

YAWP

Anthology

2016

Session A – Tempe: 31 Submissions

Session B – Tempe: 39 Submissions

West and Poly: 3 Submissions

We enjoyed having you at YAWP this summer.

Enjoy reading these.

Keep on Writing!!!

Session A – Tempe Campus

1. Aggarwal, Nitya
2. Alford, Merick
3. Balasooriya, Thilina
4. Bansal, Anouksha
5. Chura, Finley
6. Devisetty, Saanvi
7. Edgington, Natalie
8. Federici, Noah
9. Gan, Ryan
10. Gao, Mya
11. Ghosh, Eashani
12. Halverson-Fonseca, Emma
13. He, Doer
14. Levesque, Madeleine
15. Li, Jonathan
16. Liu, Caleb
17. Luo, Hannah
18. Mendez, Javier
19. Mohan, Bobby
20. Patterson, Erin
21. Pelino, Jacob
22. Santoni, Isabella
23. Shah, Rayna
24. Shrift, Martina
25. Sidhugari, Smilangi
26. Stubbs, Samantha
27. Wang, Sherry
28. Whitesel, Caroline
29. Yandrapati, Thanmai
30. Yarlagadda, Jayani
31. Zhao, Xenia

this thing is broken
by Nitya Aggarwal

i think this thing is broken.
i tried shaking its arm
and
cradling its head
and
kicking its chest
and
dripping heartbreak onto its face
but it won't
respond.

they won't
respond.

vanilla words calmly suggested
turning it off and back on
again
but it is off,
i think,
and it is not turning
back on,
i think,
and your vanilla words
stole its pulse,
(my pulse, all gone)
i think,
and they say a

moment of silence

for
this thing, this broken thing,
and they drip
vanilla.
and
i-swear-i-care
but i refuse to stop
screaming
because once upon a

nightmare

this thing stopped working.

i think it was a
butterfly.

i think you tore the wings
off of my butterfly.

i think you don't
understand what we feel.

i think your heart is stone.

this thing is broken-
peter pan threw me
out of neverland,
the ball ended
before midnight-

and you,
you are still
drenched in vanilla,
still the captain
of a sinking ship.

a world of stone
pretends to shatter its walls
in solidarity
but vanilla words
drip
and
rip
the wings
off of
butterflies
and maybe
this thing
was never
fixed
in the
first
place.

i think that is a
blessing you do not deserve.

i think medusa took pity on you,
should've made you feel and feel and feel
until you crumbled.

(these butterflies are built
on fear, not excitement)

Merik Alford

So, I wanted to learn to bike with no training wheels. And so when we were going to the park one time, this person gave my mom advice on how to teach me to bike. And so here is the advice. Get a towel and wrap it around the waist of the person you want to teach. Then you give them a push, but don't let go once you give them a push. You just let them bike. The point of the towel is to make it so they don't fall off. It keeps them balanced. And it worked for me. It took about fifteen minutes until my mom stopped, and I could ride all by myself. That's it!

Miracle in Miami

By Thilina Balasooriya

6 seconds left in the 4th quarter. Boston College down 41-45 against the Miami Hurricanes. Doug Flutie, the quarterback for Boston College, snaps the ball at the opponents 48 yard-line. Flutie drops back, and a defender jumps at him. Flutie runs back some more, but he cannot avoid the horde of defensive players rushed to tackle him, so he lets the ball rip at his own 37 yard-line, at least a 63 yard throw, leaving all the teams hopes up to the heavens.

It was November 23rd, 1984, and Boston College football fans were all glued to their TV screens, or if not, they were at the most historical game in the history of college football. Boston College soared to a 14-0 lead in the first quarter, but the Miami Hurricanes (the opponents) came back to a stalemate. The teams went on back and forth like this for a while.

Doug Flutie and Bernie Kosar (The quarterbacks for Boston College and the Miami Hurricanes in that order) had phenomenal games, finishing with 919 combined passing yards and 5 combined touchdowns. With 6 seconds left, Boston College had the ball the 48 yard-line. Boston College was down 41-45. Flutie snapped the ball. He was being chased by #98 on the defense, but the offensive lineman blocked him. Flutie was at his own 37, at least a 63 yard throw, when he let the ball go. He flung the ball all the way into the end-zone. Ironically, the ball fell into the hands of Flutie's best friend, Gerard Phelan

Flutie won the Heisman trophy that year, which is the highest award in the history of college football. The Flutie effect was also named after him, which is the fact that when a college's athletics department does well, the school also gets more applications. This, in my opinion, is the greatest college football play of all-time.

