

YAWP

ANTHOLOGY

Session B - Tempe Campus

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Halle Chapple
Carmen Christensen
Shawna Damadzadeh
Jenny Dong
Caleb Gottry
Ella Grossman
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Kambria Kobierowski
Kate Kobierowski
Rohit Kodibagkar
Merrick Lato
Tao Li
Kennedy Martin
Damon Martinez-Jackson
Elena Melis
Simon Melis
David Pacheco
Amogh Prakash
Giavanna Raboin
Nina Robinson
Garv Sharma
Sidney Skylstad
Clark Staniszeski
Kavya Sud
Sahil Sud
Brynn Taylor
Ben Tung
Taoran Wang
Bobby Yalam
Charles Zhang
Courtney Zhang

Yawp

Dear Cactus,

I ~~hate~~ dislike you because I ~~hate~~

hate you and it HURT. Really Bad!

I am still afraid of you,
you mean.

Please ~~don't~~ do take
this personally.

Your ~~advice~~ ~~dislike~~ Owen

By: OWEN ASPINALL

The Secret of Life

The secret of life

by: Mateo
BARRAGAN

is to be kind to
others because what
goes around comes around

is to not over use
the important things that
keep us alive and in
good condition

is don't look back
at mistakes instead learn
from them and improve
yourself

is to enjoy the little things
as well as the big
things in life that
make you happy.

