

YAWP

ANTHOLOGY

Session B – Tempe Campus

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Dystopia Prologue by Andrea Cote

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Time is short. Our leader is preparing for the Purging soon. He's driven himself practically mad for our control. When he became ruler, the world was already too far gone to save, and with no environmental control, he's doing everything in his power to control us. Twice a year, he sets up a Purge to kill or exile anyone in governmental or even personal offense who looks different, speaks different, or has any opinions opposing him. Breeding out the weak. He has a crushing grip on the broken society left here. Controlling the only forms of power and electricity in this trash heap makes it hard to oppose him, but even he knows that soon, those batteries will run out and we'll be left with nothing. It's only a matter of time, and time is short.

-Bailey
Briar

The sun by Damon Jackson

In space above gravity it dwells in heat,
incinerating everything in its grasp.

It burns of light and hope
as darkness seeps away
to come back later for revenge.

It shapes life with a burning goal to pass on its flame.

The fire will forever burn.

'Stephen, get ready for school !' My mother yelled from the bottom of the stairs. Her voice muffled by the door that was slightly ajar. I sat up and looked around my room which had posters and a small table to do my school work. got up and looked in the mirror. I saw my self (of course) a 16 year old olive skinned boy with black hair wearing pj's. I got dressed into my usual jeans and polo shirt. I went to the bathroom and my sister , Amor was doing her hair. I did mine and went down stairs. I walked down the mahogany staircase into the kitchen. My mom and dad were talking about something about a barrier. I ate overnight oatmeal and got ready to go to school . My brother bobby said 'have a good day.' I walked to school and I was exited to get to learn about the mythic. On the way there I saw a bird I can now identify as a mourning dove. Then the dove flew in front of me and turned into a human. I fell back. I screamed. Of course I did any humane person would. The dove who was now a fair skinned girl with blond hair who was around my age. She said to me 'come with me every thing you know is a lie.'

By Javier Juarez

Dystopia Prologue by Claire Li

Everything was the same until I found THE ITEM. Every single day, we do the same thing until our inevitable death. Every single moment of my life up until last week, had been about rules. Rules consumed my life. Every movement I made was because a rule told me to. But.. last week, I broke a rule. I wasn't feeling rebellious, just something inside of me told me to. That could've been the greatest moment of my life or the worst. But when I found THE ITEM, I knew which one it was going to be.

Dystopia Description by Kate Li

In 2024, Roy lives in a world where the population of the world is over 5 times what it was in 2019. People are overflowing the streets, and the homes around are small crowded apartments since there is no more room on the ground. With all the resources used, people are starving and homeless. The government has collapsed and what's left of it has decided to take charge. To deal with the crisis, they take a select few each day and painlessly kill them. On one particular day, Roy was chosen to be the select few. Overwhelmed with hatred that the government could kill innocent people and nothing was done about it, he gathered the others of the select few and overthrew the government. After he killed all government officials, he realized that that was the best way to deal with overpopulation. While trying to prevent people from dying, he ended up killing many others.

“You’re fired.”

“What!” she cried. “I’m sorry, we feel as if you are not important anymore.” Her boss said. Jenna walked away in silence. She packed her things and went to her apartment. When she opened the door, she saw her dog lying on the floor with blood spilling and a masked man holding a knife. “OH MY GOSH!” she yelled. She ran at the man, but the man flew out the window. She then took her dog and drove to the vet. Suddenly, her dog said “I might not make it.” “ the killer was the man from chipotle.” “ Remember, that i love you.” then the dog died and became a guinea pig the size of a horse. Meanwhile, She vowed revenge for her beloved dog. She found fingerprints and tracked the man down. This was it. Beyond the door he was in there. The man who ruined my life. This was the endgame. She could see his shadow. She put her hand on the doorknob and swung it open. Inside.... Was nothing? No, it couldn’t be. A whistle sounded behind her and she turned to see a crippled man staring at her as a pack of dogs charged at her. Their metal collars glowed red as their fangs scratched and ate her flesh.

