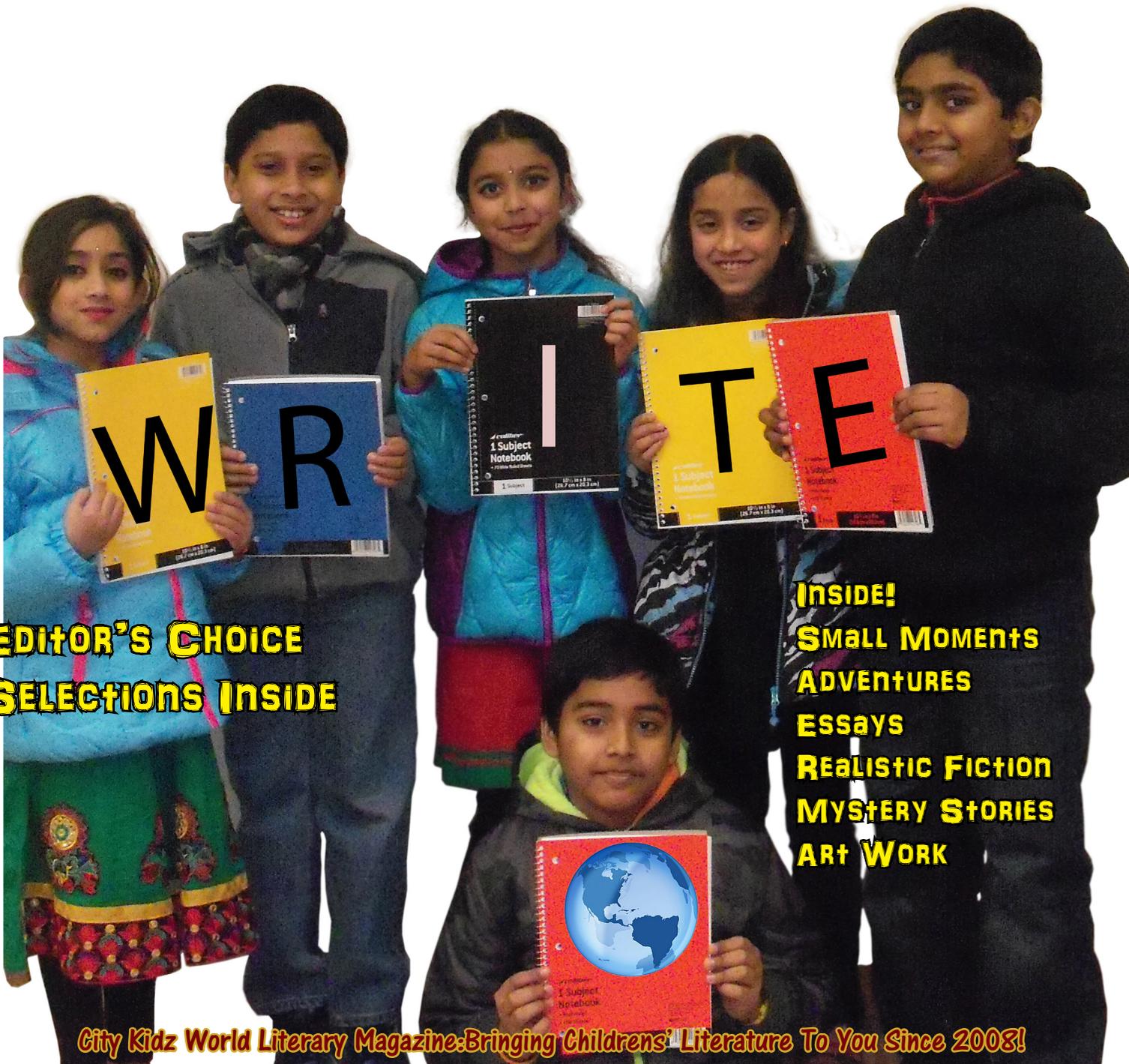


CityKidzWorld

Volume 6: Issue 22/Winter 2015

**ANNOUNCING THE
SPRING 2015
VOCABULARY BOWL!**

Many Contests Inside!



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SELECTIONS INSIDE**

**INSIDE!
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ADVENTURES
ESSAYS
REALISTIC FICTION
MYSTERY STORIES
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Dear Readers,

City Kidz World magazine wishes to engage the youth community in a creative experience. I hope that you will read this magazine and be encouraged to pick up a pen and write a story or draw a picture. Enjoy this reading experience.

Thank you,

The Editor, City Kidz World magazine

Publisher: E2Services

CFO: Dean Murray

Editor-in-chief : Dr. Melissa Edwards Ed. D

Illustration Intern - Mary Smart

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Submit stories , pictures and materials to City Kidz World magazine @
editor@citykidzworld.com.
www.citykidzworld.com

Thanks to Our Cover Models!

Daksha Nair, Pranav Manoj,
Sharvani Vadlamani, Sanskrith Nayak,
Anish Mani, Naga Shashank

Words from the Publisher-Dr. Melissa Edwards, Ed.D

City Kidz World Literary magazine was founded in 2008 with the mission of providing a dynamic, writing project for young writers! We hope to help students find their voices as writers. We believe that City Kidz World literary magazine is one of the keys to academic success in language arts.



Special Thanks to the City Kidz World Writing Coaches!

Dan
Laurel
Julia
Rafael
Lois
Faith
Krizia
Martin
Amri
Christine
Andrew
Emily

Learn more about our Writing Studio by e-mailing info@citykidzworld.com



Meet the Talented Illustration Intern! Mary Smart

I am currently a senior at Ohio University, located in Athens, Ohio. I am a student in the E.W. Scripps School of Visual Communication with a specialization in Art. I am a passionate, dedicated and unique designer with an aptitude for art and illustration. I teach preschool at the Athens Park and Rec Center. My goal is to inspire people and lose myself in the service of others. To be fueled by the things I make, the places I will go and the people I will meet.

Careers

If you are interested in a position with the City Kidz World organization, please send your resume and coverletter to City Kidz World, P.O. Box 5294, Kendall Park, NJ 08824.

Save the Date!

Get Ready for the Vocabulary Bowl!

May 31, 2015

Registration opens soon!

Sponsored by City Kidz World Writing Studio and GNext education!

By Kavya Kondragunta, 2nd grade

THE KIND FAIRY

Once upon a time there was a giant, fairy pumpkin. Just kidding, there was a magical house. Inside that house was a fairy. One day she flew by a tower. She remembered that when she was a little girl, she used to love to climb, but now she was afraid so... She flew up the tower. She flew slowly because she was scared of what was in it. When she got to the top of the tower, she flew in! Inside was a dragon who likes to destroy things that are dirty, but the fairy loved everything even if it was dirty. She told the dragon to calm down. The dragon was green. The fairy talked to the dragon really fast, like she was running a fast marathon, but the dragon still understood! The fairy told the dragon to stop destroying dirty things because you can give a bath to dirty things, so the dragon tried to stop. The fairy told her to practice and the dragon did! They all lived happily, ever after.



Illustration by Mary Smart

Kavya has a big imagination!

Lesson: Always love things, even if they're dirty



THE LITTLE FLOWER

By Katya Kondragunta, 2nd grade

One day there was a flower. That flower really wanted to be a princess. All the animals asked themselves, "How will the flower stop annoying us so we can get some sleep? How do we get her to stop telling us she wants to be a princess? Then, they had an idea. The princess can stop the flower. The princess came. The animals told her everything.. The princess had an idea. She would sing a song.

"Here comes a blue bird through my window. Hey diddle dumma day day day. Take a little partner hop in the garden. Hey diddle dumma day day day."

See flowers can be in songs too, the princess said "Be who you are."

Lesson: Be yourself.

Katya wrote an insightful flower story!



The Nice Witch

By Ruchita Parekh, 1st grade

Once upon a time there was a witch and the witch was nice. The witch's dresses were purple, black, and green. She had a wand to make the people wake up when they were sleep.

One day she saw a sleeping person



Ruchita has written a very cute story!

and she had the power to make people not be bad guys. Next she went to her castle and she said to her helpers, we are going to a battle.



The Happy Time! Friends and Family

Small moment story

By Arun Mallela, 2nd grader

One day I went to my friend's house. I rang the door bell, "Ding dong."

There was my friend.

I said, "Hi."

He said, "Hi."

Then I said, "What should we play?"

He said hide and seek and tag. We played for 40 minutes. We biked in three circles. Then it started

raining. We went inside. We played a indoor game. It was FUN. We played with toys that were fun to play with.

We ate lunch and then I had to leave. At Home - I did some writing. My family watched TV and soon it was dinner time. I was excited. We got PIZZA. It was yummy. We brushed our teeth then we went to bed.

The next morning I woke up. My family had to go shopping. I WAS HAPPY and I thought of buying something at the store. I didn't have time to think. I took a shower and went into a car. We got to the shop and there were toys.

My mom let me buy a toy. It was an art box. It had all the things for art. We went home, ate lunch, played, and finally I went to bed.



Awesome small moment Arun!

Basketball with my Dad

Small moment story

By Harish Krishnakumar, 1st grader

It's fun to play basketball with my dad. Every night I play basketball with my dad before bedtime. One day my dad



went to New York for three days to work. I was so sad that I could not play basketball with my dad. I was counting the days until my dad was to come back from New York.

All of a sudden, I heard our phone ringing. I was hoping that it should be

my dad. My guess was right! It was my dad talking to my mom that he was going to come back in the evening. I missed my dad so much and I was waiting for him looking through the window. As I heard the doorbell ringing, I rushed out to open the garage door. I was very happy to see him again and I jumped out to give him a big hug. Now I can play basketball with my dad again and talk about Michael Jordan's move. I am big fan of his.



Harish writes great sports stories.

Illustration by Mary Smart

By Soham Gupta, 2nd grade

Cars

Description

A cars are is a type of transportation that is awesome. I know there are hybrid cars, sports cards, insane cars & SUV cars. My favorite car is sQuba convertible (no portable roof) car. sQuba cars can go underwater and on water. This is a white car. It has a head lamp. Its electric motor can go on aqua (water). It has two sensors in the front and two propellers in the rear. When a sensor sens-

es water, the propellers go down and when it senses the land the propellers go up. This is a cool and a very rare car.

Next time I will write another article about the transportation and I bet you will like it when you read it.



Soham has written a great car story.

SMALL STORIES

Cruise Boat

By Namita Parekh, 2nd grade

Last May I went on a cruise boat.

First, my family was in a car going to the airport. Then we reached there. We were waiting for the cab to come. It was really chilly. We had jackets, hats, gloves and boots. I was hugging my mom and dad because they were warm. Finally the cab arrived. We got into the seats. My mom and dad put the luggage in the back trunk. The driver was ready to drive. The driver said buckle up! We answered back and said, "Ok Mr. Driver."

We went and we saw all kinds of cool buildings. We were so excited to go to the cruise boat. It took 3 hours to get there. Then, when we looked outside, it was pouring. We were starving so my mom gave us some yummy food. We had chaptis and yogurt for lunch. Finally we reached the cruise boat. When we saw the cruise boat, my family and I had no words. We were looking at it for a very long time. We went inside to the cabins. We scanned out cards and then we went to see what our cabin number was. The officer then looked at our card and it said it was room 116. We rushed to the elevator and asked my mom whether we were going up or down? My mom replied back by saying, "Up sweetheart." The door opened and dad said come on. Lets find our cabin.

"All right sweetheart. There it is, but first I need to give you the key," Mom said.

"Can I please open the door?" I asked. "Sure honey," my mom replied back.

"Yeeessss," I screamed to my mom. "You are the best and



you too dad and Ruchi (my sister). Wooooooooooooowwwwwwwww this is gorgeous!"

My sister and I jumped on the bunk beds and were saying it was the best day ever! We unpacked and we could see the pool from our cabin. We then asked mom and dad if we could go in the pool.

"Of course, but we need to find our swimsuits first," said mom. "There it is mom. I see it. I will get ready mom. Thank you mom so much!" I said.

After few minutes, we were all ready to go in the wave pool. We all went in the deep wave pool together as a family. It was the best day ever!



Namita wrote a great first story! Don't you love her cruise?

The Dream

By Spoorthi Kandukuri, 1st grade

It was very dark and the only thing I saw were tall trees and my shadow. There were many vines and scary raccoons. Spiders were crawling on the rough sidewalk. Snakes were slithering. Monkeys were swinging from vine to vine. Bushes were also shaking as if a tiger would

jump on me or an elephant would stomp on me! I was lost in the forest! I walked deeper and deeper and was pretty scared. I was extremely cold and I was shivering. Aah. It was all a dream.



Spoorthi has written her 2nd great story!



Spring Gifts

By Anjali Harish, 2nd grade

*My favorite season is spring,
Because all the birds start to sing,
And all the flowers start to bloom,
Making the earth more than green and blue,
All the kids come to play,
Because, in spring, there are longer days,
The burning sun in up high,
Spreading brightness across the sky,
Butterflies fly around,
Leaping, swaying, and twirling about,
One of the things I like to do in spring,*

*Is riding on my swing,
I also like to run in the grass,
Except when I step on insect frass!
In the winter, my sister can't play,
In the spring, she will be out every-
day,
These are all the reasons I like
spring,
Spring gifts are different to what
other seasons bring.*



Anjali has written another beautiful poem! She writes all the time!

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Write a 300 word story using the following words!

Ebullient
Nostalgia
Conversion
Fatuus
Winsome
Eschew
Dither
Probity
Egregious

Ages: 11- 17

Deadline: March 6, 2014

Send to editor@citykidzworld.com

Be Cool – Be You

By Nandini Harish Chittor, 3rd grade

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Lee. She liked playing sports and avoided anything girly. One day in school at recess, Isha, a friend of Lee's, asked her, "Why do you behave like a boy and don't like anything girly?"

Lee just shrugged and said, "I guess it's just the way I am and I like it that way."

Then Isha said, "Maybe just sometimes you can play some girly games with me like dress up and stringing beads." Lee did not say anything and ran off to play on the monkey bars.

The next day Lee thought about her conversation with Isha and decided that she would give a try at being more girly. So she wore a nice dress that her mom purchased for her and a pair of pearl earring. She walked down the stairs instead of running and when she came down she asked her mom politely, "Can I please have bagels for breakfast?"

Lee's mom was so thrilled to see her daughter dressed up so well that she gave her bagels for breakfast and lunch with a lot of cream cheese on it too!



Lee took her school bus to school and everyone in the bus route thought it was her birthday. She smiled and loved all the attention she got! When she reached school, Isha was surprised to see her all dressed up and said, "Wow, you really changed! So did you really want to dress up?" Lee said, "I guess so!" After a little chat with Isha, Lee and Isha played dollhouse since Isha really liked that game.

Nandini has written a great short story.

As the days passed by, Lee liked being girly and all the attention that she got with it. However she missed her sports, she missed her old ways when she did not have to act all dainty and be prim and proper.

The next day Lee went into the classroom and had turned into her old self, so at recess when Isha questioned her, Lee told her "I like how I am and that's how I would like to keep it." Isha understood that Lee liked sports and that did not make her a boy. Both the friends agreed to let each other be and went to play on the seesaw together.