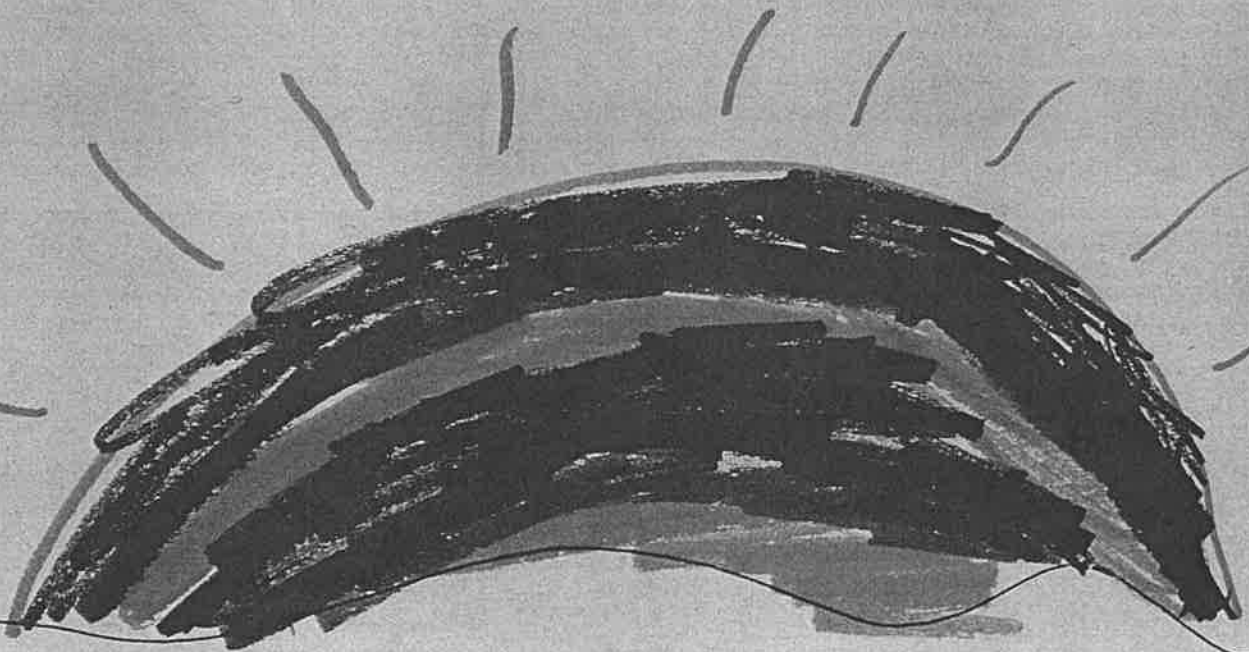
wp

Sun Set

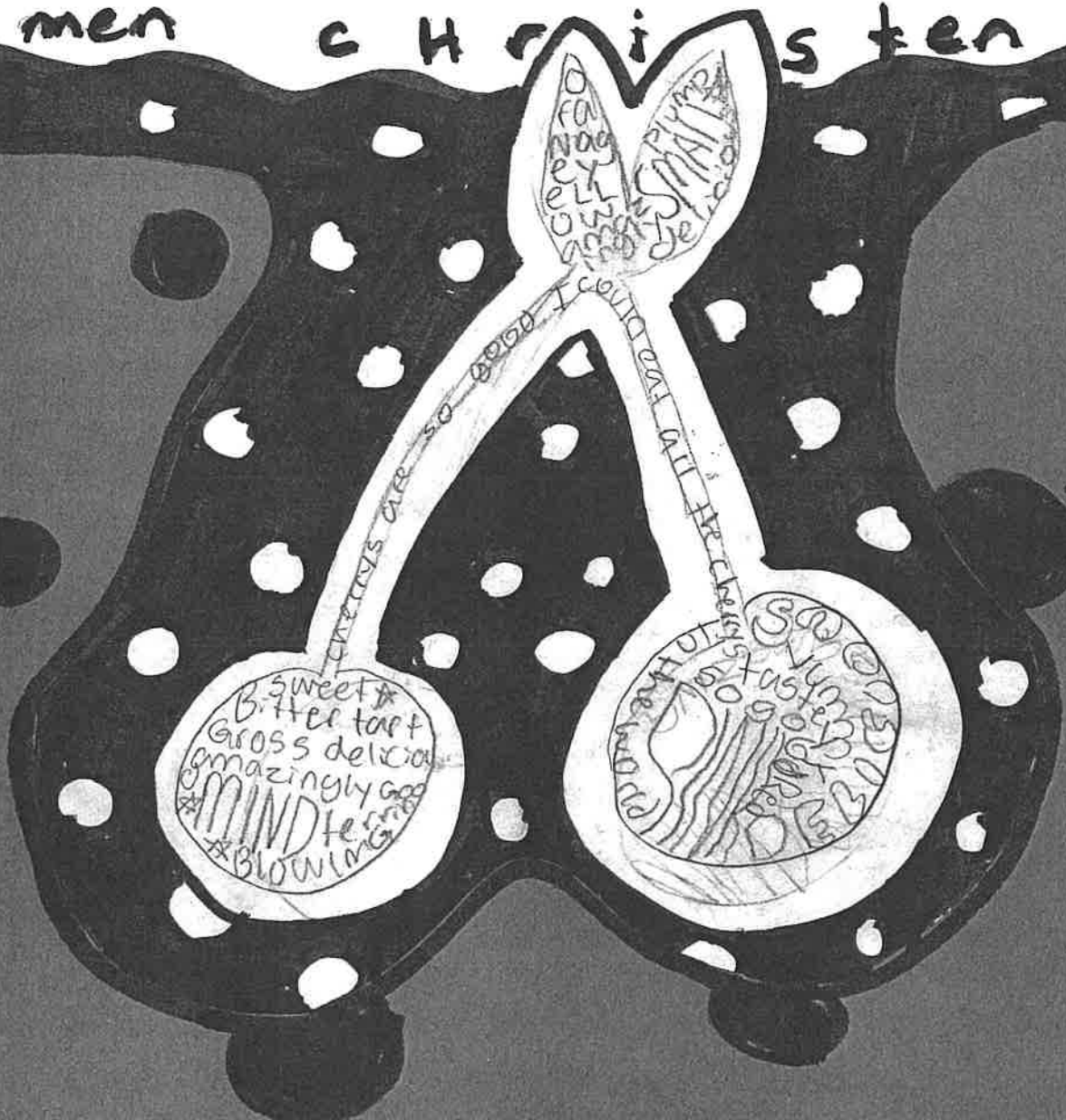
By: Halle Chapple

Dear sunset I love
your colors you give

So much color to my plain
back yard! your bright colors
remind me of a lovely forest
fire!



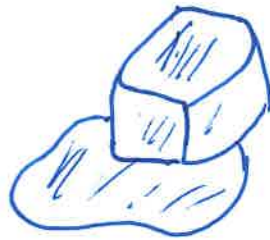
C H E R R I E S
Ar men c H r i s t e n s e n



By: Shawna Damadzadeh

Once Upon a time there was a guy named Jeff. Jeff loved hotdogs. One day Jeff was walking around and went to a grocery store. He got all of his things he needed. ~~then~~ he paid for his grocery's and walked to the door until he heard ~~somebody~~ somebody saying, "Jeff, I like hotdogs." He looked around and there was noone there. When he was walking to his house he heard the same thing again, "Jeff, I like hotdogs too!". He just kept on walking. When he arrived to his house, he saw in his house that behind the tinted glass door was a body with a guy behind it saying, "Jeff, I like hotdogs." He opened the door and saw a guy eating hotdogs with ketchup all over him. Jeff was relieved and asked him who was he. The guy said his name was Jet. Jet and Jeff were best friends till this day and on. Jet and Jeff would eat ~~hot~~ hotdogs for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. ~~Jeff and Jet~~ Jeff and Jet lived at the same house. One day Jet heard someone say, "Jet, I like hotdogs." Jet looked around and saw no one there calling him at the grocery store. He left and on the way home he heard the same thing again, "Jet, I like hotdogs too."

The End

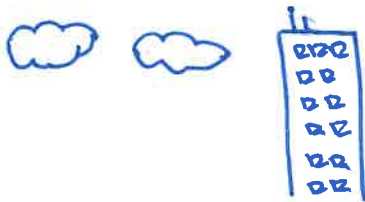


Once upon a time, there was an ice...



By: Jenny DONG

...cream. She didn't want to be eaten, so first, she ran past the sky...



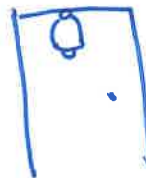
...scraper. Then, she jumped over the sun...



...flowers. After that, she rested at the sea...



...food shop. Later, she walked past the door...



...bell. Then, she slide across the water...



...melon. Finally, she skipped over the rain...



...bow and found her home: Candyland.

The Key

By Caleb Gottry



This has to be the hundredth time he's been to his father's house. He can't bring himself to sell the little cabin. Old wood beams on the worn stair case. An old air conditioner that rattles when it turns on. A rusted hinge squeaks as he turns the doorknob and goes into his father's room. War posters are hung on every wall. The closet is nearly empty except for the camouflage war uniform. The cap sits on the neatly made bed. His father's night stand is layered with medals. An old power chair sits at the foot of the bed, but the manual wheelchair is missing. He sneezed.

The room is covered in dust. Another sneeze comes, this one more violent, and he doesn't have time to raise his arm to block it. The sneeze blows the medals off the small night stand. He gasps hoping that he didn't break any. He is about to lean down and check when he notices something that he has never noticed before. On the polished wood, used, but well cared for, is a small metal lock, like the kind on a doorknob. He looks through the medals scattered on the worn carpet until he finds what he's looking for: a little gold key. He knows that this is the key to the small metal lock.

He inserts the key and starts to turn it when he stops suddenly. What if he really doesn't want to see what is in this hidden compartment? Visions of skeletons, ghosts and booby traps fill his mind, but he quickly pushes them away. This is his dad. He was meant to find the key and he knew it. He can barely dare to think of it, standing there with the key in the lock waiting to be turned, but what if this small compartment holds the secret to his father's death? His eyes well up with tears as he thinks of the large New York City cemetery with his father's grave with no information about his death and no actual body in the earth below. All he knows is that his father is gone.

He wipes his tears away and turns the key in the lock. After his fearful visions, the small black notebook sitting in the compartment was very anti-climactic. He picks it up curiously and opens it. Words...lots of them, written in black pen. It's his father's diary. He can barely breathe as he flips to the last page written on the faded white paper. His heart pounds in his chest and he reads:

"Today I board a plane to surprise my son in Vermont on his 15th anniversary. He told me not to because of the disability expenses, but my old friend from boot camp hit me up with a free ticket offer so I could go. I can't wait to see my son's loving face again and feel the warm embrace. My leg is slowly recovering still, but it will never truly be the same. I wish I could have stayed and helped longer in the Middle Eastern Conflict but being shot is no small matter. I am safe in America, though, and I get to be with the people that I love. I know that this is a shorter entry, but I have a flight to catch. My son, I am coming!"

