

**YAWP
ANTHOLOGY**

Session B

4th – 5th Graders

June 15 - 26, 2020

Miss Megan

Colors & Feelings

By: Katie Chan

What is Blue?

Blue feels like sadness

Blue sounds like the rippling of

Sea waves

Blue smells like fresh sea salt

Blue tastes like blue raspberry flavoring

About to be used for shaved ice

Blue looks like ripe blueberries about to be eaten

Secure

Secure lives in a fancy neighborhood

Hangs out with Glad and Pleased

Secure is warm

Shelters everyone like a second home

He likes giving hugs

Orange

Sweet, warm, relaxed, happy

Hot as the sun

Brightens everybody's day

Feels like excitement

It starts your adrenaline

Arizona

Continued...

The Oobleck Attack

By: Homi Handa

One Evening I was walking home when I saw something gooey on the ground. I thought it was gum and it did look suspicious so I just walked over it to check but when I did, it felt solid.

Suspiciously I pushed the gooey stuff with a stick into a jar and walked home. The gooey stuff was slimy when i touched it

When I got home I told my dad who is a scientist working for NASA. He studied the gooey specimen for a week.

He told me when something or someone touched it slowly it will be mushy and when you touch it quickly it would be solid. My dad called it oobleck! He suspected it was related to aliens.

My dad and I went to his Research Center to find out if there were more. We wanted to make sure aliens weren't attacking us with Oobleck Then we noticed that there was a totally new planet made out of oobleck which just broke and parts of it are meteors.

The meteors were heading to my school called Oak Elementary School. It went all over the news we headed to my school and the meteors were already there. The meteors were hard because of the speed they were falling at. The police arrived to caution tape the area
The meteor was the size of a flower pot so it didn't harm much. The whole NASA team started to find when and where the next one was going to hit. They found out the next ones will be bigger than a cars. It was going to be like a storm so we got prepared.

Continued...

The Magic Cheese

Matt Himlin

I am Matthew. She is Jessica. She is Bob.

Bob is grumpy. Jessica is shy. I am normal.

Today we are going to a restaurant.

It is called the dinner called MAGIC.

Some people say that they pick one thing everyday and they put magic in that food.

We are ordering our food now. We all get sandwiches.

Then Jessica screamed, "The cheese is alive!"

It was true. The cheese was magic cheese. It jumped out.

"HELLO", said the cheese. "Can I come with you?" "Yes", grumbled Bob.

So he came with us.

The End.

The Different Rain

By: Scarlett Humphrey

A girl who loved blue and white dresses was in her garage. Her name was Alise. Alise was tired of caramel and candied apples falling from the sky. I know you might be thinking what type of world is this girl living in? Well the answer is she lives in Fandy.

As everyone knows you can not change what falls from the sky in Fandy. A bright blue easter egg fell from the sky. She caught it in her hand. The last thing she remembered is she made a wish. People may think this is crazy but her wish actually came true. It started actually raining bacon!

She rushed inside to give her mom some of the bacon. Her mom ate it. She said "Where did you get this? It is amazing." Alise said "It is raining outside come and get some."

So Alise's mom went outside and ate most of the bacon. When she was done she said "Alise come inside we should probably take a nap". As her mom said, that Alise woke up and felt relieved to see something new.

A Book of Colorful Poems

Zoey Hyman

Red

Red is at its deepest shade,
When it has passed the day away,
At sunset it shines its best,
Shining upon Earth its beautiful crest,
Cherry red they say to me,
Is more than most,
Can ever be

Orange

Orange is at its brightest bright,
In the dawn of morning light,
With it comes the morning gold,
Bringing smiles to young and old,
Flowers to them its color brings,
All throughout the beautiful spring,

Yellow

Yellow is the color,
Of the bright, beautiful sun,
That shines down upon us,
All day long,
Yellow is the color,
That signifies happiness,
And makes us believe,
That its all for the best
Continued...

The Ghost At Midnight

By Sam Meltzer

CHAPTER ONE

I knew it was late at night. The clock just struck midnight. I was sitting on a chair staring onto my math assignment. I just couldn't think. It was like my mind was as blank as a white sheet of paper.

All I wanted to do was crawl into my warm bed and fall dead asleep. But I couldn't do that, because I have a math paper that was due the very next morning.

All of a sudden I heard some footsteps on the stairs. I turned around, my parents are never up this late. Then, the papers in front of me started rustling and moving.

And then the window opened. I felt a little breeze on my neck and then the papers flew straight out the window and into a trash can. I quickly jumped onto my bed and pulled the sheets over my head.

My hands were shaking and my heart was beating as fast as I could. I tried to calm down, but I couldn't.