My Nightmare

By Ram Rallapalli, 4th grade

"Howwwwwlllll!" I felt the cold, chilly, winter, air as darkness was approaching. I was on the verge of sleep and when I did, a strange nightmare came over me. My friend Vedant and I were wandering in the frightening woods, when we spotted a broken down car next to something very bone chilling.

We found a ghastly cabin! I was so distracted by the cabin that I didn't even realize that Vedant was heading toward it.

"Wait!" I yelled. I was running toward him. Screech! I stopped running. What I was looking at right now was not a cabin, but a monstrous, haunted house.

It had cursed bones scattered everywhere! Vedant picked a bone up.

"No! Put that bone down. They're cursed!" I screamed. "Calm down," Vedant replied. "Put that bone down or ..." I was cut off by something very horrifying.



"Or what?" Vedant snapped.

"Or that!" I hollered. I pointed to Vedant's hand.

"Aaaaahhhh!" Vedant screamed.

On his arm were pure, night black scales and his eyes turned bloodshot, ruby red. I stepped 1 step back. Vedant was leaning over being weak. Then I heard a bone crack. Then Vedant was glaring at me.

Ram wrote a fantastic story.

I was racing away from Vedant, but he was like a cheetah. I didn't even look forward and I bumped into a pole and collapsed with my foot trampled by my bike. Then Vedant put his foot on my chest. He opened his mouth to speak strangely in a heavenly voice. "Get up Honey," it chorused. When I blinked, everything was gone except my mom leaning over me.

"Good morning," she chimed. I inspected everything around me. Phew! It was just a nightmare.

I hugged my mom and forgot all about my scary nightmare.



If I were an animal I would be...an Eagle

By Chinmayi Chittamuri, 3rd grade

If I were an animal I would be an eagle because I could fly and see the nature in the sky.

I can sleep on the clouds. If I am lucky, I might meet God deep in the sky. I can also see the planets more clearly.

I also want to be an eagle because I can eat the puffy clouds like I eat cotton candy. When clouds turn into rain, I can have long showers.

I can also visit all the countries and states in the world without airplanes.

I can see far and wide because I will have keen eyesight. I can see anything from 2 miles away. I can also see more col-



Chinmayi's story about an eagle is grand!



ors than a human can.

I want to be an eagle because I can be very powerful and respected amongst all other birds.

I love being an eagle because I will be a national symbol for many countries. Everyone in the United States will love and respect me because I am the emblem for the entire country.

If I Were an Animal...

By Saanvi Challuri, 3rd grade

If I were an animal I would be a dog, but with the speed of a cheetah. People would love to have me as their pet because I would be really fun, friendly, and cute.

My kind of dog would be called Dogtah. I would want my owner to name me Jane. The Dogtah would be able to run 100 miles per hour without stopping. I can come in all different types of colors such as gold, brown, white, with spots, black, and orange. I also come in different sizes like big, small, and medium.



I would love to eat healthy dog

Dogs and cheetahs are both great. Read about why Saanvi would be a "dogtah!" She is brilliant.

food. I would never want to eat candy, as it makes me hyper. My owner would give me veggies and fruits. Maybe my owner would not feed me junk food if they care about me.

Hopefully people would not mistreat me. He or she will give me treats if I behave nicely. I would like my owners to teach me tricks such as flips, and catching things in the air without dropping it.

In short, I would like to be an animal like a Dogtah, who is fun loving, cute, and fast.



Illustration by Saanvi Challuri

BEAUTY OF SPRING

By Akshita Krishnakumar, 3rd grader

Each season brings a beauty of its own, but I have to admit that spring is my favorite season of the year. It never fails to cheer my heart. Spring is beautiful, and smells sweet. Spring says hello in the most beautiful way. Spring is so much fun because I celebrate my birthday. It is really a season of beautiful and different kinds of flowers. Swarms of bees rush at the flowers. Poets have sung many songs about the beauty of spring.

Spring time is for everyone to enjoy. Spring is a time of many changes. Winter loses its icy grip. Green plants poke out of the ground. Animals give birth and raise new families. Birds returning from their winter homes fill the air with songs. We also have a family of birds that build their nest on our backyard. My brother and I made a bird feeder and we enjoy feeding them every so often during spring.

Tornados, hailstorms and heavy downpours are also

common features during the spring season. In fact, end of spring is the time when hurricane arrives almost without any warning.

Spring enriches natural beauty and it seems as if nature is dressed in a beautiful green gown. Spring is planting time for farmers. Many people also plant vegetable and flower gardens in their yards. Spring is a time of rebirth and renewal. It is a time of the season when rain and sunlight create a plentiful food supply, and most of Earth's creatures spend the warm days raising their families. We spend most of our days outside in the spring, planting and tending to the garden, taking long leisurely walks, riding bikes, kicking balls, and even taking the "school work" into the outdoors.

It's truly my favorite time of year and I welcome it with open arms every single April.



Akshita writes awesome stories about spring.

KIM'S BIRTHDAY

By Meher Kaur Vig, 3rd grade

One morning Kim woke up and realized that the next day was her birthday. Her mom made an ice cream cake for her. The day before Kim's birthday, Kim's sister, Yvette, wanted to see how the cake looked. She went to the freezer and took it out. When she went back, she forgot to put it back in the freezer. The cake melted when she went back to the kitchen!

"Oh no! What should I do?" said Yvette, "I have an idea! I can bake a cake tomorrow morning!"

When she woke up, she went to the kitchen and baked the cake, but it turned out to be a disaster. There were two hours left. She remembered that there is a bakery store that she could walk to. She went there, but she did not

have enough money so she went back. She went home and found out that her friends had come. She asked them if they brought money to buy the cake. Yvette tells them the big mistake she made.

When they got there she said, "We can buy Kim's favorite cake." They bought it and went home.

When they got home, Kim was in the freezer looking for the cake.

Yvette told Kim everything and said, "I'm so sorry."

They celebrated the party.

"You are the best sister Yvette," said Kim.



Meher has written a great short story.

Realistic fiction! Submit your Great Realistic Fiction!

Deadline: March 6, 2015

Ages: 6 - 10

Word Count - 200 to 300 words

Send to editor@citykidzworld.com



10

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CHRISTMAS at THE GRAND CANYON

Editor's Choice

By Ian Mathew Poonolly, 4th grade

The sun was burning and the wind was blowing so hard it seemed like a tornado was heading our way. The choppers on the helicopter were as loud as a hundred lions roaring at the same time. My mom, my dad and I were on a helicopter ready to depart to the Grand Canyon.

"We are going to start to fly," the pilot said to us. The helicopter started to fly up.

"Wow," I whispered, as we were lifting up.

Soon we were about 70 feet of the ground. I glanced at my mom who was whimpering, as I knew she was afraid of heights.

When the helicopter was 300 yards of the ground, we started to fly forward.

"Oh I can't wait to see it," I told my dad.

In five minutes we were hovering over the Grand Canyon. It was a sight to see, the sizzling sun made the river look like it was made out of turquoise crystals. The canyon was shaped so extreme, it looked like it was manmade. We flew around the Grand Canyon looking at the wonderful shapes that were made naturally. It was amazing.

My dad was taking pictures of the vultures and odd sculptures carved out of the bright, orange rock, while I looked at a sculpture that looked like a dog from one side and a one-winged bird from the other side.

Ten minutes later.

"We are landing in five minutes!" he pilot informed us.

"Phew," I heard. I looked at my mom. She had said it! I smirked. "Hah hah hah," I laughed. Then I started to make fun of her. Like "Come on just look!" and "I have never seen somebody so afraid." Soon she had to look, and she did. My mom was so happy she looked.

"It is so beautiful!" she told us. "That was what I was telling you," I said.

"Wow look at those vultures!"

I exclaimed as I pointed to two big vultures. They were circling a small bird.

Since the bottom was clear, I could see the river below us.

"I hope there are no crocodiles in there," I thought in my mind. Magically the pilot answered my question.

"There are no crocodiles in the river, only small fish."

Little later, "We are landing now!" The pilot told us. We started to slow down, then we dropped slowly. Now I could see the landing port. It was near the river and it was little broken. THUD! We had landed! I could see the people conducting the helicopter and other passengers getting off the helicopter.

"Do not get off until the choppers are not moving," the pilot told us. When the choppers stopped a guy came and opened the door. We got off and started to get ready for the boat ride. It was an amazing experience.

I was so happy because me and my family were together



Ian has written a great story about Christmas and the Grand Canyon

**Submit stories and pictures to
City Kidz World magazine @
editor@citykidzworld.com**

March 6, 2015

JUMPING IN THE FREEZING LAKE

By Atharv Shelar, 5th grade



Atharv has written a great story about the freezing lake! Great description!

SPLASH! Somebody had just jumped into the lake. I was in George H. Tremon state park in Upstate New York. There was a big line to jump in a freezing lake, so I thought. I saw many people coming out freezing. I wanted to do this.

As I was waiting in line, I thought to myself, "Is it really worth it? I mean, there is such a big line; I could just swim in the lake, but when

there is a big line that probably is a good ride/activity."

I was waiting forever in line. I felt as if it took a trillion years, though it only took half an hour. Finally, it was my turn. Slowly I climbed up the ladder then onto the diving board. "Don't be scared," I said to myself. Like a boss, I stood at the edge of the pure, white diving board. I looked down. The water was crystal clear. I saw my reflection in the water.

Courageously, with the heart of a lion, I jumped. SSPPLLAASSHH! I fell in the water. BRRRRR! The water was like Antarctica. As fast as an orca, I swam to the ladder. When I climbed out, I felt good to be in the warmth of the sun. I felt proud because I had jumped from a high diving board, which was 25 feet high.



Illustration by Mary Smart

I quickly grabbed my towel and found a sunny spot. Then, I started to dry myself off.

"Time to go change our clothes," my dad said in a sad voice.

"Already?" I replied in a sad voice too.

"Time flies by when you are having fun," said dad, with a cheery attitude. At the end, we changed our clothes and went on the George Trail for a long hike to see spectacular falls from the above.

While we were coming home, I thought, "I conquered my fear of jumping from the high diving board!"

HAVE YOU WRITTEN a SHORT STORY OR a VIVID DESCRIPTION?

SEND IT TO EDITOR@CITYKIDZWORLD.COM

SPRING ISSUE DEADLINE: MARCH 6, 2015

My Experience of Golf

By Harman Singh Bedi, 3rd grade
Images by Harman Singh Bedi

In the year of 2013. During winter, I started to go to golf classes at The First Tee of Plainfield, located in Edison, New Jersey. Initially, it was hard for me because I didn't know anything about the sport. My coaches were Mr. Evin and Mr. Joe. My coaches first taught me the nine core values of the first tee. The nine core values are as follows:



Harman has written a great nonfiction story! Read and learn!

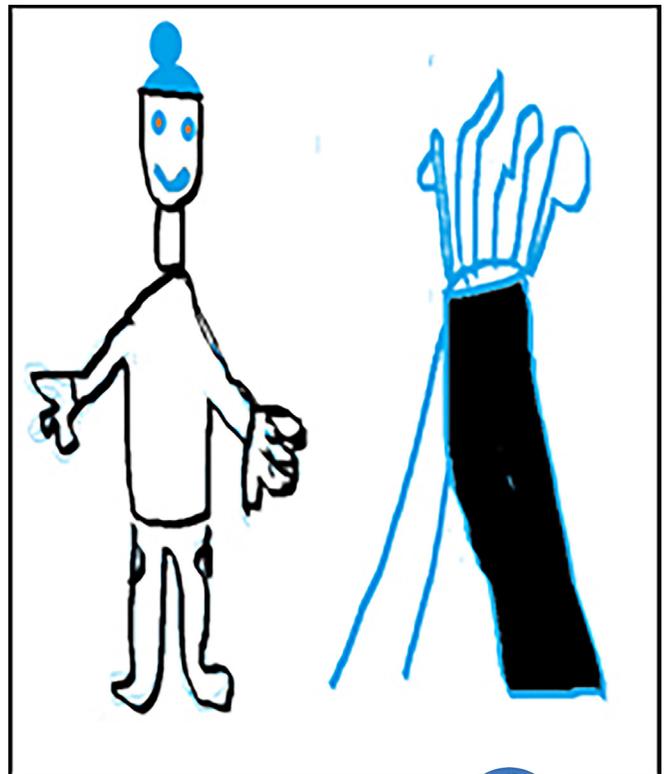
- Honesty,
- Integrity,
- Sportsmanship,
- Respect,
- Confidence,
- Responsibility,
- Perseverance,
- Courtesy and
- Judgment.

Coach Joe told us that we should apply them to our life and to golf.

In golf, both of the coaches also taught me about the different kinds of clubs, parts of a club, how to mark a ball on the putting green, how to aim a ball in the hole, and how to hold a club. After each session of six weeks, I had to appear for a test. The test included two written tests, one on life skills, and one on golf skills. Also, there was a putting test on the putting green. I was able to pass the test on the third attempt and now I am Player 3 certified.

At the end of the year, I got a chance to go to a golf clinic with my other team members. At the golf clinic in Bedminster Country Golf Club, we met Snoopy the Dog, and took a photo with him. Then we went to the teeing ground and at the teeing ground I chipped the ball four times. Also, we got an opportunity to meet Mr. Donald Trump, the owner of the Bedminster Country Golf Club, and many others across the country. We also saw his helicopter and took a group photo with his helicopter.

I had a wonderful time at the golf classes and will still continue playing golf. My aim is to pass all the certifications.



Art Work

By Sahil Choudhari, 3rd grade **Sahil is a fantastic artist! Great looking Tiger!**



Art Contest

Submit a Spring Scene illustration!

Deadline March 6, 2015

Email - editor@citykidzworld.com



My Summer Trip to India

By Akshita Krishnakumar, 3rd grade

Illustrated by Mary Smart

I was counting the days to leave from New Jersey to India. When the day came, I was so excited and everything was packed perfectly for our trip. On the flight I kept on asking my mom when we were going to reach India.

Finally we arrived at South India - Chennai, and it was extremely hot. Then we took the second flight to go to Madurai, the temple city. From Madurai it took a 3 hour drive to reach our native place, where I was so excited to see my grandparents, uncle, cousins and a new born niece. I really enjoyed going to different temples with my grandma.