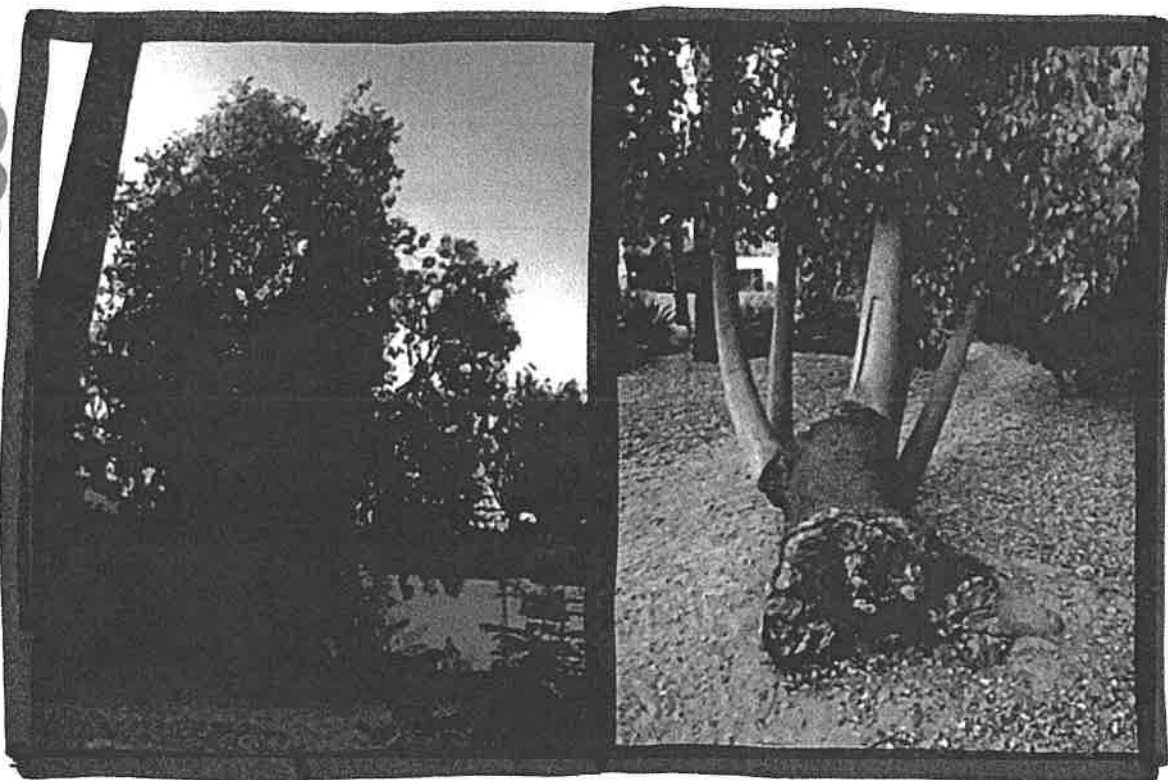
My tears stain the black ink as I read the date: -September 11, 2001

Ella Grossman

Dear Bottle Tree,

You are the light that shines bright. You are a wonder and an amazement. You are tall and wide and have beautiful leaves. I love climbing you and enjoying your brightness. You are special because you grew from a stump, and all you wanted to do was grow. Even though you don't produce fruit or other things like some other trees. YOU, you are still special, because you are yourself growing. I will climb and admire you soon.

Love,
Your Secret Admirer



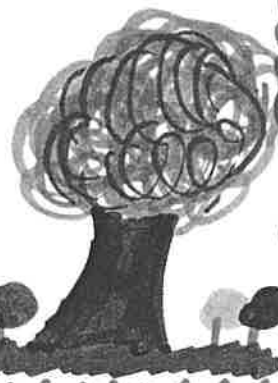
Dear Secret Admirer:

This is so exciting! I have never had a secret admirer write me! I am here for you always and invite you to climb me anytime.

My irregular growth pattern is just another example of the wonders of nature.

Happy Summer!
Bottle Tree

By: ELLA
GROSSMAN



The song that currently has the most meaning to me is *All You Need Is Love* by The Beatles. While this is not a song that would normally be on my playlist, it has found its way into my life.

In choir, my eighth grade year, I was a part of the tech crew and the group that spent our lunch period in the choir room.

Every year, the tech crew presents a poster, signed by everyone in the eighth grade chorus, at the Last Concert Concert. My friends and I took on this project a mere four days before the concert. I bought the poster board and wrote, All You Need Is Love. I crossed out the word 'love' and wrote 'Ms. Potts'. My friends and I had all agreed that this was a cute idea.

Over the next few days, we did some sneaking around to get this huge undertaking finished. Mariah and I 'ditched' study hall; Jo, Jeremy, Ysabela, Zach, and I almost got sent to the detention room; I made an announcement at lunch.

Fast Forward to the night of the concert, which was super stressful, as we had to set up everything, do our homework, run the equipment, and finish this surprise. And when people started filing in I saw my crush in the front row.

Zach ran to the store, while we were setting up, to buy flowers and left me to cover for him. He went to get dinner, if anyone asks.

When Ysabela arrived, I got her the poster and my pens, I said that if she needed anything, that she could call or text me and that I would text her if Ms. Potts was coming.

So of course, when she called me, Ms. Potts was right next to me at the soundboard. I played it off cool, I think, by picking up and saying, "Hey. Yeah, I can't talk right now; I'm busy." I hung up. As soon as Ms. Potts walked away, I ran to the choir room to see what Ysabela needed.

When there was only one song left of our show, Ms. Potts got up on the stage. She was giving a speech thanking her entire tech crew for all of our help. And while we were standing in the wings, holding the flowers, poster and our speeches, our teacher called us all up on stage.

After she read her speech, we retrieved our surprise and brought it onstage; I read my speech. A few of my friends said a few words. As soon as we exited the stage, we all started sobbing. Ms. Potts even looked a little teary-eyed.

We sat in the back hallway, as we cried and cried. This was the moment when most of us realized that we weren't going to ever be in Ms. Potts' class again or hang out with her at lunch.

by maya Johnson

Kambria!