CHAPTER TWO

Unfortunately, again tonight I had a paper to do for school. But I waited last minute to do it because I don't understand it. In the middle of my work, the radio just started playing some creepy music, that went like this, "I'm coming for you, and you, and you, and then I'll get you!"

Again I was very scared, all I wanted to do was cry. I was standing in the middle of my room and I felt gusts of wind circle me.

Continued...

What should I do to escape?

By Dylan Patel

CHAPTER 1

The Spirit

Just as I was about to get in bed I heard heavy breathing in my bathroom. I went to go investigate, as I was walking over there, there was no shadow. That made me scared, so I grabbed my baseball bat and walked in... There I saw a black robe in midair as if no one were in it, but it was "holding" a scythe but there was no hand. There were no feet or face either. It was just a black hovering cloak holding a rapier and swaying even though there was no wind in my bathroom.

How do I escape?

- fight

- or flight

Frank the Penguin and the Mysterious Dream

By: Kaylee P

Frank lived in the ocean. He was swimming in the water playing with his friends. His friend Walker thought that they should try to talk to the shark named Blue. Blue also lived in the same water bank as Frank and Walker. Frank thought it was a bad idea the shark might eat them. You can't trust a shark. Frank didn't want to go with Walker so he swam back to shore where he knew he was safe. When he got to the shore he saw his mom talking to the penguin Mr. Crab. Frank heard them talking about a shark named Blue. Mr. Crab was saying that Blue was eating penguins! Frank got scared and wanted to warn Walker about blue! Frank swam back in the water and told Walker about what he had heard. But Walker wasn't listening to Frank, he was focused on cleaning his fur that had spots. Since Walker wasn't listening to Frank he left and went to his other friend named Jax. Jax was talking to his dad. Frank told Jax and his dad about the news and Jax said you're just imagining things go home and take a nap. Frank went back to shore and he was scared about hearing the news of Blue eating other penguins. He thought it was good idea to sleep and rest, While he was sleeping he heard some noises and woke up. He saw a strange portal. The portal was black and white. Frank got up immediately and went to the portal. The portal took him to Blue the shark! Blue saw Frank and Blue swam to him with his mouth open ready to eat Frank! Frank screamed AHHHH!

Continued...

Mystery Seeds!

By Lily Renner-Singer

Mystery seeds are very mysterious! You probably already know that because mystery is in the name! I mean if you didn't know that then...well...you probably would fail at school a lot! But I don't know much, I mean I am only 8!

Anyway, I really should get back to the story, everyone knows that Mystery Seeds aren't real, but I believe they are real. I have to keep my belief a secret because people will think your crazy and then throw you in asylum! I can't even tell my family except I think maman suspects somethings up, but she is super nice!

I was sleeping in my bed at our little cottage in France when maman yelled for breakfast.

"Petit dejeuner! Petit dejeuner! Come get your petit dejeuner!" maman yelled from downstairs.

I jumped out of bed and ran down the stairs to the table were papa, Author, Celeste, and Esmee were already sitting. Author was the oldest out of all four of us then came Celeste, then me, and then Esmee. Maman looked at me angrily.

"Ella! Your late for a meal and a meal is important family time!" maman scowled at me "Now don't be late for another meal again! Sit down!"

Continued...

Guess The Place
By: Zella Sandri

Tiles of rainbow
surround me.
A mirror
reflects sunlight,
creating a spotlight
in which lies
my collection of accessories.

There is a wet and cold feeling
in the air.
The smell of citrus
blocks other odors.

Do you know where I am?

The bathroom!

Continued...

Beatrix Potter & Her Animals by Nina Prairie Schwimmer

Beatrix Potter loved animals and nature. She liked to spend time drawing animals. Later, she would invent stories about them to go with her pictures. In 1902, Beatrix published *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*. Twenty more books soon followed. *Peter Rabbit*, *Jemima Puddle-Duck*, *Benjamin Bunny* are just a few of the charming characters from Beatrix's stories.

Beatrix was born Helen Beatrix Potter on July 28, 1866, in South Kensington, London.

She was never sent to traditional school.

Beatrix had many pets. Frogs, newts, ferrets, a bat and two rabbits – one named Benjamin and one named Peter - were her friends.

Beatrix's rabbit, Peter, became the main character in her most famous book, *Peter Rabbit*.

Her parents were Rupert and Helen. Rupert was a photographer. Helen was good at embroidery and watercoloring.

Beatrix spent time in the country during family vacations to Scotland and England's Lake District.

Beatrix had a talent for drawing. Animals were her favorite subject. When she was about twelve years old, she studied at the National Art Training School.

The Tale of Peter Rabbit started out as a story in a letter Beatrix wrote to the son of her former governess.

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