The Jefferson Journal of Writing & Art

Arlington, Virginia

2016-2017

Cover – Salman Magray

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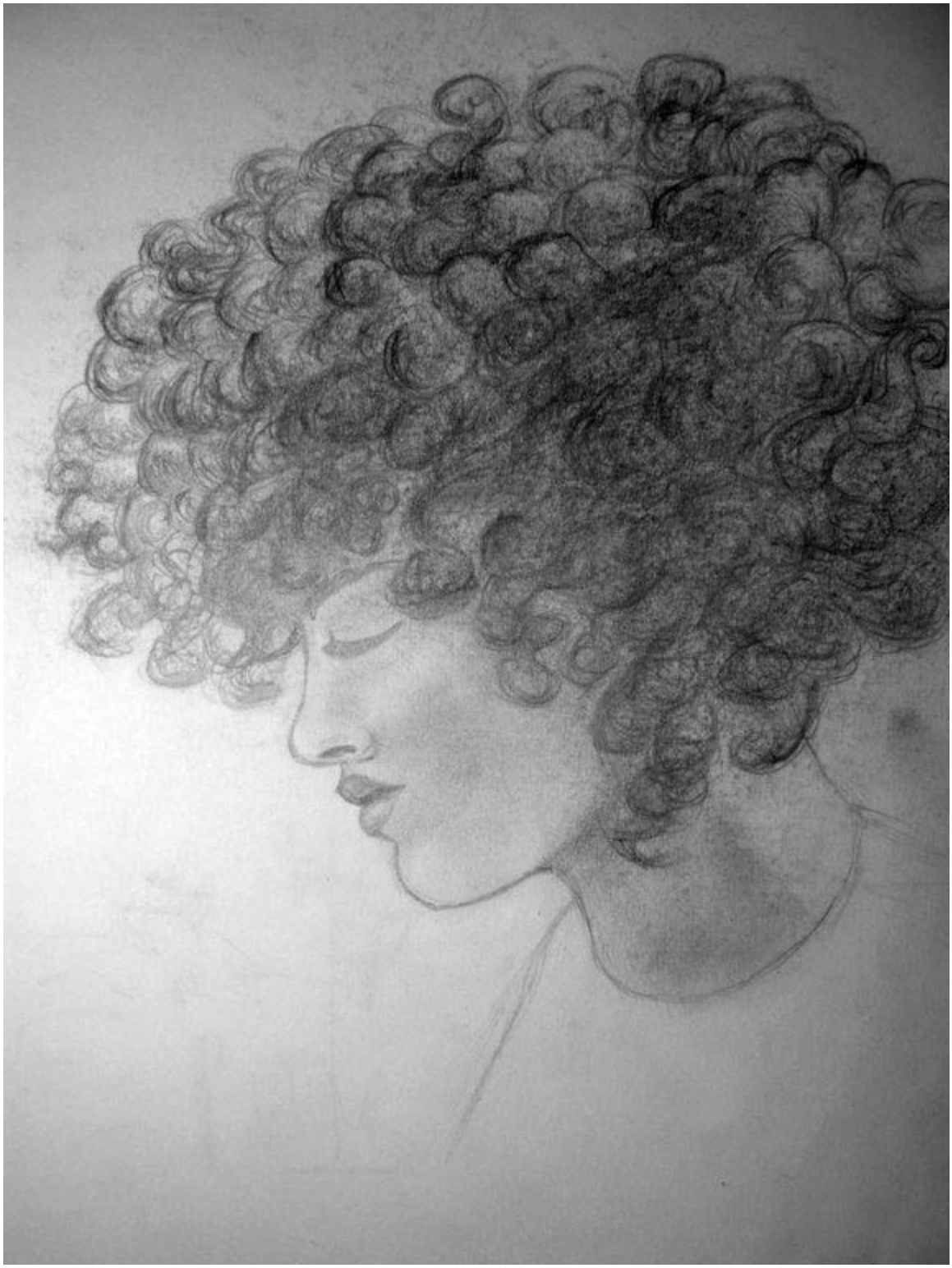
Poetry



Drawing By Andy Bullington-Mcguire

Where I'm From (Inspired by George Ella Lyon)

- Lewis Wearmouth

I am from watering cans,
h2o and photosynthesis.
I am from the turf on top of the soccer field.
(Black, lustrous tasted like paper)
I am from the cherry blossom,
the majestic oak tree
whose limbs are towering above mine
reaching towards the heavens.

I am from Kitkats and Mars Bars,
from Jenny and Ali.
I'm from the know-it-alls
and the do-it-yourselfs,
from go to sleep to wake up.
I'm from "Let there be light",
and Ten Commandments I can repeat to myself.

I'm from Judy and Ted's homestead,
salmon and tonkatsu.
From the roots of a tree slowly ripping themselves out of the moist soil, looking for a solid surface to land on,
to the bombs my grandfather
heard whistling through the air.

In my closet is an album,
grasping lost memories.
A spire of forgotten relatives,
to drift through my thoughts.
I am made of those memories--
pieced together many years ago--
adding a new branch to my family tree.

Eggs -Hope Maobelem

I ate a raw egg

Because my siblings begged.

I choked on it so badly

It only made it worse, sadly.

After I threw up I started to felt weak

Then my mouth turned into a beak.

As I was thinking about avoiding eggs altogether

I saw something white that looked like a feather.

Then I started to become fatter

And that only made me feel sadder.

My legs were weak and I started to wobble

And then all of a sudden I had chicken legs and a gobble.

Then things became calm and I was happy because I was thinner

But my siblings said, "Aw. We wanted to cook you for dinner."

Where I'm From (Inspired by George Ella Lyon)

- Lou Zouhon

I am from Goldfish

the cheesy and salty flavor

I am from dolls and legos

from Hide-and-Seek and Monopoly

I'm from singing

(the sweet, vibrant sound)

from Sam Smith, Sia and David Guetta

I am from acting and ballet

which brings happiness to my heart

I am from computer science and technology

that brings me to tears of frustration

I am from the snazzy jazz and reggae music

that brings dance moves to my feet

I am from "you're the role model" and "sweet girl"

From cooking sandwich kabobs

that brings flavor to my taste buds

I am from The Red and the Black

From Action figures

that makes my imagination grow

I am from Rita and Hughes' Branch

From crispy fried plantains and warm hugs

On my bed is a shoebox

Filled with many lovely memories

a sift of new and old faces

found and lost faces

to replay in my mind

Those memories I once lived

flashed before my eyes

and never will I live them

Ever again

ABC

- Hope Maobelem

A is for Ashley who choked on a stick
B is Brian who does an awesome kick
C is for Cory who cried over a song
D is for Darrick who stole a gong
E is for Emily who ate something sour
F is for Frank who didn't put sugar in his tea but flour
G is for George who ran a full mile
H is for Hossana who has incredible style
I is for Isabelle who iced her friend out
J is for Julie who loves to pout
K is for Kara who loves little kids
L is for Lucas who likes to bid
M is for Mary who joined a circus
N is for Nataly who thinks brushing your teeth is worthless
O is for Oliver who likes to draw cows
P is for Patricia who's favorite onomatopoeia is "WOW!"
Q is for Queen who likes to dance
R is for Reagan who wants to visit France
S is for Sally who likes to sing
T is for Tanya who likes to wear rings
U is for Umar who likes to eat
V is for Vanessa who has no feet
W is for Wendy who likes the color pink
X is for Xavier who has a clogged sink
Y is for Yasmine who has four pairs of glasses
Z is for Zara who has eight classes

I Believe -Hope Maobelem

I believe in the true personality of someone,
the difference that anyone can accomplish,
the right of education,
the right of a healthy life,
confidence, organization, risk-taking.
But I don't believe that proving your point will make you happy.
I believe in listening to others ideas.
I believe in respecting other people's opinions.
I believe in learning to cooperate with others.
Cooperation, dignity, listening.
And I believe in passion coming to reality by accomplishing goals, striving for success, dedication, and working hard.

Famous -Riley England

The salt is famous to the ocean
The trash is famous to the raccoon
The leaves are famous to the tree
But become famous to the ground when falling down.

I would want to be famous for what I enjoy
The things I love doing
The things that make me happy,
But not the things that I only do for fame.

Famous -Riley England

The fingers are famous to the phone
The body's famous for the bones
The sun and moon are famous to each other
Sharing it's time to shine
as if they were brothers

I want to be famous like the lights are famous to a room
I may not always be awake,
But I can always be there to brighten your day.

Balloons -Riley England

Dreams are full of hope,
like balloons are full of air.
Some people are like the strings,
holding you back,
never letting go.
Catch a breeze and fly free.
Reach for the stars,
and be all you can be.

I Believe – Theresa Oetgen

I believe in friendship,
the trust of a true friend,
the sharing of interests,
the caring and kindness,
and the lasting of friendship,
loyalty, respect, laughter.
But I don't believe in talking behind someone's back.
I believe in direct speaking.
I believe in keeping in touch.
I believe in keeping promises.
Humor, unselfishness, helpfulness.
And I believe in having more friends and keeping them.

Pastel Purple (or lavender, whatever works) – Sofia Alfonso

Pastel purple is the bright flowers that bloom during spring,
and it's also the ribbons and balloons at the birthday parties
where for that special person, we all sing.
Pastel purple is the sound of long, dyed hair, swooshing in the breeze,
and its color in cherry blossoms lay on cherry trees.
Pastel purple is gentle and kind,
its bright spirit never leaves a friend behind.
Pastel purple is the happiness that comes out in 70 degree weather,
in its warm embrace it gives you, there's no need for sweaters.
Pastel purple is the beauty in Washington, DC,
and it's so pretty to look at for most, so beautiful to me.

