

YAWP

ANTHOLOGY

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Tomorrow

Tomorrow is always coming. It's on its way right now, whether it's coming too quickly, or seems like it's never going to arrive. Tomorrow is a new day, a new chance to do something good in the world. Pessimistic people may believe that tomorrow is also an opportunity for something awful to happen in the world; they're right. Tomorrow could be horrendous, or it could be unpleasant, or dry, or colorless, or likeable, or enjoyable, or delightful, or even enchanting. Everything is an opinion, and what tomorrow is completely depends on the way you see the world.

Nobody, and I mean nobody, wakes up in the morning and thinks, "I want to do something immoral today." Everyone wants to change the world, and make it better. People have different morals, and opinions, and beliefs. We are all different people, just trying to do what's right in our own opinion. I may think that same-sex marriage is a right, you may not; I may think that abortion should be a right, you may not; I may think that all people should be equal, no matter what race, gender, religion, or sexuality they are, and you may not. If a pro-choicer protests the new Alabama abortion restrictions, and a pro-lifer is sitting on the couch watching the news, and sees the protester, the pro-lifer may think that the protester is doing something wrong or is standing for the wrong thing. The pro-choice protester, in his/her opinion is standing for the right thing. He/she may believe that the people sitting on the couch and letting the law pass without protest are doing the wrong thing. Everything is an opinion. The world is never going to agree on what's right and what's not. Everyone is just trying to make the world that they are living in better. That's all everyone is doing, and nobody, no matter what their opinions and views are, want the world to be a terrible place to live in.

Welcome to tomorrow, where opinions constrain decisions, and life isn't always what it seems. Not everything goes your way. The glass isn't always half full.

Watches

by Karan Badhwar

The gears shift and tick all about

I hear it everyday throughout.

Their round faces with numbers galore,

Everytime I wear them my heart soars.

Intricate yet simple, hard yet soft, useful yet outdated,

Fascinating yet plain.

Watches give every minute meaning,

They possess potential that may leave you reeling.

With colorful personalities and structural commonalities,

Watches teach you that time is precious.

They remind you what you lose,

Set an alarm and they won't let you snooze.

Watches are the crown jewel of my day.

They provide me with the tools to find my way.

And that folks is all I have to say.

The Bad and Good

By Nicolas BURTON

The bad do not win—not finally,
However, they never leave,

They are always present in our lives,
Destroying dreams and creating chaos,

Although the bad are not evil,
They are humans just like any other,

They live lives,
They have dreams,

They are everywhere,
Everyone is bad,

Bad is not something that defines a person for life,
But a term for describing a single action,

Everyone changes their own lives,
The good become bad, and the bad become good,

In the end,
We are all humans,

We all make mistakes,
We all create chaos,

People are not good or bad,
They only create action.

Katelyn C. "My name."

Katelyn. Seven letters, no repeats. I like my name. It comes from Katherine, a royal name. It means pure or clear; perhaps I have polluted the name. Sometimes I try to channel the royalty, like Katherine of Aragon. But sometimes, I am tired of playing dress-up with letters. I do not need to pretend to be Katherine. My name is not a nickname. Just a name.

Katelyn. Often misspelled. As Catelyn, Caitlin, Kaitlyn, or maybe even Caitlyn, or Kviettjdhyne. Misspelling can tear away at someone's identity, the very core of who they are. No, you won't be the girl your mom named you to be. I'll make you into what I want you to be. Not the funny, phonetic spelling my Chinese mother gave me to. But something someone else decided.

Katelyn. I once went by Katie, to avoid the spelling debacle. I even went by "kt" for a time. Each nickname is full of memories. Some that I want to let go, and some I want to hold close. But now, I am just Katelyn and it is enough.

Katelyn.

My name.

Mya Dang - Chick-Fil-A

As soon as you acquire the eight piece chicken nugget meal with fries at Chick Fil A, you must slowly open the specialty sauce. Gradually and cautiously peeling off the tab because not a single drop of oozing and savory sauce must be wasted. Then, open the box of chicken nuggets and grab a warm, crispy, and golden piece. The edges on the chicken are perfectly crunchy and just staring at them makes your tongue tingle and mouth salivate. As you dip the nugget into the sauce, make sure it is fully absorbed and marinated to get the whole surreal experience of the perfect combination of sweet and savory. No one wants a lightly coated chicken to the point where you can see more meat than sauce and it leaves your mouth as dry as the sahara desert. As soon as the nugget is in contact with your mouth, bursts of fireworks light up the night sky and a sensational feeling begins to surface. The tangy chicken and sweet sauce blend so heavenly and creates a unique zest of flavor. Now, picking a waffle fry is a whole new experience of tasting an ordinary potato because the intrinsic pattern of lines makes sure that every bite is crunchy and smooth. The soft and airy fried potato adds the right amount of saltiness and palate cleanser to the meal. Continuously switching back and forth from chicken to fry, chicken to fry, the meal is gone with in five minutes and leaves microscope crumbs that are unfortunately not edible. The desire, the need, the drive for more chicken nuggets and fries makes you continuously crave and shout for Chick Fil A.