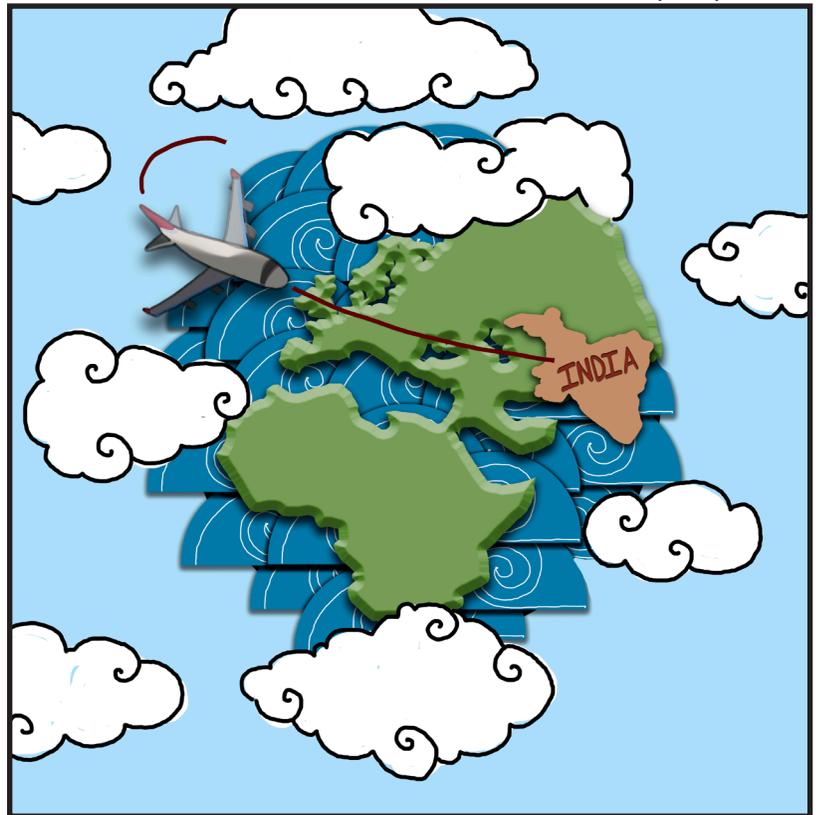
Along with my uncle and aunt, we had fun going to Kodaikanal, which is also called Princess of Hill Stations. It was so cold that my brother and I couldn't go out of the house and play. The next morning, my brother and I went for a horse and a bike ride with my dad and aunt. We also went for a boat ride.

With my grandpa, I also went to Suruli Falls, where we all took a nice bath and saw lots of monkeys playing around. Another day we all

went to Thekkady, which is an important tourist attraction in the state of Kerala, India. We had a boat ride that lasted almost for 2 hours. During our ride, I saw wild buffaloes, deers, and different kinds of birds. My mom and I did lots of shopping and finally the day came when I needed to say goodbye to all of my dear ones. It was so hard for me to leave everyone, but still, I thought, I can communicate through Skype.

We finally reached New Jersey the day before my school was to start. I am still thinking of everyone I met during my trip. I know it takes some time to come out of it.

It was really a fun, memorable trip. I look forward to my next trip...



A travel feature is always fun to read! Enjoy Akshita's travel story.



Travel Feature: Write a Story about a Time You had the Opportunity to Travel!
200 to 400 words

Ages 6-17
Deadline - March 6, 2015
Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

Snake Attack in the Forest

By Karunya Chittamuri, 3rd grade

Jake and Astro are two good friends who live in a small town that is near to a forest in New Jersey. Jake is an 11-year-old, African-American, with brown, curly hair and a sharp nose. Astro is a 12-year-old, Caucasian, with red hair and freckles.

One day Jake wanted to go camping with his friend Astro in the forest.

He asked, "Mom, can I go to the forest for camping with Astro?"

"Okay," answered Mom, "But please be careful," she said. There are many dangerous animals in the forest."

Jake happily called his friend Astro, and asked, "Are you going to come camping with me to the forest? We can have lots of fun."

Astro wanted time until the next morning. That evening Astro convinced his mom to let him go along with Jake.

The next morning Astro called Jake and told him that he had permission to go with Jake.

The next Saturday, Jake and Astro left for the forest after packing snacks, food for lunch and dinner, tents, pillows, and warm blankets. When they reached the forest, Jake asked Astro, "Do you want to play tag?" Astro said, "Sure, why not?"

They both played the game until they were tired and hungry. For lunch they had a cheese lettuce sandwich and apple juice. In the afternoon they started playing soccer.

Jake was good at soccer so he told Astro, "I'll go easy on you."

They played for a long time until it was getting dark.

They quickly finished dinner and went into their tent and quickly fell asleep. Then three snakes came by the tent. One of them was a good, yellow one-headed snake. The second one was a wild, green two-headed, evil, snake and the third one was a wild, evil, red three-headed snake.

During the dark night, Jake felt something smooth and cold against his feet.

Jake woke up scared and so he woke Astro up and said, "Wake up, Astro. There is something dangerous inside our tent. Something touched my feet."

Astro got up and said, "Where?"

In the meantime, both of them felt a lot of pain in their feet and they both yelled, "Help, Help. Something bit us in this tent."

An older man named Chris, who was camping out in a tent close by, heard the calls from Jake and Astro and rushed to their tent. Chris had torchlight and a spear. He saw three snakes crawling out of the tent and into the dark forest. Chris immediately called 911. The ambulance rushed to the forest within 10 minutes. Astro's foot had already turned purple because of the venom from the snake bite. Jake had a lot of pain and was feeling dizzy. If the ambulance had come a little later, Jake or Astro would have died. The ambulance quickly drove them to the nearest hospital. The doctors in the emergency room saved them both.

The hospital called their parents and told them about Jake and Astro being in the hospital. Their parents immediately rushed to the hospital to see their kids. Jake's mom was relieved that Jake was safe. Astro's mom hugged Astro and said, "Thank God you are safe. I love you."

Jake went to his home the same evening.

Jake said, "Sorry Mom. I should have not gone to the forest with my friend without any adults. I learnt a good lesson in my life."

Jake and Astro lived happily ever after as best friends ever.



Karunya writes a scary, adventure story!

Submit stories and pictures to

City Kidz World magazine @
editor@citykidzworld.com

Deadline March 6, 2015

HOW TO DEAL WITH GHOSTS: HALLOWEEN SPECIAL

By Aditya Venkatesh, High School

*It's Friday night, end of the week
To enjoy and kill some time, a movie you seek
Flip through the channels until you find one
It's a horror movie, oh my, what fun
Ghost ghouls and evil are all you hear
You can't sleep that night, oh so much fear
But there's something you can do
To fight the fear within you
Here's a little how-to
I hope it's useful for you:
First you should realize
In case a ghost visits you by surprise
That ghosts are friendly things
They too were human beings
They could be your great grandparents
Or a wise man to impart experience
That's totally nothing to fear
In fact that's useful to have here
But even evil ghosts, there's nothing they can do
They're transparent like light they pass right through you
And if something solid chooses to visit
Don't panic and throw a fit
Find a bat and take a swing
With a heavy blow that will ring
Or maybe give them something to eat
So they won't come after your flesh and meat
Don't scream and run away
They'll think you want to play
It's just like if you have a pet
Nothing to worry bout, nothing to sweat
Keep an open mind and remember this fact
Movies are not real they're just people who act
Tom Cruise and Brad Pitt
Can't really survive those bullets
Same thing applies for ghosts
They can't do all that a movie boasts
So what I'm trying to say
At the end of the day
Is that ghosts are not real
They're just part of the movie reel
But if you do see a ghost or a ghoul
Or a form of a dead soul
Be a good host, smile and give some food
It could be a lifelong friend so don't be rude .*



SALLY JENKINS: A BIOGRAPHY

FICTIONIOUS BIOGRAPHY OF A GREAT WOMAN

By Riya Ubriani, 5th grade

Once there was a girl named Sally. She was full of ideas and she was very smart. As she grew up, she excelled in every subject and received great comments from all her teachers. She went to Princeton University and received a doctorate degree in computer engineering. When she grew up, she got a job in a company called ENGINEER-ATHON. She had a brother named Eric and a sister named Jessica who were smart as well. Eric was a doctor and Jessica was a computer engineer. Eric also played the guitar well and Jessica played the oboe well. Her father, John, was also a computer engineer who played the flute well. Her mother, Margaret, was a community service worker and played the piano well. Sally's boss' name was Dave. He was fun-loving and liked to eat. Dave really appreciated the way Sally used her free-time. Sally used her free-time brainstorming ideas for inventions. One of her ideas was the TOASTERX1200. It was a toaster, which had a mind of its own. You could watch TV on it, play video games on it, and it would even give you milk and cookies on its own! Another one of her ideas was the HOLOGRAM2500. It was a cylindrical tube, which you go in to to make a hologram that looks like your twin. It has the same abilities as you, and can stay on Earth for up to 30 years! She had actually gone on to build this invention. It was glitch-free, unless somebody entered the code (which only Sally knew), went to the PCN (Project Correcting Notepad), wrote the glitch, and pressed SAVE/ATP (Add To Project). Technically, it was impossible, unless she went mad. Unless, she...whoa, sorry, got a bit carried away there! The secret to the hologram staying on Earth was the ACEchip (ACE=Advanced and Cautiously Engineered). The ACEchip had a sample of DNA from a Water Bear, which had survived through all the major periods of extinction (Jurassic, etc.). Another one of her inventions was the NP (Non Pollution-ator). This major invention used nature's own chemicals to take all the bad gases out of the air. Once it had the bad gases in its possession, it would store it in itself. You would have to empty it once a year and it was completely harmless to animal and plant life. In her job, she was the chief engineer and her salary was \$450,000 per year.

All the people under her were her friends and loved to help Sally brainstorm ideas. She had a lot of posters on their bulletin board and Sally loved to look at them. One day, she saw an advertisement for a contest. It fit her age range perfectly. It said: Come to the Changing the World Contest! This contest is for young adults between the ages of 16-26. You must make an invention, which will change the world in a minor or major way. You can register at www.ChangingtheWorld.com. All the rules and Terms of Service are on the website. Please don't forget to leave your name, address, and phone number on the website. Make an invention today!

Sally went to Dave and said, "Hey Dave, look at this!" Dave read it and said, "Sally, you'll over work yourself. If you really want to do it though, you can. I...also needed to tell you something important. Let me say this in the nicest way I can. You're not going to be on this floor anymore. Is that all right? You're promoted! You're not going to be fixing computers anymore. You're going to be designing them! The people who are going to be fixing and making your computers are going to be real lucky because with your talent, there can't be any bugs or difficulty in making them! Designing computers is real fun, I'm telling you. Everybody in that office is going to call you "Sally the Perfectionist", too!"

"Thanks, Boss. You're the best! Also, can I eat lunch in my cubicle today so I could go on the website?" said Sally. "Sure," said Dave. "After lunch, you could move to the new floor, or any other day. It's your choice."

"I'll move tomorrow. I want to spend one last day with my second floor friends."

"As I said, it's your choice," Dave said, walking away, sipping his coffee.

At lunch, which was at 2:00, Sally stayed in her cubicle, opened her lunchbox, and sadly started eating. Her friends noticed and went to her instead of the cafeteria.



Riya has written an awesome biography. You will enjoy it.

Sally *con't from page 18*

"What's wrong?" asked Gina Smith, Assistant Chief Engineer at SAIC.

"It's just that I'm getting promoted--"

Somebody blew a horn. Multi-colored confetti flew to the ground. Party music came on. Disco lights came on. Everybody started dancing. Seeing Sally's expression, everybody and everything stopped.

"Sorry," apologized Gina.

"So," Sally continued, "I've been promoted to design computers and I'm going to have to leave you guys. As I think you can tell, I don't like it."

"Don't worry," said Mark Goldberg, a temporary, but now permanent substitute for Sandra McNamara.

"Think about it this way. If you're promoted, we'll all move up a rank. If that keeps happening, soon enough we'll all join you on the 3rd floor."

"Thanks Mark. That makes me feel better," said Sally.

"Party time!" said Haley Chan and Dave at the same time.

"What!" exclaimed Sally.

She saw Josephine Smith turn up the music and John Zafian pull a switch and bring down the disco balls. Everyone at ENGINEERATHON was throwing her a party for her promotion. This was very special to her since she felt like every member of ENGINEERATHON was one of her family. Songs began playing and everyone started dancing. Music came on and confetti flew. Suddenly, there was a gunshot. The bullet was coming toward Sally, but Dave jumped in front of her and took it. Everything went still. Everyone's jaws dropped.

Dave jumped up and said, "It was a bullet of confetti!"

Everyone laughed and started partying again. Sally was very happy. She got to work on her invention, the NP (Non Pollutionator). Even though she had her complex blueprint and the support of her office mates, it was very hard. Dave gave off for four months and would extend the break if necessary. Sally thanked him and spent three months on the NP. Many problems occurred, such as

bugs, low battery, and poor engineering due to no sleep. Finally, it was done. She spent the last month perfecting the new invention. She displayed it to Dave and her officemates the next day.

They said to her, "You're a daughter of Einstein."

She submitted the invention and after four intense, tension-filled weeks, she got the results. She...had not won. She had WON WITH 10 TICKETS TO THE BAHAMAS AND AN INVITATION TO THE WHITE HOUSE! She had to go in two weeks and she was very excited. When she went, she was welcomed BY THE PRESIDENT!

"Now we welcome our guest," said President Obama. "This is the world changer, Sally Jenkins!"

She heard a humongous round of applause. There were at least 8,000 people there and Sally was thrilled.

She said to the crowd, "I did this for the happiness of people around the world. Pollution is something that is fatal. People think they are breathing in oxygen, but more than 60% of what we breathe is nitrogen. Soon, it could become carbon monoxide because of all the gases mixing in the air. I'm happy that I've reached a goal that can keep everyone in a healthy environment."

She broke down. "Thank you everyb--"

There was a gunshot and Sally jumped back. The bullet exploded into fireworks.

"Is that the FIREWORKVX1400?" asked Sally in curiosity.

She realized that the only people who knew about this were the members at her job. They had made this invention to make her happy.

"I would like to thank my family at 1673 Hawthorne Street and at ENGINEERATHON. I would also like to thank everybody watching me right now for making this the best day of my life."

Sally Jenkins is now 29 years old, still works at ENGINEERATHON, and lives in Concord, New Hampshire, with her family.

Big Short Story Contest!

200-300 words - Ages 6 to 17 - Send to editor@citykidzworld.com

Spring Issue Deadline - March 6, 2015

Vacation to Europe

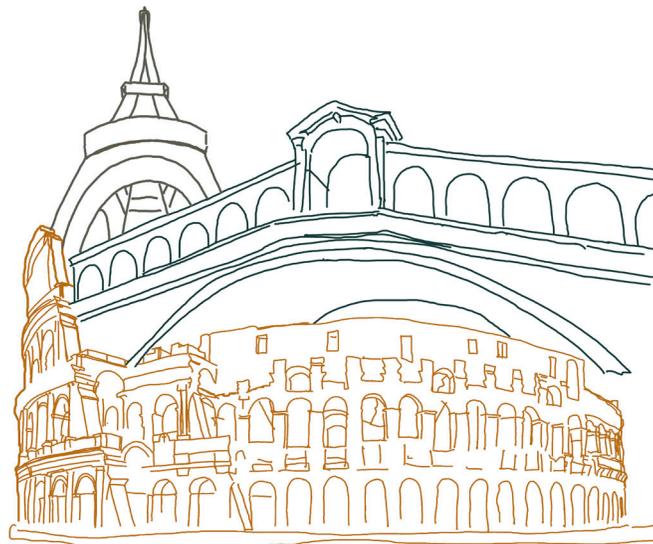
By Tanish Ram, 6th grade

Traveling can be fun and tiring. There are also lots of places to see in Europe, like Rome, Venice, Paris, and Basel. Going to a place can be tiring because you could come back to your hotel or a house very late in the night and you might have to wake up early in the next morning. At the same time traveling can be fun because you can go sightseeing; you can see amazing paintings, and statues.