Timing -Vivien Williams

The sun shines in the day
The moon glimmers in the night
At night it is a dark array
The day is full of light
But no matter what the timing
I will always remain shining

Best friends forever -Anonymous

Is the only way to describe us
We got along without any problems or fuss
Our friendship was like time
It will never have an end
I would not have it any other way except have you as my best friend

Night In Santa Barbra –Kate Million

Unforgettable. Magical. Beautiful. Perfection.
The sunset was like a rocket slowly returning to Earth
Dolphins jumped over the distant smooth water
The sky was a beautiful pinky orange tone
Seagulls swooped in, so close we could touch them
Sounds of crashing waves danced along the shore
Sand ran around afraid of the wind
People walking with their sand covered dogs
Runners jogging in slow motion across the shore
Temperatures slowly descending from high 80's to breezy 60's
We return into the house after dinner, cleaning our sandy feet and clear plates
Hopping into the warm bed, listening to the waves and seagulls knocks you out
And as you fall asleep, all you can think of is the joy you will have the next night

The night is peaceful in Santa Barbra

A MASTERPIECE -NAYEH ZOUHON

SEWING, MEASURING
TINY PIECES TOGETHER
HERE'S A MASTERPIECE

Famous – Collin Fielding

The blinds are famous to the window,
The hands are famous to the clock

I want to be famous for being myself and
doing what I like to do

WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR - RAYANE RAZANAKOTO

I OPENED THE DOOR AND YOU CAME OUT
I OPENED UP TO YOU AND BETRAYAL CAME OUT
I OPENED UP WITH BETRAYAL AND A NEW DOOR CAME
I OPENED THE NEW DOOR AND HAPPINESS CAME
I OPENED HAPPINESS THAN YOU CAME BACK
I OPENED UP TO YOU AGAIN AND YOU LEFT ME ALONE
I OPENED UP ABOUT BE ALONE AND SADNESS CAME BACK
I OPENED SADNESS AND THERE WAS NOTHING TO SEE
I OPENED NOTHING, THEN SOMEONE TAPPED ME.

JACKSON TAHU

Snow is falling down
A thick sheet covers the ground
Kids on winter break

Blue yellow green brown
There is singing in the trees
Birds and bees in trees

A ball of soft fur
A kitten in the basket
Cats are above dogs

The birds are singing
The gentle wind in the trees
O great spring is here

Snow on the bare trees
Mother nature rests her head
Animals in bed

Popsicle eating
The forest life all around
Summer is abound

August – McKenzie Hart

The pretty shells found all that week,
with hermit crabs and birds with beaks,
the taste of yummy frozen treats,
reminds me of summer at the beach.
As the salty smell of a cool breeze sweeps the waves a shore,
your towels and clothes are dry no more,
as you pack to leave the ocean roars,
saying by to you once more.
The best thing about August I must say,
only happens on one day,
The day I wake and say-hooray!
is the special time of my birthday!

Blue – McKenzie Hart

Blue is the big, cloudless sky.
Blue is the taste of berries in your mouth, and the fresh air, blowing by.
Blue is the sound of smoke, puffing out of a train.
Blue is bold but gentle, all at once, like a drawing of a flower.
Blue is bright and loud,
Soft but furious,
like walking in the rain.
Blue is a bird in the country,
Or a lake in the city.
Blue is clear;
Blue is beautiful.

Green - Amika Inthahom

Green is seen down on the meadows,
the smell of flowers and nature
are like a frosting on a cupcake.
As the wind carries fairies' laughter and leaves' whistles,
smooth as a stone and soft as feathers,
it changes all the time from warm to cold, as the seasons go.
Whimsical, it feels at home
exploring its beauty, climbing up trees,
and dancing in the flower fields.
In homes from Alabama to Canada
when broken you will heal slowly over time
and learn that beauty is not always everything.

Lemon Lime Diamante - Izzy Palladino

Lemon
Golden Sour
Chopping Squeezing Eating
Juice Zest Peel Seeds
Drinking Grating Licking
Zesty Bitter
Lime

Desert – Aman Adam

Help! I need water

I'm so thirsty I could die

The sun burns my flesh

Busch Gardens - Christopher Agyare

the awesome rides

delicious food

People cheering in joy

the hot sun

the sweet cotton candy

a new era is about to begin

Love that Ball - Inspired by Walter Dean Myers - Gansukh Altankhuyag

Love that Ball

Like a lion likes to roar

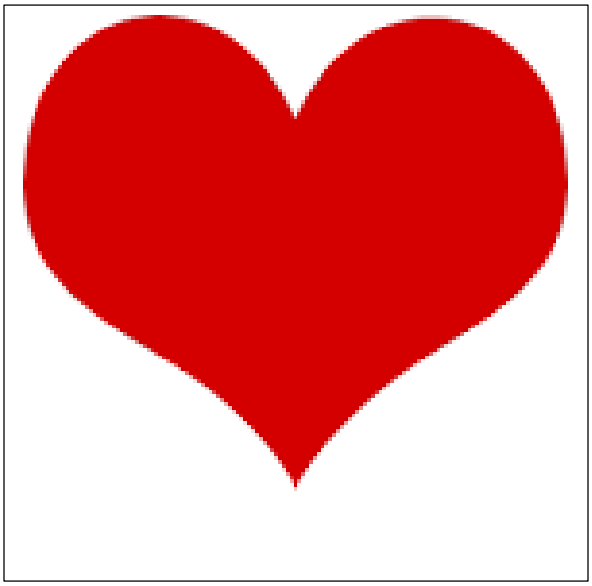
I said I love that ball

Like a lion likes to roar

Love to call him in the morning

Love to call him

"Hey there, ball!"



Love That Cat - Inspired by Walter Dean Myers - Sara Arlett Estrada

Love that cat

Like a kid loves their mom

I say I love that cat

Like a kid loves their mom

I love to hug him

I love to call him

"Hey there, Tom"

Cat - Inspired by Valerie Worth - Randall Armstrong

Cat

In the cage

The cat plays

Jumping around

Using his legs

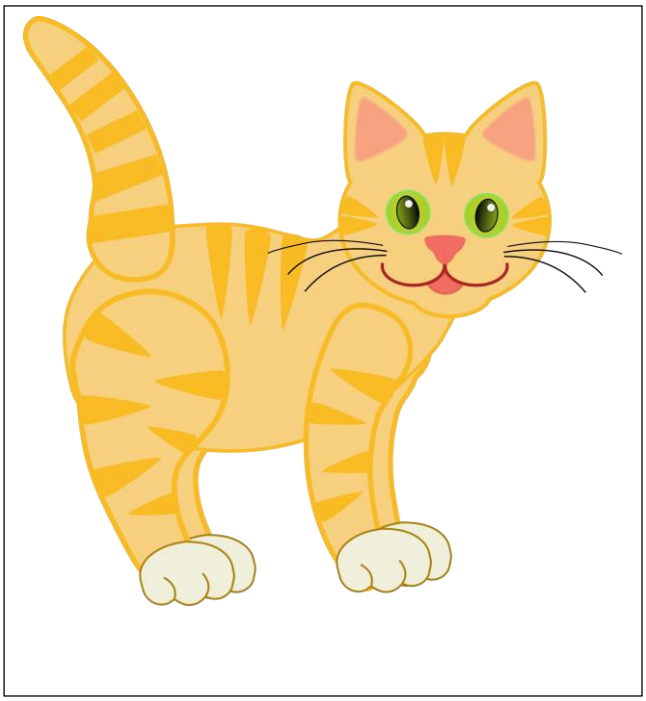
Looking at his paws

Moving its tail

All afternoon

He lays down

Licking his skin



Winter - Aurnab Barua

cold, white, ice, freezing

unbearable, frosty, harsh

wish we got more snow

The Blue Chair - Inspired by William Carlos Williams - Dhruva Barua

So much depends upon

A blue chair

Something we sit

On

Beside our Friends.

Zoo – Orgil Bayanmunkh

Lions sleeping on the rocks
Smelly gorillas in their cage
Tigers roaring out loud
The bony cow at the petting area
Cotton candy in my mouth
There are bears at the zoo?

The Barbeque - Alysia Berrios

Burgers being flipped

Burning hot dogs

Kids playing

Soft buns in my hand

Juicy burger

What a good barbecue.

Where I'm from - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Natalie Blouin

I am from games,
From candy land and monopoly
I am from the water in the pool
(Clear shiny tasted like bath water)
I am from the rosemary bush out back
The people who gave me up

I am from rolos and skiing,
From Pie and Jean
From the wickeds and the cools,
From thriller night
With Michael Jackson and all the songs I can sing myself

I am from Petunia and Dicks branch
burrito bowls and iced tea
From the nine other siblings my grandfather grew up with

Under the board games are old scrapbooks overflowing with people and places
I have yet to see
But I can dream about the wonderful family that
Adopted me and let me be part of
Their family tree.

Patriots
Inspired by William Blake
By Brandon Brigner

Patriots! Patriots! a flying kite

Soaring through the steelers' defense in the night,

Flying high into the stadium light

So many touchdowns in flight.

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Carmen Bunker

I am from traveling the world.
From being called peanut and bear.
I am from playing backgammon and yahtzee.
I am from eating beef jerky and watching The Godfather.

I am from crafts and reading.
From Gina and Jack.
I am from athletes and intelligences.
From that's what she said and watergate.
I am from games like jacks and gatorade caps.
And lovers of Rolling Stones and Vince Gill.

I am from Alice and Vincente,
A book lover and metal racing cars
From ice cream eater and mexican music listener.
I am from niento and je wis.
From wannabe interior decorator and engineer.

In the attic are a flow of generations in pictures.
A stream of happy and sad faces.
I came to lives of which who love me.
I am from no same family tree but no moments I will forget.

Potato – With apologies to William Blake – Quillan Carpenter

Potato! Potato! Burning brown

falling into the deep fryer in which thou wilt drown

What incredible chef could try

To capture the beauty of a French fry!

Camp Nou - David Castellon

the soccer nets

the grass

the fans cheering

the grassy pitch

the sweat

I'm in Barcelona's stadium

A Single Snowflake - Conor Cohen

Drifting precisely

The wispy, cold snowflake floats

And lands on my palm.

Always Hope - Amya Covington

Always war and fighting
Always accusation never evidence
There's always hope though
Always hope
Struggles in life, no humanity
Friendships and "I got your back"
Always "I'll do anything for you"
More deaths cannot be helped
Revenge never the answer
There's always hope though

Love that Cousin - Inspired by Walter Dean Myers - Maddie Crabtree

Love that cousin

Like an angel loves to fly

I said love that cousin

Like an angel loves to fly

Love to see her welcoming face

Love to see her

"Hey there, cousin!"

Ocean - Derek Cushman

Ocean waves ashore

For all it is beautiful

Fun though powerful

The Wolf - Inspired by William Blake - Alexander Davidson

Wolf! Wolf! like a spy,

watching with his great eye.

stalking prey that will run,

as he attacks they are stunned

Carnival - Jermiah Debruhl

The big Ferris wheel

The hamburgers from the food stand

Kids screaming on the rollercoaster

Excitement as I enter the merry-go-round

The cotton candy from the food stand

I had fun today

Naples, Florida - Sofia Dopazo

The crabs sunbathing on the gray rocks

The lemon trees

Waves crashing on the golden sand

The sun pounding on my skin

Sea salt air brushing my face

I could stay here forever

Alaska - Arina Durova

The snow swirling

Cones on pine trees

howls of the wind

frost nipping my nose

cold bitter snow

Mother nature's glory

Cherry Blossoms - Daniel Dunning

The cherry blossoms

Reborn like the orange phoenix

Beautiful like spring

The Soccer Game - Inspired by William Carlos William - Luke Endo

So much depends
Upon

the way the ball
moves

as it slides by the
keeper

into the side
netting.