A Story of Two Sisters

By Anouksha Bansal, 6/15/2016

Hi! My name is Elizabeth. I am the princess of Atlanta. I am 24 years old. If I had any friends, they would call me Ellie. Everyone calls me the evil princess. My twin sister's name is Eleanor. Her friends and I call her Ella. She has many friends, sometimes it feels everyone is her friend. Sometimes people call her the pretty princess. Don't get me wrong, she is pretty, but she is mean. Everybody thinks that I'm the bad one. But let me tell you the real story. It all started when we were twelve. I don't mean to brag but, I was the nicest, prettiest, smartest, and most popular girl at school. Let's just say Ella wasn't. My sister was really jealous of me. We were in potions class and she made a body switching potion. She put some in my water bottle and I drank it. Let me tell you, it tasted horrible! Nobody noticed except for me. I don't mind. But, on top of that, she gave me an anger potion. I went crazy for an hour! I got detention from school and a huge big lecture from my parents. Now, once a month, Ella comes down to my castle and makes me drink an anger potion. I am forced to do it. This one lasts a whole week, not an hour. I really should do something about it. I forgot, today is potion day with my dear sister. *Knock Knock* "Sister!", I say, "What a pleasure to have you over again!"

"Ha ha", Ella says, "Good to see to Ellie, ready?"

"No", I say bravely.

"What?!", Ella asks

"You heard me", I say, "No! I want my body back!"

"Sister, you're being unreasonable!", she says, "I have an idea! We'll switch every other month; I'll finish this month".

"I guess", I said reluctantly, "but at one point I will need my body back for good".

Next month came. I was really excited and woke up early in the morning. I was going to get my body back! At 1:00 I went to Ella's house. I had not been in the city for what felt like forever. *Ring Ring Ring* "Who is it", said Ella, "Well well well, my sister".

"Let's do this!", I said very excited.

"Um yah, about that", said my sister, "I forgot to make the potion"

"What?!", I scream, tears coming to my eye, "But...but".

"Come back next month", she said.

That happened over and over again. It had been six months now and still didn't have my body back. My sister kept "forgetting" to make the potion. One day I was praying to god, "God, please help me know how to make the switching potion".

I slept the whole night dreaming about me making the potion. It was morning and suddenly, I felt like I knew what the potion was! I tried making it. I had two cats and I used them to test out my potion and it worked! I knew because one of my cats is very quiet and the other isn't. when I gave them the potion, it switched. I needed a way to get my sister to drink this at the same time as me for it to work. I know! I'll invite her over for dinner one day and put in the food. I got the phone and called my sister, "Do you want to come over for dinner tomorrow?"

"Sure", she says.

The next day the doorbell rings. "So glad you could make it!" I say.

"Of course", she says.

We sit down to eat and suddenly I could feel my actual body again. "Yes", I exclaim, "It worked!"

I woke up this morn'ng at five a.m. to my cat
I woke up this morn'ng at five a.m to my cat
So I kick her outta my room
But she keeps com'ng back

I said

My dads hogging the T.V.
My dads hoggggggging the T.V.
So I read my book
But I can't concentratateateate

Ohhhhhhhhh

I need to take a shower
I need to take a shower
So I get inside
But I get soap in my eye

Yeahhhhhhh

My mom still ain't done my laundry
My mom still ain't done my laundry
So I look for a shirt
But can't find anything good

Wow

Nooooooooooooooooo yeah

by Finley Chura

Lessons

I have learned many lessons in my life. But one of the most important is "No matter where we are, our friends are always with you."