A place where most travelers go is Rome, Italy. It has a famous stadium called the Coliseum. In the Coliseum you can see the seats, architecture, and the lifts. There, they had a daily show for the people, historically. A man would fight against an animal, and the crowd would receive the meat at the end of the show. One third of the Coliseum broke because of an earthquake. You can also see the Roman Forum in Rome, the old kingdoms, and the Roman temple. Another place to visit in Italy is Vatican City, where the world's second largest museum, Vatican Museum, is. In the Vatican Museum, all sorts of statues, paintings, and other artifacts are there for observation. An interesting myth is that if you stay to watch each picture for 30 seconds you would get stranded there for more than 72 years.

Another important place where travelers go is Venice, Italy. In Venice, you can see the famous bridge called the Rialto Bridge. There are lots of fine restaurants close to the Rialto Bridge. Another place you can see in Venice is St. Marco's Square. St. Marco's Square has a palace called Doggies Palace. You can also see Cathedrals in St Marco's Square. Since the people in Murano are good at making fancy glassworks, there are lots of glass factories in Venice. The workers can show every step to make a glass vase, or anything made out of glass.

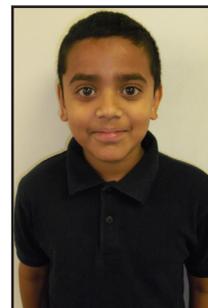
An additional place where travelers go is Paris, France. One main attraction of Paris is the Eiffel Tower. You can reach the top by elevator or stairs. The best time to see the Eiffel Tower is at night because that is when the Eiffel Tower illuminates. You can also see the world's



largest Museum, and paintings like the Mona Lisa. Another attraction is a place called the Opera House. It is filled with lots of rich architecture and an auditorium with statues of famous composers.

Switzerland is also in Europe. There is a place called Interlaken with a mountain called Harder Kulm, which has good scenery at the top. The Luzerne Bridge is a beautiful sight to see because of a river streaming under the bridge and flowers attached to the bridge. Also, lots of fine restaurants and bakeries are nearby, and shops to buy souvenirs or watches.

Europe has a lot of attractions. Famous places to go are Italy, France, and Switzerland. Each country has its own uniqueness. Italy has ancient buildings. France has some modern architecture. Switzerland is very scenic. I enjoyed my trip to Europe, and you will too.



Tanish writes a fantastic nonfiction essay!

Enjoy our online magazine too! www.citykidzworld.com



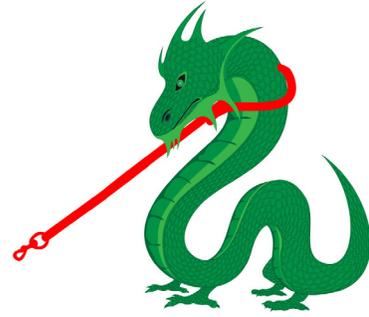
A Girl, A Dragon, and a Chef

By Shivarangini Palamuthi, 4th grade

One day I went outside to feed my dragon. My dragon had sharp teeth and he was very green.

“What? A dragon?” you ask. I know it seems kind of crazy, but that’s a story for later. I unlocked my dragon’s leash and took him to the animal park. I take him to that park frequently. The animal park has five obstacle courses and so much more. I was just getting some ice cream and the second I turned around, the dragon was gone! I was so, so, so, so, so, so scared! I ran around the entire park. I couldn’t find my dragon. I called the animal shelter, but they didn’t answer. I hung up posters of my dragon and then a long-bearded, scary looking guy had stepped in front of me. He said he had my dragon.

When I asked him why he took my dragon, he replied, “I am going to make dragon-soup!” I was so mad that my cheeks became red. Then I found out that he was a chef and he worked across the street from where I was standing. Meanwhile, some of my friends in the neighborhood joined me. We weren’t going to let him take my dragon! We



stomped into his kitchen and when I walked in, I saw my dragon being held upon a cutting board.

I said in a loud voice, “Put him down.” They obeyed.

I took my dragon home and now I know to never take your eyes off my pet.

*This is an unique story!
Readers will enjoy it!*



Winter Artwork By Ellison Edwards Murray, 3rd grade



TERRIFYING Camp

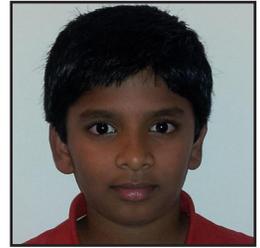
By Sai Aneesh Gangishetty, 5th grade

It was a steaming hot, July day. I woke up in the morning and looked at the digital clock hanging on the wall. The time was 4:22 a.m.. I was really excited because today at 5:30 a.m. my dad, my grandma, my friend Vrshaank, and I were going in a forest for camping! Everyone in the house was packing for the camp. I went up in the attic and I got my three favorite toys: my water gun, my speed cube, and my Pokemon cards. I decided to choose my water gun and speed cube. When we were all ready to go, my dad drove all the way to the forest in 15 hours. When we got there, the first thing we saw was big, long, peach, sticky, creepy poison ivy!

Luckily, Vrshaank got his awesome leather gloves so he could pull out all the poison ivy in our way. When we got to the camp, it was dinner-time and my legs were about to burst.

At dinner-time my grandmother served us rice, with potato curry. After that, we all had a glass of bitter gourd juice. The second I tasted it, I made the weird-

est face in the world. Then I got an idea. I decided I was going to pour all the bitter gourd juice into my water gun, but still, I think my grandmother's cooking is really weird and bitter. When everyone was about to sleep, we heard a big sound. I got my water gun, Vrshaank got his big leather gloves, my grandma got a big bucket of rocks, and my dad got two small sticks. We heard the big sound again. The second we heard the sound, we saw a big, grizzly bear! We tried to run away, but it was too late. The grizzly bear saw us that second. We all started to attack the big bear. My dad threw the stick and ran away. Vrshaank ran away without doing anything. My grandmother was throwing rocks at the grizzly bear fast. I was shooting the bitter gourd juice at the bear's eye. After seven or eight seconds, the bear got scared and ran away. My grandmother and I went back to den and fell fast asleep. That was one the best days that I had in my whole life.



Sai put a lot of work into this marvelous story!

THE Mall

By Aadesh Anand, 4th grade

Jon was screaming as loud as an opera singer because he had the keys to the mall. **He could go anywhere and do anything, but he couldn't bring anything home.**

The mall owner told Jon that the Apple Store safety system was still armed and the code to disarm it was the mall number. Then Jon left to the mall. Jon First Jon went to Applebees to get spicy hotwings. He exploded with spice. Then he went to Kids Foot Locker to see how good he looked in the new Hyperdunks. The last place he wanted to go was his favorite place in the mall, the Apple store. Jon slowly took out the keys. He looked in his hand. He saw nothing. Jon was patting everywhere he had a pocket. There was no key in any of the pockets. Jon

started running around like crazy. "Today I should have been home watching TV like a couch potato." Then Jon had an idea to bust down the door. He clearly forgot that the safety system was armed. When he bust down the door, the system was going crazy! There was a beep here and a beep here. There was a beep everywhere. Jon could not remember the code to disarm the system. He thought and thought until he got it. He was thinking of the mall number. He knew the code was 4085. Finally he got the code right and he called the mall owner. Jon told the whole story to the mall owner. After Jon told what happened, he never spoke about that day again.



Aadesh has been working hard!

THE 3 HIPPIES

By Riya Ubriani, 5th grade

Once in the late 1960s there were three people known for their bravery and grooviness. They were known as the legendary "First Three Hippies". There was a surgeon named John, a breath-holding record-breaker named Mike, and a 15-year-old with pink hair named Shirley. John and Shirley were siblings. Mike was their friend. Another friend who John had, was Norman Normal. They had met in medical school and had been friends ever since. John, Mike, and Norman were 24. These three gave the 60s through 80s recognition and fame as being "The Time of the Hippies." Enough with the introductions, let's get to the story. One day, when John and Mike were talking, John said, "Hey Mike."

"What?" asked Mike.

"You know all those amazing inventions made by inventors like Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, and Alexander Graham Bell?" asked John.

"OfCourse I do. What about that?" asked Mike.

"Well...I think...I've come up with an invention of my own," replied Mike.

"What is it?" questioned Mike curiously.

It's like a type of style. Like really crazy and bright clothing. Also, things you can call each other. It's like...well I just...um...," said John losing his train of thought at that last sentence.

"I think I'm getting what you're meaning. It seems pretty cool to me. I'm in for it. I think I can contribute to the project, too. People can call each other...I GOT IT! CATS! It's like saying guys..but in a cooler way. I think I know another word, too! Groovy! It's like saying cool," exclaimed Mike.

"Wow! This is amazing! We are having an imagination explosion!" shouted John in excitement.

Just then, Shirley walked in.

"What are you two shouting about?" she questioned.

"John has come up with an invention and I've added on to it," replied Mike.

"What's the invention?" asked Shirley.

"Well..it's kind of a style," started Mike. After that, Mike explained the whole idea with John adding on whatever parts Mike had missed.

"This is real groovy!" laughed Shirley. "Ooh, ooh, I've got an idea. We could do these hairstyles. We could make them really puffy or very flat and parted in the middle."

"That's perfect! Well, I have to go to medical school. Wish me luck!"

"Good luck!" said Mike and Shirley.

John went off to medical school where he met his good friend, Norman.

"Did you do your homework on the basics of the skeletal system?" asked Norman.

"Of course I did. It was easy," replied John.

"Class, settle down," said Mr. Manning, the teacher.

"Today we are going to do something very basic again: dissecting frogs. The class groaned.

"Don't worry we will get to the new parts later. We have to review, you know!" said Mr. Manning defiantly.

After they finished dissecting frogs, Mr. Manning spoke.

"This homework is again basic and it has a little bit of photography skills in it too. You have to take a picture of your frog and label every single part of it. Also, write an essay on what you hope to dissect in the following days. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Mr. Manning," replied to the class.

John went to Norman.

"Hey, Norman," he said.

"What?" asked Norman.

"Can I tell you something?"

"Sure," said Norman.

"I made something really cool."

After that, he explained the whole concept of his idea.

"I just don't know what to call it," said John.

"Well, I'll see if I can come up with something," said Norman. He gave a forced smile.

"Thanks. Well, goodbye then," said John.

"Goodbye," said Norman. As Norman walked home, he started thinking about John's idea. It was a bit annoying to him. That was okay, though. Friends got annoyed with each other. But he had this feeling that he had to stop it. He had to stop John. Suddenly, that feeling took over his entire mind. He HAD to stop John. AT ANY COST.

To be continued in another issue!



Riya has developed into a fantastic writer!

The Bats' Cave

By Meghan Gajula, 5th grade



Phebe stared out of her curtainless window. Her flaming wings and tail had burned away, hanging uselessly by her side. You're a phoenix Phebe! She thought, as she used every ounce of her strength to make even a diminutive flame burn on her wings. She inspected them carefully. Not a single one! she thought. After her adventure to the black bats' cave, she was exhausted. Wait! You don't know anything about the adventure do you? Let's back track.

It was the night of the fire moon. That was the one day in the year when there was a full moon on the first day of the month. There has been a mysterious swarm of creatures as black as night with blood red, beady eyes soaring through the sky blocking the moon's light. The problem is the periwinkle flowers don't bloom without the moon's light. If the periwinkle flowers don't bloom by the fourth day after the fire moon, life slowly drained away.

Phebe needed to stop it. She strapped a cloth sack full of seed to her back and soared beneath the pitch, black bats. As she swiftly hovered over the rocky valleys, a cold chill crept down her spine. Her wings weakened on the second day and she realized she needed to hurry. Only on

the night of the third day did Phebe reach her destination. There is only one day left she pondered, There is no time for retries.

The third day she planned her strategy. She would sneak in and unhurriedly make her way to the end. She would carry grass in her beak. After laying it on a stone, Phebe would cautiously set fire to the grass. After stealthily coming out, she would wait and watch the flames grow. As the bats flew out, she would block their paths. She swiftly went out with her plan. Bats frantically flew out of the burning cave. She fought like she never fought before, and swung her tail around crazily. Phebe sent waves of hot air toward the bats with her wings. Once the bats were defeated, she flew her way home, but the flowers didn't bloom yet, and she grew weaker by the minute. Finally she reached home. Her wings and tail were black with smoke rising from them, but she knew everything would be all right!

***Meghan is writing
better and better every
month!***



THE BEST SEASON IS WINTER!

By Atharv Shelar, 5th grade

The best season in the world is winter and I will tell you why. First of all winter falls under the season Christmas. Don't kids enjoy that holiday? Second, you can play in the snow. In the winter you can have snowball fights, make snowman, go ice skating and do much more. In spring, summer and fall you cannot do those activities, since it does not snow in those seasons.

Yes there are some hardships we face in winter like parents having to shovel driveways and everyone has to wear heavy clothes and sometimes people may get the flu. But over all, winter is entertaining due to the fact that we may have snow days. This is when school is cancelled because the snow is piling up too, high. Do you kids who are reading my report benefit from this? I think you do.

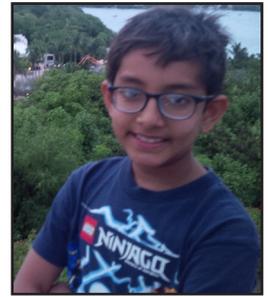
I as a matter of fact, I love winter because at Christmas-time I get presents. I love toys. Do you do too? Last year I got an Ipad Air for studying hard and getting into the "Talented and Gifted Program", but that is not the point; I am trying to explain to you why winter is better than all of the other seasons. After reading this article, I hope you now realize why winter is better than all of the other seasons, but I am not done yet. I still want

to persuade you more.

Another reason I like Christmas is that there is winter break, at least in my state, NJ. During the break I get to go on vacations to tropical islands. For example, last year, during my winter break, I went to the Bahamas. I had so much fun at the beach enjoying the sun and the sand. Don't you like those breaks too?

Other than the entertaining part, winter also shines due to the beauty of it. From your window have you seen the snowflakes fall, and how crystal white the snow is? I think everyone should admire that. Also, after the snow stops, you can look at how the snow piles up so high. On snow days you can get cozy by watching TV with a blanket and a hot cup of chocolate milk or if you are the adventurous type, you can go skiing and snowtubing.

I can't wait for winter and holiday festivities to begin!



Atharv tells you about the beauty of winter! It is great.

Art By Tanmay Singh



Summer Writing Contest

Write a story about that features the summer as the setting.

Deadline: March 6, 2015

200 to 400 words

Ages 6 - 17

Send to editor@citykidzworld.com

The First Splash, of LIFE!

By Tejas Jadar, 4th grade

I smelled the sweet smell of joy in the air.