Amusement Park - Leila Euchi

Rides ripping through the air,
The sweet smell of candy,
loud rippling party music,
evening breeze on my skin,
The freshly made snacks,
This is the time of my life!

The Basketball - Matthew Evangelista

Leather orange ball

Warm Gentle breeze

Bounce of the colorful ball

Drip of sweat

Cold cold water

I'm Winning

Alliteration ABCs - Daniel Feldman

Boring bike books bully bad boys.

Chris kills crazy copycats.

Dull doormats destroy dynamite.

Exchange executes emergency endings.

Friendly faculty feeds friends fritos.

Gorey giraffes gather gavels.

Horrible highbrow hippies haven't had hilarity.

Insane insecure insects invade injuries.

Jetpack jewels joint.

Keystone killers climb cats.

Lame lazy losers lick lumber.

Mad mature MacArthur murders maggots.

Nude nerds need nurses.

Old obese ocelots obtain octopi.

Poor people pay plants.

Quintuplet queens quote quizzes.

Rude rednecks radiate racoons.

Siri steals stupid stuff.

Terrible tablets tips tables.

Unfortunate unicorns unfold underwear.

Violent vampires vandalize vacations.

Wacky walruses whack Willy Wonka.

Yellow yard yanks yack.

Zany zebras zing zombies.

Snow - Kara Felker

Falling slowly down

Landing softly on the grass

Covering the world

Campobello Island - Kara Felker

Lobster boats and fishermen

Salty ocean breeze

Lonely rusty pickup truck

Cool night air

Fresh fish

This is real life

Moon Shine Bright - Suyana Fernandez Huayllas

Moon! Moon! spying up high

In the darkness of the night sky

Waiting for your smile to come this way

So darkness would go forever far away

The Rabbit - Inspired by Valerie Worth - Hannah Figueredo

Under a red oak

A young rabbit rests

Twitches her small,

Pink, nose

Lays her tiny head

Down, on her

Soft paws

Suddenly alert

Scurries on light feet

Under a bush

Shifts, blinks

Her tired eyes

Closes them

Sleeps deeply

Until morning

In her warm fur.

Cat - Inspired by Valerie Worth - Dario Florian Ocha

Under the table
the cat lies down,
stares at the view
gets up and stretches
yawns, pulls out tongue
tilts his head
starts slowly but carefully grooming
looks everywhere for something interesting
finds nothing
lies down again
yawns, sighs and closes eyes
sleeps all afternoon in owners' arms.

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Simmona Foto

I'm from sleeping day or night

From Shawn Mendes and Alesia Cara

I am from singing dusk to dawn

I am from eating brownies full or not

As if it was heaven in my tummy

I am from eyeglasses and books

From sleeping tired or not

I'm from Tia and Tamera Mowry

And watching news

I'm from know it alls and surprises

I am from soccer and news

From soccer balls and Michael Jackson

I am from sleeping all day and night

From working dusk to dawn

I am from watching tv and know it alls

From asking questions and playing games

Inside my closet was a box

Filled with memories around the world

From people who passed away or alive

A picture of a little girl by the Christmas tree

I am from these memories

Big or small

From reading and education

With excitement around the world

Mamba - Christopher Fuentes

Mamba! Mamba! as high as a kite
Candy that gets me super hyped
You fuel my power day and night
I'll buy you another time?

Hair - Luna Gamboa Gonzales

My hair is Glossy
I have long beautiful hair
I love my brown hair

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Pilar George

I am from plastic animals,
from drawings, dancing, and singing.
I am from the afternoons of twizzlers and stritigo
(from long hours of arguing with my sisters.)
I am from the tulips,
and yellow dandelions
whose colors were the most vibrant and name most intriguing to say.

I am from GI-Joes
and B-52's
from Charles And Mary-choy
I am from the leave no kids behind's
and the try and try until you succeed
I am from he who walked alone to
say we can all do it
and the very few verses I can say myself.

I am from Alyce and Charlie's branch
sweet cotton candy and sour mangos.
From the lonely nights in the hospital
suffering from polio
to my grandfather leaving the world later than he was supposed to.

In my walls are pictures of us
spilling with happiness and joy
a vibe of connection and dedication
to be imagery before my sleepy eyes.
I am from the strong bond between branches--
resistible even against the strongest winds--
all connected through the family tree.

The Cheetah - Inspired by William Blake - Christian Gipson

Cheetah! Cheetah! Running fast

Never looking at the past

Everybody fears the beast

For tonight it will have a feast

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Ella Godbout

I'm from singing
From soccer balls and Barbie dolls
I am from Hershey bars and double cheeseburger in Paradise (I would belt that song out all the time)
I am from Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood and Hop on Pop
The dreams that I had of being a teacher and a musician

I'm from Fisher Price and Star Wars toys
From Colleen and Greg
I'm from the innovators and the caregivers
From have fun and girl power
I'm from the thrill-seekers and the over-protectors
The two people that love me more than
Anything and support me every step of the way

I am from Richard and Suzanne
From yummy food and the volunteer
The doctor who knew his passion since he was a kid
Elvis Presley and Treasure Island
Lincoln logs and boy scouts

The phone calls that budded conversations
And dug out old memories that had been
Stuffed into the back of our brains
I am the sum of all parts of my family
The resemblance of people from the past
Present and future on my family tree.

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - David Gomez-Solis

I am from Hot Wheels
From the Simpsons and Kid Butowski
I am from the couch in front of the tv
(Cool, new smart tv)

I am from bicycles and dolls
From Menudo to Cepillín
I am from the Flintstones and El Chavo
I am from the everything military times

I am from wooden cars and jacks
From Marce and Homer
I am from cielito lindo and cricri
I am from Tom and Jerry and Donald Duck

In my head are divided memories of two different places ,
Between mi abuela there and my mom here, between mi abuelo there and
my dad here, different physical places but same place in mi corazón ,
I am that leaf on both a tree and an árbol.

Beach - Rosa Gonzales

Blue salty water

Laying on the sand,tanning

Sparkling, blue seashells

Technology - Jared Greene

So much depends

Upon

A world with

Technology

Powered by internet and

Electricity

To keep us

Entertained

Love that Dad - Inspired by Walter Dean Myers - Iam Guterriez

Love that dad,

like a student has to learn

I said I love that dad

like a student has to learn

Love to call him in the morning

love to call him

"Hey there,dad!"

Cat - Inspired by Valerie Worth - Rukon Hassan

On the sofa

The cat lies down,

Licks his fluffy fur,

Yawns,

Rests his head on the cushion.

Opens one eye looks up,

Alert; tries to hit with his

Lazy paws, at a painting of a fish,

Turns over on his side,

Closes his eyes: sleeps all day

In his fluffy skin.

Shiloh - Inspired by Valerie Worth - Marcus Helm

In his window
Shiloh rests,
Looking out,
Out at the world,
For us,
He watches the world.
He turns his head,
Looks at us.
We wonder
If something more profound,
Exists inside him,
The spirit of an angel
In his skin.

My Home - Aria Hernandez-Blanco

My cousins running around

Food being cooked by my mother and grandmother

Laughter filling the house from my cousins

The warmth of the summer breeze on a hot summer day

The soft, sweet, juicy taste of a mango

What a perfect day

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Abid Hossain

I am from big houses and buildings

From eating chips and chocolate.
I am from playing video games, board games, and more.
I am a boy that crossed the Atlantic Ocean.

I am from big houses and buildings near the rivers,
I am from books and pencils,
That's everyday work.
I am from eating very tasty food that I love.
I sometimes play but not every day.

I am from small towns,
And villages and that's where I lived.
I am from playing all day
With very little to say.
I am from fishing all day, and loving sweets.

I love my family and always will,
I have all of their pictures and always will.

Bauer Hockey Stick - Inspired by William Carlos Williams - Christopher Hunter

So much depends
Upon

A Bauer hockey
Stick

Covered in metallic
Writing

It could save your
Life

Turtle - Inspired by Valerie Worth - Bennett Johnston

In the tank
The turtle swims
Stretches her legs
Lays on a nice warm rock
Carefully between her sister
Looks up in joy;
Bites with strong Teeth
at a nice tasty strawberry
Looks around again
Another strawberry
Another bite
Finally she stops
Laying on the warm rock again
Sleeping in her nice dry skin

Midnight Wood - Inspired by Robert Frost - Lily Israel

What wonders share the dawn with me?

The midnight sky, earth, moon and tree;

I slip through the landscape of night

Out here in my wood I am free

Out here, none is wrong, all is right

Away from fear, away from light

Bare feet and open eyes

I know right here I'll be alright

In the still night the owl cries

The woods and I say our goodbyes

The rabbit scares, away it leaps

The woods away from human lies

Meanwhile, the whole world sleeps

Through the woods the winged creature sweeps

The beauty that the forest keeps

The beauty that the forest keeps

Raindrops - Lily Israel

Raindrops

Pit, pat on my skin

Sliding off a glossy leaf

Landing on my face

Alliteration ABCs - Maya Jones

Addie aardvark ate eight abacuses.
Brandon Brown baked baboon balloons.
Catherine cat came comatose quickly.
Diane dove daringly down.
Everest ejects eager entrepreneurs.
Fabled facilities for fashionable fishes.
Gators greet great grub.
Heros hate huge hail.
Imaginary ichthyosaurs ice skate in Idaho.
Jealous Jane just jettisoned Jefferson.
Kitty kicked ketchup kabobs.
Ladies laughed lightly, lassoing llamas.
Mademoiselle Mary made many mocha macaroons.
Natasha knew napkins needed nurturing.
Oracle orangutans ordinarily oppose onions.
Pink paddlefish prefer packets.
Quadruplets quiz questionable quails.
Rabid rabbits rate rare radiators.
Sally sees seven sailboats sailing successfully.
Ten tabbies take twenty-two tacos.
Ultimate ukuleles unadvisedly use unibrows.
Very vicious vipers view vain valedictorians.
Who would weaving warthogs worship?
eXtra xylophones xerocopy excitedly
Yaks yell,"yes!"
Zen zebras zested zoologists.

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Riddhi Kanal

I am from the mountains,

From rocks and dirt.

I am from the sun rays under the garden

(Bright, warm tasted like fresh air)

I am from the orchids,

The rhododendron campanulatum

Whose roots I still hold on to

As if they're people

I am from the dark chocolate and badminton,

From kit Kats and volleyball.

I'm from the gossipers and the know it all's,

From stop talking and smile more.

I'm from reincarnation and the henna designs,

And the eternal way.