By Saanvi Devisetty

Odd

A Creative Nonfiction Piece by Natalie Edgington

She is so... *odd*. She's always there, in that same Starbucks, at the same table, with the same objects. She's always there, with that same blue hoodie on, pulled over the remaining tufts of her wispy silver hair. She's always there, with her thick, rectangular glasses perched at the edge of her wrinkled nose, her shriveled face twisted in concentration. She's always there, hunched over a piece of paper that looks just as old as she does, yellowed and broken at the edges from years of being carried with at least a hundred other sheets in that ratty old piece of cloth she sits on. She's always there, bright green Staples calculator in her left hand, cheap little blue Bic pen in her right, scribbling and scrawling tiny numbers in even tinier boxes on the old papers. She's always there, silent, except for when she's not. When she's not, she's always there, yelling in an old, raspy, surprisingly deep voice about how "They're going to need a hundred million eyeballs," or how "They're using their bike pumps as megaphones," always ending each statement with an exasperated "Ugh!" I don't understand why she's there, or who she is, or why she would possibly be acting the way she does. It keeps me awake at night, my curious brain swelling and overflowing with possibilities, my mind working terribly hard to try and comprehend her, always failing. Somehow, I always go back to wondering, though I will probably never solve the puzzle. Because, after all, she is so... *odd*.

Different,different,different...we'r all so wonderly different but we are acting the same.We try to fight for the top.To take out the next king on top of the throne and the others are fighting over the scraps of the last person on this "throne". Only people who with a serten view on life can see that. It's like watching ashes fall from the sky with a gaint heavenly light gazing down from below .We are all in a war,a war to be different and we all end up the same.well if some people say life is like a fairytale then Mirror,mirror on the wall;who will chang this game once and for all? If you please lissen to these word.You don't need to the throne. You have your own throne, You ha it all along it is made from the words you puted in every piece of paper. your hopes and dreams you made under the beautiful night sky. you think nobody is with you? you'r wrong,you friends your family. there all with you. the only person against you saying "your hopeless","you can never make it". is your shelf. yes you and heartless people of theworld think the same ONLY because you think the same.your not the same,your different in every way,so prove it. yes I want you to prove it to me . Be the rebale,let your friends and family be with you and help others like you join you and be the shield that you where promised that whoud proteact you from the darkness. You r a powerful being of light and hopes and even the smallest dreams.so are you with me? with us? because I am...and I will never stop fighting to let other like you or me go and be something. even if I fall forever I will still always be happy seeing many people like you flying up to there own throne as a golden light and knowing that you,me,and many other people like us where one of those many people...and I will still not stop there no, I will be a shield even if broken I will continue to help other to fly to ther own throne and there hopes and dreams with every thing they need. it will ok if I'm trap on the ground forever I can walk to my throne and just be me like always.But I have one last thing to ask?...can you carry out my promise to help others like me and you? well can you or will you be like the monsters of the world and leave the throne you and try to go for the top?...because it is not worth doing all that...so what will you do?

By Noah Federici

6/10/16

Dear next president,

I want you to help America become better by doing several things. First, I would like it if you don't attack peaceful countries doing nothing wrong. Second, I would like you to improve our schools by increasing pay encouraging smarter people to become teachers. Third, encourage renewable energy sources to be used so we won't use nonrenewable resources as much. Lastly, I want you to not try to stop immigration by building a wall between us and Mexico. The Mexicans will just climb over it or blow it up. The wall will be extremely expensive to build and maintain because it will be super huge. It will be much more cost effective if we just put patrol stations on the border.

sincerely,

Ryan Gan

Mya Gao

Grade 6

The Shark

I nervously awoke to a splashing sound under my bed. I had been dreaming about sharks, unlike any night before. I thought what could be under my bed. Was it my cat? Did she drag her water dish under my bed?

I built up the courage to lean over the edge and peek underneath. SHARK! I couldn't believe what I saw. A shark, small, fat and with glowing teeth, was squirming under my bed as if stuck in a tank. Was this to be connected to my dream?

I quickly flipped myself back onto the bed and hid under my blankets. Then I felt something squirming on my legs. I peeked under the blankets. Another shark! But this one was darker and smaller. I wondered what was going on.

I hurled myself out of the bed and ran out my bedroom as fast as possible to escape the frightening sight of the sharks.

As soon as I slammed my bedroom door shut, I bumped into my mom. Her room is right across from mine. She said she had the same weird dream and experience. Startled we ran outside to the beach to figure out what was happening...how did the sharks get into our house!



Grr I'm menacing.

To be continued.....

Me!