”Ready, set, go!”

My friends and I all ran toward the pool. I plunged into the water like if I was a submarine, diving into the deep water. Water rammed into my eyes. They popped wide open. It was just a dream.

I sprinted to breakfast.

When it was the usual breakfast time, my 2-year-old brother, Aarush, my Dad and I went to the pool. I must say, it was quite a delightful day!

I jumped in the pool like a peanut-butter jelly sandwich smashing together.

Whe- “Splash! Wow Dad, a great entrance,” I exclaimed.

I called my brother. He didn’t budge. He was as quiet as a mouse. He just walked over to the pool and dipped his foot in. Immediately, Aarush took a few steps back.

Then, he bent as if he was starting a marathon. He leered at the pool, and the most amazing thing hit me.

He took off, running at a cheetah’s top speed and jumping at a Kangaroo’s highest jump, and landed in the pool like the Sun itself was falling to Earth.

While Aarush was underwater, I noticed something on his face. He was smiling.

Yes, I knew it! He loved water just like me!

In no time at all, he was playing like crazy!

I knew when he would stop- never!



Tejas is becoming a great writer! Read this story and you will see!

The Mother and the Daughter Martha

By Jiya Joshi, 5th grade

Long ago, a little girl, just like you, lived in a tiny village. Her name was Martha. In her house it was only Martha and her mom, Tina. Martha was very happy until she fell sick. She could barely move. Her mom was worried sick, until one day she decided to place this matter in front of the king. “Your majesty, my beautiful daughter is very sick. She is as red as a tomato and I don’t know what to do. Please help me!” she wailed. “I will send the royal doctor to check your daughter,” the king informed.

Later in the day, the royal doctor, Bob, came to Martha’s house. “Oh no. She has Inni,” Bob exclaimed.

“Is that something to worry about?” Tina asked.

“Inni is not as bad as Kumenko, but she might have to stay like this forever,” the doctor said disappointed.

“I will do anything just tell me where to go.”

“You have to travel north over the seven mountains. You will see a small plant that gives a mystical fruit. The fruit is as tiny as a cherry. The plant is quite delicate, so be careful with it. Bring the whole plant back with the dirt

and roots. Keep the plant alive while you are bringing it back to your lovely home. Be very careful at your journey.”

The next day Tina traveled toward the mystical fruit. She rode on her horse, Lexi, for hours. She traveled up the mountains and through the villages for the fruit. Finally, she was on the last mountain, but she couldn’t see any mystical plant or fruit. All she could see was oranges. Tina brought one plant home that stood out from the rest the one and only apple. [It was growing from the ground.]

Tina rode back home and feed Martha the apple. As soon Martha ate the apple, she jumped up and down like a joyful bunny. She was as good as new and you will be too.



Jiya has written a pleasant story! Enjoy



MAX'S ADVENTURES AT RAXUS GALAXY II: THE REVENGE OF DRAN VEGAN AND HARLACS VADE

By Simar Kamboj, 6th grade

Max needed to go to Raxus Galaxy. Raxus Galaxy was in trouble. He needed a way to get inside his older brother Dan's closet. Dan was busy doing his summer project. "Hey Dan, can I get something from your closet?" Max asked.

"What do you need to get?" Dan asked.

"Well, it's something important," answered Max.

Max told Dan everything about Raxus Galaxy.

"No way," Dan said.

"Yes, I mean it," Max answered.

"Prove it," Dan said.

Max opened the closet and showed the "Portal of Power".

"When do we have to go?" Dan asked.

"Tomorrow, summer vacation, second thing in the morning," Max answered.

The Next Day...

After having breakfast, Max and Dan went to Dan's room to go to Raxus Galaxy.

"Put one hand on the 'Portal of Power,'" Max said.

Dan followed what Max had said. He put one hand on the 'Portal of Power'.

"Ahhhhh!" Dan screamed.

"Wooohooo!" Max said excitedly.

As soon as Max and Dan arrived at Raxus Galaxy, Max pushed Dan back to safety. Using force motion, he pushed him back to Planet Inspiron. Droids were in their spaceships attacking troopers. Captain Craig's army was helping Max defeat the droids. Max took his Sword of Power out.

Meanwhile on Planet Inspiron...

Dan didn't feel okay. His hands were sweaty. His face was red. His hands were also stuck together.

"Well, well, well. What a life saver," Dran Vegan said.

"Who are you?" Dan asked.

"I am the brother of Drago Vegan, Dran Vegan," he answered.

"He's the toy I play with," Dan thought.

Dan was in trouble.

In the sky...

Max was fighting. On the other side was Plan-

et Inspiron, where Dan walking. Max spotted him. He used his force-motion to bring Dan over to him with his hands free. But then a ship was coming toward Max. Dan was with Max, but they got hit to the direction of a planet.

They had reached Planet Bomet.

"What is this isolated place?" Dan asked.

"It's Planet Bomet. I have never been here before," Max answered.

Everything was like the Death Valley in Las Vegas, Nevada. As soon as they walked over a rock, they fell down into the sea. It was dark. Max had used his force motion to drag them to safety. Something was wrong with the water. It had made them feel weak. They soon started to get very thin and skinny until a nice man arrived.

"Are you okay, Max?" the man asked.

"How do you know my name?" Max asked.

"It's me, Trent," he answered.

"Please, help... us," Max pleaded.

Trent gave them a potion, which would heal them.

"Thank you," Dan replied.

"No problem," Trent answered.

The brothers got up.

"Let's go to Planet X. We need to teach your brother the Sword of Power and force motion," Trent said.

"I agree," Max replied.

Back on Planet Inspiron...

Dran Vegan was furious and frustrated.

"Send Harlacs Wade in here," Dran said furiously.

"What do you want, friend?" Harlacs asked.

"I want the brothers dead. The youngest one is the one who killed my brother!" Dran screamed.

"We shall get them back intelligently. Am I right Dran?" Harlacs said.

"You've got it!" Dran exclaimed.

Back at Planet X...

As they reached Planet X, Travis wasn't happy.



Simar has presented a great, fun story!

Max *con't* on page 28



27

Haunted House

By Yasasvi Tallapaneni, 6th grade

My friends and I slowly crept into the dark, scary house. There was an evil looking person who was looking like a vampire. All of us were scared. The guide was the vampire-looking person. She looked scary, but we had to follow her to make it through this haunted house. The guide was saying that there was this crazy-acting guy with a chainsaw who might hurt us if he sees us. That was when the scary adventure in the haunted house began.

We slowly stepped into the haunted house inside the haunted house. We all were scared, even though we knew that nothing would actually happen because it was just supposed to frighten you, but not to actually hurt us. We walked through the hallway waiting for any object to make a slight movement, but somehow nothing happened. There was a door to the right. We went in there. Suddenly, a skull popped from the side. We quickly duck. Then, we looked back, but our guide was not there anymore. We knew we could not make it through the haunted house because we did not know the path. That was when she popped up from in front of us, scaring everyone. For us reacting so quickly, we fell down. The guide laughed at us.

She showed us pictures and explained what they were.

She said, "This place was a castle a long time ago. Now, the skeletons burn each other up and eat each other. None of these dead people like or cooperate with each other." She was saying crazy stuff I would not believe. Then, suddenly, the crazy-guy appeared for a split-second and left. I was scared. I knew he would appear again. We came to the main part of the castle. It was where the frozen king was. Suddenly, she clicked a button. The king popped out of the ice. She quickly made us hide.

She said, "Do not tell anyone about this or my boss will fire me. We have to get away quick. Follow me." She went until there was an end to a door. She went through the door and disappeared, so we also went. We could not find her anymore. The passage also led to another door. We went toward the door. Right then, the crazy-guy appeared. We quickly went through the door. We escaped. We were back at the entrance of the haunted house. I was still wondering if the story was real, especially the part about her boss firing her. Our parents could tell that we were scared from the looks on our face. I bet that no one could finish this adventure alone. It was the scariest part of my life.

Max *con't* from page 27

"What's the matter?" Trent asked.

"Dran-and-Harlacs-killed-Captain-Craig," Travis said tragically.

"How?" Max asked.

"Dran captured him and shot him," Travis answered.

"I will get him!" Dan screamed.

"Slow down! Before you do, you must know how to fight," Trent told Dan.

Training had begun. Trent and Max taught him how to use the Sword of Power. Travis was going to teach him how to use force motion. Dan was a quick learner. He learned how to use the Sword of Power and force motion in two days. Because of his determination, he was ready. It was time for them to defend their galaxy.

As they reached Planet Inspiron, so many troopers had died in the riot. Now it was up to Max, Dan, Trent, and Travis. They heard the sound of marching coming toward them. It was the droids! Along with them were Dran Vegan and Harlacs Wade.

"Dan and I will take care of Dran and Harlacs. Both of you will fight the droid. Okay?" Max said.

"Okay," Trent and Travis answered.

The fight had begun. Dan was against Dran and Max against Harlacs. Fighting for justice wasn't easy, especially for a beginner like Dan. Fighting with force, Harlacs was about to die, but that wasn't true until Harlacs had used his force motion to take the Sword of Power away from Max. As Harlacs started to charge toward him, he also used his force motion. He picked Harlacs up and threw him to the ground with force. Harlacs had died.

No, Dan was hurt. Luckily, it was just a bruise. Dan did a 360 degree bicycle kick toward Dran. He got really hurt. Dan used his Sword of Power and sliced Dran in half. He had also died.

Epilogue

Once again Raxus Galaxy is safe, but it was only safe when Max, Dan, Trent, and Travis are there. Everybody is safe, but not for long. Find out what happens in the 3rd and final showdown of Harlacs because they haven't died.



The Wall

By Pranav Gummaluri, 6th grade

A long time ago, our country, called Drusten had a wall that led across the land. The land split into two governments. That's why there is a wall. There was a communist side and a republic side. Since 1872, a civil war had been raging. It had been a civil war ever since each side wanted to destroy the other's government.

Now that the years had passed, the defenses had gotten stronger and the army had gained more power. The year was 1947.

Years ago - The story of Ethan the Drustinian

I am Ethan, a Drustinian. I am 18 years old. Our family is living in the republic side of Drusten. The people liv-

ing on the communist side have less freedom. My older brother Richard and me are being drafted into the war.

As we were spending our last days at home, because we are going to headquarters on a truck tomorrow morning, my friend Gregory was giving me something he always had: a four leaf clover. My young cousin Ben, and my older cousin Mark, were saying their good-byes. The next day we said our goodbyes and headed for the truck. It is a dangerous world out there, I thought, as we headed for the fort.

TO BE CONTINUED!



Pranav is great at writing fiction.

A Deathly Trip to Space Part I

By Pranav Manoj, 5th grade

My name is Emily. Both my parents have cool jobs. My mom is a movie star and my dad is an astronaut. We're pretty rich so we live in a mansion. One day I was reading a book when my parents came into my room. Now dear reader, just because you are rich doesn't mean you are rich enough to buy a shield to deflect nasty surprises. No one is that rich.

"We have a surprise for you Emily!" my mother sang. At those words my heart exploded with excitement! The only thing I didn't know was that it was a nasty surprise, a surprise that would test my survival skills, a surprise that would change my life forever.

"My boss invited us to go to the base we're building on the moon! This is one of mankind's biggest feats!" my father explained.

"In other words, we're going to be the first people to live in space."

I nearly had a heart attack! My jaw dropped to the floor and dug all the way to the center of the center of the earth! Rage and panic shot across my body.

"NO!" I yelled.

"What do you mean, no honey?"

Just then, my younger brother, Max, butted into our conversation.

"Why is my sister, who is the opposite of mean, bossy,

loathed and klutz, just kidding, angry? Did she hear the big news?" he taunted with a grin.

"Max, go to your room!" Mom commanded, "Emily, pack your bags. We are leaving tomorrow."

Everyone walked out of the room. Life is never fair!

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BLAST OFF WILL TAKE PLACE IN 15 MINUTES!"

Well mom kept her promise. We were on top of a mountain getting ready to be one of the first people to live in space.

"Let's go!" whined Max. Before I knew it, 15 minutes had passed. Never underestimate the speed of time. After we had our suits on and our bags in the rocket ship, it was the big moment. If I don't make it back alive, I have a last word.

"Why?" I screamed in my mind.

"Everyone get ready," Dad told us.

"WE WILL BLAST OFF IN 3 (NO!)-2 (HELP!)-1 (Please don't work)-0 (Uh-Oh!). Then we flew to the heavens at tremendous speed.

"This isn't as bad as I thought," I told myself.



Pranav has submitted a cliff hanger!

Conquering Problems

By Sreya Boddapati, 7th grade

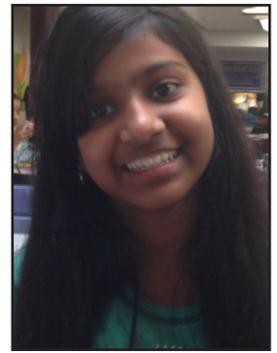
Why do I have to wake up? I sighed to myself. I wish it was the weekend. School is where I fail and I bet no one likes that. It is hard to pass while a lot is going on in your family. I don't want to think about it anymore so I get up and go to the bathroom. I pick up my light-purple toothbrush and start to brush my teeth. I notice some of my teeth are not perfect, but some are straight. After that I comb my long, brown hair and tie it in a bun and go to my dresser to get my clothes. I take a shower and head down for breakfast. My mom has made her delicious, chocolate pancakes. I smell the mouth-watering chocolate. My stomach is growling. I go ahead and sit down to eat it. I devour them and go to get my backpack. My mom asks, "Do you have everything? Do you think you will do well on the test?" I reply yes for the first question, but I'm not sure about the second question. I run to the bus stop and wait for the bus. I sit down on the bench and put my head down on my arm. Finally it comes. I go on the bus. I try to find a seat, but by the time I'm on the bus, everyone has already taken all the seats. I sit in an empty two eater next to the boys. I just cannot wait for this bus ride to end. Once the bus ride is over, I go really quickly to my homeroom before I am late. Luckily, I'm not late. No one is there except for my teacher, Mrs. Bricks, and me. I put away my stuff and get ready for class. I take out my homework and take out a pencil and just sit there staring at the board and finally people come. I see my best friend Rosie coming through the door. She has red hair, which is curly and short.

She has small, brown eyes. She sits next to my desk and asks, "Are you ready for the test?" I reply, "I think so." She sits back and copies her homework. I just stare at the board because I had already completed "Do Now," which was to study for the test. I'm really nervous. Mrs. Bricks says, "Class, get out your test folders and put them up." I get out the plain blank test folders and put them up. Mrs. Bricks passes out the tests. I get really nervous. Once she comes to me she says, "I hope you studied Sky-

ler." My palms are more sweaty now and I stare at the test and for a second I cannot tell what it was. I am blank. I forgot everything studied that night. All of a sudden I picture my mom and dad. I randomly fill in circles. Mrs. Bricks says times up. She comes and collects them. Everyone's talking about

how they think they did on the test. I lay my head on the desk. After school is over, I go home on the bus. I go in to my house and my mom is there staring at me. She asks, "How do you think you did on your test?" I reply.