Kobierowski;

read

this

like

180 feet

dinosaur

egg

Florence Forest in Pennsylvania
a wonderful outdoor

whimsical

poses the
yard? Students then draw
what they think might
as well as
dir
ard?"
longes
nts take the
s might be
ur "eggs" and
new twist on the hunt

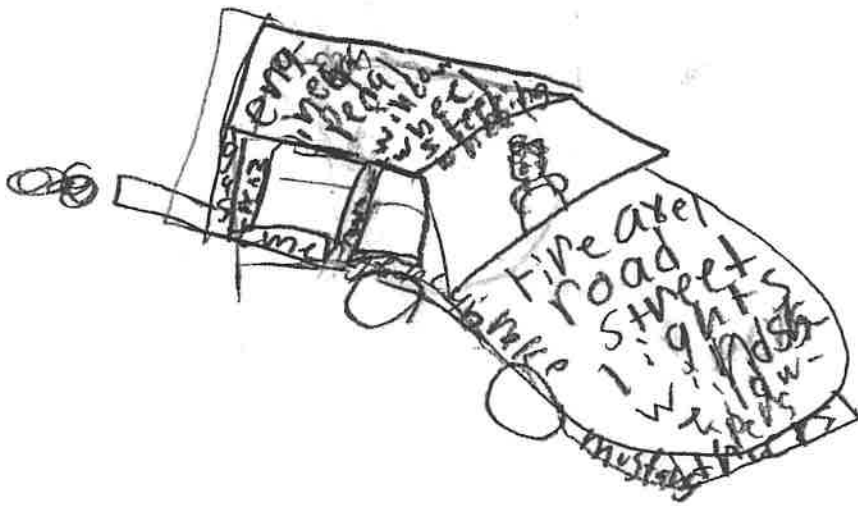
occupied such a large space.
Park Forest suggests two books by Lois Ehlert as great
springboards for outdoor activity and discussion. One is *Leaf Man* (2005), a
delightful picture book that tells a story with leaf collages that take the form
of different shapes and animals. The book can inspire wonderful art projects
using fall leaves, and most certainly makes children more aware of the variety,
beauty, and complexity of the autumn landscape. What a great precursor
to a walk!

Planting a Rainbow is another great book for young
level children. The book is a great excitement for planting
the school grounds. It begins with

BY: KATE KOBIEROWSKI

BY: Rohit Kodibagkan

YAWP





Moving the Classroom Outdoors

By:

Merrick

LaToya P

my Mom

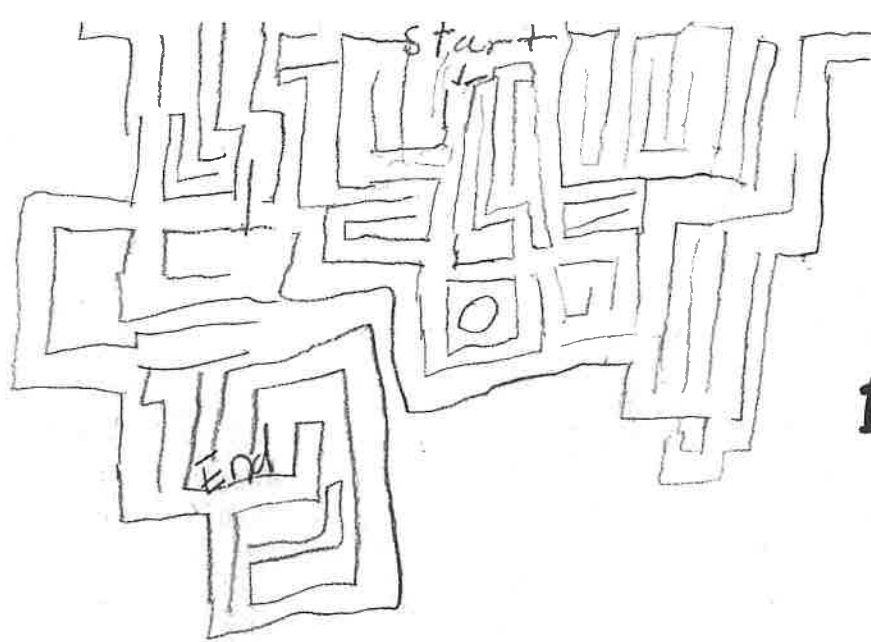
was picking

her,

garden

area





A Maze
Difficulty
By: Tao Li

Oh, maze, there are not many ways,
Finish, you might not,
But hints, you might have bought,
Lost you may be, cause nowhere to see,
Fabulous rewards at the end,
But where should I ascend?
Glorious up ahead, that
That no one has said,

Yamp

Dear ~~one~~ Pecon tree, thank you for
your Peacons. They are so good to
eat. They are so good to
open. I Love to crack
it. And So does Swing on
Thank you for Vivienne.
us with previding
Soon. air. Swing on you

Love, Kennedy MARTIN

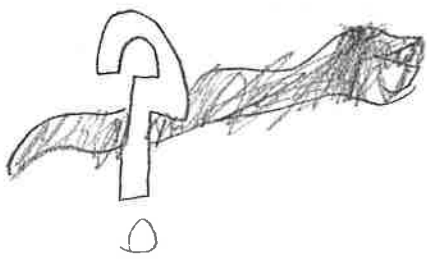
The Statue

By Damon Martinez-Jackson

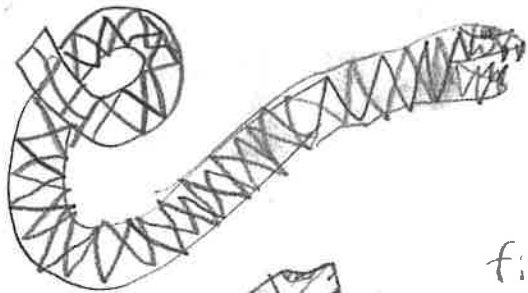
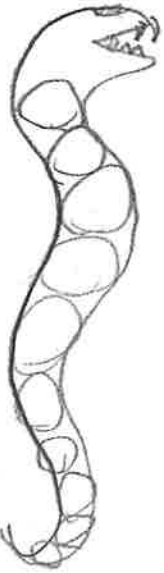
The statue stays still. Sees the whole world. All alone in a void. Rust to show wars, and its age. Forced to live, not the same. I've seen things, getting stolen, even me. Some have been found, some have been sold. All over again, always pain, and sorrow back to the Roman Empire, most have been honored. It comes at a cost, mined up, melting in a bowl. Formed, and folded, no one cares.

