

**YAWP
ANTHOLOGY**

Session A

6th – 8th Graders

June 1 - 12, 2020

Miss Nicki

The evil smirk rose upon the boy when he saw the new pack of eggs .He knew exactly what to do.He called up the boys and they decided to meet at Central Park. When they met they were discussing what they should do. They had a rule that was "If one disagrees others should too".One brought the idea to egg the "Haunted house" or so they called it but, one disagree but they forgot the number one rule.The others quickly said "well...we have never egged that house "and many more.They schedule the egging the following day but little did they know something was going to go wrong.The next day,the boy was a little busy with homework so they decided to reschedule it to noon.But once it was noon he couldn't find the eggs. He looked everywhere I got the fridge but , it was nowhere to be found. He later asked his mom the mom said "Oh! We ate them all this morning. Remember you were so hungry that morning.I was surprised cause you usually grab orange juice and run upstairs" .The boy was mortified that he ate it all.

By Simon Reynolds

Cold metal, Very cold metal that was slapping against his bare feet as he ran. Not for his own life but for others. Even though the launch was scheduled for later that day it was in early morning that they decided to skip the formalities and launch them without clearance. Of course clearance was only for the council to feel needed and important, but it was our last stand and now we have no chance and they are able to get away with this now. As he ran the miles past in a blur of thoughts and feelings toward the apes, scientists, and really the whole universe. He knew that he was rare and couldn't afford to get in trouble but there is no way that he could let them redo human history and just sit by and study it all as it passes under them as they think we all do. He had to speed up, he had to stop them. He shifted into a speed that is invisible to the naked human eye.

My Made-Up City or World

By Dustin Miranda

Hecate the city of magic was created by Hecate the greek goddess of magic herself. She created this city for the people born with the magic gene, a gene found in a person's DNA that allows them to use magic and cast spells. This city is hidden by a spell cast by Hecate to make the city invisible from the outside. The city is governed by a descendant of Hecate, penelope. Penelope has a 13 yr. old girl named Iris. The city has schools were they teach magic like public schools from the normal world. However, since not everybody can get to this city she put different schools all around the world only accessible to those with the magic gene. These places are taken care of guardians that protect those it from those who try to break in to the different schools.

Nightmare Writing Excerpt by Bryn Mayer

I jump off the pier and into the crystal clear water. Emma is already swimming around and Dominic is floating a little farther out in a bright orange tube. Connor is lounging on the rocks behind us, sipping from a can of Coca-Cola. I call to them from the lake, laughing.

"Are you coming?" I ask. Connor smiles, runs to the edge of the pier, and cannonballs off. I scream and laugh as they splash me.

Dominic floats over to us. He slips out of the tube and begins to swim lazy circles around Emma. She giggles and flicks water at his face. He shoots some back at her, and a splash war begins. Soon enough, Connor joins the fray. The three of them start to horse around, with Emma jumping on Dom's back and Connor trying to push her off.

I play with them for a bit, but soon get tired.

"I'm gonna go take a walk," I say, getting out of the water. They all nodded absent-mindedly, quickly resuming their games. I sigh. I'd felt excluded the entire trip up here. Emma and Dominic, I could understand. They've been dating for a couple of months now, and are still in the stage where they can't see anything wrong with each other. Connor though...that I don't get. We'd been friends since kindergarten, but lately, they didn't want to be around me as much. We haven't had any big fights. We just grew apart, I guess.

I wander along the bank, lost in my thoughts. After a while, I reach the other end of the lake. I almost keep going, but something catches my attention. A few meters from where I stand, there seems to be a huge hole. I study the opening and decide to check it out.

I look back, hesitating. Dom and Emma are swimming together, and Connor is floating in the tube while reading a magazine they brought. I steel myself. I'll only be down there for a bit. They won't even notice.

I take a deep breath and jump in. I sink into the hole. After a bit, it widens into a cavern. I decide to go deeper, as I still have some air left.

I spin around, searching for the exit, but I can't find it. The cave has closed me in. I'm now in desperate need of air. I kick and scrape at the walls.