Chloe Kelly **A Discussion on Perspective**

"Fundamentally, we are made from good," Mouse squeaked fearfully from beneath the beast's paws. "So why Cat, do you chase and scorn me so?"

"Is that what you think?" Came the hissed reply. "That I chase you needlessly? You are at fault for what you have done! *Think!* Think about what you have done to the food of my masters. Are you fundamentally good for taking their sustenance? Are you fundamentally good for having infected their supply with disease and their home with vermin? Well Mouse-"

"Wait!" The quivering mouse cried. "What of you? You have eaten my kind, and your masters, who keep and experiment on my kin! While you sit in the warmth of a fire with a full stomach, I sit in the cold and nibble the walls out of hunger and desperation. Your mother lived a full, long life, and mine was crushed in a trap!"

Cat eyed the pinned rodent, its tail flicking back and forth in agitation. "And yet, you claim that we are fundamentally good? With all that you've listed? It seems more likely that we are inherently bad."

"Maybe we are made that way later in life," Mouse stuttered. "But the young-"

"-The young do not know enough. They cannot yet think fully, and yet you bring them into this conversation."

"They do no harm!" The rodent exclaimed. Cat tutted.

"When my master's child pulls my tail, and hits its parents, does it mean no harm? When it wails all night, does it not keep everyone from sleep? Does it retain its innocence even after it has crushed a bug?"

"Perhaps not..." Mouse murmured. "But you can do good..."

"And let you go? Let you spread disease and eat their food? Mouse, I have been told to kill you."

"I could leave, Cat."

The feline flicked an ear. Mouse waited.

"Would you now?" Cat asked doubtfully.

"I would."

"How do I know that you would keep your word? Why shouldn't I go ahead and eat you?"

"I suppose you wouldn't know. Not right away. But you could still let me go... Dog will be here soon anyway," Mouse reminded, and Cat hissed at the name, agitated. It placed more pressure onto the rodent, keeping it down for another long moment, before finally stepping off and away.

"I want you gone. Prove that maybe you can be good."

The mouse ruffled its fur, feeling where claws had dug into its coat.

"I'll try, Cat."

"Go," Cat hissed, and Mouse scampered off before the feline could change its mind.

