
YAWP

ANTHOLOGY

Session A – Tempe Campus

6th – 8th Grade Ms. Gorgan

June 3 -14, 2019

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Shivani Ojha
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Simon Reynolds
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Laboratory

I feel so weak, so helpless. My frail, old body lies limp against the cold, rough metal, which is a breath of fresh air for my feverish body. This place smells of hand sanitizer, a scent I know too well. It brings back haunting memories of operations and procedures I'd rather forget. I finally make the effort to open my eyes and I see the operation room I've seen hundreds of times.

The same cheese grater metal walls, a shiny piece of transparent glass the humans call a window, and the pale towel my head rests against. The towel feels rough, but its texture is softened by my silky fur. Now a human walks in. She is wearing a shiny glass on her face too, but this one isn't transparent, it's reflective. I can see a reflection of my little brown otter face staring back at me. Short, hiccuping sobs come from behind my reflection. I think the human has grown fond of me. She picks up a sharp needle and its point glimmers. Then, A bright light turns on, so bright it hurts my eyes, and the girl gently lifts my head with her green rubbery hands. A needle pierces my skin. All the pain I've held for years drains from my body as the world fades away.

I see nothing anymore.

I hear nothing anymore.

I smell nothing anymore.

By Kierally Malone

My wife and I were sitting at our two person table in our small cottage having afternoon tea. Even our talking couldn't be heard due to all the bombing of the Americans. Tea splattered everywhere every time something explosive would hit the ground. Thankfully it hasn't hit our house...yet. We were just finishing up when we heard a pounding on the door. Nervously, I went to the door and peeked through the one window we had left. I saw a Nazi commander officer with a grunt on his face ready to burst through the wood. I quickly opened the door and the officer asked me, "Are you Gerhard Smidt?" I said, "Yes , that's me." Then my wife, Inge, came and said,"Who is thi- Oh good morning officer." I could not hold it in me any longer. I asked," Why are you here... sir?" " Yes I was going to get there. Hitler needs a few more officers to work at a concentration camp. Your wife will be working as the laundry lady there." He said. " What happens if we don't agree to do it?" The officer pulled out a gun and pointed it to my chest. His soldier did the same to my wife. " Get off my wife!" I screamed. It was our lives on the line. I had to make the decision.

To be continued...

A Weird Fruit Haiku by Aryan Mane

A green and round fruit
Was very sticky and hard
But got cut in half

Being Asian

By: Shivani Ojha

I am not a nerd
I don't have strict parents
I don't always know the answer
I am not only good at math
I am not perfect

I do struggle
I have doubts
I have failed
I have cried
I have interests other than school
I am a normal human being just like you

By: DAVID PUGH



BY: Simon Reynolds

One day, a chocolate chicken nugget from McDonald's was walking down the street.

Suddenly a chill went down his "spine".

He turned, and saw an Afr Jagleflorb running towards him. A fierce predator in the chicken nugget world. He started to run. He tripped and fell.

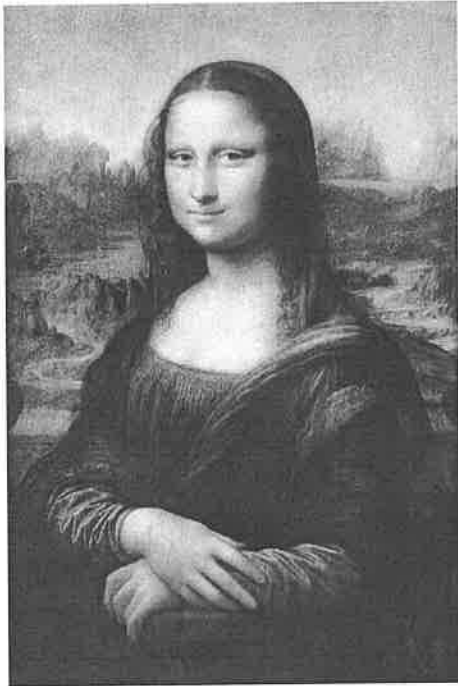
As he hit his head, he woke up and realized, that his dream was very surreal.

Dazed, he got out of bed and did his morning chores. He had just about forgot about his dream, when he opened his door to get in his car to go to work.

The Afr Jagleflorbs were a mob around his house! They were all panting like... they had chased him here! "NOOOOOOO!!!" He screamed. His dream had become reality! Chicken nugget was on their menu!

Jackson Lawrence Sitchler

Sally looked at the pretentious painting with disgust. It's glittering eyes, it's smug smile, it's elegant stance; Sally hated it with a burning passion. A condescending, overrated figure stared deep into her eyes, peering into her soul. Not on my watch, Sally thought. She imagined it so clearly the night before. After the museum closed, she would have to clean the art. She was only going to get minimum wage for it. She'd go through the immense displeasure of dusting the painting, but it would all pay off afterwards, for she would grab her X-acto knife and stab the painting with brute force, laughing as Lady Lisa's condescending eyes were gouged out! It was the perfect crime.



BY KAVYA SUD

The Forgotten

We are the forgotten,
Those who are bound by chains
Brought to a land we yearn to call home,
Yet we know we cannot stay

Our hearts were once filled with hope
Until we lost our freedom,
We were told nothing
Just taken from our homes

We are the lost
The ones who don't belong
Our hands grow calloused
While our hope grew weak

Child

I am not a little kid
I am a strong, independent human
I am not something that is to be disregarded
I am someone who needs to be heard
I am not someone whose every move needs to be scrutinized
I am worthy of your respect
I am not someone you can mold
I am someone who has their own ideas and voice
I am a caring human being
I live a life
But I am still a child just not your idea of one

TWO SENTENCE HORROR STORY

Sam Vickers

I was in my car with only one light on, and I saw the silhouette of someone on the wall. All of a sudden it went dark.

The Last Sight by Bian Vu

Mia slowly walks to school. Her arms are full with bruises. "They hurt," Mia thinks. "They must be waiting for me." Mia runs past a group of girls. The girls follow her. That's when the bullying started for that day. In the bathroom she looked at her bruises. "This one hurts a lot." She thinks. It kept hurting. "What's wrong," Mia asks. Then she collapsed. Everything was flashing before her. "Is this the end?" She asks herself. She just closed her eyes and never woke up again.

Fear Poem
By Emma Vu

The world curves around you, with thoughts flooding your mind
It feels like you're falling, until the end of time
You attempt to get a grip of yourself, but it is too far out to grab
The internal pain, it hurts, it feels like you are being stabbed
Because they don't understand, others won't console
The only thing I'm afraid of is losing all control

This? A wilderness?
True, there are plants and flowers,
There are trees and grass,

Fruits and ferns and grass,
All are domesticated.
None are wilderness.

But it is enclosed,
A (not very) secret entrance,
A secret garden.

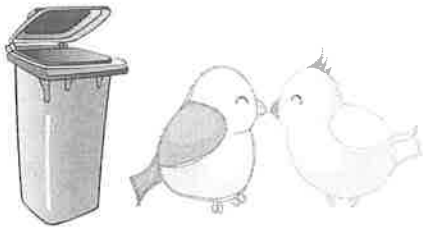
-Emily Wyatt

Point of view

What are some things I wish other people cared more about?



Litter



I think people should care more about what they do with their trash. They could reuse some items, recycle some items, or keep some items. People also litter because they don't want to hold onto their trash. They throw away things that they could have recycled instead. Some things only have one use though, like tissues or napkins. You should still always try to reuse everything you can. Even just throwing away things is better than littering. Animals could get injured or choke on trash that has blown away, or was thrown on the ground. So always reduce, reuse, and recycle.