"Not good." She seems calm, but I know she is angry. She says, "We won't know until your test is back." I wake up that morning with the usual routine and get ready for school. Once I'm at school I sit down. It was just like yesterday: boring and dull. After everyone is settled down, Mrs. Bricks is handing out the quizzes. Then I see my quiz. It has a huge "F" on it! What should I tell mom, I wonder. I know how this will turn out. I went home on the bus. I reached my house. I go inside. I see my mom standing right in front of me. She asks for my test grade. I tell her an "F" and she yells at me. I do not know what to do. I freeze. I suddenly blurt out, "It's not because I study badly. It's because of the divorce!" This was unexpected, I say to myself. Then suddenly my mom goes quiet and I run upstairs to my bedroom. I sob really hard. My mom comes up and has a big smile on her face and says, "I should've known." The next day I went to school. My teacher handed out a pop quiz, which no one knew about. She said to begin and I quickly went through the quiz and checked my answers. I handed it in and sat down. It was almost lunchtime and she handed back the quiz. When I got mine I saw a huge A+ on it. I was so happy. I had a huge smile on my face and I feel all tingly. When I came home, I happily showed it to my mom and she hugged me very tightly. It made me feel proud of myself.



Sreya wrote a dramatic story! You will enjoy it.

Enjoy our online magazine too! www.citykidzworld.com

The Beach Prank

By Dhriti Goudar, 4th grade

"Ugg! Mom how much longer?" Skyler moaned. "C'mon, you're always so cranky. For once, can you give it a break?" Skyler's brother Jamie asked.

The long journey to Point Pleasant Beach had begun. The Willow family had gone to the beach each year before school. Skyler was not very fond of the beach, but now she was old enough to go on a big roller coaster called the Cranium Shaker! Jamie had been on it five times, and he said it was awesome! That's why Skyler was dying to go to the beach.

"Seriously, how much longer?" Skyler moaned again.

"Three more minutes," her mom replied.

"Yes!" Skyler thought. After three minutes, Skyler got off and rushed to the Cranium Shaker, but her luck wasn't ready to reveal itself because right after she got in line, the person running the ride announced, "Everyone please back off the Cranium Shaker. It is closed due to the cloudy weather."

"Noooooo!" Skyler screamed (In her head).

"Oh No," Jamie said sarcastically.

Skyler slugged him in the arm!

"SKYLER," her mom yelled.

"Okay fine, I'll go take a walk on the beach," Skyler said grumpily. On Skyler's walk on the beach something slowly washed up on the shore.

"Woah, what's that?" Skyler whispered. She carefully lifted it up to get a better look at it. "It's a bottle."

She opened it up and it said, "Help! Our boat, the Selvine, is sinking. Our location is in the Atlantic Ocean and we hit a big rock. Our boat has a leak. Hurry!"

"Oh no," thought Skyler. She quickly rushed to the manager and frantically said, "There is a boat called Selvine and it hit a big rock so now it has a leak and it is sinking in the middle of the Atlantic ocean!"

"Oh, umm I did not understand any of what you said," the manager said. Meanwhile, the clouds began to get darker!

"Okay, what I said was, there's a boat called the Selvine, and it hit a big rock, and it has a leak, and it is sinking in the Atlantic ocean," Skyler said nervously.

"Oh the Selvine! umm... Do you want to go on a boat with your friend of choice and me?" asked the manager.

"Sure," replied Skyler. So she rushed to Jamie and asked him if he wanted to come.

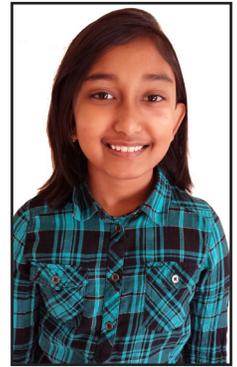
"Come where?" Jame asked. Then Skyler explained everything to him and he replied,

"Yes!"

So they both rushed to the manager and they all got on a boat. After about half an hour, it started raining, but they found the boat and it turned out to be a prank! The people on the Selvine turned out to be fine! They just wanted to have fun so they came up with the prank. After a while, it stopped raining. Skyler and Jamie went back to the beach.

"Mom!" Skyler yelled, "We are over here!"

Her mom replied. Jamie and Skyler ran over to them and said, "Let's go home!" Jamie and Skyler's parents just laughed! They knew it was time to leave.



Great short story!

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BIRTHDAY

By Daksha Nair, 4th grade

One day Sally was in her kitchen making strawberry cake for her friend, Mia. When the cake was ready, she took her cell phone and called her friend to come over and pick it up. Sally had to go to Mia's house and drop it over because Mia had broken her leg. Sally packed her cake in a box and went to Mia's house to drop the strawberry cake. When Sally came back home she went to the kitchen to get a snack. The kitchen was gone! Then Sally saw footprints. Sally followed the odd looking footprints. Later Sally saw that the footprints lead outside the neighborhood. Sally really wanted to find out who took the kitchen. Days later, Sally found out that the footprints lead into



Daksha is a wonderful writer who has been developing her creative writing for a couple of years! Enjoy her fun story!



Illustration by Mary Smart

an ancient temple. At that moment, a vampire came. Surprisingly, the vampire wanted to help Sally find her kitchen. The vampire said that he did not know who

took the kitchen, but he knew where the thief went. The vampire led Sally into the temple. Soon they saw a zombie with the kitchen. The vampire said that he knew the zombie, but did not think he would steal. Then the vampire told Sally the zombie's weakness. The weakness was that if you pour water on the zombie, the zombie would melt. Sally had drinking water so she took the water and poured it on the zombie. Then the zombie melted. After that, the vampire took the kitchen and gave it to Sally. "Thank you!" said Sally walking home.

"You're welcome!" said the vampire waving goodbye. Then after a few days, Sally reached home, had a snack, and went to sleep.

Truth

By Sharvani Vadlamani, 4th grade

Splat! The sound of my ball echoed through the room. Today we were playing Silent Ball, a silent game of catch. Get ready, I thought to myself! The ball flew over the desks and into my hands. I let out a breath and passed it to my friend Swetha. She caught the ball with one arm! Then slowly Swetha threw to Paige, a mean, selfish girl who always wanted to win. Paige missed the ball by a mile. Oh well we thought. She's out! Suddenly everyone began arguing!

"Swetha's out!" Paige cried.
"She threw it over my head!"

Everyone believed her so called "fair" story. I frowned. Something wasn't right! That ball didn't go over Little Miss Someone's head! In fact, I thought it was pretty catchable! My mind began whirring with questions. I didn't know if telling the real truth was better or not. All of a sudden, my confidence level boosted up. I had the nerve to bring "justice" in the game. Slowly I walked into the middle of the game and spoke the truth. Swetha ran up to me and said thanks. That day I realized you shouldn't be afraid to do what's right!



This is a power story! Read it!



EMILLY'S ADVENTURE WITH WATER

By Shruthi Raju, 3rd grade

Once upon a time Emily and her parents went to the beach. Emily and her family saw many things at the beach. Emily loved the waves. After a long time, her mother told her it was time to go home.

"What, already?" Emily asked.

"Yes it is time to go home," said her mom.

"Ok," said Emily.

So they went home. When they reached home, Emily rushed to ask her parents when they could go to the beach again. She asked and her parents said, "Well Emily, we might be going to the beach next month."

"Next month! I can't wait that long!" said Emily.

Then her mom said, "Emily why don't you go to the Sweet Water Fun Park, which is near the library?"

"Ok mom," said Emily.

"Make sure to take some snacks, a map and a flashlight," reminded her father.

Emily took her map and flashlight and went. She followed the map and reached. She had never been here before.

"Wow! This park has so many games and activities with water," said Emily.

She saw a well, a fountain, a tank and a playground where there were pictures of water materials.

"Awesome!" said Emily.

Emily played and had fun.

Then after a while, she went back home.

But it was too dark to see the map.

"Oh no!" said Emily.

Luckily she had a flashlight, but it was getting windy and Emily's map flew away and then she knew that she was lost.

"Oh no. What should I do now," said Emily. She put her head down then she saw something. She put her flashlight on it to see what it was. She saw that it was her muddy footprints. She realized that with the help of her flashlight and her footprints, she could reach home. Soon she reached home and there Emily told her parents her story of the adventure she had.



Shruthi wrote a wonderful story!

Haunted House

By Zarann, 3rd grade

A long time ago there was a king. His name was King John. All the villagers were happy because the king gave gold-coins and jewellery. King John was the bravest, smartest, and the strongest. This was why the army never lost a battle and the villagers were never going to move out of King John's kingdom.

One day, King John died in a battle and that was the first battle he lost.

From that day, there was a noise from his castle like, "I am going to kill you AAAAHHHHHHHH!" from 200 A.D. to 2005 A.D. nobody went in the castle. The people tried to go there because there was gold, rubies, and more stuff. In 2005, a kid was born and he was named Zarann. Over the years, he got older. Soon it was 2030 and Zarann was 20 years old. Zarann then went in the house "the haunted house". There was a key and he picked up the key.

Zarann was really trying to find the match of the door.

Each door was one mile apart. Soon he found the first door. After seven hours, he was on the last door: the power door, where you get wands with powers to keep forever. It was time for the battle with the haunted ghost of John.

Zarann said, "Oh you are going to dying ghost of John."

Then John said, "Oh Ye? Ha."

Zarann used his fireball on John. John dodged it. John was hit hard with a snake-ball and John was banished and the castle was not haunted anymore. Zarann was now rewarded with all the valuable stuff. Zarann was a hero and a billionaire. But Zarann was not happy to see poor people. Zarann gave all the money to all the poor people. Everyone loved Zarann for being so helpful. People elected him to be president of the place, and he did good things for everybody. People started calling him "King Zarann - The Great".



Zarann has a great imagination!

Homelessness

By Aditi Anand

Homelessness is a serious misery, which affects many people. Well-to-do-people blessed with home, money and jobs can help in a big way in solving this problem.

I do not think anybody cares about any particular topic except cosmetics, gadgets, work and family. Even though this is very important in life, people must spend some time thinking about social issues – particularly homeless people.

Everyone can help by donating clothes, money, food and other items to build temporary shelters (like tents, wooden planks). If this had been done, many people in poorer environments would not have been on the road without a home. People can launch fund raising events like music concerts, shows by celebrities for this cause.

People can also launch campaigns to put pressure on federal and state governments to launch programs to help homeless people. This can be done by launching signature campaigns, showing advertisements in television programs, sporting events etc. If government and people work together, homelessness can be reduced very quickly.

As responsible citizens, we need to make every effort to help the homeless people. As the saying goes – drops of water from the ocean. A little effort from each one of us can go a long way in helping many people.



Aditi has written an interesting story!

FASHION PLACE

By Navya Nadakuditi, 3rd grade

Every day in Fashion Place is a busy day. In Fashion Place we need to keep the floor and the store clean. Another job we need to do is when somebody comes and gets something we need to replace it. The last job we do is we go to stores that make items we need at Fashion Place. It is really fun working at Fashion Place.

In Fashion Place we keep the floor clean by mopping the floor every night. On Fridays our employees mop the floors and make sure there is no trash anywhere, so people won't be disgusted. Another way we keep the floor clean is by making sure when people come into our store they throw their trash in the garbage.

When somebody comes into our store and gets an item, our employees need to get that item from the back closet. We do that because we don't want people to feel sad because they did not get the jeans they wanted. Every other week we change the racks so people don't get bored with the merchandise.

Another task we have to do in Fashion Place is we have to get the items from the people who make them. The way we do that is when it is Friday, we go to the place they make earrings and necklaces and we ask them to



Illustration by Mary Smart

give us the merchandise we asked for during the week. I hope Fashion Place continues being a clean store. I really want a lot of people to come to Fashion Place. Fashion Place is a really fun place to own. I hope more customers can come to Fashion Place, and be happy with a clean chain business that has many items to buy, and hard-working employees who follow the rules.

PLANNING A VACATION

By Abhinav Ram, 6th grade

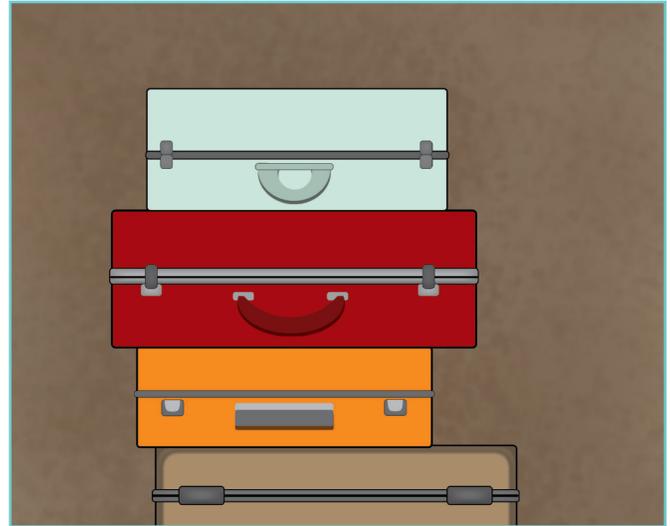
Planning a vacation is hard, but after, it's worth it. The four main ideas to think about when planning a vacation are packing, budgeting, communication and precautions. If you know what to consider, you can plan any trip and have a memorable vacation.

The first consideration to planning a trip is packing because you must pack appropriately to the climate. Also, imagine you are going on a vacation for 3 weeks; you should pack enough clothes. If you have a prescribed medicine, that should be your priority to pack because health is always first. Good hygiene is important if you're going on any trip, so make sure everybody packs toothbrushes and deodorant.

The next concern is budgeting. You have to know how to manage your money to not run out of money in the middle of your trip. Therefore, know what you can afford and what you can't afford. Always consider your destination's currency. That way, you know how much money you need to bring. Think about how much money you're going to spend. Also, consider where you will stay. Will you pay one night or use your hotel points for a couple of nights? Have it all planned perfectly.

Another factor to planning is having good communication. If you're traveling with people you have to have all their phone numbers, in case you get lost or an emergency occurs. Furthermore, if you're going to go to a foreign country, such as Brazil, figure out a way to communicate. You can bring a pocket dictionary in Portuguese. Without someone's help, you can't get anywhere on your trip. Make sure if you're staying with someone, they're okay with it.

Other concerns in planning a trip are precautions. You



can't take many risks because you're going to a different country or region. If the country has very strict laws and rules, then you have to know the major ones. Suppose wearing red is against the law, but here it's not. Wearing red might be very offensive to people in foreign countries. Some other precautions to take are where to go in case of an emergency. If you run out of money, the ATMs might not accept your card. Take note of the weather or your whole trip might be ruined. Plan it in a way that every day there is sunshine, but be aware of the weather. Don't get sick because you didn't pack the right clothes. Even if the forecast reports a ten percent precipitation, pack the jackets or what you need. Other countries may have different customs, like drinking without your pinky. Make sure that you know all these customs so people don't look at you differently. More importantly, beware of diseases. New countries might have an illness to which your body is not immune. So make sure you get your vaccinations. I bet if you follow all these steps you can plan a great vacation.