Eashani

Funny

Happy

Hard-working Singing Studying

Sincere Comedian Student Friend

Laughing

Caring

Giving

Energetic

Sporty

Ghosh

Emma Fonseca

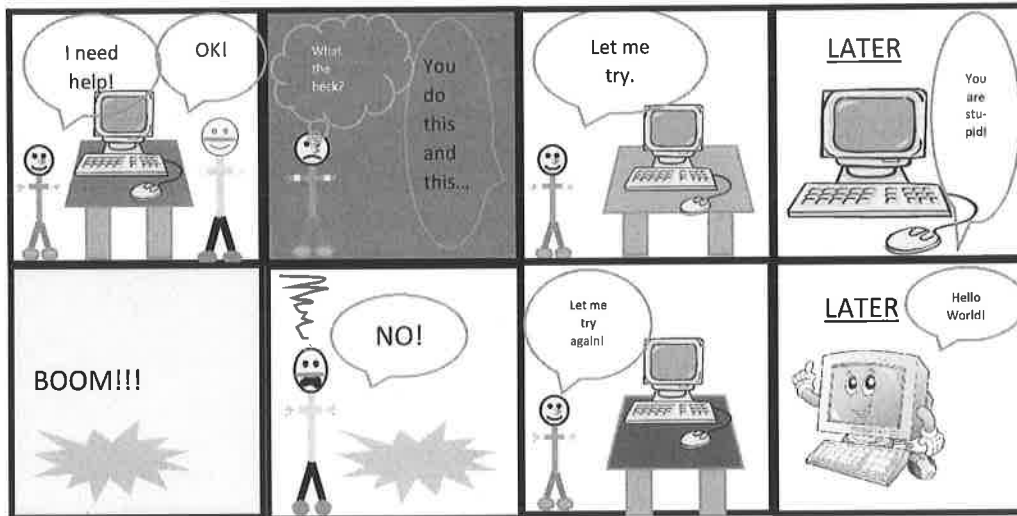
Ghost Snake

A boy taps on my glass. I wake up but do not open my eyes. I am tiered. Trust me, It's not easy being a ghost snake. I've lived for at least a hundred years, maybe more. I don't have the beautiful brown and grey skin I used to have. I have only white skin and red eyes.

The boy taps again. I open my eyes and stretch. Let's get this over with. The boy grins and reaches in to his pocket to grab a phone. He starts to film. I told the younger snake that lived with me to get up and start moving for the boy. "Ugh!" he moaned. "Back to work." The boy left. Time to escape!

AT THE BEGINNING: CODING WITH AN ADULT

by: Doer He



Computer generated

Hamilton

I have had something stolen. Something vital to my very existence: my heart. In mid-January I was introduced to a musical called 'Hamilton'. My heart and mind were instantaneously captivated by a bunch of singing, dancing dead people. I learned unnecessary information about the ten dollar founding father without a father. I found that his skill with the quill was undeniable. I mean, it would be pretty hard *not* to fall in love with the characters, and the play itself. Hamilton, the musical, is the perfect mix of sass, profanity, and what really happened during the Revolutionary War. Yes, to this moment, I still search for the fraction of sanity which, I find, was taken back to New York, 18th century.

By Madeleine Levesque

Jonathan Li

Renaissance Art Analysis for *David*

Michelangelo's *David* strongly portrays the characteristic individualism. Individualism is highlighted in *David* with the emphasis of every detail, and this characteristic enhances the audience's understanding of the piece with the idea of placing value and thought in the qualities of an individual. Individualism enhances our understanding in *David* because it helps us pay attention to the small details of the piece. Michelangelo puts in a lot of minor detail to help us analyze the traits of *David*. For example, Michelangelo puts a sling on *David's* back to emphasize that he won his battle through cleverness. The emphasis on the detail is what helps us understand *David*. In *David*, the author tries to portray the message of what a perfect man is like. He rejects Christian and modernist conceptions of man and portrays him as efficacious and noble. The details shown in *David* make these ideals very prominent in the statue.

Rise of the Grabbing Trees

Caleb Liu

My name is Billy. I live in a big neighborhood in Brazil. I was walking outside when I saw a tree snag a person off the ground. It gobbled the person up and the person disappeared into the wood-like mouth of a tree. Then, all the trees around me sprang to life! They used their branches to try to grab me. I tried to dodge all of them, but one grabbed me and looked me in the eye.