BY: EVA LANGER

FLOWER CLUSTERS *eva langer*

forget-me-nots and daffodils bloom

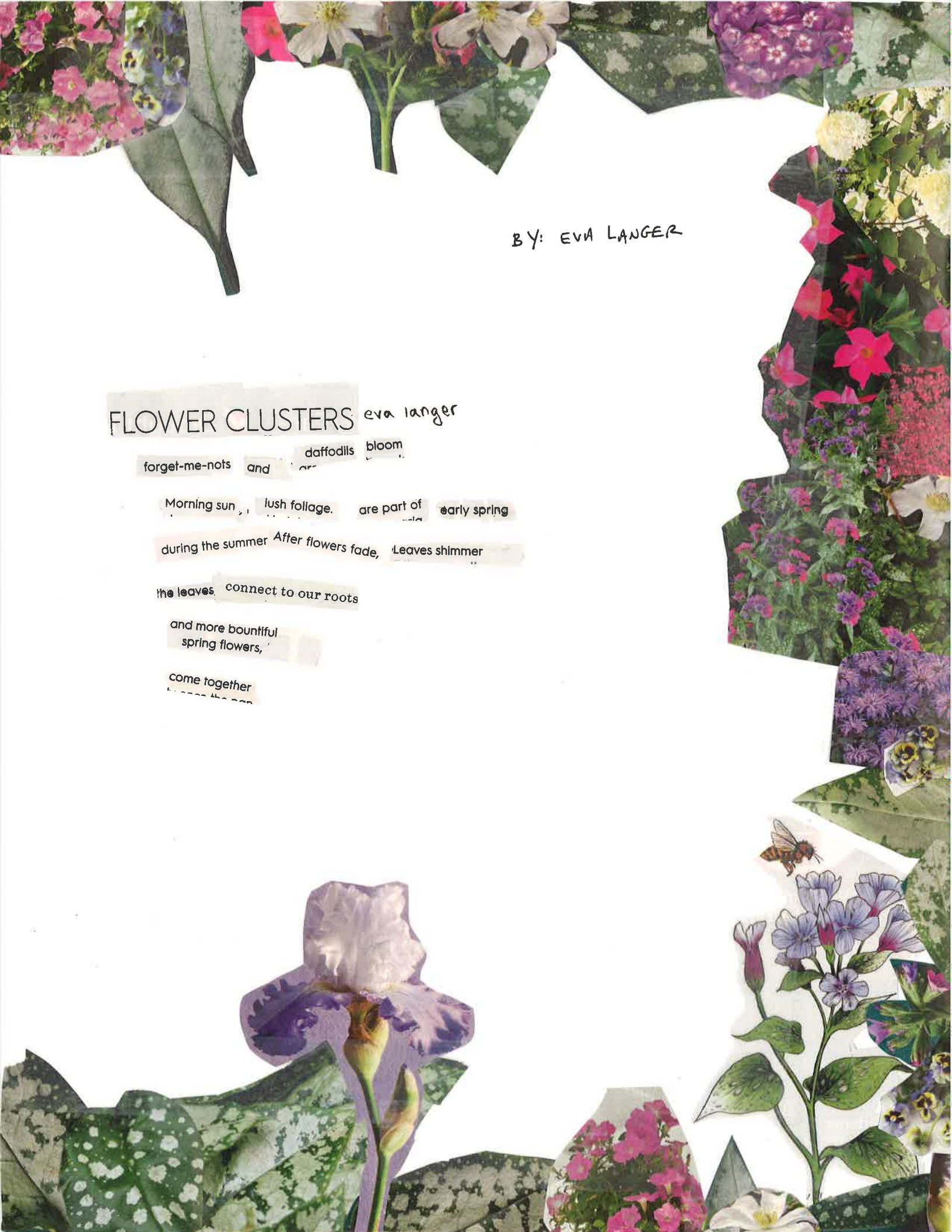
Morning sun, lush foliage, are part of early spring

during the summer After flowers fade, Leaves shimmer

the leaves connect to our roots

and more bountiful
spring flowers,

come together



Ava Maloney - Coffee Connoisseur

Ah yes, the question we all have- how do I drink a cup of coffee? Fortunately, I am here to tell you! First off, drinking a cup of coffee is all about circumstance. Ask yourself why am I drinking this delicious, well crafted beverage? Is it because it is a lovely Saturday morning and you are drinking it with all of the time in the world? Maybe you are chugging it down at 3:00am to finish that paper? Whatever the reason, it is essential to follow these precautions to have the best experience even in the worst times.

Now, there are many different types of coffee as well as different techniques and machines to make it. The options are infinite; french press, espresso shot(s), cold brew, the list goes on and on. For the sake of this, let us just assume you wish to create a classic cup of coffee. Start by beginning to put your coffee mix in the machine and turning it on. When the coffee is complete, you must pour the coffee slow into the cup, observing the drink, looking for any grinds you may see. Swoosh! Hear the coffee pour into the cup and quickly fill up. Now, some people like to add what, I like to call, coffee condiments. Personally, I find this incredibly disrespectful to the coffee itself, for it is already perfect. The key to adding these condiments, however, is adding the slightest amount of cream and sugar to enjoy the sweetness and creaminess along with the crisp and rich flavor of those grounded beans.

Time to drink. This part is crucial because you must master when you indulge in this luxurious and, sometimes life saving, beverage. The temperature must be hot. However, if consumed while fresh steam escapes the cup, DO NOT DRINK IT! The scorching temperature will burn off your taste buds, don't quote me on that, and you will be unable to enjoy the coffee. Now, if you wait too long, that is equally as bad. Cold coffee will quite possibly remind you of your saddest memory, like the time your family forgot you at the park and it started raining. You have ruined everything about it! It is vital to consume it so it is warm in your tummy.

Enough

Naomi N.

On this quest to perfection, many of us reside.

We unintentionally fall victim to its ideals and its lies

That say we are worth a mere score or number

Our acceptance of it steals hours of our slumber.

Yes, it is true that success is a feat,

But it is not the only thing we need.

We need each other, truth, compassion, and love

We need to know that we're more than enough.

We're more than our grades or our money or our weight

We're far above this world that is consumed with hate.

Love yourself and all your mistakes to be,

On the way to being undeniably happy.