Fortunately, Unfortunately ^{started} By: ELENA Melis

1. Fortunately, I won Six Billion tickets at Dave and Busters
2. Unfortunately, Dave and Busters were closed ~~and~~
3. Fortunately I sold them to a billionaire who gave me 20 million gummy bears for all of my tickets.
4. Unfortunately, somebody stole my gummy bears
5. Fortunately, I stole them all back!
6. Unfortunately, half of them were eaten
7. Fortunately, I still had half of them left to eat.
8. Unfortunately, the rest of it had spit on it.
9. Fortunately, I just gave them to a child
10. Unfortunately the child's mom sued me
11. Fortunately, I sued her for suing me
12. Unfortunately, I still don't have any gummy bears
13. Fortunately, I got a new pack that 1000x as much for free
14. Unfortunately, the gummy bears were laced ~~for~~ with ~~the~~ alcohol and I became drunk.
- 15.



Ridge nose rattle shake
Guess who I am
I have sharp teeth
You may know who
But can you find out
another hint I have a snout
good guess the Pit hisser
oh I mean Pit viper
so you think him,
you got to slim he
goes to a zoo with things that
moa



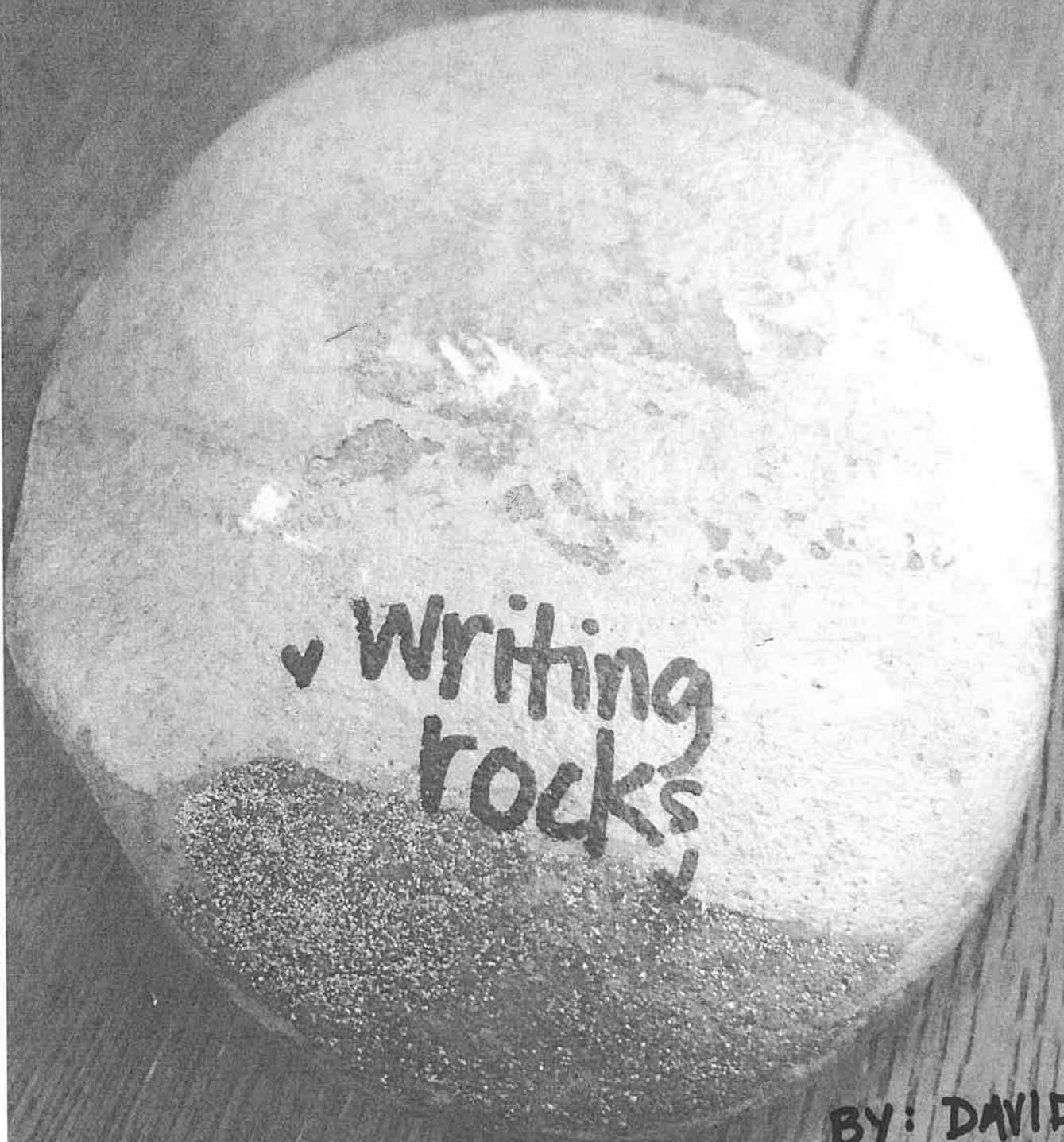
the rattler often are way
Maler who do you think you
are the mad hatter



finally I'm a ridge that's the
end of the Bridge.

By:

Simon
Melis



♥ Writing
rocks

BY: DAVID
PACHECO

The Rattlesnake and His Shedded Skin

As the rattlesnake shed he could hear his old skin scream his old rattler rattling. He tried to calm it down but everything he said just made his old skin more angry. "It's just natural I can't help it", he said calmly. "Oh it is just natural but you've done it so much that it's not hard anymore huh!?" his old skin replied. "Look I'm a growing snake I can't help it!" Bob the rattlesnake said getting a little frustrated. "You're growing right? You know that human species thing they are born bigger than your birth size and you grow bigger than them and ~~X~~ you grow larger than them and at least they don't shed they stretch their skin! You never gave me those exercises! AAAAAA. AAAA HHHHHHHHHHH H+H+H!" His old skin screamed very frustrated. He got so excited when he saw the janitor coming down the hallway and he stalled up, the janitor lifted the top off his cage and the janitor lifted his old skin. While this was happening Bob's old skin crying "Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!"

