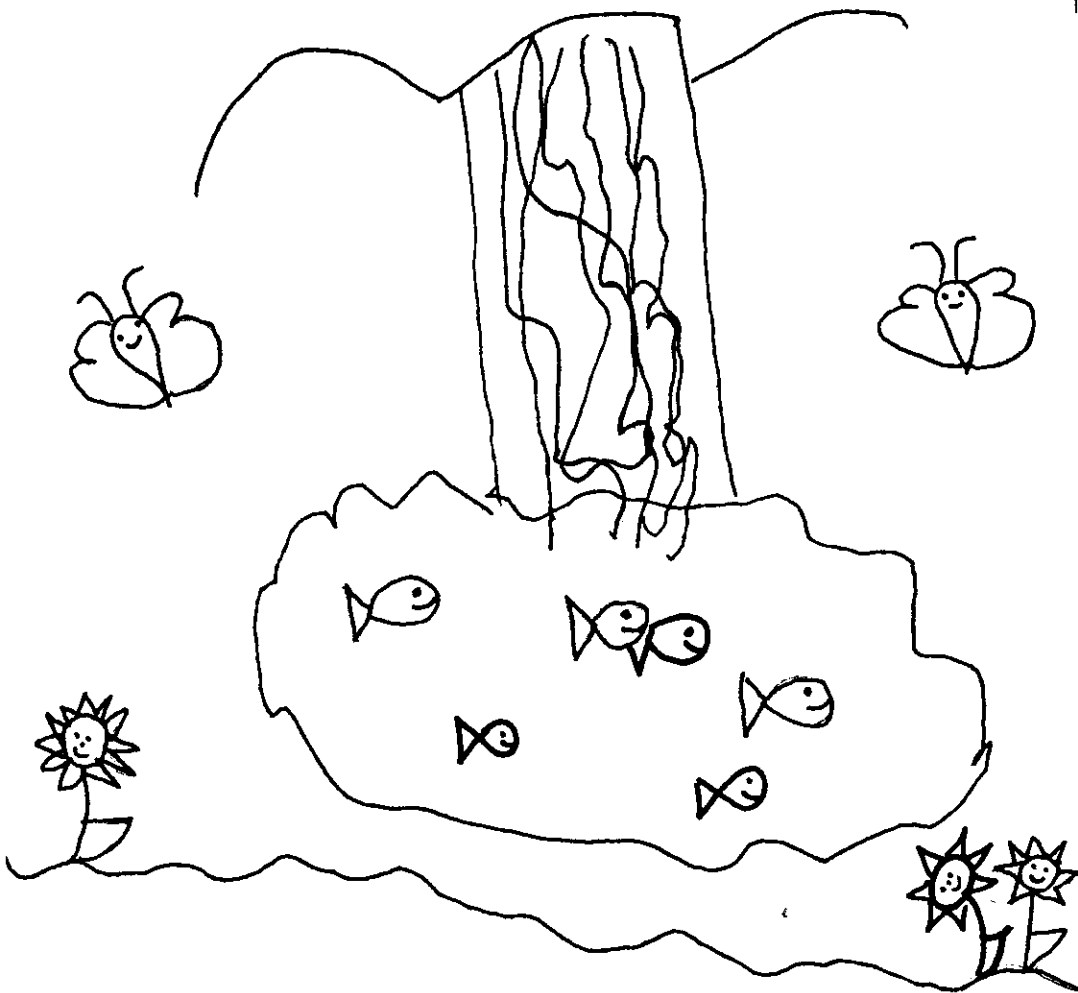
By Joey Mattia, age 10

Joy flows
through me
like a waterfall,
it's never ending
like life.

It shines
like the sun
on a hot day,
giving light
and warmth
to me and
everything
I see.

Joy is
God dancing
and singing.
Joy is one
of the
greatest
feelings
you can
have.

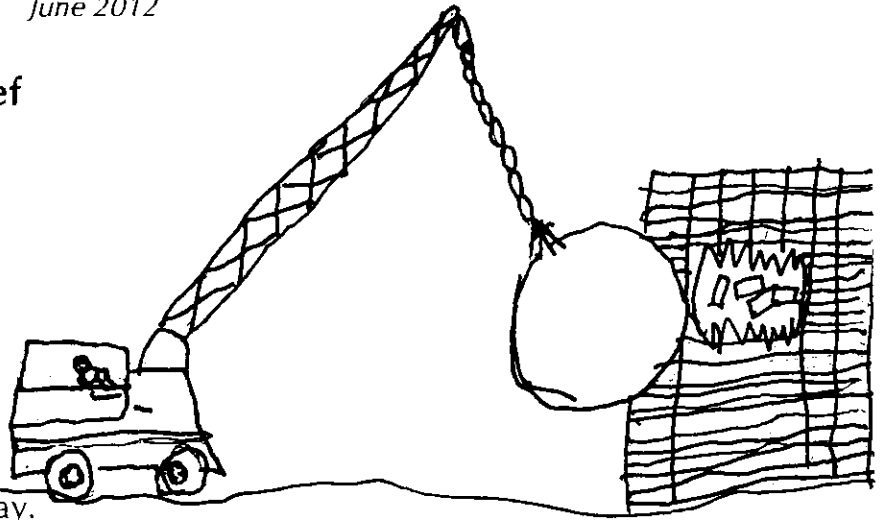
Why, why is
it so great?
Because
it enlightens
the Body
with the
Joyfulness
of God!