I had to think quickly. I took out a Swiss army knife and a pocket knife that I had with me. I swung both knives at the tree. To my amazement, the tree burst apart and frightened humans lied in the lifeless trunk. Suddenly, the trees got knocked down by a bigger tree that said: "I will destroy you now that you have the weapon to destroy my trees." He pointed at my pocket knife and said, "That can destroy my minions but not me."

Suddenly I realized why the trees had died so quickly. While I was thinking, the giant tree smacked my pocket knife and Swiss army knife out of my hand. I looked for other weapons and my gaze landed on a rotten log on the ground. I grabbed it and ripped it from the ground. I hacked off some branches but the trunk did not move.

That night, I worked on the trunk. I used pieces of stone to make both ends sharp and the side smooth and lean. I also picked some pebbles from a stream and sharpened them until they looked like a perfect Indian arrowhead. Those, I thought, are going to be mini arrows. I went to find a piece of wood and a flexible string for a bow until I stumbled into a clearing which I soon found out the giant tree was there.

He closed in on me with his giant trunk and beady eyes staring at me. I cowered in fear, afraid to even draw one of my weapons. I backed up, and threw a mini arrow. Suddenly I saw the giant tree run away. Now I discovered his secret fear, I had to make more.

On the way back, I noticed a sword with gleaming platinum on the blade and a dark metal handle. As I picked it up, it fitted exactly into my hand. As I brought it home, I began to practice fighting moves with the sword.

As I got used to my new sword, I made a plan to destroy the giant tree once and for all. I first needed to make a trap so the tree could not escape. As I made the trap, I noticed the trees back on me. I suddenly broke into a run and stabbed the giant tree in the back with my metal sword. It screeched in pain and shriveled away into a small trunk with humans lying in it. I saved many people in my neighborhood!

The Fountain

By Hannah Luo

The fountain is blue and cool.

As I walk by,

I can feel the coolness.

Someone picks up a penny from the pool,

Throws it up high,

Higher than my thigh.

It is the so cool,

I hate to say good-bye!

By Javier Mendez

My name is javier. and today i will be telling you about my trip to las vegas, nevada with my dad. The first time I went to las Vegas I had so much fun because i got to see so many lights at night. I saw ceasers palace, eiffel tower, New York , empire building, the statue of liberty, the pirate ships, treasure island , the egyptian pyramids and the music fountain. I took so many pictures. Then my dad and i ate @ the flamingo casino buffet. The food was so good. Now if I can just get my dad to take me to Disneyland!

Bobby Mohan

YAWP Final Presentation

June 16, 2016

Sea of Serenity

The waves wash onto the shore

The sounds of the water, I adore

The high tide begins to rise

While the currents harmonize

The beach is so calm

As if all time is in my palm

The water shimmers in its glory

As part of nature's territory

But the ocean, I cannot keep

As I leave, I begin to weep

For the ocean is my home

And the beach is where I roam

Peppermint Poem

crisp, chalky, smooth
out of this world
now I'm a sweet tooth
look at that
he just melts away
he wasn't here to stay
layer to layer he disappears
all to my wondrous ears
he leaps and jumps like Pop Rocks
full with energy he is
can you guess who he is, I bet not you will
you will be hypnotized and still
I cannot think of how I got ill
maybe I ate too many

-- now I need to eat lentils for dinner.

Erin Patterson

peppermint

By Jacob D. Pelino

it is toothpaste-y

minty

yummy

good

crunchable

munchable

magical

By Isabella Santoni

I was studying, my pencil scratching across the page in that curious way pencils do, when it happened, when they came. Men dressed in black jackets and oversized pants stormed into our house. To this day, I still remember the clanging of their boots, the cock of a rifle as it was held up to my forehead. I remember the cries of my brother as they dragged him into the cart on the back of the truck. I don't think I've ever heard such fear, such desperation, as I heard ringing in his voice.

Parts of that night are obscured by a mist. Not that of memory, but that of repression. And then I was running, my feet carrying me out of the house faster than I thought possible. My mind was similar to that of the ringing after a loud explosion. I was not thinking. It seemed everything was filled with a strange white noise. I felt the hard baked clay as my feet pounded against it. I heard the rustle of the trees as I ducked under their low hanging branches. I sensed the blood coursing through my veins, throbbing against my skull. But it all felt disconnected, as if it wasn't really me that was doing this.