I'm from tennis and legos,

Reading and M&M's.

From the heart my grandfather lost to death

The medications my father ate to keep his life.

In the closet was picture albums

With black and white faces.

Those faces whom I dreamt of

That keep me curious at night.

I am in that album

Making memories and mistakes.

My leaf forever stuck on the family tree.

The Schoolboy - Inspired by William Carlos Williams - Aiden Kimble

So much depends

upon

A school boy

Doing his

homework

And passing a

test

And telling someone the

truth

Snowflake Alliteration - Bronwen Kubiak

Snowflakes silently swirling by

White Winter wind

Beautiful blanket

Covering the cold

Ground

The Mountains - Chris Lazarte-Rocha

Tall wide mountains

Rocks that are going through erosion

People's loud echoes

Fresh breeze on top of the mountains

Cold thick air

Today is a cool windy day

My River House - Joshua Lechmanik

The rushing water from my river

Prepared breakfast on the table

Barking coming from the dogs outside

Rushing wind hitting my face

My juicy bacon for breakfast

I'm gonna have a good day.

Love that Cat - Inspired by Walter Dean Myers - Lizzie Lee

Love that cat,

like a man loves a hat

I said I love that cat

like a man loves a hat

Love to call it in the evening

love to call it

“Come on, kitty. Let's go buy a hat!”

Home - Charles Lehman

The rooms.
My mother cooking.
My brothers fighting.
A plate.
A nice ham sandwich with cheese, mayonnaise, and ham.
I’m going to bed.

Toby - Inspired by Valerie Worth - Erin Leland

The room was white
Devoid of color
A woman in a coat just as white
Came over
She looked at Toby
And nodded
We went to a table
And he was laid there
His brown eyes
Seemed to ask why we were here
And what was happening
The woman came over with a needle
Her face was flat and blank
Toby looked at me with pleading eyes
The needle went through his leg
He looked at me one more time
Then closed his eyes
And
Never
Opened
Them
Again

Yesterday's Blizzard - Evelin Lemus Guerra

Thick sheets of snow outside my window

Hot chicken soup ready to be served

Hard, blowing wind on my face

Cold snow on my hands

Hot chocolate with puffy marshmallows

There is no school today.

Subway - Steve Llanos

The sandwich and different types of topping

I smell bread

I hear the sauce being squeezed

I feel fresh

I taste the sandwich

I think of eating another one

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Kara McConnell

I am from stuffed animals
From princess dresses and crowns
I am from the slide in the back yard
(Fast p, dirty, and worn)
I am from the dogwood tree
The weeping willows
And this long gone flowers
Whose colors were unimaginable

I am from the gummy bears and laffy taffy
From Mom and Pop
I am from the know it all's
And the you can do its
From the come ons and slow downs
I am from the wine and bread
With crosses in my room
And the zero verses I can say myself

I am from Nana and Granddad
From warm brownies and donuts
From the scars my grandfather served
to the same scars my father took
For his country

Under my bed is a mail box
Overflowing with notes

And old faces
To lie beneath my dreams
Sprout before you grow
Flower on a family tree

Basketball - Toni McCrae

The black, red and white patterns on the court
The sweat when I run past the players
The "swish" when the basketball goes through the hoop
The excitement from my parents in the crowd
The victory of my team winning
I did an awesomesauce job!!!

Mother Nature - Silvia Mazzuchi

Colorful flowers

The beautiful shining sun

Nothing but nature

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Mallory Mead

I am from the tall oak tree,

I am from the generation of TV

I am from crawling under the big bush

(Blooming,shining, smells like flowers)

I am from the dog that barks, the cat the mews, and the friends at heart

I am from hellos and goodbyes

The times I've laughed, the times I've cried

I am the pain in the limbs

As I feel if it were my own

I am from the gunshots ringing,

The time of sadness and hunger

I am from ships that sail

Going,going, gone into the wind

I am from the generation before generation,

The wars that brought to here

I am from family,

Because that is what life is about.

The Beach - Nathaly Meija-Campos

The blue sky

big hot sun

the ocean the waves

the sand in my toes

the salt water

I am going to puke

Who is my dad? - Jhisel Mercado Molina

My dad is the best,

My dad listens to me all the time,

My dad is carrying and helpful,

My dad helps me with my problems all the time,

My dad is like a superman,

My dad knows how I feel,

My dad is tall and has black hair,

My dad has a big heart,

And I love my dad the way he is.

Waterfall - Ashly Mina Rodriguez

Bright Sparkling water
Rocky falls hidden out there
Magnificent sight

Love that Hamster - Inspired by Walter Dean Myers - Aiden Molina

Love that hamster,

like a student likes to study

I said I love that hamster

like a student likes to study

Love to call him in the morning

Love to call him

"Hey there, Geo!"

Soccer Field - Brian Montoya-Bonilla

A soccer ball soaring through the air

The fresh grass

The pounding sound of my foot hitting the Soccer ball

The sweet Gatorade

This is a wonderful sport

Soccer - Henry Moran

Soccer ball

Turf on the field

Whistles from the referee

The soccer ball hits my goalie gloves

Air breezing in my hair

We will win

Classroom Music - Inspired by Arnold Adoff - By Lara Mohamed

T h i s c l a s s r o o m: t h e scribbles of p e n c i l s t h e n o i s e of my peers t h e flipping o f pages. oh the beautiful noises of t h e c l a s s r o o m The clock ticking t I c k T o c k t h e s o u n d o f papers flipping And IPads typing t y p e, t y p e, t y p e The bell goes r i n g Class is OVER!

If My Soul Died - Mari Mott

"Our lives begin to end the day we are silent about things
that matter."--Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Yes.

My soul; the center of my self, the most Important part of my living.
My eyes, my ears, my fingers, my feet
All unimportant compared to
My soul.

No.

If I went deaf, I would live.
If I went blind, I would live.
If all of my body died, my soul would live.
But Martin was right: if I was silent about things that mattered, if I stopped having beliefs, if I silenced my instincts, if I thought for one second that nothing mattered,if my soul died, I would be truly gone. Gone.

No.

If I did not talk,
If I did not think,
If I did not have beliefs,
If I did not feel
And if I did not care,
I would never have a chance to make a Difference
I would forever be a miserable shadow.

No.

So, I will talk,
I will think,
I will have beliefs,
I will feel,
I will care about everything that is important,
I will make a difference,
And my soul will NEVER die!

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Mari Mott

I am from Elton John and Donna Summer

From Fleetwood Mac and Simon and Garfunkel

I am from singing from dawn till dusk

(On or off key)

I am from roses and lilies

Which grow around my soul

I am from popcorn and head injuries

From " Suzanny fanny spin and twirl"

I'm from hippies and jocks

From " Hey Mares" and " settle down"

I'm from he saved us all

With reciting prayers

And getting up at 7:30 on Sunday

I'm from Virginia and Lloyd

Black coffee and gluten-free everything

From the temporary weakness

Due to chemo

The memories lost to concussions

On my wall are the pictures

Taken before and after my birth

(Some stained by coffee or dirt or maybe time)

They slip into my thoughts

I am from all these moments

A leaf, forever rooted to the family tree

The Soccer Ball – Fatima Mouslik

So much depends upon

A speedy soccer
Ball

Covered in Black and white
Spots

Speeding towards the
goal.

Where I'm From - Inspired by *George* Ella Lyon - Tessa Muldowney

I am from matchbox cars,

From games and playing pretend.

I am from adventures.

(Inside, outside and in between.)

I am from crape myrtles,

And daffodils.

The trees and flowers,

making the aroma sweet.

I am from chicken and more chicken,

From Dori and Chris.

I'm from the smarty-smarts

And the sporty-sports.

From let's go and calm down.

I'm from singing in the car,

And memorizing each and every line.

I'm from the city and the suburbs,

Roast beef and yellow rice.

From the grandfather I never met,

To the grandmother that taught me to knit.

Under my parents bed

Are photo albums.

Pictures from when I wasn't alive.

I am from these people--

I'm so lucky to be

Part of this family tree.

Demon - Inspired by William Blake - Kate Murphy

Demon! Demon! Burning bright.

In my bedroom in the night

What type of mortal hand or eyes

Could look at thy appalling guise?

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon -Yabsera Negussie

I am from the Air Force
From the chalk boards and test tubes
I am from the oak trees in the Back yard
(full of birds
I have never seen)
I am from the desert sands
The scorching sun
Whose shine poured down on me
Like I was one of its own

I am from mathematics and science
From Negussie and Adiam
I am from the sneaky potatoes the bright owls
From the Know it alls to the Catch Ups
I am from the words between pages
Between a book
With images I will always remember
I am from Azenegash and Natnael
fresh shuro and Siga grilling at the stove

From the heart that gave up on my grandfather
To the Eyes that are dying on my grandmother

In my heart there was warmth
Spilling love
Bounties of feelings
They drift farther and closer every second
I am from those feelings
I am a growing leaf on my family tree

Love that Bird - credit to Walter Dean Myers - Angelica Ortiz -Martinez

Love that bird,

like a dog loves to chase

I said I love that bird

like a dog loves to chase

Love to call her in the morning

love to call her

"Hey there, Sky"

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Izzy Palladino

I am from the lamb I played with and still sleep with today

I am from the video games which took up most of my weekends

I am from the YouTube videos many people thought were strange

I am from the girl power songs that Katy Perry wrote and I listened to

I am from the "#slaying"s and the "I ship it"s

I am from the dreams of being on stage with millions of fans cheering me on

I am from the long games of snake on my Nokia phone

I am from the Danish dance competitions where hip hop slayed

I am from the scientist I aspired to be

I am from the “all that and a bag of chips” s and the “let's bounce”s

I am from the toy Snoopy I slept with every day

I am from pretending to be Batman and saving the day

I am from the trombone that I still know how to play

I am from the rock bands I still listen to

I am from the boo berry cereal I could have only on my birthday

Ideas of Sadness - Charrod Pelham

A bundle of thoughts

All thoughts scream “pick me! pick me!”

But none will be picked

Nature - Wendy Perez

The leaves are falling

The kids are playing outside

I smell beautiful flowers

The Soccer Ball - Inspired by William Carlos Williams - Estee Ruiz

so much depends
upon

a black and white soccer
ball

heated by the blazing
sun

waiting for
victory

The Dog - Inspired by William Blake - Nicol Ruiz

Dog! Dog! jumping high
In the middle of my sight
What clean hand, or eye
Could support thy slobbery?