THE END

By:

Amogh PRAKASH

By: GIANNINA
RABOIN

How to overcook / undercook / Burn food

- Always have a smoke alarm
- Burn the food
- Cooking oil will be needed if you don't want to destroy pans
- Don't use the directions
- Eating the food might not be safe
- Fire might occur
- Green beans need to be microwaved for 8 hours
- Have a fire extinguisher on hand
- I might not be certified to cook, or teach
- Just don't burn yourself.
- Knives are good spoons
- Losing the ingredients won't help
- More than needed ingredients might be helpful
- Never get it right
- Oat meal will need a lot of water
- Potatoes are raviolis
- Quails are not needed, and please don't hurt them
- Raviolis need to burn
- Spaghetti is going to over boil
- Tomato sauce is made out of onions only
- Utensils might or might not come in handy
- Very careful near the stove, avoid being burned
- Water might be needed
- X-ray Soup will 100% taste disgusting
- Your kitchen might burn down
- Zoo animal crackers could be used

Behind the door

Nina
Robinson

Jeannine was late for class. As she was running through the halls, she was looking at the door numbers. "113, 113, 113!" Jeannine ~~finally~~ finally got to the door. This time the glass door was fogged, not clear. There was no classroom on the other side of it. Just a hallway and a freaky figure. No, a scary figure. Jeannine was confused. She opened the door. The figure sucked her in.

Kelly was late for class. She was searching the halls for Room 113. She found it. The glass was fogged, not clear. No classroom on the other side of it. Just a scary figure. Scary figure! She foolishly opened the door. The figure's mouth was open and it was the size of her body! The monster swallowed her whole.

Final copy By: Garv Sharma
I am from buildings formed in the 1800s
from Memorial Hermann
from the place
where the Texans and Rockets play

I am from engineers
from a man who has designed chips for different pieces of technology
and from a dad who creates software.

I am from sabji and dal
from rotis and bhindi
and from that chawal mixed with that

I am from lots of different brands,
from Vans, Converse, and Nike,
to Kirkland, Up and Up, and Crayola

Under my bed I would keep my most important memories.
from the time I first learned to walk
to the time my little sister was born

Sidney Skylstad

Boring

Things don't get boring.
You just get lazy at doing stuff
and call it boring.

Color

People see stuff in color because
~~they~~ they love life

People still see stuff in color if ~~they~~
they hate life

But if your color blind ~~is~~ well.....
that's your problem.

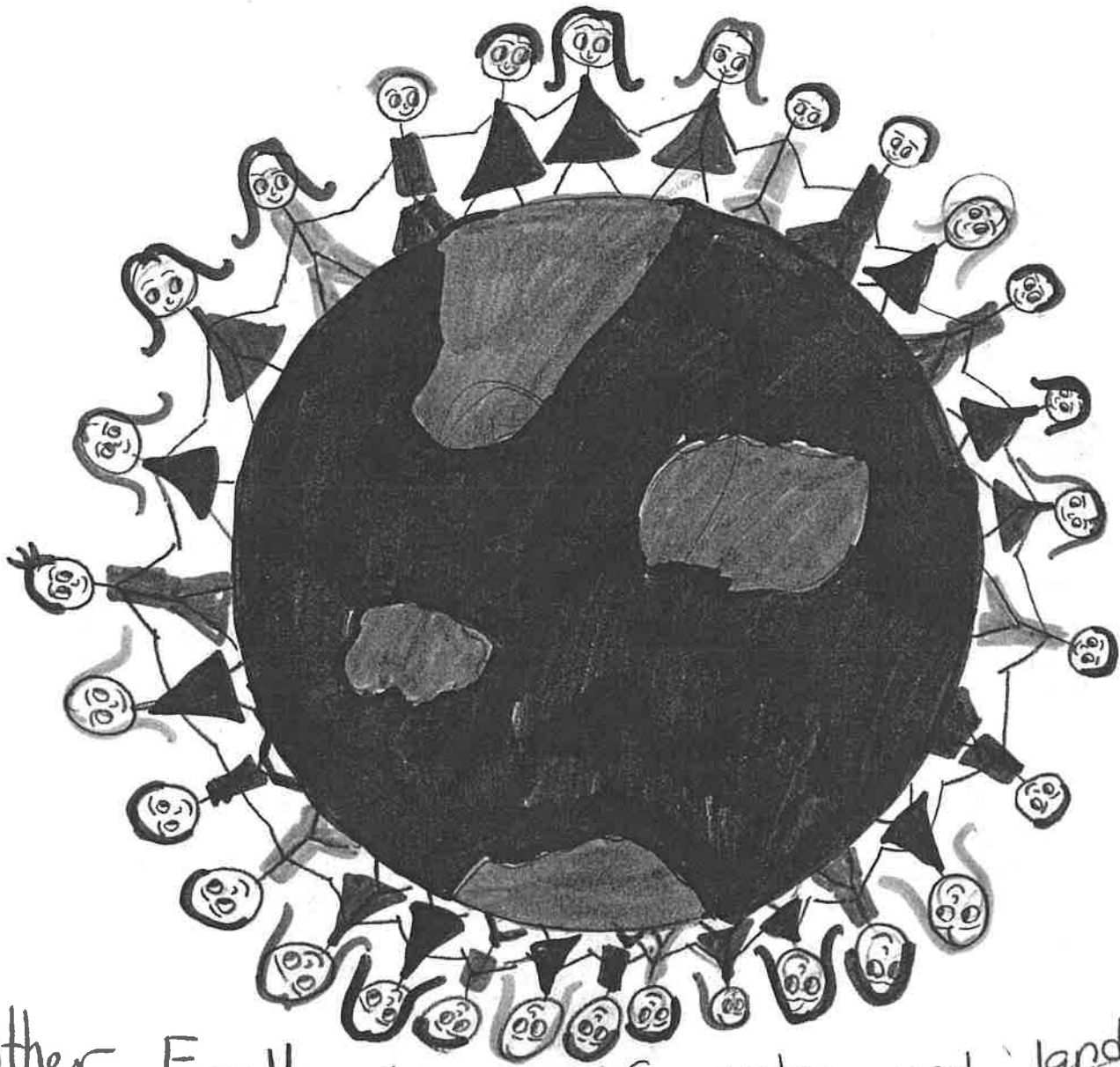
Favorite

My favorite color is red
My favorite pet is my dog
My favorite cousin is April
My favorite human is someone
My favorite sharp object is a
knife.

Believe

I believe in your past
I believe in your future
I just don't ~~believe~~ believe you love me.

BY:
CLARK STANISZESKI



Mother Earth, gives us water and land.
She brings us together in many ways. She helps
and protects us, even if we're different.
She provides us so many things, but we
need to stop trying to take advantage of her, so Thank you Mother Earth

Ode to Cactus

There is precious beauty in things with pain.