Determination and Belief

By Caleb Flores, age 10

My determination
Is like a wrecking ball
Breaking through a wall,
Failure tries to
Mess me up
By pushing me around,
Packed in a punch.
But belief in my wise-self
Conquers my fear
And everything standing in my way.
My determination and belief
In my wise-self
Always stays strong like a tree.



I'm happy

By Matthew Roberts, age 9

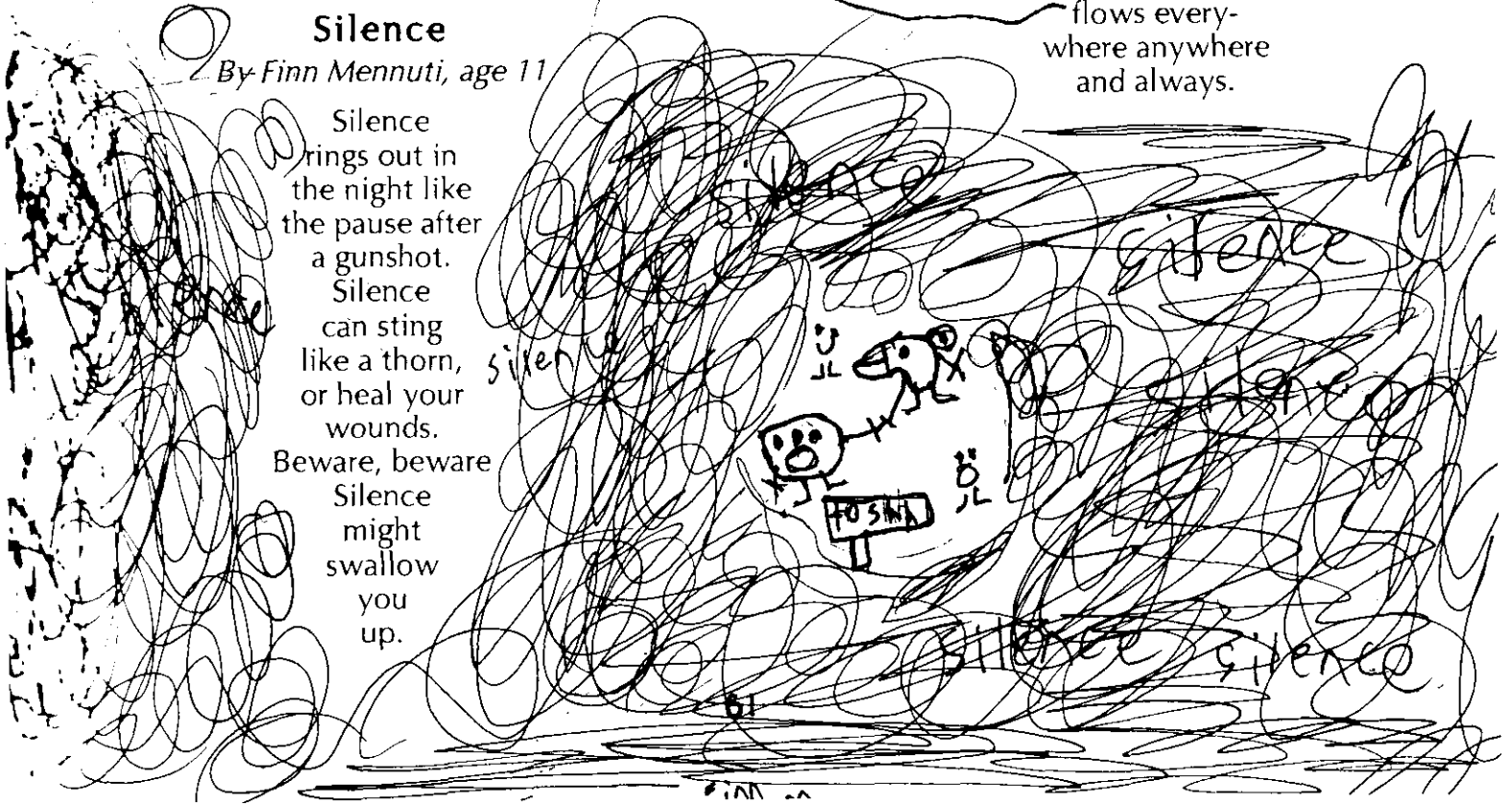
I'm happy
whenever
and always!
Happiness is
like a sailing
boat that floats
on the ocean, always
moving, and never
stopping; always
sailing with the
wind. Happiness
flows every-
where anywhere
and always.