Spring - Marcus Russell

Flowers are blooming

The sun is starting to shine

The rain is falling

Lanefield - Charles Ryland

The corn growing

Pine sap

Gunshots with cans exploding

The warm gentle breeze

The homemade burger with fries

All is well

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Charles Ryland

I am from dishes

From the cleaning supplies

I am from dark corners

I am from the trains and the outdoors

Good memories all gone to pieces

I am from Robert and Barbara

I am from the smarties

With many expectations

From wake up to go to bed I am from Charles and Alice

I am from my dad's lost finger, my uncles lost finger

from my once broken finger

Under my bed I have nerf guns

with endless amount of bullets

I hear noise at the door

all nerf guns are loaded and ready

I am a mere twig that will turn to a great branch

Love that Friend - Inspired by Walter Dean Myers - Ahmed Saeed

Love that friend,
like a frog loves to jump
I said I love that friend
like a frog loves jump
Love to Call him in the morning
Love to call him
"Hey want to play with me?"

Where I'm from - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Kathy Santiago

I'm from reading books

I'm from listening to music

I'm from watching movies all day.

I'm from have a good day.

I'm from the kitchen

From the delicious meals

I'm from the farm I used to go to

I'm from the laundry that I did every day

From playing the winning top

I'm from cleaning the house

From feeding the animal

From listening to the radio

I'm from the rooms I cleaned

From the meals I cooked

I'm from the hours I worked

From the mints I ate

I'm from the hot days

Everything I did is where I'm from

Those are memories that will live forever in my life

From chasing the cows, from cooking the tortillas

That's where I'm from.

Willow - Riley Shelton

The weeping willow

Swaying towards you *no come back*

Stay here be my friend

The abandoned garage - inspired by William Carlos Williams - Layal Shemsedin

So much depends

upon

The abandoned black

garage

With colorful graffiti all over

it

Beside the green

Dumpster

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Athena Solarzano

I am from sports,

From basketball to football

I am from the puzzles at the

back of the closet

(Difficult,Confusing but fun)

I am from the brothers the competitive

who don't play no more like I remember.

I am from barbies and softball

From kick ball and wall ball and

anything between.

I am from the greats Michael Jackson and

prince from good to bad

I am from the sesame seed candy that you can

buy at the corner store and the movies we love.

The End - Inspired by William Carlos Williams - Carson Stadler

So much depends upon

an old, frail,
pounding heart.

For when it stopped, when the
world seems to lay silent,

when he fell into darkness,
I wept.

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Everett Sullivan

I am from games,
Brother to brother.
I am from the dirt that gets layered with
Snow and rain.
I am from the big trees to red leaves.
People that are long gone,
I will remember them all my life.

I am from wrestling and drawing,
From James and Neat.
I am from the hard workers,
And get good grades tellers,
From the try your best.
I am from having a fun time and partying.

I am from King's cookng,
To desserts.
From the grandfather I never saw,
To scars my dad has to keep.

Somewhere in my house are pictures,
of people that have come and gone.
In my dreams I think of them.
I am from people who were before me
Of a growing branch,
That is going to be a strong branch.

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Efrata Tefere

I am from drawing,

from sketching and painting.

I am from stuffed bears

(Colorful, soft

it felt like a sheep.)

I am from cats,

from Abyssinian cats and American curl.

I am from chocolate and toy cars,

from Aster and Hailu.

I'm from the never - gives - ups and the I - believe - in - yous,

from I love you and I care about you.

Pictures of my grandparents

in my drawer.

Me with my grandparents

I'm from those moments

but, gone before I budded

leaf - fall from the family tree.

My Bedroom - Dylan Thomas
My PS4 screen
Dinner from downstairs
My friend yelling
Controller Vibrations
My tasty snack
Where did my car go?

Where I'm From – Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Kol Timura

I'm from comfortable beds on top of cold and shiny floors surrounded by high

tech equipment beeping and booping.

I'm from tall and menacing hills in which I zoom down on my one gear bike with poor brakes.

I'm from the leather cushions shaped like a castle in which I imagine I rule over as a powerful king.

I am from the woods, trudging around the wet hilly landscape without any cares to give.
I am from the rocky beach, collecting shiny arrowheads and eroded beach glass and oyster shells.
I am from the spiked blackberry bushes, thinking about how good and mouthwatering they will be in the homemade blackberry pie.
I am from the pickleball court right next to the house playing basketball, pickleball, and badminton.

I am from the house, listening to rock around the clock, playing with my friends and siblings and dolls,

I am from the bedroom, reading a ton of books while gnawing on a Hershey bar. I am from the lake, dipping by feet in and fishing for the next big fish.

In the basements and old closets of the house are childhood memories illustrated in drawings and old photos to remind us of where all of these generations began, just waiting to be gazed upon and laughed about on the living room sofa surrounded by relatives and cousins and close neighbors

laughing their hearts out.

Our Stars - Inspired by William Carlos Williams - Rebecca Wexler

So much depends
upon

our fate,
our stars,

mysterious and
unpredictable

always changing without
control

Camp Kiniya - Marta Whitney

A big lake, girls having fun, a rope course, and a giant swing,

Very good food and the natural forest,

Kids laughing and the very loud noise of kids in the lake,

Happy to be with new people, new friends, and people who care,

I could live here forever!

Butterfly - Inspired by William Blake - Adam Wood

Butterfly! Butterfly!

flying through the day time sky,

flapping as time goes by,

bye bye butterfly.

My Bedroom - Shania Woolery

A bed

The lovely fragrance

Heat on

Soft comforter

Thin air

I'm home

Where I'm From - Inspired by George Ella Lyon - Christopher Wuslich

I'm from tech

From Google and DVDs

I'm from the stain of spilt milk

(White, splattered years ago)

I'm from the Maple Tree

And the Birch one

Whose role playing owner's treated it as a military base

As if it were real

I'm from analog watches and foreign relatives

From Raymond and Julie

I'm from the bullied for weight

And the hard-working son

From Barbies and LEGO

I'm from Christianity

With Sunday school

And years of Law School

I'm from golf and Star Trek

G.I. Joes and Soccer balls

From the injury to my dad caused by

a rocking horse

The pills that my grandfather refused to take that lead to

his demise

On the top shelf of my dad's closet

Was a small, red locked box

Spilling with family photos and pictures of me and my

brother as infants

A paradise of memories

Both good and bad

I remember my dad letting me look in it

For the first time

I now realize I'm from those photos--

Taken before I'd evolved--

Now ready to plant new seeds of the same family tree

Mango Tree - Rodrigo Veliz

Reddish, yellowish
Big, rounded, sweet mangoes in
Large, strong trees on summer.

The Frozen Forest - Anthony Vergara

The snow covered trees

The smoke of the campfire

The howls of a wolf pack

The freezing snow

The heated soup

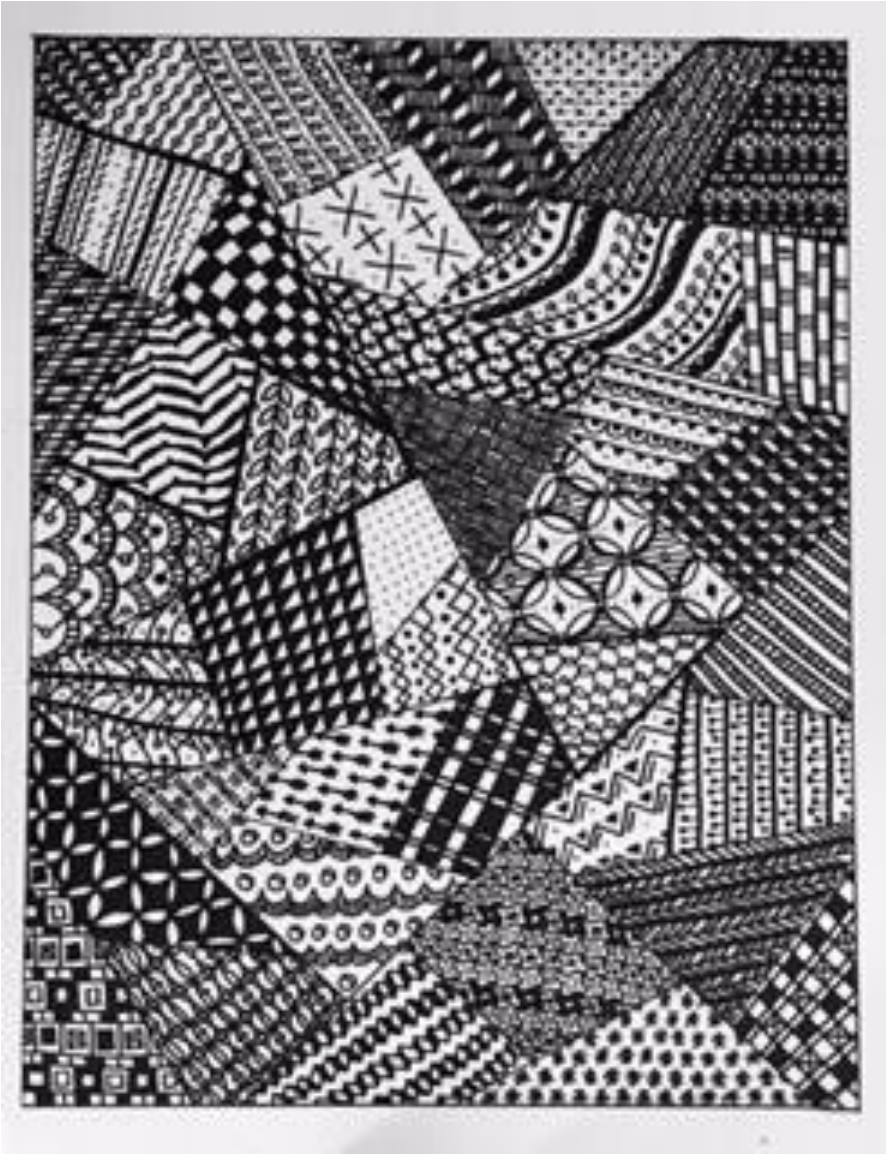
Beautiful Nature at its finest

The Wind Will Take Us All - Eben Zimmerman

People say they know where wind is from

The say they can harness it
But the wind has a mind of its own
And one day it will come for you
And then you won't say you harnessed it
You won't say you know where it comes from
You won't say anything at all

Nonfiction



Dear C. S. Lewis,

I read your book, *The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe,* way back in second grade, and it has changed me ever since. In second grade, I read because I had to read, either for homework, or before I would be allowed to play video games, or to watch T.V. Well, that was until I read your book. Now I read for passion, for joy, for the ability to let my mind wander through a magical wardrobe.

Reading is amazing. It is incredible how much a single book can change your perspective of anything, which is just what your book did. As I flipped through every page in your book in less than three hours, I could tell I felt something new. It was as if I could imagine every major scene like I was standing right there in Narnia. I could see Aslan bound to the table. I could see the stone garden with hundreds of statues in the night. I could see Lucy feeling her way through the wardrobe and stepping into Narnia. You didn't just give me a book to read, you also opened my imagination.