By Peter Shih

Co authors- Javier Juarezqs, Damon mystery, Alessandra Romero, Andrea Cote

Hundreds of eyes peered at me through the darkness of the alley. How many cats were there? And why were they all together? *Slowly, one of the cats stepped into the light. Her coat was a shiny black, without any markings. The only cat who dared to approach me.* The rest stood waiting in for their leader's signal. I gulped nervously. I should not be afraid of a scrawny feline with matted fur and black slits for pupils. *It perfected its stare, making me extremely nervous. Then I pulled out the handgun I keep with me at all times. I didn't want to shoot, but then... another cat came out. Then another. soon, hundreds of cats stood. Then their leader growled. It was a signal. All of a sudden, the cats attacked, clawing and tearing at my flesh. I fired my gun frantically until I ran out of bullets. It was pointless. I couldn't do anything. I fell face first on a... cloud? I stood up. I was on a cloud. This was weird. I saw my father, Thor, there. "Go back and be the woman you've always been." I stood up and punched my way through the cats. Then I felt the power of lightning inside me. I electrocuted all the cats and walked away.*

Co-authored by: Adeline Tolman, Kate Li, Claire Li, Peter Shih

PLaTfoRM 7 by Nya Traynor

Hello, and my name is Ashlee. Or at least, that's what my friends call me. Technically, my real 'name', (if you could even say that,) is 7825 A-2. But Ashlee. Ashlee is better. I've lived on the platform my entire life- and never once knew a home on Earth. It no longer is referenced to as the Blue Planet, however. That is a meaningless name now, as all blue on the planet has long been polluted to black coloration- a sea of dead fish. The Wasteland, we call it. The uninhabited, desolate planet with about as much life as the surface of the sun. They call our new society the aerial utopia under president Chamber. A mouthful if I've ever heard one. It's better known as as the Platform.

I live in a small city called Barren- and barren is a correct description. Except it's designated for middle class only. Because, of course, we wouldn't want the first class to have to deal with anything less luxurious than golden palaces to dwell in. Ha. No one is a fan of the rich- they despise us- we despise them. A never ending circle of animosity.

But the people of my own class's relationship with THEM is nothing compared to the one of the lower class's- who live in the slums.

They live off scraps of the upper class citizen's trash, and survive in corroding copper.shacks But then again- they are prisoners, only considered 'lower class' because they have a job opportunity. And President Chamber was 'kind enough' to give them a job as a scraper. I'd rather be JUST a prisoner than a free person who works down there.

I hear that things were better in the platform's early days. Everyone was equal and the government wasn't as corrupt- but it's useless to try to make things the way they were. Among the traditions that never grew with the building of the platform, is democracy. We still elect leaders, but it's not the same. The election always favors the first class, who have the privilege of choosing the candidate, while the lower two classes receive money for voting for the government supported runner.

It's also been removed as a law that you are only permitted to remain in presidency for 8 years maximum after two elections. Though it's still four years per election, after a recent court session 'we' determined there is no maximum time you can be president, unless impeached. But there is no way president Chamber will be impeached. The first class are all too busy praising her ruling abilities, kissing her ring, and gifting her pounds of gold and expensive goods. She's like a Queen.

She is Queen.

My house is decent enough. I live with my older sister Amelia and younger brother Noah. My parents are typically consumed with work in the metropolitan, so my older sister is often burdened with caring for her younger siblings. I am fourteen, she is eighteen, and Noah is nine.

My mom supports our family as an environmentalist- she grows hydroponic plants for our consumption, and trees for oxygen. She also advises our landscapers on the best plants for certain areas and interchanging conditions throughout the season. My father on the other hand is on the building plans committee- he coordinates the development, location, and type of structure being erected on the platform- I also was recently informed by him that they are building something top secret that is supposed to change life on the aerial utopia forever. Even President chamber doesn't have all the details- which I suppose annoys her. The only one who officially has all information is General Mitchell Hades. Even his last name means unseen in Greek- a fitting title. He is a secretive government employee. I've only seen him once at my fathers workplace, when my older sister Amelia and I visited in years past. From what I recall, he is a tall, burly man with slicked back hair. He wore a grey pinstripe suite and dark shades across his eyes. He seemed dismissive and angry even when he had spoken to my father- his voice authoritative and loud. But apparently, by no means has my father been out of touch with Mitchell in these recent times. Just yesterday, they had been speaking on the phone for hours, discussing the 'top secret' build.

Currently, I am sitting on the black leather sofa in our living room. The sky is streaked with pink and orange. The flat screen television plays static when I flip it on, so I change the channel quickly.