Silence

By Finn Mennuti, age 11

Silence
rings out in
the night like
the pause after
a gunshot.
Silence
can sting
like a thorn,
or heal your
wounds.
Beware, beware
Silence
might
swallow
you
up.



What is Love?

By Emma Farley, age 10

Love
Is a humming bird
In spring,
Love
Is a cold winter night
Roasting chestnuts,
Love
Is a warm hug from a
Friend in a time
Of need,
Love
is wonderful!

Nature

By Divya Thekkath, age 10

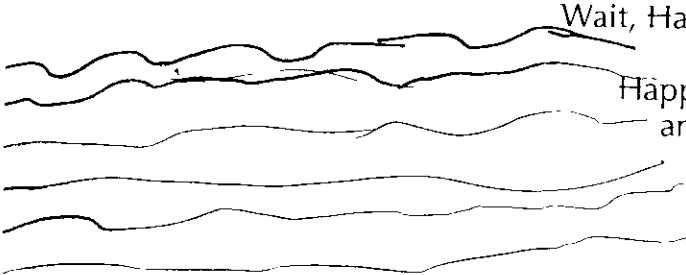
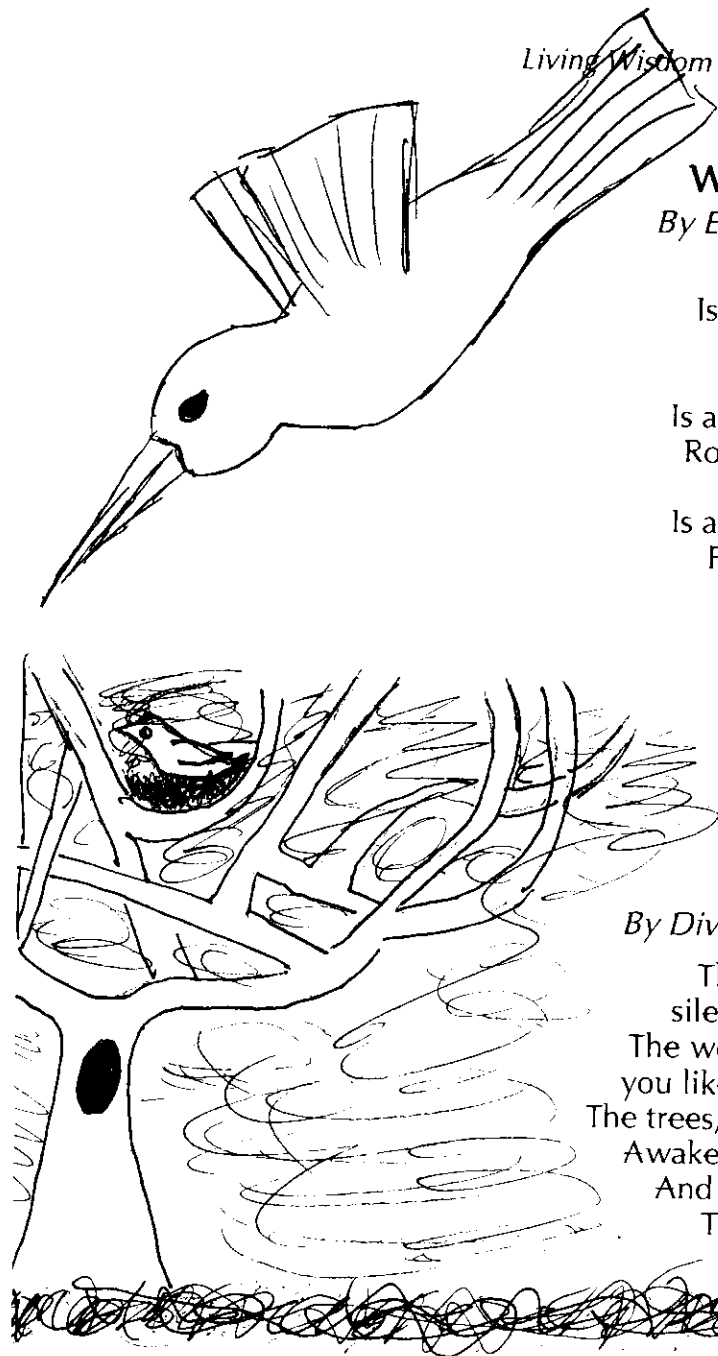
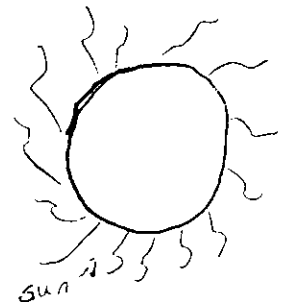
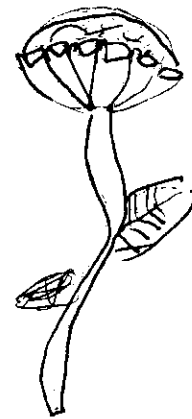
The wind blows
silently as you sit...
The world unfolds around
you like a flower in spring.
The trees, the birds, the flowers
Awaken before your eyes.
And for one moment,
The world is at
Peace.