In addition to opening my imagination, from that book I learned that books can provide you with important guidance throughout your life. In your book, Aslan never backed down from a challenge. For example, when he went to the witch to trade his life for Edmund's and was bound to a table to be killed, yet came back to life using deeper magic the witch didn't know about. Aslan had to have faith that the magic would work so he wouldn't be killed. That scene comes to my mind many times when I'm facing a challenge. For example, when I play soccer and am matched up against an opponent a foot taller than me, who is much faster and stronger than I am, I think of Aslan and don't back away. I accept the challenge and try my best. Even if I don't succeed, I try to learn from my mistakes and do better. For that, I thank you: you showed me how to be courageous, to never to shy away from a challenge, and to have faith in myself.

In your book, the wardrobe led to a fantasy world of good and evil. For me, though, opening and reading your book unlocked so much more: the power of being able to discover new places in my mind, as well as joy and emotion, with only a book in my hand.

Sincerely,
Conor Cohen

Dear Kimberly Brubaker Bradley,

Cruel and mean don't describe my parents. Scared doesn't describe me. I don't live my life in fear of what might happen tomorrow. But Ada Smith does. Her mother is mean and cruel. She does live her life in fear of what might happen tomorrow. In your book, *The War That Saved My Life,* you showed me that not everyone in the world has a great education and a nice house in a safe place with kind parents. Your book changed my view of the world because it made me realize that some people's parents are truly unkind and that I am very lucky that I have awesome parents and a great life.

When Ada was looking in the bathroom mirror for the first time, she thought she was looking at someone else and thought how shabby and dirty they looked. Then she realized she was looking at herself. That part really opened my eyes to how people live without much food or they don't shower much because they don't have enough money or resources. It also made me realize that people who do have enough money for enough food and water to shower and or bathe are so lucky, and that you shouldn't take it for granted.

Since your book took place during the beginning of World War II, the characters are struggling with rationing and getting enough food. Even though Ada and Jamie had enough food with Susan, when they lived in London with their mother they didn't. After reading these parts I guess it just became real to me that so many people are still struggling with hunger. Some people around the world have been struggling with food for their whole lives. To me, food has always been on the table at breakfast, lunch and dinner. Every once in a while, I'll have to help cook, but that's not a big deal. So I have never had to worry about where my next meal would be coming from.

Ada is always worried that the next day, her mother might take her back home to London. She also reminds herself that whenever something good happens, it won't last forever. These parts remind me that I'm not worried about tomorrow or that this is too good to be true. To Ada, my whole life would be too good to be true. This is one of the many reasons why I now feel so lucky.

I think it's unfair when Lady Thornton says Ada can't go to school because she isn't in the school records. I believe that the fact Ada can't read is exactly why she should go to school. Then Susan offers to tutor Ada. I think that is really kind of her, because Susan understands what Ada needs. She is also someone who believes that the rules can be bent when the circumstances allow. That part made me realize that there are still people who believe that everyone deserves equal chances, even if others don't.

Thank you for writing this book and showing me true fear and hunger and cruelty. You truly captured these emotions in ways I have never read before. Now if I have to do something I really don't want to do, like homework, I think about about it differently. I think that there are people in the world who don't have an education at all, and that I'm lucky that I do have a good education. So thank you, your book will forever remind me how lucky I am.

Sincerely,
Kara Felker

Dear Ms. Ryan,

Esperanza Rising made me realize how lucky I am to have the things that I have. My dad and his family made a safe journey to the U.S. before I was born. I have friends and a loving family. My family has enough money to live a comfortable life and still go on vacations. I'm a very fortunate person.

In the past, I complained about the little things in life that didn't go my way. In reality, I should have been complaining about the poverty in our world and how it's not fair to live on the streets, eating almost nothing. The worst part is, humans are barely doing anything to help. This book taught me that people who are fortunate to have good lives should help the people who don't.

I didn't value the things that I had until I read this book. Esperanza went from having everything to having nothing. It could happen to anyone, even the richest person in the world. I just didn't think about it a lot. There's a saying that I think really goes with this book; that we don't appreciate the things that we have until we lose them. Maybe if we weren't as greedy, we would all live better lives.

In the book, when Esperanza's dad is shot, I felt like I was about to cry. In fact, what happened to Esperanza's dad happened in my own family. My grandfather was shot before he became a grandfather, when my dad was only 20 years old. Esperanza's dad and my grandfather (Jorge) were both shot while doing their job. Esperanza's dad was shot in Mexico and Jorge was shot in Colombia. They were also doing different jobs. Jorge died because his family was threatened, but Esperanza's dad died for a different reason. Both of our families found a way to get to the United States. Esperanza lost everything, my dad and his family were just lucky they didn't. Five years after my grandfather's death, my dad's family moved to the United States to escape the violence in Colombia. It's terrible, but if it didn't happen, my dad wouldn't have come to the United States, wouldn't have met my mom, and I would never have been born!

Your book made me think about all the poor people in the world. Many people don't have food to eat or a bed to sleep in. But we can help, and it's actually really easy. What I do is donate my old things to charity, instead of just throwing them away. It helps the poor and the environment. Also, helping people can really make us feel good about ourselves. If we want to help more, though, we can make lunches for the poor or hold a food drive. Even the smallest acts help. I guess it's really just up to the people, to make Earth a better planet. Maybe if everyone read this book, it would motivate them. Thank you writing this book, and for inspiring me.

Sincerely,
Hannah Figueredo

Dear Robert J. Hastings,

"There is no station, no place to arrive at once and for all. The true joy of life is the trip." I used to live my life preparing for the future, not living in the present. I would miss a family event to get my schoolwork done, stay up late to study for a test, let my anxiety take over thinking that one day it would go away. Life is not what you become, it is what you do every day. Before reading your poem, I woke up every day imagining tomorrow.

I first read your poem about a year ago. I was in the car talking with my dad about how my life was so stressful, and he told me to read "The Station." At first, I was thinking to myself that this was going to be "just another poem," but when I finished reading it my world had changed forever. I was speechless.

I now understand what you mean when you say "The great dividing line between success and failure can be expressed in five words: I did not have time." I used to use this excuse any time I would choose something not important over something important. It's just a lie that people tell themselves to make them feel better about not making the time to do special things. For example, My parents would offer to go on a walk, and I would choose to stay back and get things done. The second they left I would immediately regret the fact that I didn't take the 15 minutes to go on a walk and make time for the other things I needed to do.

"So, stop pacing the aisles and counting the miles. Instead, climb more mountains, eat more ice cream, go barefoot more often, swim more rivers, watch more sunsets, laugh more, cry less." My world has changed forever. I have figured out ways to balance out my life and live every moment to the fullest. For example, I get my homework done quickly so that I can spend time with family and friends, I schedule my day to have time for as many things as possible, and I prioritize everything.

If you hadn't created this work of art, I don't know what my life would be like today. I could have continued putting productivity before family. Your poem opened up a new door for me that has helped me boost my quality of life like a rocket shooting up into space and finding a new place to land.

I never thought that a poem could make my life change so drastically. I have never been more grateful for a piece of writing than with your poem. You have no idea how much it means to me that someone spent the time to think about life like this and shared it with the world.

Thank you for changing my life, thank you for giving me a new perspective of the world, thank you for giving me a chance to make the most of life!

Yours truly,
Ella Redding Godbout

Dear Rick Riordan,

Stories are the way we escape from this world, the way we leave where we are and are suddenly in an action-packed world of adventure. That is the way I felt after reading *The Lightning Thief. The Lightning Thief* has affected my life in many ways. After reading your book I was inspired to start writing my own books, I also started fencing. I was inspired by how you described sword fighting so I wanted to try it for myself.

I began my writing back in third grade and my first book was about cows who went on an adventure. I know it sounds really stupid, and it was, but I was very proud of it. As I continued reading your books, I realized that the key to writing was how you used your words, not how many there were. I shared my books with my friends and they told me what I should do to make the story better. You and them have really helped me with my passion for writing.

In fourth grade, my parents said I had to do a sport. Being the person I am, I had never done any sports, so I decided on fencing. At first, it was extremely hard for me, but I did not give up because your books had taught me that I had to work for anything that I really wanted. For example, in *The Lightning Thief* when Percy went to the underworld to rescue his mother and the master bolt. Your books taught me how to be strong and to work for things I want. Now I have been fencing for two years, and have won countless medals. Now I enjoy helping others reach the goals they have set in fencing.

The Lightning Thief made me think about the world differently. When Percy finds out that he is a demigod, he accepts it with only a few questions. When I read that part, I was surprised at how quickly he accepts that; it just shows you how easily the human mind adjusts. Humans are creatures of habit, but once they get into something it eventually feels normal.

I feel like there was an underlying message throughout the whole book, and it is that being different is good. I once watched a video speech of yours, and you were talking about your books. You said that making Percy have ADHD and dyslexia was your way of honoring all the kids you have now with those conditions. You also said that it's not bad to be different and that is sometimes the mark of being very talented. In the beginning of the book, Percy is at a school for troubled kids, but he soon finds out that he is more powerful than he could have ever imagined. You tell your readers that if they are special, they should embrace it. After reading your book, I became more confident and I became very well-known at elementary school as the fun crazy person that everyone wanted to hang out with.

After reading *The Lightning Thief,* my life was changed for the better. I have done things I never would have done without reading your book, like fencing and writing. I have also learned to accept who I am and to be proud of it. Thank you, Rick Riordan for all that you have done for me.

Sincerely,

Erin Leland

Dear Mr. Green,

I have read many of your books but one touched my heart. One book I finished long ago, *The Fault in Our Stars,* but I still can connect to Gus and Hazel. I still feel the burning emotions. I cried with the characters, I laughed with the characters and I fell in love with them, each in a different way. Your book opened my eyes to something in front on me I pushed aside and ignored. I was uncomfortable talking about it because it was a traumatic part of life many don't want to talk about.

I know many people like Augustus and in Hazel in your book, who had or have cancer. My grandmother, my friend and my great uncle are among these. I didn't know my grandmother had cancer at one point until several weeks ago. My great uncle will be treated in a couple of weeks. I can relate to how Hazel's parents might be feeling. I wonder how they are so strong and how they don't cry in front of her. I feel her parent's pain.

Your characters are so relatable yet intricate. Gus said, "my thoughts are like stars I cannot fathom into constellations." I knew what he felt. I believe it means he cannot piece together his thoughts. Sometimes I worry that I never make sense. Gus is such a strong person, but he lets us in and see his weaknesses. He went through so much and through it all he loved and protected Hazel, through the pain and loss he always held onto Hazel.