We need time to appreciate these treasures

You look so distant but your arms so inviting

You are patient beyond measure

You have seen things I can only learn about

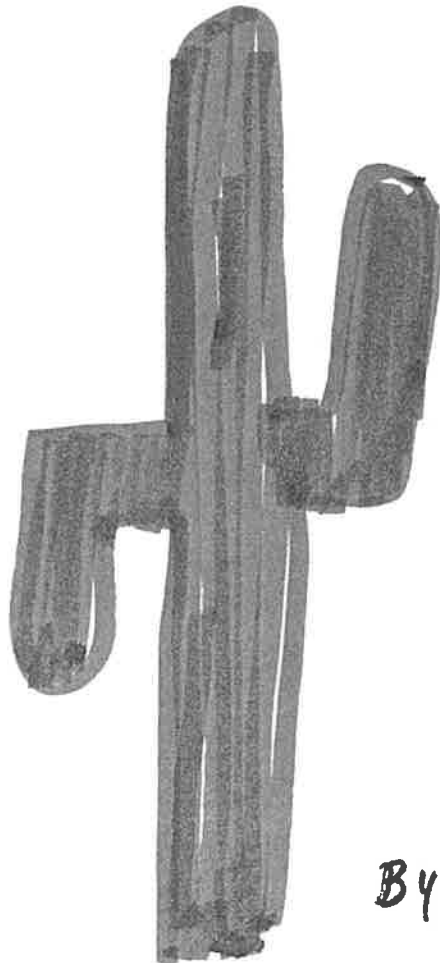
We rarely see your head wilting

You bask in the golden sunlight

Never letting your head drop

Oh cactus with your blooms

Ode to Cactus



BY: KAVYA SUD

Sahil Sud

This, I Believe

Liberal. This word may inspire positive and negative feeling about a person who affiliates with that political side. It may create a vision in someone's mind, which is different to that of the opposite political aligning. Conservative. That word may inspire a different feeling inside the hearts of many and the vision created will usually be different from what people imagine of liberals. But, despite our political differences or alignings, we cannot envision people differently because in order for our society to succeed, we cannot have a bias against each other because of our political aligning, race, ethnicity, sexual orientation, or gender. Unfortunately, in today's society, liberals and conservatives refuse to work together due to the letter they are labeled by. If the letter is D, which stands for Democrat, both liberals and conservatives would look at a Democrat differently than they would a Republican (R); but this type of society cannot function and will eventually deteriorate into a chaotic society.

If conservatives and liberals cannot work together in any setting, then our standing as the world's most powerful nation will not stand. But if they can work together, in not only Congress, but in all settings, then our world will improve.

In order for society to prosper, all people must work together despite their differences. Blacks and whites must work together. Political enemies must work together. Gays and straights must work together. We can never allow any sort of difference to fear us apart. We must never judge one another because we are all related and we are all people. This, I believe.



Using Books as a Springboard

Florence Milutinovic of Park Forest Elementary in State College, Pennsylvania, has found a wonderful way to incorporate outdoor learning into a unit about prehistoric life. She takes her students outside and reads *If the Dinosaurs Came Back* by Bernard Most to her second-grade class. This whimsical children's book entertains kids by showing dinosaurs in a modern-day setting, catching lost kites and pushing away rain clouds. She then poses the question, "What if dinosaurs came to our schoolyard?" Students then draw pictures of what that might look like and write about what they think might happen. Creativity as well as a sense of scale come out as kids write things like, "They would eat all the leaves" or "They would give children rides."

As students continue to learn more about dinosaurs, Florence poses the question, "Could dinosaurs fit in our schoolyard?" She then cuts yarn to the lengths of various types of dinosaurs—the longest was 180 feet, while the smallest was three feet in length. The students take the yarn outside and judge for themselves where the various dinosaurs might be able to go on the school grounds. As a culminating activity, dinosaur "eggs" are hidden on the schoolyard, and the class troops outside for a new twist on the traditional egg hunt.

The dinosaur-in-the-schoolyard activity is a great example of using the outdoors as a venue. Although Florence could have read the book to students seated in a classroom, the concept of a dinosaur and the scenarios portrayed in the book are enhanced by an outdoor setting. Simply talking indoors about the book just doesn't make the same dramatic impression that is created when twenty-five kids hold 180 feet of yarn and try to imagine the body that could occupy such a large space.

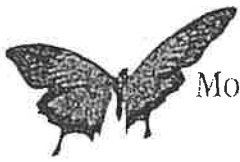
Park Forest teachers also suggest two books by Lois Ehlert as great springboards for outdoor activity and discussion. One is *Leaf Man* (2005), a delightful picture book that tells a story with leaf collages that take the form of different shapes and animals. The book can inspire wonderful art projects using fall leaves, and most certainly makes children more aware of the variety, beauty, and complexity of the autumn landscape. What a great precursor to a walk!

Planting a Rainbow is another Ehlert (1988) book designed for primary-level children. The book is a perfect way to build excitement for planting on the school grounds. It begins in the fall and introduces children to several

By: Ben Tung

"Life is the great play, what will your verse be?" John Keaton, from the movie "Dead Poets Society."
What will you write for the storybook of your life? What matters is what you give, not receive. What you did for others instead of what they did for you.

Will your verse bring joy or pain to the world? Will it give hope or despair? Positive or negative? Your story & how you change others is your verse. Will it be a Shakespearean classic or some knock-off play-writer's draft? A one hit wonder or an instant classic. Your life is yours to live, what will you make of it?