Happiness Is

By Kalyan Narayanan, age 9

Happiness is like the thin waters
of a river.
Happiness is like the Sun's fiery breath.
Happiness is like the Earth's cool
soil.
Wait, Happiness, I've just figured
it out.
Happiness is the deepest
and innermost part
of the heart.

Soil →



Determination

By Jason Fu, age 9

Determination is like
digging for buried treasure,

I jump at it!
I dig & dig
for treasure
but it never
comes.

I don't give up,
I never stop.

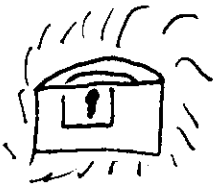
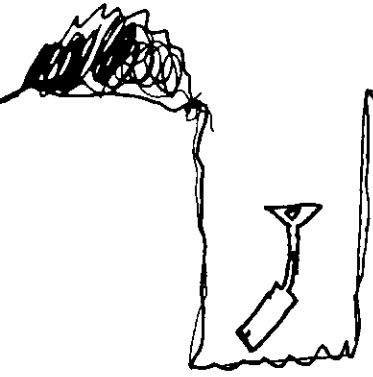
I think,
will the digging
ever stop?

Suddenly,
I hit

my goal
and I feel
a weight
fall from

my shoulders.
And I feel
relieved.

10 hours later



Death

By Jeannessa Lurie, age 11

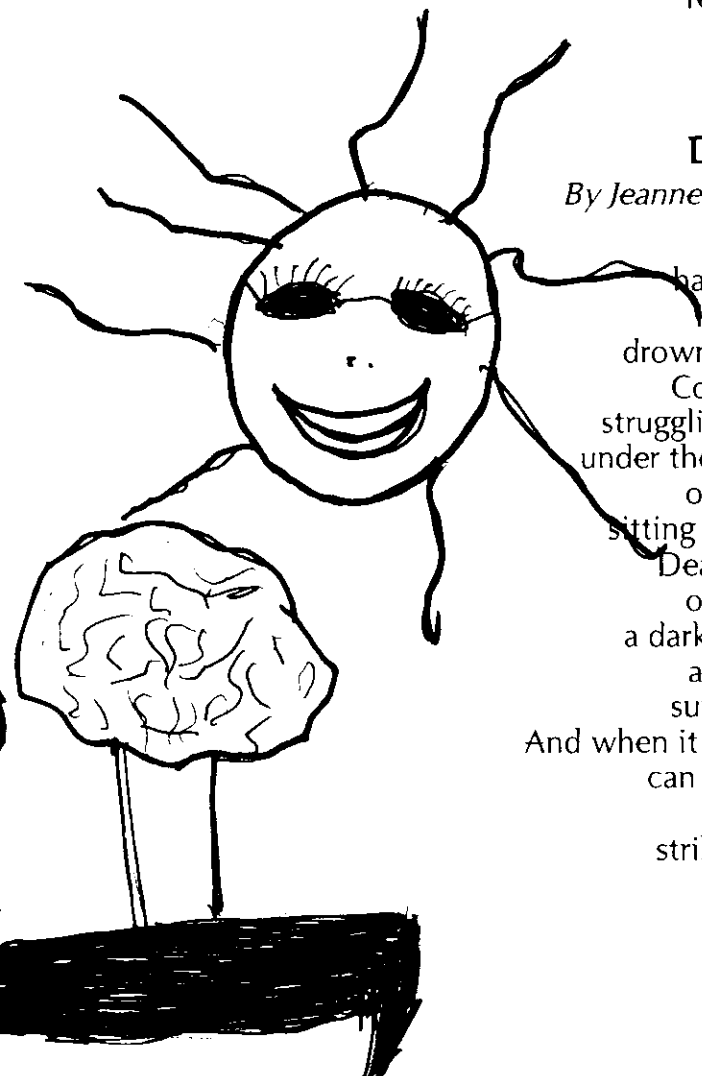
Death
has struck.
I suffer,

drowning in pain.

Constantly
struggling to breathe
under the heavy weight
of Death
sitting on my chest.

Death looms
over me;
a dark shadow on
a bright,
sunny day.