I am twelve and am becoming a *bat mitzvah* (a Jewish adult). I am required to do a community service project and I have been planning one for a while. I want to do a cancer awareness project and raise money to support cancer research. I want Cancer Research Institute, N.Y. to find new cures and new ways to treat patients. This is an important cause. Your book opened my eyes to this real life problem. I care so much about helping people with cancer, I want others to care and help too.

People have layers. That is another thing you taught me. We aren't just one personality, one attitude or one mindset. We all have layers-- different attitudes-- based on our various experiences, and as we learn and change, so do our layers. Your book changed me by adding to my layers. You gave me a cause and a life lesson to hold on to forever. That is one thing I can never repay you for. I stayed up crying every night I read your book, it had a huge effect on me. The emotions came from nowhere. They snuck up behind me and then I was in tears seconds later. *The Fault in Our Stars* is not just a love story, it's a story that changed my life. Gus tells Hazel " it would be a privilege to have my heart broken by you," and it was a privilege to have my heart broken by *The Fault in Our Stars*. I thank you for your gift to the world, and I thank you for your gift to me. Now I can do my part to help people like Gus and Hazel. They struggle and shouldn't have to.

Yours truly,
Lily Israel

Dear Malala Yousafzai,

The first time I heard your story, I was in second grade. Going to school was something I did every day, even though I would groan at the thought of it. I thought that everyone could go to school, no matter what their gender. I thought that if I were to go to another country, I could get an education. I didn't know just what people would do to take away the right that I, back then, did not know was important.

When I heard you were shot by the Taliban for speaking out for education, I was shocked. To me, education had always been a basic right, and a part of life. The pages of your book opened up a new world for me, one where girls are so much less than they are in the United States. I will never forget the day I first day I entered that world.

It was years after I learned your story that I read your book, "*I am Malala.*" Even though I was older, I was still surprised about what I read. Even when I knew the world wasn't perfect, what I experienced through the pages of your book was worse than I expected. I could tell it wasn't just education the Taliban had taken away from the female citizens of Pakistan. Your mother could not go shopping by herself, and women were threatened for not wearing burqas.

The more I read about how you were denied education, the more I realized how lucky I was to live in a country where I had the right to learn. Before, school was something I had to do, but now I see that it is a gift, that not everyone has been given. I can't imagine not knowing how to read, write, or do math.

As I read how sad you were when your school was closed, and how much you missed your school books when you left the valley, I made a promise to myself that I would never complain about going to school again. I would always study for tests, even if I thought I didn't need to. I would always get out of bed in the morning, no matter how tired I was. I would always be aware that my education could be taken away at any moment, just like how when you were close to my age, the Taliban came.

I am now so grateful for my education. Education is a right that should not be taken away, and you helped me realize that, I am fortunate to have the right to go to school. You have forever changed my view of the world, and I will never forget the girl who was shot in the head, and didn't let it stop her.

Sincerely,

Bronwen Kubiak

Dear Jerry Spinelli,

Your book *Loser* really opened my eyes to the problems that kids with disabilities face. I could see them through the eyes of a very kind boy named Zinkoff, who has multiple disabilities, as he's experiencing kindergarten through 6th grade. Now, I have a better understanding of people with disabilities. I now know that disabled people aren't always acknowledged. Finally, I know how to help them.

Zinkoff had could not control when he threw up, he didn't have good speech, and he had trouble thinking things through. His story changed my look at people with those problems. Now I don't care how people talk -- I think of it like someone's accent now. Also, when I meet someone who looks different, I look past that, and I wonder if they think I look different. And I focus on how they act, and not how they look. Finally, I even have a friend who is hard of hearing and he has problems with his speech. Your book helped me understand what he's going through. I thank you and your book for showing me that.

Zinkoff has another problem. He only has a couple friends, and your book really looks into that. I learned that people with disabilities should not go unnoticed, and they sometimes do. Like anyone else, they need to have friends so they will stay happy. I did not realize this problem until it was shown to me in your book.

The final thing your book showed me was even though someone has a disability, they can still do most everything typical people can do, just with a little help. The exception is a disability that completely takes away an ability, like deafness or being blind, but they can still find other ways to do things. Also, there are treatments that can help them, such as speech classes in the case of Zinkoff's speech problems. Also, certain people can use devices or technologies, like a wheelchair in the case of people who can't walk.

I feel like I've learned many new things, so here's the recap. After reading your book, I think I understand more about what disabled people go through, and how to show that I care. I see now that disabled people need friends as much as anyone else. Finally, I see now that disabled people can do pretty much anything typical people can do. I feel like I've learned some valuable knowledge from your book. Thank you for opening my eyes.

Sincerely,
Joshua Lechmanik

Dear Anne Frank,

I am so sorry. I am so sorry that your life and human rights were taken away from you. I am sorry that you had to go through all the pain because your loved ones' lives were taken away from you in the cruelest way possible. I am deeply sorry.

I am 11 years old. We are similar in some ways but different in most (including the fact that I am Muslim and you were Jewish). We are both stubborn. We both think a lot about what will happen in the future. However, I don't have to walk with a star on an armband whenever I go outside. I don't have to go in hiding in a tiny place with a whole other family just to survive. I don't have to worry that will be captured or jailed every time I want to look out the window or get some fresh air. And I live in a time and place when I am treated equally and not judged by others...well, most of the time, I am not judged by others. But there are times when people give stares and avoid making eye contact with me because I wear a *hijab*. The worst, though, is when they have this scared look on their faces like I was a criminal, and purposely cross the street to avoid me.

While I was reading your book in the fourth grade, I thought it was historical fiction, because I never thought that something that cruel could happen in this world. Not in the world that I knew, at least. I never thought that someone could suffer that much. But still, you wrote, "think of all the beauty still left around you and be happy." After all the suffering you had, you still saw the beautiful things in the world and focused on that. You wrote about how you feel that nobody ever understood you. Well, I understand you, and the world today understands you.

The Nazis managed to take everything away from you. Your home, your school, your friends, your life. But you still had hope and believed that there was good, even in the worst of people. You kept this diary with you for your beloved Kitty. And I think I speak for everyone when I say, Kitty is no longer imaginary. We, your readers, are your Kitty. And I am truly honored to be your friend.

Your story has changed me for the better. It has taught me to be more accepting, so now I don't avoid sitting with someone in the cafeteria or class because they have different intentions or goals in life. Now that is a big reason why I do sit with them. Your story really made me think about the world and the problems in the world, and the fact that there are way too many. It's hard to believe that there still are problems because people don't see others as their brother or sister because they have a different religion, race, or culture than them. And isn't it a shame that some people have so much, but never consider giving it to those who have so little? Being treated equal is a right, not a privilege. And thanks to your story, I believe that even more.

Thank you for all that you've taught us. Your story is one that I'll always keep in my heart. And I will always treasure your wise words: "I keep my ideals, because in spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart."

Sincerely,
Fatima Mouslik
(Fatima's letter won the Virginia state-wide Letters about Literature contest for grades 4-6 in 2017)

Dear Eva Kor,

Some books change your life, and some books you forget right after you read it. *Surviving the Angel of Death* was one of those books that changed my life. When I started to read your book, I was not aware of Josef Mengele, the evil Nazi doctor. I was oblivious to the fact that then and now such terrible things, like the Holocaust, which you had to suffer through were going on in the world. When you were ripped apart from your home and family and everything that you ever knew, I felt that sadness with you. As you and Miriam got sicker and sicker, either of you could've left the other to die when she got sick and vice versa. Neither of you did, you stole potatoes for her, and she didn't eat any bread for a week for you. As I read that you did that for her and she did that for you, I was amazed. How could two girls of just eleven years old have that kind of willpower? You saved each other's life even if it meant risking your own.

I have read your book twice. The first time I was nine, the second time was a couple months ago. The first time I did not understand why you were taken away and I thought that it did not happen. When I read your book a second time, I realized that it did happen and I was infuriated.

I am eleven years old, and I have never even come close to experiencing what you and Miriam did, and hopefully, I never will. I want to make a change because of what happened to you and Miriam and so many others. I want to try new things and I really appreciate the things I have, because of your book. I used to complain to my mom about silly things like how I did not want to go to school or how I did not want to eat my broccoli; now I am so grateful for the life I have. I am not saying that I will never complain again, because everybody does, but now I am grateful and I want to help and make a difference.

I cried when you and Miriam were taken away from your family, and I was angry for you when you two had to kneel on corn kernels just because you are Jewish. I felt so many different emotions throughout the book. I wish I could have done something to help, but I wasn't alive then. I realized that there are still many terrible things going on in the world. ISIS, incurable diseases, the Taliban, shootings, people being treated unfairly because they are perceived as "different," and so many more terrible things. The world will always have bad people and bad things in it.

If I can do even the smallest thing to help, at least I am doing something. Now I have lemonade stands and I try to raise money and I always donate it, to the Cystic Fibrosis foundation. Everybody in our family supports gay rights. Last weekend our whole family went to make meals for starving people. Now I will always try to make a difference, even if it's not at all big. I want the world to be a better place, but if I expect other people to change it for me, that won't happen. Your book has taught me that if I want the world to change, then I need to be the one to change it.

Sincerely,

Riley Shelton

Dear George Orwell,

I want you to know that your book, *Animal Farm,* deeply affected me. Before I read your book, I felt like I was a baby bird stuck in a nest, struggling to express myself. Trying to find out the truth about the world. Striving to speak out for what is right. While I was reading your book, *Animal Farm* whispered the truth of the world into my ear with every chapter. The truth? Things aren't always what they seem to be, and equality is something that is promised yet not achieved.

One way your book affected me was that it showed me that sometimes, we are told lies. These lies started out as promises to make everything better and easier for everyone. At first, these lies seemed to be blessings that people would tell us. Despite what some people might argue over, it is these lies that have ruined us all. Take Obamacare as one of many examples. Obama promised that when he became president, he would lower the cost of healthcare. What has happened, however? Instead of the cost of healthcare decreasing, the cost has been increasing rapidly. I now realize that it is crucial to understand and be attentive to the world around us. For if you are passive, you will have no idea how much more there is to the world, and what danger you could be in.

Your book also introduced me to communism, as expressed in a story about farm animals. In my eyes, communism is going to destroy us all if we fall for those lies that communists try to glue into our heads. Communism, thankfully, has never worked anywhere in the world. Never. Why not? Well, because forced equality can't be kept, and it suppresses the innovation of the human spirit. Plus, if you force someone to be equal, that is as an order, and they won't really be treated equally. What I am trying to say is that just because someone is called an equal, doesn't mean that they are treated with respect, dignity, and honor and have the same rights as others. As you wrote in *Animal Farm,* "All animals are equal, just some are more equal than others."

