

# **YAWP**

# **ANTHOLOGY**

**Session A – Poly Campus**

**June 4-15, 2018**

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Every Cat Has a Story  
By: Leah BYONSON

The gray one hid  
In the tunnel while  
The others pounced and played

One wanted to be loved  
And would sit in your lap for hours

One started every fight

One kitten would lie on the table  
Anyone going or coming  
Would give her a treat

The orange and white one  
Would run out the door at any chance

One furry cat hid shyly in the corner

One presided from upon a shelf  
He looked down lazily  
“I’m better than you”

The dark multicolored one  
Sat sadly in a cage  
Waiting to end its quarantine

One cat just purred

# Reverse poem BY: MYA GAO

I am a failure  
and I refuse to believe that  
I am a winner  
I realize this may be a shock, but  
"I will never lose"  
is a lie, and  
"I will not succeed"  
in thirty years, I will tell my children  
I have my priorities straight because  
work  
is more important than  
family  
I tell you this:  
once upon a time  
I'm not a loser  
but this will not be true in my era  
I'm clumsy  
experts tell me  
I will fail  
I do not conclude that  
I will succeed  
in the future,  
I will lose everything  
no longer can it be said that  
I will win  
it will be evident that  
I will lose  
it is foolish to presume that  
I am a winner  
(now read it bottom up)

Morgan MacCoshan

"Frozen dinner. Tv. flicker. Alone again."  
I sit down with a small "humph", letting the platter of thawed food drop onto the table. For a moment, I sit there, gazing at my food and realizing I wasn't actually going to eat it. Despite the protesting grumbles coming from my stomach, my arms remain limp by my sides. My darkened eyes slowly shift from my pathetic plate of food to the television. After a moments hesitation, I get to my feet, my food remaining on the table. I train my eyes on the flashes of light and color that emite from the t.v. Inch by inch, step by step, I grow closer to the television. Soon enough, I reach the coffee table that stood only a foot or so from the t.v. It was time I faced the facts. That I'm alone. That a screen isn't going to give me the comfort I need. That I - much like my dinner - am forgotten. My eyes remain on the television, wanting to enjoy the lights and noises just a little bit longer. The lights and noises that showed a world in which I wished to live. My hand timidly reaches down. My fingers wrap themselves around the remote and I inhale sharply as I hit the power button. I find myself flinching as the t.v. screen suddenly flickered to black. No more lights. No more noises. I continue to stare at the blank screen, already becoming uneasy because of the deafening silence that now filled my apartment. I'm alone... again. But I wasn't ever not alone. I had always been. But as the t.v. switched off, my mind finally accepted it.  
I was alone.  
I was forgotten.

# Galaxy

## Unicorn Planet

My planets name is Unicorn Planet and it has three colors on it and ONLY three colors blue, purple, and last but not least pink. It can have human life forms but scientists would have to travel to the planet and it takes 4 years just to get half way there. There are no continents on my planet but it has 10 lakes. The 10<sup>th</sup> lake is the largest of its kind. The climate is sometimes cold and sometimes hot, you can never know from day to day. Humans can't live on the planet because humans will never know what the temperature will be. My planet can reach 300 degrees and it's too risky for humans. Unicorn Planet at times will reach negative 90 degrees. You can freeze to death or you might melt to death. Technically, they are both bad so beware. It can sometimes be in between. As you try to call for help nothing will work because no one can hear you scream. The pink areas are the hottest so stay away from there. The blue area is really chilly and lastly the purple area is warm so you might want to stay there.

Afeni McNew

## Brooke

Home was far far away but all Brooke saw was a big field. She looked around, "Not much," she said. Then she quickly saw a glance of something. It was dark out, and she couldn't tell what it was. She ran into the field. "A house!" she cried, "Maybe I can ask if I can use the person's phone to call my mother." She ran down and knocked on the door. "Hello?" A voice said.

"Oh, hi. Could I please borrow your phone to call my mother?"

"Why yes," said the voice. The voice let brook come in. Ring Ring Ring Ring Ring. "Yes?" "MOM! MOM! IT'S ME, BROOKE, HELP!"

Then silence came over connection was lost. Then the voice started to approach. WHACK! "Huh?" "What?" "Where am I?" Brooke asked herself. Help! No one was in the little empty room. She suddenly forgot why she's lost. "HELP!" She was all alone... trapped... and hungry. All that she saw was barrels. She kicked one. "HIGH-YA!" "A key A key!" She searched and finally found a door she unlocked it. "I'm out!"

The next day as she was chopping trees she heard a whisper and ignored it. She just felt pain. Blood was gushing down the palm of her hand. She breathed heavily. Suddenly foot prints appeared. She followed them. "Home!" She hugged her parents and lived happily ever after!

THE END. By Olivia Janae Patrie

---Writing is Boring--- A reverse poem by  
Aaditya Prakash.