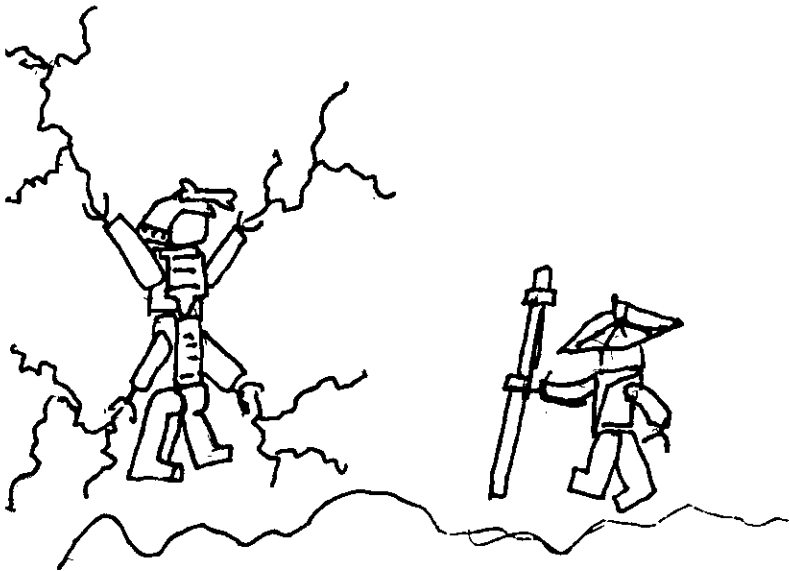
And when it seems like nothing
can go wrong,
Death
strikes again.



Creativity

By Rishi Deshmukh, age 11

I
am Creativity.
I Rain on art
and statues.
I am the Extravagance
in projects.
I am the wonders of
Art
I will Take you on an adventure
through your imagination.
I am the Inside of
your mind.
I am Visible to you
but Invisible to others.
I will Tell you an enjoyable
story.
You hold creativity in
Yourself.



Determination

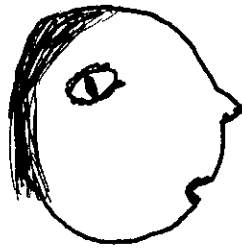
By Andrew Dollente, age 11

Determination is telling yourself
to keep going.
Determination is like smashing
a brick wall until it breaks.
It is what makes you think
and work and play.
It is what helps you win
the Game
of
life.

The Secret to Beauty

By Freya Edholm, age 11

I know the secret to beauty
Divine joy, love, and bliss.
I know how to feel this feeling,
By giving God a kiss.



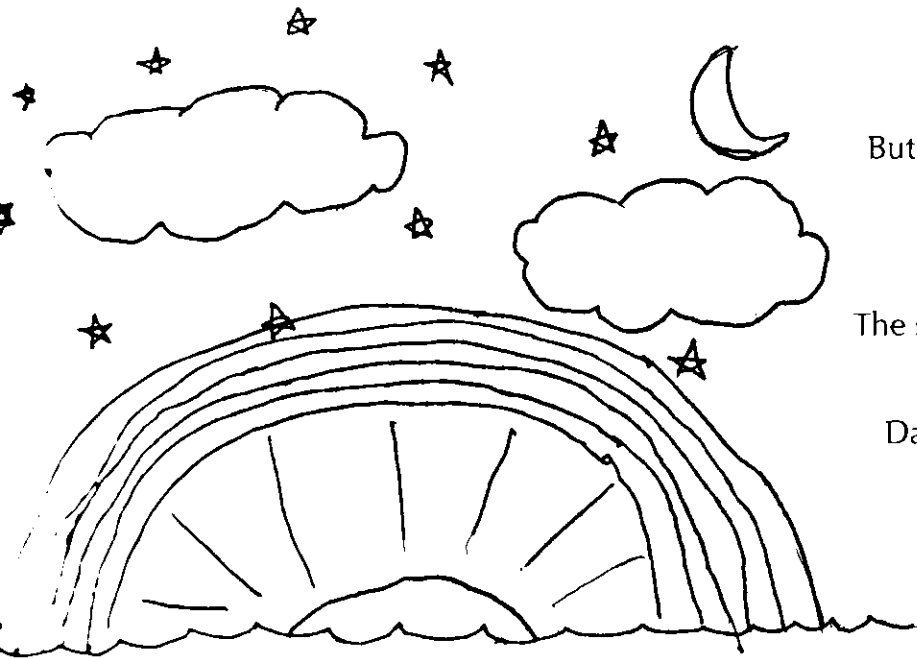
Sunset on the Sea

By Elizabeth Peters 11

The day is done
and night is swelling up.
But now day and night give a gift-
A sunset on the sea.

The sun is just a sliver.
The clouds are red.
The sun's light jumps like a rainbow
from the water.

Day and Night are harmonized.
This is a gift from
Sun,
Night,
And Nature
that nothing else could
give.



The Phoenix is Rising

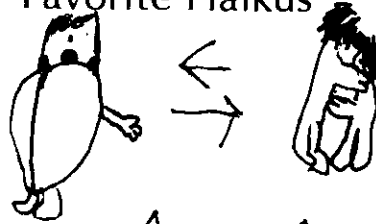
By Matthew Sloan

From the shadows the Phoenix is rising
Sweeping through the depths of my suffering,
His flaming wings scatter Grief's ashes to the four winds,
Dissolving them in flames of joy!
Desires, forgotten dreams, heart's love,
Become a spiraling pillar of golden flame,
Borne on the Phoenix's wings to alight like a dove
At the gateway to infinity.
"Anything is possible,
What does your heart yearn for?"
From the shadows the Phoenix is rising!