"Help!" I scream, bubbles erupting from my mouth. "Help

Agnar's Revenge Excerpt
By Maya Yompol

Freya Allgood was angry. Not Viking berserker angry, more towards the annoyance of a cat whose owner had neglected to get its favorite snack. She'd gone to the Viking thrift store (Great prices for great warriors!) hoping to get an enchanted weapon of some kind. Perhaps a sword enchanted to kill with a single blow, or maybe a cutlass that sang odes of its wielder's victories. Gellir, she'd even settle for a magic dagger.

All she could find was an old, battered blade rumored to contain the soul of an extremely angry squirrel. It had been a mistake coming here.

"Er, miss? Really, Treescorcher's not that bad of a sword." Before she could rip the cashier boy's head from his incompetent shoulders, he added, "At the price of just one silver piece, it's quite the bargain!" Freya started to stomp out of the miserable little store. "My boss would chew me out for doing this, but I'd be willing to part with it for a mere ten coppers," he whispered confidentially.

"Daufi, those are the same thing. What do you think I am, a little girl easily distracted by pretty smiles and nice words? I have half a mind to rip off your cursed arm for this."

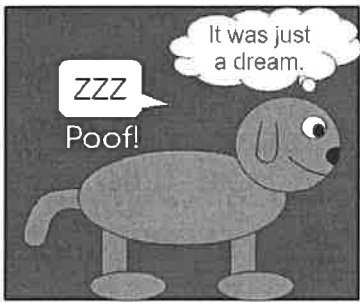
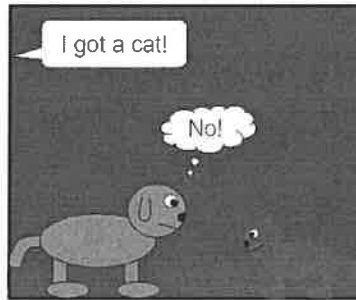
"F-fine, you can have it free of charge!" he stuttered. Freya knew a man down in the village who gave good money for scrap metal. She grabbed the sword and stalked out of the store.

"Useless piece of rubbish," she said to herself as she began the long hike back to the village.

Wait, wait, wait. You don't actually think I'm useless, do you?

Oh, great, it talked. "This sword is rusty and battered. I'll be glad when Bjorn melts it into something better. What do I do with the soul of an extremely angry squirrel, anyway?"

By Dylan French



Where I am From
By Eva Pombo

I am from a small cellar smelling of Earth
And as harmony to the house above
I'm from run-on sentences
And secret codes
From sun filtering through wispy, dry grass
Light wearing at its edges
Until it's soft and golden
From the relish of sinking
And curling toes into mud

I'm from the song of laughter
High and low
Loud and quiet
The complex melodies of the expression of human joy

I'm from words
Oceans full of them
Beautiful, and flowing
Crashing to shore
Pulled and pushed back out to sea
Forgotten, or wished to be

And from this and more,
I am given the blessing of ecstasy, sorrow, fear, knowledge, and benevolence
From this and more
I am given the fortuity of simply being
And from this and more
I am given everything I need
And from this
At this moment, I am exactly where I am supposed to be

Lieutenant Incapable (an excerpt)
By Omkar Bharath

Lieutenant Reginald P. Clorimer tiptoed through the building as quietly as possible, to avoid waking his fellow holidaymakers. He was on holiday, at the English seaside, and he'd be damned if he didn't enjoy all of it. He was sneaking through the hallway to get a drink of water from the dining room of the hotel. At 1:30 AM, he could easily be mistaken for a burglar or similar rogue by a child. He managed to fill up his glass from the dispenser without any noise, and decided to take a quick walk outside. As soon as he stepped outside, a beam of purple light came down from the sky, bounced off a shiny steel weathervane, reflected from a new knife the hotel chef had bought, went out of a window, and landed on Clorimer.

He felt a surge of power go through his body, and a voice suddenly appeared in his head. It was the voice of an elderly man, and it said, "Congratulations! You have been selected as the new Captain Incapable! This means that you are now obligated by law to fulfill the duties of this contract-" A thick sheaf of paper suddenly appeared in Clorimer's hands. "-such as protecting the innocent from your evil foe, the Time Dinosaur! Now of course, you've gotta keep this on the down-low, the *bisbigliare*, you feel me?" Clorimer nodded uncertainly. He'd certainly like to be a superhero; it was something to keep him from boredom, at the very least. He signed the top page, and it simply blinked out of existence.