Another way your book affected me was that it showed me what can be crushed in someone's life. For example, in *Animal Farm,* Napoleon crushes independent thought and freedom of speech for all animals. After he comes to power, none of the animals have the right to express and think for themselves. I think the reason Napoleon was trying to stop the animals from thinking for themselves was because he wanted to rule all the animals as slaves. Unfortunately for the animals however, he succeeded in doing so, for all except one. Benjamin the donkey is the only animal in *Animal Farm* who isn't brainwashed but keeps all his thoughts and feelings inside. I can see why Benjamin would do that (to not get slaughtered), but it isn't right to keep thoughts and feelings inside when you know it's not right.

To conclude, Mr. Orwell, your book affected me deeply. When I read your book, it broke me free of a little bubble I had that made me have a warped view of the world that people were trying to keep me stuck in. When I read your book, I felt more aware of the world around me, and about the types of things people say or do to gain or maintain power. After reading your book, I no longer feel like a baby bird stuck in a nest, but I feel like I finally have the wings I need to soar. I can now take flight, to believe what I want to believe in, say what I have to say, and do what I think is right. Thank you so much for writing *Animal Farm.* I will never forget on what you helped me do. Fly.

Sincerely,

Rebecca Wexler

Dear William Kamkwamba,

The wind is a powerful thing. It can make, and it can destroy. But your use of wind inspired me to create with what I have. And your book, *The Boy Who Harnessed the Wind,* harnessed my attention.

When I read this book about your life, I felt a little bit more connected to my father's home continent of Africa (he is from Kenya). Because of your book, I feel more connected with him and I understand the challenges he might have faced.

I have my own little stash of junk in my room, but it's a little bit neater than yours was. Every now and then I look at it, and something sparks in mind. I see the things to make it like paper and cardboard, and then for the next hour or two, I'm in my room building. When it's done, it may look cool, but it does not work.

The tragedies that you faced saddened me, like when you had to kill your dog, I felt like I was you. When you faced hunger and had to eat those animal skins, I felt like I had to eat them, too. But the one time that you were playing in the mud and you ate the gum balls, I thought that was so funny. I could imagine a little boy covered in mud chewing different colored gum.

The fact that you only went to school for a short amount of time surprised me. When you taught yourself to do things by reading, that made me realize that the best way to learn is to read.

The experiments that you did fascinated me the most. My favorite one is when you connected your father's radio to the bike and made it work. When I read this, I looked into the subject and found some very interesting things about windmills and other natural generators. Your story got me interested many different things such as what life is like in Africa, what causes things to move, and what books I might like to read.

I can almost see myself in you, sometimes getting in trouble, trying to figure things out in life, and acting kind of goofy. In *The Boy Who Harnessed the Wind,* I learned so much about what it really means to be devoted to something important, and to try to learn and try new things. I just want to thank you for telling the world about your life, and for teaching so much to me.

Sincerely,
Eben Gathenya Zimmerman

Fiction

A parody of the YouTube RED Original movie THE Thinning – By Naasir Bolling

As I walk up the steps up towards the school I can see my friends Caleb And Sam, I think how our why did or country chose this to slim the population. The U.S.A. is the only country part of the UN that chose to kill off 5% of the population by using a standardized test to separate the smartest boys and girls from the average and the below average students. As we do roll she says for the very last time in my life, "Calum Baker" at least this is the last time.

After calling my name I hear my classes sergeant say these dreadful words "As you all know we here in the US chose to kill off 5% of or population by using a test. As much as it pains me to say these words in a calm voice ONLY the smartest survive. Then my teacher "There is one hundred questions you will want to take your time to answer all of them. You will have two hours to complete the test." I ask if I can say it she agrees. "This is the last test but as always all grades are final." In unison the teacher and I say "Dim the lights. Pick up your tablets. And. Begin," she whispers to herself "Good luck students I pray for you"

As usual I'm the first one done with the test but I'm more confident this time that I will get a perfect grade. "TIME'S UP. Put down your tablets you have 5 seconds anyone with their tablets still out will be immediately failed," our teacher says. Then she reads out the names. "I don't want to do this but I have to this is my last test too, so when I call your name stand up and follow the leader no nonsense please this year," she sighs. "James Roberts." For effect she says each name fifteen seconds apart. "Jhona Slim, Dana Rolnid, Dave Elpvs" I hope I don't fail. "And finally, Calum Baker?" The entire class is shocked as she said that. A student jumps up "Hey I purposely failed and you mean to tell me that the smartest kid in Vistapoint High failed. What is wrong with you!?"

As the other students and I are escorted out of the room to the chamber of death the student that jumped up tells me during my final goodbyes. "Hey, I snuck in the room with a master key card and you got a one hundred percent grade I got a ten percent. I think that my dad had them change the grades so I'd live. Take this I have two I'll come get you and will expose them. BTW I'm Lal'ya." After being decontaminated we are sat in chairs strapped down but and the person next to me is strapped in. Marcus busts in and after 5 minutes of fighting she is knocked down but not before he says this, "I Got it out to the media! I have proof!" As he says that the main guy in charge of the thinking is called and told to release me and 4 other students.

Surprisingly another student got a lower grade than Lal'ya. We were released and the channel 9 news asked me and the other released students to comment about the mix up. On the eight o'clock news they say this, "In other stories two thinners have been charged with fraud of a high risk situation and are sentenced to 20 years and then death if they survived the 20 years."

After hearing that I can rest easy knowing that no other student during the testing era have to go through what I went through.

By Brian McCreight

In the year 2017, a extinction level meteor was heading for earth. In a last ditch effort to save humanity the world launched all of its nuclear weapons, the plan worked and saved the human race, but millions of small shards of the meteor landed all over the world, granting certain individuals superpowers.

Mike was sitting in his house with his dog, Zeek, when the meteor was destroyed. It was a small house, with four rooms on the bottom level and four rooms on the top level. Mike was thinking he was about to die, that the meteor would destroy everything, but that's when the news report came in. The news anchor was crying with a big smile on his face, "The meteor has been destroyed!"

Mike was ecstatic, running around, bouncing off the walls… That's when a piece of the meteor came through his roof and landed on his couch. The meteorite had weird crystals coming out of it, and began to glow green with the radiation. Then, stuff got really weird. The meteorite sent a shockwave out, knocking Mike and his dog against the wall. Zeek started barking his head off when all of a sudden a bolt of lightning came through the hole in the ceiling. Mike got up, trying to help his dog, when another shock wave knocked him unconscious.

Mike woke up in the hospital. He looked at the TV and saw that it was April 16, 2017. It was a month later and he didn't remember anything about the meteorite. But he did remember that his dog got hurt. Mike jumped out of bed and ran down the hospital hallway, then he remembered that he was in that weird dress they put patients in... and that he was basically naked. He ran back to the hospital room, put on his jeans, black short sleeve shirt, and some shoes, and ran out of the hospital.

The building was squished between some skyscrapers and was an odd place for a hospital, but then he realized that his dog was wearing a cape, flying 200 feet above the ground, and was fighting a giant robot that looked like that thing from *The Incredibles*.

"Zeek, what are you doing up there?" Mike yelled.

Zeek looked down at Mike not knowing how to react, luckily the robot made his choice for him. With its massive arm it sent Zeek flying into the hospital. Mike rushed to his dog's side, asking if he was ok.

The robot's eyes began to glow fiery red as it took aim at Zeek. Mike stood over his dog. Lasers began to creep up towards them. Mike put his hands out in a 'please don't disintegrate me' kind of way, and to his surprise diamonds started coming out of his hands and formed a dome around him and Zeek. Lasers reflected off of the dome, taking out the robot's legs.

"How did you do that?" Zeek asked.

"How were you flying around?!" Mike responded. "Also, how are you able to talk?"

"We have bigger problems right now," he pointed out.

At this point, the dome fell apart, even though it wasn't getting hit by a laser anymore.

Mike yelled "I wish I had a sword or something!" And just like that a diamond katana appeared in his hand!

"What is with you and the diamonds?" Zeek asked.

"I don't know, but it's awesome!" Mike rushed the robot and jumped off a piece of the road that had been made into a kind of ramp. He landed on the robot's head as it shot lasers at him. Mike held his sword up and reflected the laser back at point-blank range, and slowly but surely the robot disintegrated itself.

Mike proceeded to sit down and take a breath. "What was that thing?" Mike firmly asked. That thing was a robot sent by the US military to "detain me." Mike took a closer look at the robot and realized that there was a big 'T' and 'W' surrounded by a gear shape. "What does that logo mean?"

"That logo?" Zeek responded. "That logo stands for Tech Whiz."

"Who's that?" Mike asked.

"That, my friend, is the government's leading scientist," Zeek said.

" Also, HOW CAN YOU TALK?!" Mike blurted.

"Remember the meteor?" said Zeek.

"Yeah, of course I do."

"Well, it so happens that the meteors' cosmic rays mixed with nuclear radiation from the nukes gives superpowers to certain individuals," Zeek explained.

"So, why is the government after us?"

"They want us to be weapons for the army."

Before Mike could ask any more questions, 10 more robots came down from a dropship.

"It's going to be a long day" Mike said, annoyed.

"It sure is" Zeek said, equally annoyed. "I've got the five on the left" Zeek said, and with that he proceeded to break the sound barrier and run off to fight his robots.

Mike grabbed his sword and got ready to fight. Mike ran under the robots and took out their legs, hacking and slashing at the metal until all of them were disabled. He looked over and saw Zeek had made a tornado that had quickly disabled his set of robots. "What now?" Mike asked.

"I don't know," his dog responded.

The robots began to move together and stack on top of each other, forming a giant mess of scrap metal.

"Are they forming together?" Mike said, annoyed.

"Yes they are," Zeek said in an even more annoyed voice.

The robots had gone from 'The Incredibles' to something resembling the offspring of mecha Godzilla meets those giant spiders from 'Lord of the Rings.'

Mike rushed in with his katana, and at the top of his lungs yelled "LEEROY JENKINS!" He then proceeded to get kicked through a building. Zeek tried forming a tornado, but the robot spider tripped him with its arms. "I don't appreciate getting knocked through buildings."

Mike pointed at the robot and fired off a crystal shard that went straight through it like a hot knife through butter. "Well, that's handy," Mike said (very pleased with himself.)

He then went on to make more finger guns than anyone had ever made, and eventually he hit the bots' motherboard. Mike wasn't sure if he or the robot had done more damage, but either way, the entire city block was destroyed and the next hour of Mike and Zeek's time was spent cleaning up and helping everyone who was injured.

Until next time, farewell...

Autographs Page