Shefali Prakash

What Writers Are

Writers are, perhaps, one of the most, if not the bravest people in this world. For writing, unlike mathematics or chemistry or physics, requires deep reflection and contemplation. It is an art that reveals one's true self. It is a reflection that has the profound ability to awe, like the distorted reflection of one's self in a crystal clear lake that can frighten even the bravest soul staring into the depths of an icy lake. It is a reflection. To write is to reflect, but also to share. To share with the world the very core of your existence. Or perhaps her imagination. Your creativity. Your inner workings. To write is to share. With all those who stumble upon your work in the magnificent universe of intellect, writing is the art of opening yourself to be heard by others without fear of judgment. Without fear of scrutiny or discernment. To write as yourself, in your own voice, with your own words, with your own thoughts, with your own picturesque ideas. That is a writer's mark.

Shruti Ramkumar

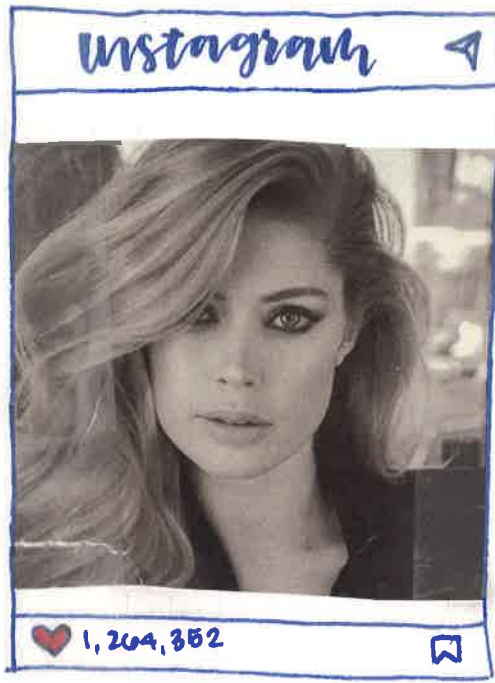
sMOReS

The sharp end of the stick pierces the soft delicate skin of the marshmallow as it effortlessly glides through like a knife cutting through butter. Watching this makes my mouth water and I quickly snatch a marshmallow when I think no one is looking. Out of the corner of my eye, across the blazing fire, I see my brother smirk having caught me red-handed. I pop the marshmallow into my mouth and am hit with a slightly stale yet sugary taste. I hold my marshmallow on a stick out and it goldens quickly over the heat of the ever dancing fire. As my marshmallow roasts I quickly gaze up at the captivating, twinkling stars in the night sky and drink in the sight of nature. I hear someone yell my name and I'm jerked out of my stupor. I glance down and see flames have enveloped my marshmallow leaving behind the charred, scorched remains. A skeleton of the once sweet and airy marshmallow. The air around me is now filled with laughter over my carelessness and I let this laughter hold me up. My stomach can no longer stand the wait and I reach out and snatch an already made smore from a friend. She stares at me in shock which then changes to laughter and I grin back at her, placing the smore in my mouth. The luscious chocolate immediately melts in my mouth and the heat from the chocolate singes my tongue adding a surprise to the end of a mouth-watering bite. Ooey-goey marshmallow, melty chocolate, and crunchy graham cracker unite in the classic campfire dessert: the s'more.

A Beautiful City

By Ritika Ravindran

I think I shall never see anything as pretty as a city.
A city whose lights gleam,
With streets that are never clean.
Cities whose parks have trees
And dogs that chase bees.
A city whose people run
And toil against the morning sun.
A city with crime and grime,
Stores filled with diamonds that shine.
A city with farmers in a bustling marketplace,
With merchandise always being misplaced.
Cities with underground trains,
That people flock to when it rains.
In a city with high and heavenly skylines,
It's amazing to see how fast time flies
When I see such a beautiful city.



so perfect

wow, so pretty!

I wish I looked like that!

how to look as pretty as Instagram models

1- take an empty bottle (for our 'perfect face' serum - see below)

- start with 2-3 drops of foundation
- take a small amount of concealer and insert
- add about a tablespoon of setting powder
- insert about a teaspoon of highlighter
- add half a teaspoon of contour/bronzer
- insert a small amount of blush
- choose your eye colors (up to four) and add small amounts
- put in your favorite false lashes and a small amount of mascara
- insert a small amount of eyeliner
- add any color lipstick (insert more for a fuller lip)

To get the best results, shake well and apply daily.