And then I was falling, the sky wheeling overhead. I felt as the sharp jolt knocked the breath out of my lungs, but I did not feel the pain of falling. I saw the scene change as my eyes flashed between the three pairs of boots, but I did not command them to do so. I felt as an overwhelming wave of fear crashed over me, but I could not yet process how to respond. And then it all went black.

I woke up, drenched in sweat, against the unforgiving floor of the cell. "How is it," I thought, "that the only way I find solace from my waking life, is in my nightmares?" I dragged myself over to a spot on the floor, gouged with deep lines. I sighed and began to etch yet another one. There were too many, these lines. And yet, they were all I had left now. Somehow, these lines, the passage of time, were my only reassurance that I was still human.

I pushed myself up to a seat, my gaze shifting upwards towards the crack in the concrete. Through the crack, I could see a sprinkle of stars, fading as the early morning sun rose from its slumber. I had long since decided that the worst part was not being isolated from others, but being locked in here with myself, with my thoughts, with my past. Nothing to think about but that day.

I tried to think beyond the sky, to peel back that thin facade of stars. I had to believe there was something else, something more. It was my one shred of hope, which I so stubbornly clung to like a child to its blanket. And all this time, I tried to repress the truth of my situation. Not only for myself, but for my family. If I didn't, that would make this all real, and I feared that may truly break me. I simply couldn't face the stark truth of all those tic marks on the floor.

Rayna Shah

Soaring Higher

I see the world around me
As I try to find what I want to be
Looking at myself, I wonder who I am
Finding my true self shouldn't be a scam
I want to be known as someone great
Maybe I would be able to tempt fate
To get myself a perfect life
Then I won't have any worries or strife
And even if the world turns to chaos before my eyes
I will always soar above the skies

Martina Shrift

“moths”

paper- thin wings

(frail, slight)

are snagged in a lackluster

breeze

a twitching form

(frantic, futile)

thrown again, again at the

walls

dusty and small

(thrash, jerk)

you carry yourself to the

flames

one tiny moment

(glow, smolder)

as you burn, you are

beautiful

MY QUOTES OF EXPERIENCE

QUICK PREVIEW: Hi, my name is Smilangi Sidhugari. I'm 8yrs old. Below are a couple of quotes I wrote by myself based on real experiences in my life... Hope you like them

1. Life is too short to be unhappy about it
2. Real friends aren't people who come into your life because they want something you have and leave as soon as they get it
3. Don't wake up every morning and be disappointed for what you don't have instead be happy for what you do have
4. If someone disappoints you don't waste your time being sad instead cry yourself a river, build yourself a bridge, get over it, and forget about them
5. Be confident, never give up, and don't make choices you will regret
6. Don't waste your time being jealous about someone instead use that time wisely to get better yourself
7. Speak up when you know something is wrong
8. No matter how bad things are don't cry just plaster a smile on your face and keep on going?
9. Never take more than you need because you will end up wasting it
10. Have fun but be careful
11. If you donate something to someone else you will feel way happier than if you had it yourself
12. Never do anything to show off do it for your own happiness
13. Never stop yourself from doing something because you are worried about what others will think about it
14. Small things are the most mattered things in life
15. Don't worry nobody is perfect but always try your best
16. Everyone has their own unique talent you might just not know about yours yet
17. Don't be selfish but in the same way don't give someone everything you have and end up with nothing for yourself
18. Family comes first no matter what
19. Make sure you treat someone the same way you want to be treated
20. Never keep work pending till the very last minute
21. Don't be mad at some one because they are coping you, they probably just like your ideas
22. If you like it, that is all that matters
23. Don't care about people who disappoint you
24. Don't judge a book by its cover same way, don't judge a person by how they look

By Samantha Stubbs

Green smog
at the corners of her eyes,
distorting love,
devotion,
and intimacy
until only the image
of a predator
and its prey-
her prey-
remained.

As if
the shrieking cords
of his guitar
were the wails
of a helpless animal,
she ran onstage
to protect
what was hers
from getting hurt,
as she had done
for so many
millenia.
Her hair-
her billowing, pink, curly hair,
(so unlike Pearl's own,
she thought)
smelled of roses
when Pearl whispered her suggestion,
only renewing
her sole reason
to live
and to die:
for *her*.