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Spring Deadline: March 6, 2015

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Global Warming

By Rohan Saha, 7th grade

Have you ever felt that it is hotter than last year? There is a reason behind this. It is Global Warming. When people pollute the air, various gases go into the air and it lingers in the atmosphere. That is causing more of the sun's rays to harm earth, and the gases themselves are causing immense heat in earth. Here, we will talk about global warming, why it is happening, and how to reduce effects of it to make our earth a nice place to live for generations to come!

Every day, we add greenhouse gases (carbon dioxide, methane and nitrous oxide) by burning fossil fuel, smoking, using cars, from the fumes coming out of factories, and much more. There are two ozone layers. One of the ozone layers is located about in the troposphere, and that is a mixture of gases affecting human's health. Then there is an ozone "layer" in the stratosphere protecting the earth from the sun's harmful ultraviolet rays. Greenhouse gases stay in the air, absorbing heat, and depleting the ozone layer. This allows more of the sun's rays and heat to stay in Earth. As a result, icebergs and ice caps melt and causes the earth to heat up, and flooding occurs more often.

The water levels are rising upward and covering land, Populated places like New York, Florida, and the Bahamas, are getting inundated by water. Flooding is really

affecting areas like New Jersey and New York. Lastly, people are "dying" of the heat everywhere.

This problem can be solved easily. There are a lot of simple things humans can do. For example, we could turn off all the lights in our house when we are not there. Then, we should use more of public transportation and eco-friendly cars. Lastly, we can turn down the thermostat and wear sweaters when it's cold or use fans when it's hot. The government can do something like this: First, the government can make a law that says: all cars should have a mpg (miles per gallon) over 34 or 35. Then, the government could stop factories making as much smoke, by making the factories more eco-friendly. Finally, the government could say that people born after 2014 can't smoke. The fact is, there are many more ways to stop global warming that the government and we as individuals can do.

Global warming is a really horrible thing. It causes a lot of different events to happen. Extra flooding occurs everywhere. Then, water levels are increasing over time, rapidly. Last, the heat is very harsh. All of this is killing or injuring people. Over time, the deaths and injuries are increasing. We have to solve this problem so we can have a better life, and save the earth for the future generation.



Rohan is writing better and better for every issue!

Essay Contest!

WRITE ABOUT A SERIOUS SOCIAL, ECONOMIC, OR ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUE!

300 to 400 WORDS

AGES 10 - 17

DEADLINE: MARCH 6, 2015

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Regret

By Akul Mallela, 6th grade

My brother and I were planning to go to the park to shoot some hoops. Just as I was planning that, my mom yelled, "Get ready we are going to the park." I stopped typing my story and saved my story on the computer and ran like there was 10 pounds of bacon, while telling my mom that I was coming. My little brother was coming too. I went in the garage and got on my shiny, sparkly, red mountain bike, while my brother got his rusty, old BMX bike from the year 1340, (p.s. before my grandma was born).

My mom said, "You go. I will come later."

We started to ride our bikes slowly to the park entrance. We stopped at the park entrance. To get to the park there was a road full of dusty rocks, which acted like speed bumps next to each other. I had an idea. We would ride as fast as we could without putting on the brakes. Would I fall or break a bone, I wondered. I was a daredevil so I did everything.

I questioned my brother, "Do you want to race down the rocky path?"

He looked at me like I was crazy. I started to tease him.

I said, "Are you my little sister?"

"No!" he yelled so the whole world could hear.

His face started to turn as red as a tomato. Steam was coming out of his ears.

"OK!" he said in the angriest voice ever. I thought of running away, but I didn't. I was breathing harder than ever before because I thought he might throw his bike at me. I started to sweat like I was playing football for 6 hours straight. I thought of saying take a chill pill, instead, I

waited for him to control his anger. Then I thought of making fun of him again but then I thought he might hurt me really badly.

"Are you good?" I asked

"Yes," he replied

"Do you want to do the race?" I questioned

"Yes," he replied, in a kind voice that was not like before.

"3 2 1 goooooooooooooooooooooo," I yelled

We both didn't move at all. (p.s. I didn't move because he didn't move his bike at all).

"3 2 1 go," I yelled very loudly. We both pushed off the sharp and smooth rocks. We started to pedal as hard as we could. I was ahead of him like always. I was going like a flying car, but my brother was a turtle. ... We were going faster than ever before. I saw a sharp turn ahead of me.

I yelled, "Good luck."

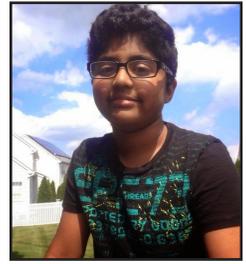
I started to pedal even harder than before. I was going so fast that I thought my tire would pop off or my chain would come off, but it didn't. Something even worse happens. I was taking a sharp turn and my front tire slipped off the rocks and I fell on the rocks.

I opened my eyes and my little brother was right in front of me. He didn't get hurt at all.

"Are you ok?" he questioned.

"Yes," I replied.

I put my hand up and he grabbed it with his warm hand and pulled me up. I was so lucky to have a brother. I looked at my right knee. It was bleeding really badly. He picked up my bike and gave it to me. We both started walking home like nothing ever happened.



Akul has written a great narrative.

Quote Contest!

"Remember where you came from."

- Donald Rumsfeld

Write an essay using the quote above.

Ages - 10 -17

Deadline March 6, 2015 - Submission: editor@citykidzworld.com

Olive Garden

By Parnav Boddapati, 3rd grade

Have you ever been to a restaurant and said, “This place is amazing?”

I enjoy the Olive Garden in New Jersey because it is amazing. The food service and the environment of the restaurant is appealing.

The food is tempting. The appetizers include soup and salad. Appetizers cost between \$6 or \$7. Some of the foods they serve are eggplant parmesan, cheese ravioli and lasagna frita.

The service is pretty good. They come to your table within 1-3 minutes and ask politely, “May I take your

order?” or “May I help you?”

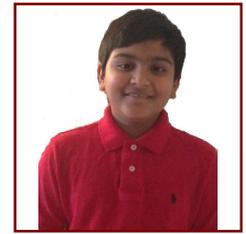
When your food is ready, they bring a big tray and place your order on the table. The smell of the food is irresistible.

The environment is well

organized. It is so spacious.

It looks like a restaurant in Italy. It is authentic.

I think the place looks really good, but it takes some time for a table to be open. My opinion of Olive Garden is splendid. I recommend that you eat there.



Parnav tells us all about the Olive Garden.

RED LOBSTER

By Ellison Murray, 3rd grade

Many people love seafood restaurants. My favorite seafood restaurant is Red Lobster. I like Red Lobster because they have good service, good food, and a nice environment

I think Red Lobster has great service. I like their service because they come up to you every five minutes and ask whether you would like water and ask whether or not everything is ok. I have to admit, sometimes it gets a little annoying, but I know they are doing it to take care of their customers. Another great feature of their service is the free WI/FI available for all of the guests.

Red Lobster has excellent food. The food is worth the

prices and some of it is expensive and some of it is reasonably priced. No matter what happens, they will give plenty of fresh garlic bread. I like their chicken nuggets because they are tender. I like their drinks because they are very sweet.

The restaurant has a great environment because they have many fake Lobsters on the walls. It seems like you are entering an ocean.

Now you know what my favorite seafood restaurant is. What's your favorite restaurant?



Ellison is becoming a great writer!

Do You have a Favorite Restaurant?
Write a Restaurant Review about your favorite eatery
200 to 300 words
Ages 6-17
Deadline: March 6, 2015
Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com



Fred and Max and a Life of Friendship

By Harveer Kamboj, 4th grade

“Fred, come downstairs please,” his mom said.

“Coming mom,” Fred responded.

“We are going to have a family come to our house and live here forever. FOREVER.” Fred almost fainted. Fred likes guests coming over, but he hates if they live in his house.

“Ding dong.” That was the doorbell of terror. Fred ran upstairs to his room and thought about what would happen...

“It’s my first day of school,” said Max. Max is a boy who is skinny, has short hair, and looks very cunning. Fred was very worried because Max was in his class...

As the bus came both of them went in the bus. Fred hoped Max wouldn’t sit with him, but eventually he did.

“Ok class, today we have a new student coming to our class and his name is Max,” said Fred’s teacher. Max stood up like he was a brave and smart person.”

“The partner you are going to have is Max and Fred.”

Fred feels like he is nothing because everywhere he goes Max is always with him...

After Fred Worked With Max

Fred started to like Max because Max was very nice to Fred. Fred respected Max when Max did the same thing. Fred had to do a project with Max and Fred was very happy to work together. Fred planned what he was going to do. Max was not worried about anything like their project. Fred was the one who was going to write about the project and he is getting the materials and going to

make sure Max is doing the right thing.

Fred was going to draw pictures or print them out, correct and label things that were needed in the project like labeling the body parts on a person or steps to form things.

They both started the project as quickly as possible so they would have more time to finish the project and they could get a good score/grade. They got the materials and started working. Their project was due within five days, but it was starting from Monday and due on Friday. There was no break like on Saturdays or Sundays, but they still had enough time to do the project.

When Fred got the materials, they started right away. Fred was such in a hurry he wrote four paragraphs in just fifteen minutes. Fred was just about to be done with his part of the project when Max came. He surprised Max by saying he was done with his part and they only had three more parts to do then they are done with the project.

Max opened his mouth wide. Max got very excited and started doing his part too! Fred was checking Max’s work because Fred was very good at writing reading and science. Max was good in math, physical education and painting. The thing was, Fred didn’t really know Max was good in painting. Fred told Max there was no need to hurry because they still had four days left. They will finish it tomorrow.



Harveer continues to write great stories! He is a regular contributor.

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Chimp Catastrophe!

By Isha Wagle, 5th grade

“What am I going to do with you?” I hollered. I started running after it then- wait, perhaps I am getting ahead of myself. If I am going to tell you this right, I will have to tell you from the waaaaay beginning. Hi! My name is Leo Valdez. I am pretty small for my age (16 to be exact), I love building, and I can be very funny. This morning, while I was brushing my teeth, the doorbell rang. My step-mom and dad were on vacation and they told me never to open the door unless I was absolutely sure I knew who was behind the door. But, of course, I did not follow that rule. Anyways, nothing bad is going to happen! I just want to have a little fun! As always, I did not know how wrong I was.

“Hewo” I said speaking so the weird man could not understand. To my surprise, he did understand! “Hello Leo Valdez! I am a friend of your great Grandpa Sammy. Your Grandpa said you would be here. Before I do anything, may I ask you if your parents are home?” He inquired. “No. As a matter a fact, you cannot know. If you are really my grandpa’s friends... do the Hokey Pok-ey!” I said acting seriously. I had a feeling he was right, but, why not have a little fun? “Your Grandpa warned me of this Valdez. Very well!” he grunted. The guy was really strong and stiff. Seeing him do the Hokey Pokey was hilarious. I made him do it a few more times when finally, I could not breathe.

“Stop! Stop!” I wheezed, trying to catch my breath.

“Okay dude. What do you want? Wait. First, come inside. My parents are not home,” I said, welcoming the man inside.

The whole house was a mess, but I did not care. When he started speaking, I started fidgeting around, building things with leftover scraps. That is another thing about me. I am ADHD.

“Valdez! Did you hear me! You are getting a chimp that you are to train and show to your Grandpa!” he barked.

“First of all, Holy Hephæstus! I am getting a chimp! Second of all, is my Grandpa seriously friends with such a big person like you? What is your name?” I marveled.

“Call me Coach Hedge!” he chuckled. “Well, here is your chimp! We need it trained by tomorrow!” he ordered, picking up a huge crate and passing it to me.

“Bye Coach Hedge!” I said. Quickly, I opened the box. A ball of brown shot out to me, and the chimpanzee started



to play with me. Then, it dawned on me. I have to train this thing! By tomorrow! And I could not even take care of a goldfish that was three inches! Aye caramba! “CALM DOWN!” I told myself. Think! I paced around the room while fiddling with many things at a time. The chimp was on my shoulder, licking my cheek.

“Lo tengo!” I hollered! The monkey jumped on my head. “I got it! I will just return the animal!”

I ran straight to the door. Literally, I bumped my head.

“Ouch” I yelped, opening the door without my shoes. “Coach Hedge! Coach Hedge! Coach Hedge!” I ran almost a mile before stopping. “Stupid...Monkey!” I panted. To my surprise, the monkey was right behind me! But, as soon as it saw me, it took off!

“Aargh! I hollered, sprinting after it, cursing in Spanish,



Isha is a veteran writer. Enjoy this story!

every few yards. I was sweating and my face was turning purple and I was drenched in sweat.

“Holy Poseidon! I am thirsty! Monkey! Get me water!” I said without thinking. The monkey jumped on to me and poured a whole bottle of water on my face.

“Thanks....Hey! Wait a minute! Do that again!” I ordered. Of course, it did not want to listen to me and it took off again running around the house.

Now what do I do? I thought. I collapsed on the couch and the monkey jumped on my lap. I started brainstorming, while stroking the monkey on my lap. It was amazing how it curled its body so small and stayed so quiet.

“That is it! I just have to hide the monkey!” I exclaimed! I frantically took out some pieces from my pocket, trying to search for something that would hide my chimp. Keep it simple. My friend’s voice (her name was Annabeth) echoed through my head. Well I think I should just hide it instead of making something to hide it, I thought. I inspected the house, finally resting my eyes on a laundry basket in the corner. I hid the monkey in the basket and went to the phone. I was about to dial the phone when something stopped me. You should never lie. My mother’s voice echoed in my head. She always used to say that to me that before she died.

“I should tell him the truth,” I decided outloud. I dialed the number and waited.

“Hola abuelo! Como estas!” I greeted in Spanish. (That means “Hi grandpa! How are you doing?”)

“Muy bien! Y tu?” my grandpa replied (“Very good! How are you?”) “Estoy Mal. See, the thing is, I cannot train the monkey. I am sorry abuelo,” I apologized. I expected him to start screaming at me, but, to my great surprise he started to laugh.

“It is okay Grandson. You do not need to be so sad. I was just putting a test on you to see what you would do!” he chuckled. “How did you know that I could not train that monkey?” I asked as I got over my shock.

“First of all, I heard about your little fish story, and, second of all, that monkey was already trained by expert trainers,” he explained.

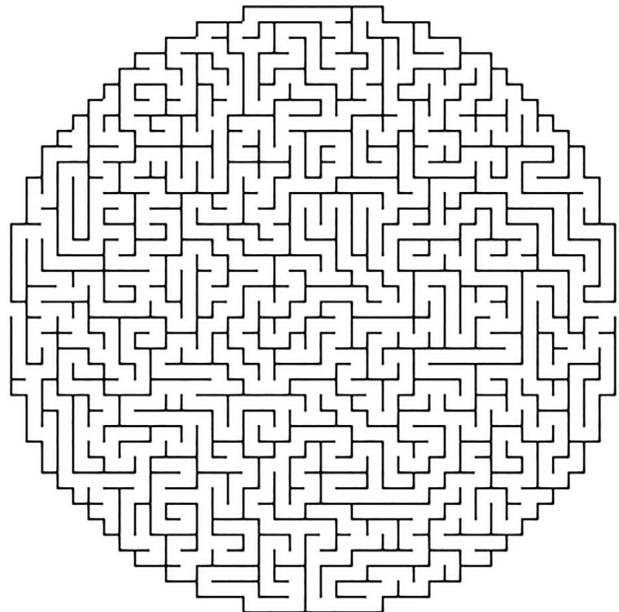
“I do not understand,” I said.