2- after applying the 'perfect face' serum, keep the serum in place by adding setting spray

3- take a picture of yourself and open a face-editing app
- delete all your flaws, save the image, and post on Instagram

now you have a face as perfect as all the models on Instagram! *

* all faces are beautiful. There is no such thing as perfection; everyone has flaws and insecurities, so LOVE YOURSELF AS YOU ARE! :)

Vincent Sin - The correct way to eat a slice of pizza:

Take the pizza slice such that your palm is facing upward, and your fingers are curled. While your thumb applies pressure to the crust on top, the other curled fingers will apply pressure on the bottom.

Now don't take bites yet! You may be aware of the fact that the cheesy pointy side of the slice is dropping downward. In order to prevent embarrassing yourself in front of others, you cannot bring your arm up and crouch down while facing upward; this makes you look like a dog, and no one wants to see that. Instead, coordinate your fingers and eyes and brain to find how to make the zero Gaussian curvature line to point parallel to your fingers. They should be split into two pairs of two, each pair supporting the crust on each end on the perimeter, while the thumb is placed in the middle of the crust on top. If executed correctly, the triangular slice will curve like a capital U, perpendicular to your fingers, while the tip points in the same direction, coplanar with your oily fingers.

Now, you can begin eating. You will need to raise your arm up 60 degrees, while your wrist turns the slice to point to your mouth. Chew off the first 2 inches of the slice. You may notice that right now, you do not taste anything! That is a problem that needs to be resolved quickly, as it may ruin the rest of your pizza enjoying experience. You can either rotate the torn off piece so you can savor the cheese and tomato sauce and any other additional ingredients or you can continue chewing so that the tastiness of the toppings topple and turn over onto your tongue. After swallowing the cheesy pizza slice, you are prepared to eat the next part. Proceed as stated before with every bite, but adjust your fingers appropriately such that you do not bite on them and they do not get in the way of your enjoyment. When you reach the crust of the pizza slice, you may feel inclined to stop and grab the next slice. However, I object: keep going! I understand how bad the tasteless bread may taste, but you must finish what you have started. If you simply cannot stand the empty taste of the crust, then hide them in the sides of your mouth while biting chunks off of the pieces. As soon as you have put the final piece of crust into your mouth, you can finally claim another slice, as long as you have the room to speak.

Avinash Subramanian : I'm From

I am from foggy skies,

Where frigid rain and cold wind transpires relentlessly

Where you had to get used to the cold temperature and the cold nature of people.

I am from one of the most windiest cities in the world

And combined with the changing times of the diminishing middle class of the early 2000s
had made times especially cold.

I am from a city where being average was the epitome of success.

Where people learned to get by,
and nothing more.

I am from Libertyville, Illinois

Sahil Sud: I'm From

I'm from dinners discussing politics near and far

I'm from watching the Packers play on Sundays

From watching the Bucks play in the spring

While my mother comes back from the hospital and goes to Orange Theory

And my father comes back from there to prepare for his boards

I'm from playing chess and trying to become the best I can

I'm from playing with my sister,

From my parents making sure I am really studying

To my sister studying without supervision

I'm from a family different from all others,

Its uniqueness contributing to its greatness

I'm from happiness throughout the house

From a place where love is abundant

Where we are truly a family

And we have all the love in the world

I am from the Sud household

Allie Woodard

My Name

I didn't always have the name I do now. For the first week of my life, my name was Baby. My parents never fought, but they couldn't decide on this one thing, what would their third child's name be. Megan? No, doesn't sound good with Woodard. Kendall? Eh, not good enough. Teegan? Maybe, it's different, but still not right. Names being thrown at a little 2 day year old seeing what suited me. My parents and siblings went back and forth on different names until one day my mom decided for everyone.

On my first doctor's visit, my mom was too embarrassed to show up with her own nameless child. "What's her name?" the nurse asked. Quickly and without much thought, she chose my identity I would have for the rest of my life. "Allie Joan Woodard".

I often wonder, "What if I was given a different name in that moment?" "Would I be the same person I am today?". These are daunting thoughts to have and makes one realize, a single choice can change something forever.

Although these thoughts are scrambled in my mind, I wouldn't change my name for the world. By being rushed to choose my name, I applaud my mother greatly. My name brings much value and connects to my family members vastly. My initials, A.J.W, are the same as my grandfather, and oddly enough my grandfather and I have the same birthday. Also, my middle name, Joan, is the same as both of my grandmothers first names.

I take high honor with my name and I'm glad with what it ended up being. Who knows, I could have easily been named Baby for the rest of my life. Oh, what a story that would've been.