Taoran

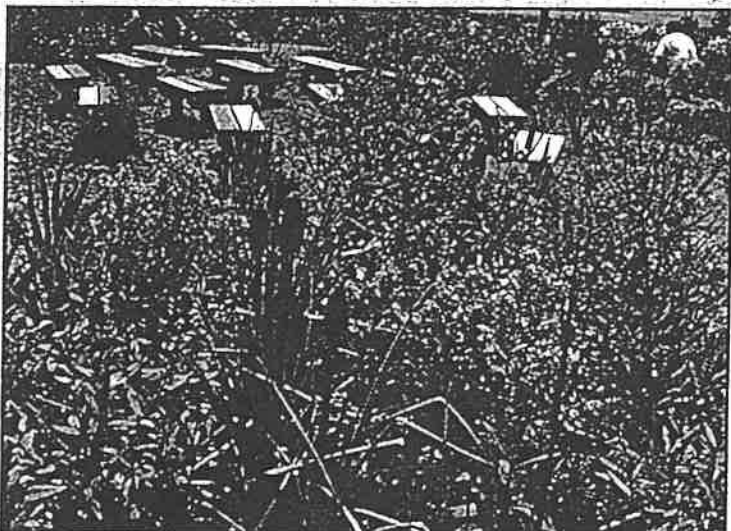
wang

...outside and she would rather that they were in the classroom. ...
 ...to have some flowers ... her hand. She spontaneously gave each one a flower ...
 ...likes it. ... she ... "power of the flower" ... the rough ...
 ...way and the rough guys were momentarily again little boys politely saying, "Hi ...
 ...my Mom."

...the fall of 2011, ... was picking up her grandson from the primary school ...
 ...mums ...
 ...light went on in my head! Wow! Look at the possibilities here. It ...
 ...quite frankly something at school. After talking with school administration ...
 ...school board approval, Roberta funded her plan to create a garden bed ...
 ...spring ...
 ...planting. ... the fall, there were seventeen teachers waiting their ...

A Garden Becomes a Program

...has been ... in the seven years since the first garden ...
 ...not only are there classroom garden beds, but ... garden areas have been ...
 ...literally on every square foot of perimeter around the two buildings on the site ...
 ...nature trail has also been created in the complex, and several outdoor learning ...



Common garden areas like this create learning spaces that are both beautiful and functional.

...success. Eagle Scout ...
 ...to the site. Scouts ... constructed ...
 ...four classroom areas, a bridge ... nature trail, a ...
 ...garden boxes, ... composters. ...
 ...even has a list of suggested future scout projects on ...
 ...by the end of three years, Roberta's initial idea of ...
 ...a garden where children could pick flowers had blossomed (pardon the pun) into an entire program, not ...
 ...just a flower bed. But it was ...
 ...difficult for one person to provide support for teachers ...

Chapter 1
Bobby Yalam

Kaanapali – a town of rest, of chaise lounges and coconut drinks, of birds of paradise, avian and floral, that drink from potholes in roads long overdue for paving. Moisture hovers like a crysalline awning, trapping warm air below, rising and recirculating. In deep summer, locals can always spot a tourist; they're the ones wearing pants, linen, denim, or otherwise. She likes to consider herself a local. (One month a year – that's a longer stay than most.) For Eliza, it's a sojourn, a rest stop, and she's ready to continue her travels.

• • •

It was a tiny plane, two lines of two seats twenty rows long. They boarded from the ground, carrying plasticky carry-ons up the fold-out stairs. Just like in those golden era movies – Eliza wore a broad black hat and thick-rimmed sunglasses just for the occasion. Dreams of Audrey and gutter fans on the city street grounded her, forty-thousand feet in the sky. Usually, she took a couple sleeping pills during takeoff, but usually, she was flying to some glorified glass metropolis to present on her useless treatments for her helpless patients.

As the plane eclipsed southern California (according to the cheery voice overhead), she read that it was typical of resorts to greet each guest with a lei of plumerias for the women, kukui for the men, cowry shells for the kids. The first time she'd visited, elementary school Eliza and her parents had stayed in one of those ritzy places; she'd worn that string of cowries with pride, day in day out, and had hung it above her headboard, a paradisiac dreamcatcher, a shrine to that microcosm of Eden.

Even without a ritual blessing or divine feathers, her tropical beads had worked for years – caught her dreams of a happy family and success and rooted them in reality. It worked so well that it became a source of fear, fear that moving this talisman would crumble the life around her. Before she left, everyone told Eliza that science would overpower her faith during medical school, but they had only been half-right. Sure, she lost her faith in that miracle worker who lived in the clouds, but she clung to her faith in that weathered necklace hanging in her childhood bedroom.

Now, she couldn't care less about those plastic imitation shells; she figured they were bunched between an old sweater and Christmas garland, tucked away in a room of boxes collected for an estate sale. Her parents' lawyers had asked if she wanted to sort through their things. She wanted to more than anything, but everything had too much sentiment in that four-walled colonial, everything other than her disappointing "lucky" cowries.

Lucky. She didn't know if someone could scoff silently, but somewhere over the Pacific, she came as close as she could. Psychology was right; luck and faith are just misattribution and human error. The same type of error that causes a car to swerve or a cell to mutate.

Last year, they were all on the same flight she was on now, headed to the same destination, the same happy family. Her parents had sat together in the row in front of her; Eliza always liked meeting new people, hearing their stories. (Maybe that was her psychiatrist mentality, always on call.) This year, she sat in silence, ignoring the older man beside her. He seemed warm, comforting even, but she'd had enough of hearing people's stories, with no one to listen to her own.

Charles Zhang

The Abandoned Farmhouse

The investigators quickly entered the threshold into the mysterious and abandoned farmhouse. This was the house in the community where everyone thought was haunted and nobody dared to explore it so the local police decided to take action and investigate. But the truth was, there were never any murderers, zombies, or ghosts that dwelled in this farmhouse in the past. About eighty years ago, a cheerful family lived a wonderful life in the beautiful red farmhouse. Their life was undisturbed for many decades until the Nazi's invaded their country. Then, the Nazi's forced most of the civilians out of their houses onto trains such as this family. Later, after the Nazi's rounded up all the citizens, they raided their houses for any precious or useful material. With nonchalance, the malicious Nazi's dumped out their drawers, grabbed paintings from walls, and also destroyed bibles like clearing out a refrigerator. After a few minutes of exploring the farmhouse, the detectives discovered a torn up and crumbled bible in the living room and broken toys in their backyard. The investigators were baffled and thought about what had happened in the past, but there was no sufficient evidence to know what happened so they closed the case.

*I based my writing piece on the poem 'The Abandoned Farmhouse' by Ted Krooser. I will read ~~to~~ it first before I read my own piece.
~~So. it will make more sense~~*

Courtney Zhang

Genre Mashup Story

The Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time, a girl named Little Red Riding Hood baked delicious goods for her poor sick granny.

She left the cottage to deliver these baked desserts to her grandma's house. It was a perfect day, and Little Red Riding Hood decided to ride her bike. On her way, a big bad wolf jumped out and ate her.

THE END!