When they danced
against the harsh light
of the stage,
fleeting fingers
and graceful legs
coupled with
warmth
and affection
and mischief
softly traced

meaningful marks
along hips
and backs,
lasting
til the end
of time.
The last
Pearl sensed
before becoming Rose's own
-not that
she hadn't given herself
to her
already
so, so long ago-
was the sweetness
of pink sugar
on Rose's lips-
the perfect start
to a perfect fusion.
How could something
that feels so good
go wrong?

By Sherry Wang

His brother Adrian is dead. There was no warning, he was just dead. He shouldn't be really surprised, it was war, and even the best soldiers fell to the swords of the enemy. But he had never been prepared to face it so *soon*. He had been preoccupied with his own duties as the ruler of Spades to even see his brother off as he traveled off to the front lines for the last time and now regret churns within his stomach, and a dull ache has formed in his throat.

His brother is dead at only fifteen. How many times has he tuned out Adrian explaining something to him, how many times has he looked forward because he felt only the need to keep moving, chasing dreams of peace and an end to the war? He had never shared his dreams, never made room for another person to walk beside him on the path he followed.

Now his brother is just another casualty in this war. He is gone. Is he a terrible brother, because he cannot imagine widening the scope of the war for the sake of one man, even his own brother? He knows that if he were to avenge Adrian's death, he would have to wage a war on the scale that their fathers fought, an all-out war on civilians and soldiers of Diamonds alike. The death count is already high enough, Adrian is not the first family member he has lost, and nor will he be the last if the war drags on.

Dreams of peace have plagued his thoughts since he was a child. An end to the fighting, an armistice would require sacrificing revenge for his fallen brother. In that instant, he recalls with ringing clarity *why* dreams of peace had taken such a deep root in his mind. He remembers his father patting him on the shoulder, strapping on his weapons, and leaving, never to return. They crowned him king afterwards, though he was only thirteen at the time, a mere boy.

The ruler of Spades realizes then, that his pursuance of peace was first for his family.

He'll end this war now, so that children like Adrian won't have to sign up to become child soldiers. So that people will no longer have to think of death as an inevitable outcome, an *acceptable* outcome.

He hears the soft padding of his wife's footsteps. "Have you finally stopped being an idiot?" she asks quietly.

"Yes," he replies, "I see clearly now. This war has gone on long enough. Our people are weary of conflict, and I'm sure Diamonds is the same. It's time I started actively trying to make my dreams a reality."

It won't be easy, he knows. The family who rules Diamonds is proud and unbowed, but even so, he is sure that they will welcome an end to bloodshed.

(He wonders vaguely, in the back of his mind, if Adrian would have done the same if their situations were reversed and can't imagine otherwise, because for all that Adrian acted like the perfect soldier, he was never one who reveled in killing.)

His eyes are still fixed on the future, his legs are still propelling him towards that prospect. But he'll drag his wife, his children, and as many as he can towards it with him. They say the future has endless possibilities, after all.

REMEMBER

Breathe.
Lungs underwater
struggling for air

Just breathe...

and dream.
Dream as if nightmares
don't exist.
the boogeyman isn't
Reality

Just breathe...

and love.
let the Broken Heart
love,
love the Broken Heart...

Just breathe...

and think.
think about the known
the unknown and everything between.
learn every secret this
universe
has to offer

Just breathe...

and create.
love life.
reality trumps sleep
create with hands...
a gift for mankind...

Just breathe.
Remember to breathe.