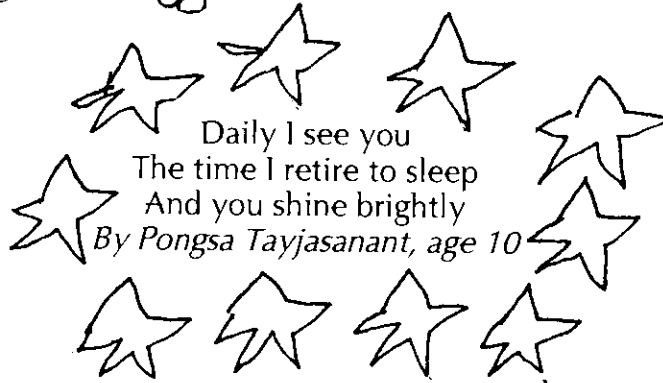


Favorite Haikus

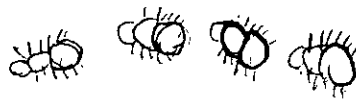
Love embraces me
Making me feel beautiful
My mommy's warm kiss
By Jeannessa Lurie, age 11



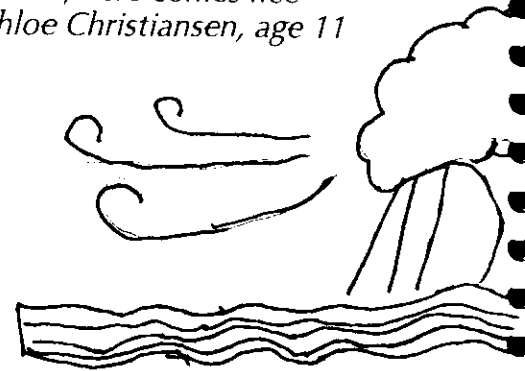
Daily I see you
The time I retire to sleep
And you shine brightly
By Pongsa Tayjasanant, age 10



Long or short and soft
Dead cells by the millions
Uh oh, here comes lice
By Chloe Christiansen, age 11



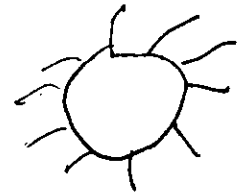
Light shines through the trees
The river runs cool and bright
Gentle breeze is soft
By Elizabeth Peters, age 11



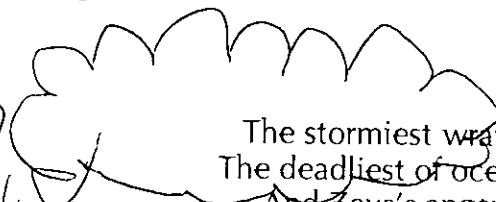
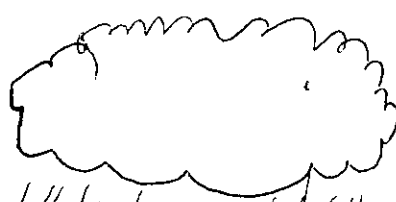
No man can touch it
It gives heat to you and me
Glowing in the night.
By Tyler Keen, age 9



The sun shines on me
Filling me with warmth and light
Want to go swimming
By Matthew Roberts, age 9



The stormiest wrath
The deadliest of oceans
And Zeus's anger
By Kalyan Narayanan, age 9

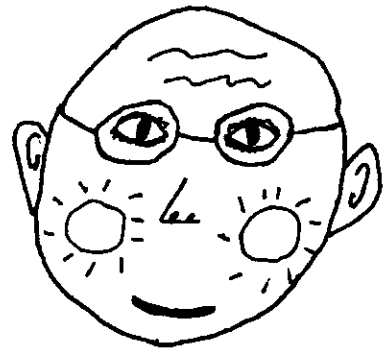


Stormy Wrath

OM MANI PADME HUI

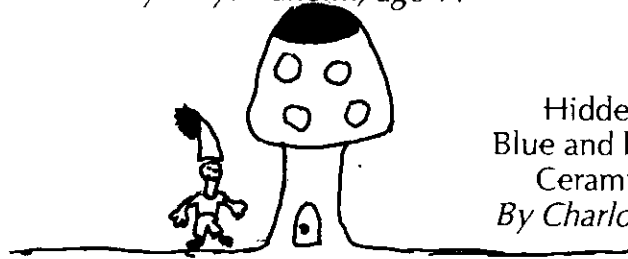
Warm light flows gently,
I'm always playing outside
Warm breeze touches me.

By Joey Mattia, age 10



The Dalai Lama
Truthful compassion
Philosophy is kindness
Needs no religion.

By Freya Edholm, age 11



Hidden in the bush
Blue and black ceramic art
Ceramic Mushroom.

By Charlotte Glen, age 11

More Haikus...Guess the Animal

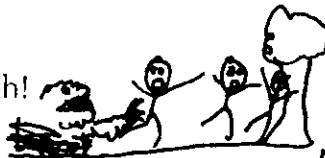
A big carnivore
Catch a prey along the way
Orange and black stripes.