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Writing is boring  
Nobody will say that  
Writing is fun  
I think that  
It doesn't help you  
If you don't try  
It will benefit you  
Writing stories  
Just makes you bored  
When it feels like you're doing nothing it  
Makes you think writing sucks  
Because you didn't do anything  
Writing is boring  
Nobody will say that  
Writing is fun  
I think that  
Writing is a waste of time  
Please don't think that  
Writing is enjoyable  
That is a fact  
Actually...

---

Now read from bottom to top.

---NIGHT--- A Poem written by  
Ananya Prakash

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The night shines as bright as the stars in the sky,  
Stars sparkle in the air like little fireflies.

It is pitch black but beautiful to look at.

The moon glows and lights up the night making it such an  
amazing sight!

It's time to sleep, we dream and snore,  
Making it a place for imagination to soar.

Have a great sleep as you lay  
For tomorrow comes a brand-new day!

When 9 hours pass, the darkness goes  
Then the sun comes up and morning just arose!



## SPRING

Flowers are blooming,  
Spring is springing.  
The smell of spring,  
Lets freedom ring

I open my window one day  
and by what I saw, I was blown away  
I saw green trees,  
and buzzing bees.

Winter is gone,  
Spring was here all along.  
Beautiful, Colorful Flowers,  
The warmth of spring is a superpower.

The new found heat,  
Is too hard for winter to beat  
So the winter snow drifts away,  
Leaving the flowers here to stay.

- Swathi  
Prenkumar

Ryan Ro

## If I Was A Superhero

If I was a superhero

I'd have super speed

Racing and running like crazy indeed

If I was a superhero

I'd be invisible  
Sneaking around when nobody knew

If I were a superhero I'd most likely fly

Whooshing by birds through the night sky

If I was a superhero

I'd help all plants

Even the tiniest insects and ants

If I were a superhero

I'd help anyone I can

As much as I can

If I was a superhero

If I was a superhero  
I'd have super strength  
lifting cars and  
anything else

# The Field

By: Medha Trivedi

There once was a girl named Mia Greene. Mia's hair was a light brown color. Her eyes were blue. Mia was a writer. She loved to explore and write about nature and outdoors. She wrote down everything she saw. One day Mia went outside in a forest and started writing about the luscious trees and the wonderful songs. She kept walking and found a great and vast field. It had birds, deer, swans, buffaloes, and butterflies. She took some grass and put it down in a pile to sit and write on. She wrote furiously until her hand made her put her pencil down. She wrote about a magic portal sucking her in deeper and deeper into the portal. She wrote that once anybody went in they never got out. Once she finished writing, she lay down on her back using the seat she made earlier as a pillow. Mia slept until a humming sound and a purple and blue glow woke her up. She sat on her grass pile upright. Mia saw a portal that started to suck her in deeper and deeper. She finally got completely submerged and she tried to get out but she couldn't get out. She then realized whatever she wrote in her book was happening in real life. She wrote some really gruesome things so she was terribly frightened. Then she realized there was no getting out and her mom would get worried about her. The next thing that she remembered she wrote was that she walked through a completely blank corridor until she found the same field she started out in and that happened. She did not find her seat so she made a new one and started to write some good things. She waited and started to do the things for the good things to happen, but the opposite things happened. She wrote something extremely bad and the extremely bad thing happened. She then got really furious. Mia walked a little more and saw the portal again. She was extremely glad and she ran into the portal. The next thing she knew was that she was in the reverse land hospital. She quickly asked one of the nurses what she was doing there. The nurse said "according to my graph you have gotten a concussion by running into the reverse land flagpole." Mia said to the nurse "I want to go back home." The nurse asked her what her name was. Mia said "My name is Mia", "Mia Greene" the nurse happily cried and interrupted. She also said "You are the creator of this world, please don't go, we will worship you as a king". Mia thought, they said a king so that must be great. "Sure I can" Mia said. Thank you your majesty". Mia thought, your majesty eh." Lead me to the palace" she commanded." I can only do that once you get better" the nurse chimed in." GET ME BETTER NOW!" Mia roared." Okay your majesty" the nurse said as she curtsied to Mia. Then the next day as Mia got better Mia got taken to the palace. Mia then demanded "give me a tour." Then as she demanded Mia got a tour. Mia then commanded "take me to my bedroom where I will have my nap". Mia slept and when she woke up she was in the field. Mia ran home and never went to the field again. She was very happy and disappointed at the same time. But at least she was home and happy with her family.

Livia Whitaker  
*Starry Foam*

My lungs filled with the sea air,  
and I tasted salt on my tongue.  
The wind weaved itself  
through my hair  
as I dug my feet deeper  
into the warm sand  
engulfing them  
in the golden grains.  
The crashing of the waves  
echoed through my head  
as the seagulls squawked  
in my ears.  
The starry foam swirled  
in the navy water  
dancing on the damp sand.  
Emerald seaweed sprawled  
across the beach  
along with smooth shells  
engraved into the sand.  
The length of the dark sea  
seemed to go on forever,  
and the depth beneath  
the surface did.  
No one knows  
what lies beneath  
the threshold of waves.  
But whether it is  
a nightmare or a dream,  
it will remain a mystery,  
for now at least.