By Caroline Whitesel

MY DIAMONTE POEM

THANMAI

FORGETFUL CREATIVE

READING DRAWING CREATING

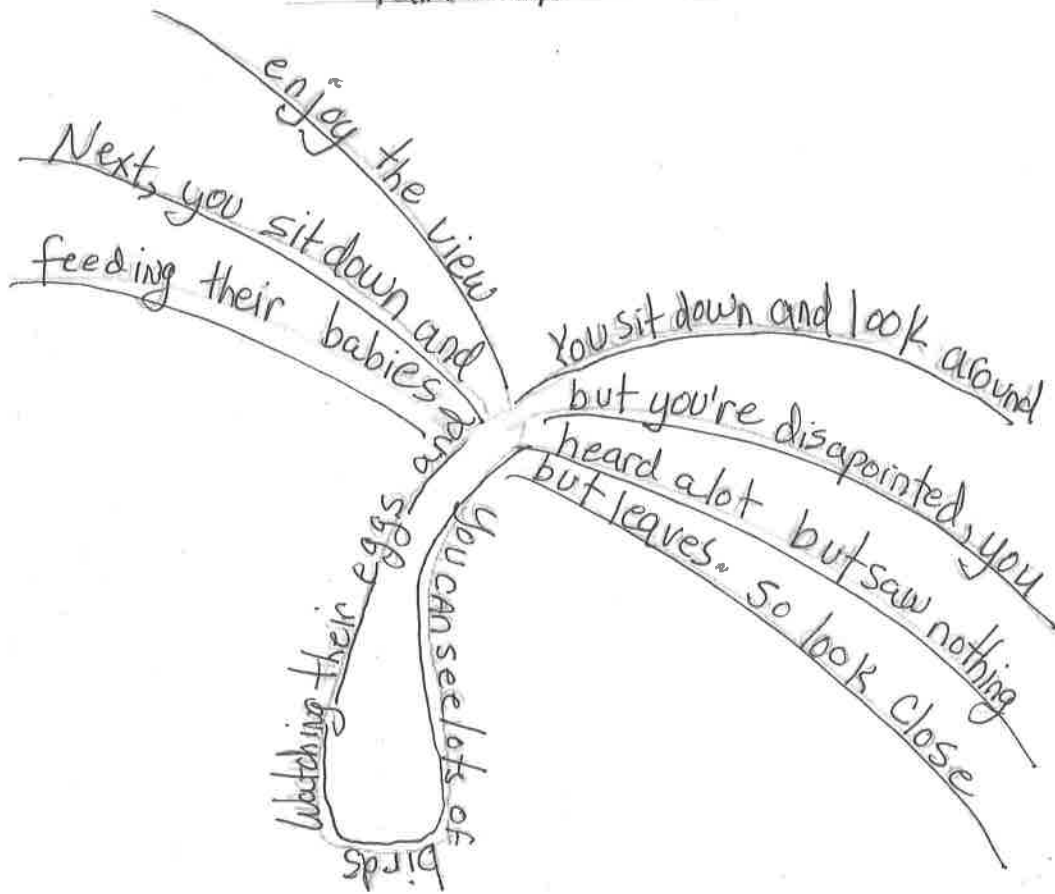
SISTER DAUGHTER FRIEND STUDENT

COOKING BAKING WRITING

KIND CAREFUL

YANDRAPATI

Palm Walk



By Jayani Yarlagadda

Letter to the Next President

June 10, 2016

Dear Mr. or Mrs. President:

Imagine a world where fresh water is a scarcity. A place where everyone wears a breathing mask for risk of illness and where visibility only extends out for a mile. Our country, and the world for that matter, is heading toward this devastation. The welfare of our Earth is becoming a leading issue in the world and needs to be addressed immediately.

To begin with, nature sustains all life on Earth. We as people need to take responsibility to protect, not destroy it. According to the World Health Organization, outdoor air pollution caused 3.7 million premature deaths worldwide in 2012. These carbon dioxide emissions have a negative impact on biodiversity in oceans as well. As carbon dioxide concentrations increase in the atmosphere, the ocean absorbs it, resulting in lower pH levels and higher temperatures. This not only affects life in oceans, but humans who depend on these marine animals for food as well.

Additionally, the growing population of human beings on Earth is also an issue. It is scientifically known that once a certain species of organisms reaches a certain amount of occupants in an area, there is a massive drop in the population; caused by mass killings in response to competition. This level at which a species are widely murdered is called the carrying capacity of an area. Relating back to human life, we will soon reach our carrying capacity if population control is not enacted. Imagine the chaos then.

Moreover, nature's resources are not unlimited. We are withdrawing fresh water from sources faster than they can be replenished. By 2025, 1.8 billion people will experience absolute water scarcity. Additionally, climate change and "hardscape" creations disrupt the natural hydrological cycle. For example, the warmth in the atmosphere causes more water to evaporate, leaving less fresh water to humans. Also, "hardscape" creations, such as asphalt and concrete, creates precious runoff into the ocean.

Mr. or Mrs. President, I hope that you consider my request to address nature's issues quickly, as human life will soon diminish if not. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,
Xenia Zhao, Grade 8