By Jason Fu, age 9



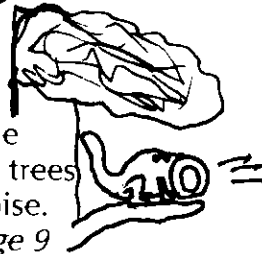
I have furry fur
I have super sharp claws, ah!
Nobody come close.

By Caleb Flores, age 10



I love the jungle
I climb tall tropical trees
I love to make noise.

By Tyler Keen, age 9



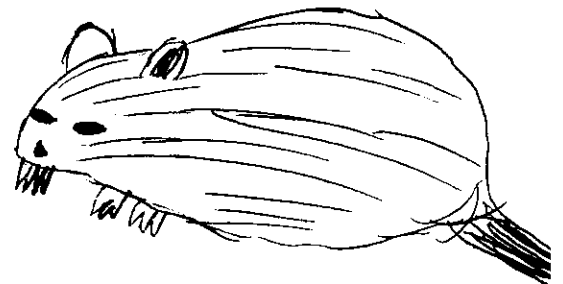
Swish! The grass rustles
The vigorous hunt is on
The zebra is dead.

By Elizabeth Peters, age 11

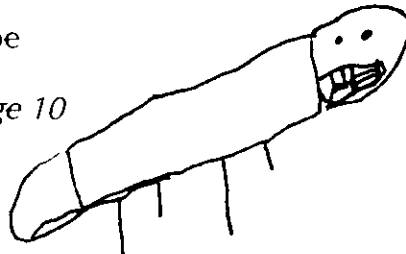


I am huge to ants
Destruction lurks in my path
I would scare your mom.

By Chloe Christiansen, age 11

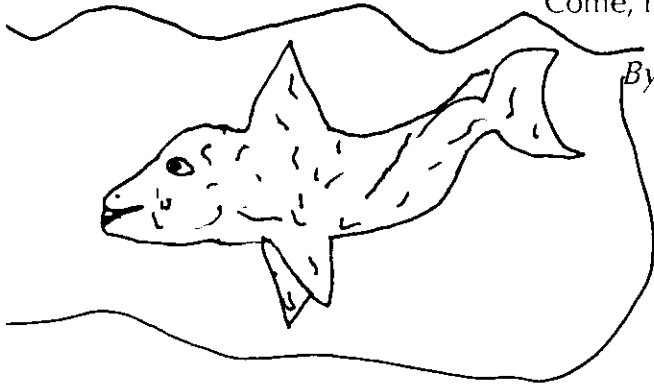


A green carnivore
Animal eats Antelope
Lives in Africa.
By Pongsa Tayjasanant, age 10



Splish splash in the sea
Come, my friend, come play with me
I will get you wet.

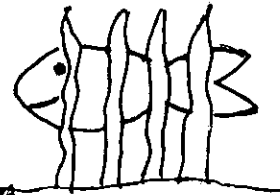
By Jeannessa Lurie, age 11



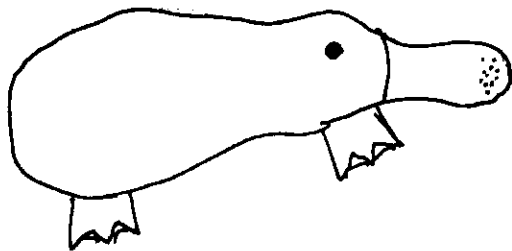
Black and orange fur
Big glow-in-the-dark eyeballs
Retractable claws.
By Rishi Deshmukh, age 10



Swim through the water
I am golden and awesome
With beautiful scales.
By Charlotte Glen, age 11

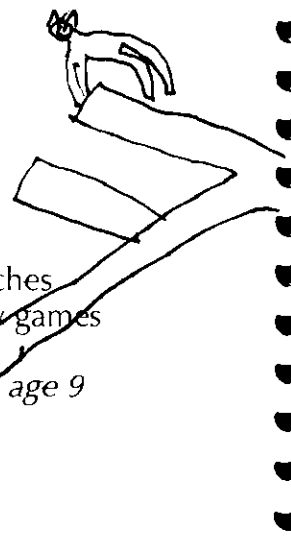


Furry with big horns
Grazing on the soft green grass
Symbol of Tibet.
By Charlotte Glen, age 11



With a cool duck's bill
A very awesome swimmer
I am not a duck.
By Charlotte Glen, age 11

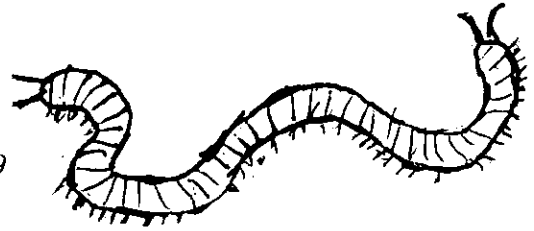
Tall trees and branches
I like to climb and play games
Lives in Africa.
By Matthew Roberts, age 9



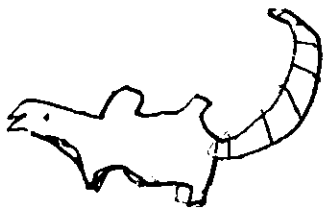
I breathe red-hot fire
I am extremely deadly
I am mystical.
By Kalyan Narayanan, age 9



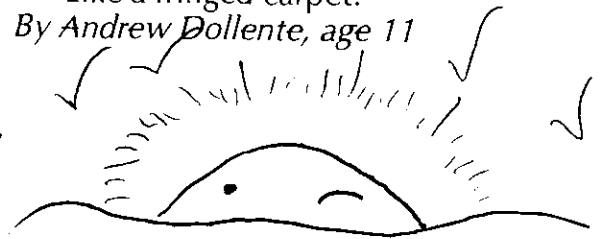
My light bulb is bright
I can fly around at night,
I can glow all right!
By Ansley Perryman, age 9



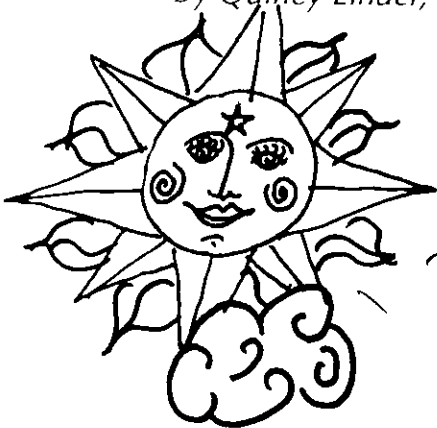
Crawls on many legs
Has a long creepy body
Like a fringed carpet.
By Andrew Dollente, age 11



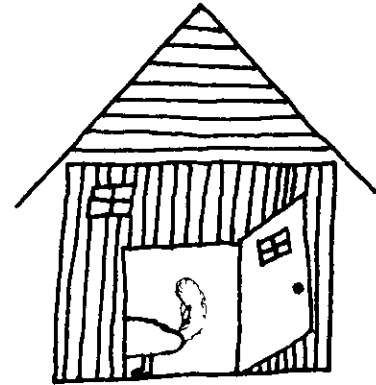
Splish, splash, wave my tail,
Dancing at aquariums
I really love fish.
By Divya Thekkath, age 11



Creeps and crawls on legs
A big poison stinging tail
Big, dark, sharp pincers.
By Quincy Linder, age 10

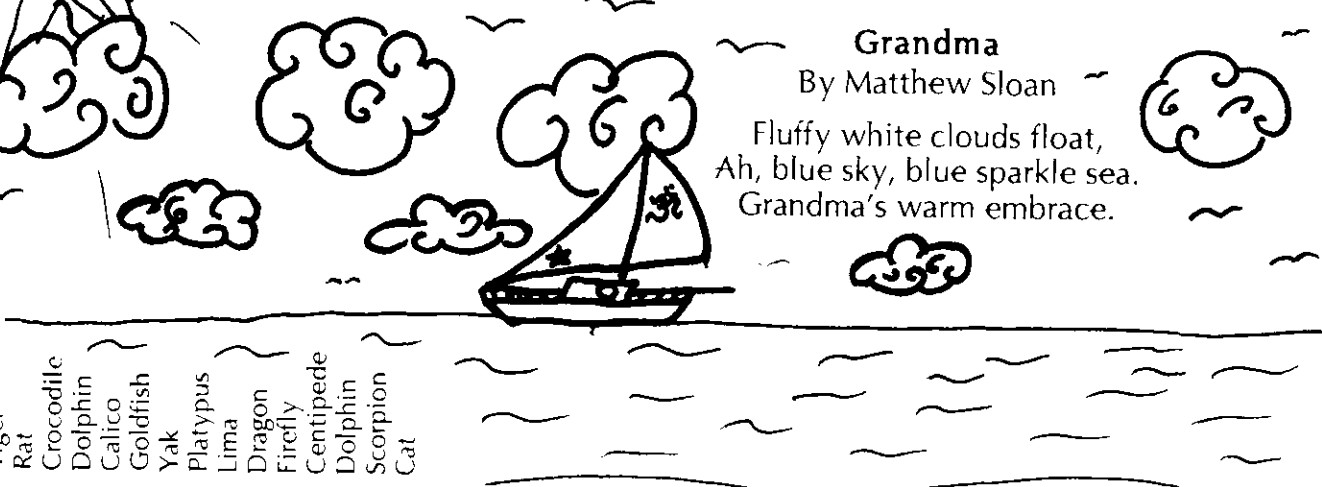


Little and furry,
Soft, kind, and independent,
Lives in a cool house.
By Freya Edholm, age 11



Grandma
By Matthew Sloan

Fluffy white clouds float,
Ah, blue sky, blue sparkle sea.
Grandma's warm embrace.



Tiger
Bear
Howler monkey
Tiger
Rat
Crocodile
Dolphin
Calico
Goldfish
Yak
Platypus
Lima
Dragon
Firefly
Centipede
Dolphin
Scorpion
Cat