“The monkey was trained to not listen to you!” he whispered excitedly. “Abuelo I never thought such an old man would do and think of such a thing! Awesome! My Great Grandpa pranks!” I cheered.

“You know, we are not that different. Now, I heard that your parents will be coming home in a few hours. Coach Hedge says the house is quite messy. How about all three of you tidy up that house of yours!” he offered. I blushed then said, “Si.”

Maze

**Fun
&
Games!**



A Journey not to be Forgotten

By Vrshaank Mahesh, 5th grade

There was a man named Lord Gandler. He was a very rich person and had a huge mansion. But he loathed what he had and always wanted more. The greediness inside him became malice. He turned his mansion into a tower. He called it the Gandler Tower. It had lasers, sharks, laser-firing sharks, and overbearing robots that would trap, snap, and zap. He wanted to conquer the world so he acted good and won the presidential election. He became known as President Gandler.

Eight years later, a man named Harris got a new job as a banker. He used to work in a construction site for 15 years in his 20's until a piece of wood fell on him. He knew about the tower. Also, his job in the site gave him lots of skill and power to build anything himself, but Harris did not know that he had the power to build.

One day, at the bank, he saw some silver heads pop up. In a fraction of a second, they attacked. Harris ran outside into the alley. He then saw a nearby monorail station. He sprinted inside and found an ATM. He randomly pressed buttons and got a ticket. Then, an announcement popped up.

"Good morning, train 587392 will arrive in 30 seconds." He looked at his ticket. It said in big letters 587392. By then, the train arrived. Harris boarded and saw a shiny circle with red dots. He was in luck. The train was moving at top speed. He saw the skyline of the city and also the Gandler tower.

Suddenly, the train stopped at a station filled with the same robots. They surrounded Harris. Then, a group of people helped him out and saved him. They said to him, "You can do it. You have a lot of potential. Our names are Lucy, Draper, and Diamondstein."

Harris took a quick look at the team. Then he had an

idea. They would first build a spaceship exactly like the drones Gandler sent. They would get inside the tower. Then Lucy and Draper will send a message to Gandler, telling him to come down. Next, Diamondstein and Harris would finish him off.

The plan went to action. The team tried to build a drone, but it was just impossible for them. So Harris took poles, lights, posters, signs, and wires to build a drone. He piloted it to the tower and parked it. Lucy and Draper went to send the message.

The mission went wrong. The robots saw the two using the computer. They attacked and the two ran to the rest of the team. Then war occurred. Harris managed to sneak out and get to Gandler's room. Next he had a long talk with Gandler.

"Hi. I am Harris. I know why you are evil. You just want more."

Expressions grew.

"There are people out there who have nothing: Literally nothing. No home, no food, no shelter, nothing. There are millions of things that you don't have that you really want. Once you get those, there is a new thing invented and you will want them. Or somebody will have an app, or a car, or a house, anything. Be thankful. Now I have one sentence left. You don't have to be the bad guy."

Harris was at work. He had gained a lot of interest. He had sold new vaults. He also had become rich and got a new mansion. He smiled and said to his new partner "Well , Gandler, welcome to the bank"



Vrshaank tells a zany story!

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March 6, 2015



How Jupiter Got Its Red Hole!

By Adam D'Souza, 5th grade

5... 4... 3... 2... 1... The spaceship, named The Explorer blasted off heading into space. Oscar was the only astronaut on this journey and when he looked out the window, his home Billings, Montana, looked like a puny ant. He was sent off on The Explorer to search on Jupiter for any signs of life. Oscar turned on the radio.

"It looks like a beautiful day in Billings, now--"

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The Explorer was rocking and rocking back and forth like a rocking chair.

"AAAAAUUUUGGGGH!" Oscar yelled.

CRASH! A window was almost smashed.

"Got to escape," Oscar gasped. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! His spaceship was beeping! Oscar panicked and ran into his emergency capsule and tried to launch away.

"Yes, yes--"

His spaceship exploded. Millions of aliens surrounded him. That was the last thing he remembered. Then, everything went black.

When Oscar woke up, he was in a cold, damp

dungeon. Spiders were crawling everywhere. He himself was chilly and starving. However, the guards didn't seem to care at all. He glanced outside. He was on Jupiter! SLIP! Oscar fell on the ground; his camera around his neck was flashing. One guard melted to dust.

Aha! He had found their weakness. Light. Oscar yelled and flashed his camera like a mad person. The thick metal bars suddenly disappeared. He ran and ran. A siren wailed like a baby. Thousands of alien guards came rushing to slam him back into his prison.

Too many! He took out a smoke bomb from his backpack and threw it. Smoke filled the whole room. He jumped on his jetpack, threw a real bomb and rode away.... just as the aliens base exploded to dust. Since then, there has been a giant red hole in Jupiter.

Back at his home base, his commander Hank Hankarman asked "How was your journey?"

"You have NO idea," Oscar chuckled thinking about his crazy adventure.



Adam wrote an exciting story!

Jay and the Teleporter

By Sarayu Kodali, 4th grade

"Daddy! I don't want to play with Elmo anymore!" shouted Jay. Monte (the father) came and whispered, "I am in a meeting Jay. The Financial President of America came!" "But," said Jay.

"Sorry," said Monte. And he shut the door. Jay's dad was an inventor and just built a new time machine. It was 1987 and since there was not much technology, Monte was recruited by the President of America, Ronald Regan. Ever since Monte built it, Monte never got to spend time with his son, Jay. And since they lived in a castle, Monte got even more fame. "The Financial President of America came," mimicked Jay to himself. Now Jay was hungry. He went downstairs to the refrigerator and when he looked inside, there was nothing he liked! From the small crack of the window, he saw his dad serving all his snacks to his guests! He could not take it anymore so he went to his room, grabbed his glasses and started to read a book. In

his book, a little kid steals something from his sister because he does not like his sister. Then, Jay got an idea. He thought he could steal his dad's teleporter then when he comes back from the future, he can tell his dad why he stole the teleporter and will not get in trouble at all. He went to the teleporter. He and his dad were the only ones who knew how to get to the teleporter and how to use it. Jay stepped into the teleporter and thought something for a second. He thought to himself, "Should I do this or not? It is the only way I can teach dad a lesson." He went on it. He put the teleporter to July 8th 2003. He closed his eyes, held on to his seat tightly and pushed the big red button. "VRRMM!" The teleporter struck through the air as fast as



Sarayu is creative.

Jay *con't* on page 44

A Time When I Lied!

By Ishaan Patil, 5th grade

“Huh, huh, huh,” I panted, as the hard wooden stairs creaked up to my old rickety house. I opened the door and as I went inside. I slammed the door shut as the doorbell rang without a reason.

“Ishaan,” my mom yelled as I jumped onto the couch, “Come here,” she yelled.

So I ran to where she was. She told me I had to study for a math test tomorrow, so I told her I would. But seriously, whoever thought of such an offending idea to kids? George Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, well whoever it was, I hate him.

“Uhhh,” my brain screamed as my unblinking eye just stared at the humongous jumble of words and waste of paper. Just then, an idea flew into my head. Maybe, while mom is sleeping, I could sneak out, I thought.

“Nooooooo. Don't go. Just keep studying,” half of my brain screamed.

The other half wasn't, since he was shouting, “Come on, get outside. It's beautiful outside.”

At first I really couldn't decide whether to go or stay, but since the other half that wanted to kick me out of the house and make me play yelled louder so I followed him. The moment I went outside I saw all kinds of kids. Some were yelling, some were fighting, and some were even whimpering or crying, but it was much better than the dark place I was living in.

“Whoopee,” I shrieked out to my world.

As my feet were busy keeping a steady beat, “Thump, thump, thump.”

My hands were swinging like I was trying to fly. Finally, when I reached the playground, I jumped up in the misty sky and grabbed the rusty, but still strong, bars.

“Ugg, ugg, ugg,” I grunted, when I tried an attempt to climb up the monkey bar.

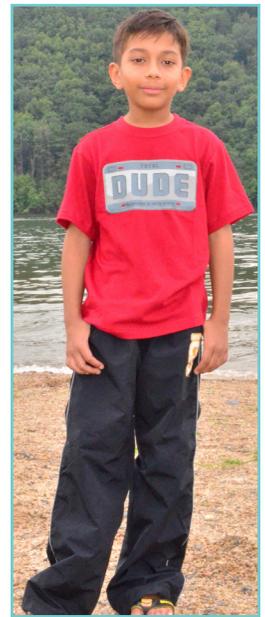
“Hmm, maybe I'm not trying hard enough, or maybe I'm just rusty at my climbing skills,” I thought, as I kept making attempts and failing them. While I was in the middle of something very important, I thought I had heard something.

Just then, “Pop!”

My mom appears right in front of my face giving me that “Ishaan-we-need-to--talk, look.”

When I came down, she gripped my hand like my hand was her squeezing teddy bear in the night. As I walked down with her to our house, I felt ashamed like a criminal guilty for a crime. The moment we reached home, my mother started lecturing.

“Blah, blah, blah, blah,” my mom sounded. All I could make out of my talk with mom, are the words, “So, the, and, for.” After I heard Mrs. President, mom's speech, I went to my room and flopped onto the bed.



Ishaan tells a great narrative!

Jay *con't* from page 43

the speed of light. A few seconds later, he felt some hot air burst into his face. When he opened his eyes, he realized he was in the coast of California. “The coldness of New Hampshire and the hotness of California. Wow!” shouted Jay. But then he thought of something. He could not get back to the present. He remembered that he could not get back because Monte didn't finish making the teleporter. He needed someone professional to help him get back to the present. He looked up on his computer and found a person called Stephen Hawking. Jay found his address and went to Stephen Hawking. When Jay entered Stephen's house, he asked, “Can you help me get to the future?”

“Sure,” Stephen said.

“Thank you,” said Jay.

And they started working on the teleporter. It took about two weeks continuously to get the teleporter done. During that time, Jay's dad, Monte, was searching for Jay all over the house.

“Wherever he is,” said Monte.

“When I find him, he will be grounded.”

Finally they were done building it.

Once again Jay said, “Thank you.”

And went back to the future. Few seconds later, Jay realized he was in the present. When Monte finally saw Jay, he said, “Wherever you were, now you are grounded!” Jay thought that it would not have gone like that.

So kids, don't always think that your plans will work.



House of Terrors

Editor's Choice

By Samantha Gunton, 4th grade

I followed my best friend Sophie out the front door. It was October 24th, a week before Halloween. Sophie and I were going to shop for costumes at "Time to Scream". As we entered we immediately started to browse.

"Oh, I know what we could be," I exclaimed. "Ghosts!"

"Julie, c'mon, we were ghosts last year! We should be something more creative! All we need is a Halloween store, which we have, and your mom's credit card, which we ALSO HAVE," Sophie said pointedly, taking my mom's orange Visa card from her jean pocket.

"So we have to think. This could be our last Halloween. Maybe next year, in 6th grade, trick-or-treating will be too babyish!"

"Wow," I said, stunned. I hadn't thought about that.

I imagined an October with no trick-or-treating. I shuddered, then pushed the notion away. I tried to think of ideas for our costumes.

"Doctors?" I suggested. We both vetoed it.

"80's girls?" Sophie asked.

"No." Suddenly, an idea exploded into our minds.

"Superheroes!" we shouted in unison. An employee shushed us.

"But who should we be?" I inquired, this time quietly.

"Batman and Robin?" Sophie suggested.

"We should be girls," I replied.

"Oh, I know!" Sophie said, "Wonder Woman, and Batgirl!"

"Definitely!" I agreed. "I'll be Batgirl, and you can be Wonder Woman?" I suggested. She eagerly nodded her head.

"You know me too well," Sophie answered jokingly. We got our costumes and practically ran to the check-out counter.

When we returned home, my parents were working. Our ghost Burt made us snacks. Burt complimented the costumes. I considered the "haunted house" where I live, where my parents have spent their last 20 years. When people enter for the first time, they almost faint. There was an audio recording of "Go away!" at the stone, creaking front door. There was a damp, brown couch that "somehow" changes position without us moving it. We had a real, breathing ghost we call Burt (he was a science experiment gone wrong) who is enough to freak out even the most sane person in the world.

We really love Burt. Of course, he can't talk. He gestures, though, and points.

The next week was a blur of school and homework. Before I could blink, it was Halloween night. Sophie and I were trick-or-treating on Fountayne Avenue.

"Ring, ring," sounded the doorbell. "I guess they're not home," I sighed. We started to turn around, but then we heard two clicks, and a "whish" as the door opened.



"Trick-or-treat," we said. That's when we noticed in greater detail the man standing before us. He had a little, white umbrella in his hand, and was wearing a, "I'm a junk-food kinda guy" T-shirt.

"Ohh, are you girls Batgirl and Wonder Woman?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"I guess you can deduce what I am. An average Joe. Although I was thinking of being a ghost," he chuckled, then clamped his mouth together tightly.

"Weird," I thought.

"We were thinking about being ghosts this year, too," I said.

"We could have gone as triplets. Me, Sophie, and my actual ghost."

The man looked stunned. "Wait - did you say an actual ghost? As in breathing, living, and moving?"

"Yeah....," Sophie replied.

"Wow...Oh, I'm so sorry! Let me get your candy," the man said, and hurried off. Sophie and I waited a loong time. We were starting to leave just as the man returned.

"Here," he said, and dumped a boatload of candy into our bags.

"Bye," he said and closed the door without another word.

"Okay, let's call it a night. We got a LOT of candy," Sophie said as we walked off the man's driveway. Sophie was sleeping over, so we headed back and unpacked our bags. We counted and ate candy until it was 10 p.m., then my mom told us to go to bed. My eyelids were getting very, veerry heavvvy, and.....

Suddenly I saw fangs, and then our ghost. I saw a big bag of Cheetos, and a garden. I kept jumping up and down. Something was chasing me. I was so scared! It was getting closer, and closer! Until....

I woke up, shivering and sweaty. I looked around. Sophie was awake too, also drenched in sweat.

"Sophie, are you awake?" I said.

"Yeah. I just had the worst nightmare ever," Sophie responded.

"Me too!" I said as I rushed to turn on the lights (hey, even 5th graders can be afraid of the dark). We recounted our nightmares, and slowly became less afraid. But after that, we



House on Terror *con't from page 45*

couldn't go to sleep. I glanced at the clock on my dresser. It said 11:13p.m.

"I know," I said, smiling mischievously. Let's play truth or dare."

"You're on," said Sophie, grinning. After five minutes, we heard a creak. Unfortunately for me, I had just answered "dare". So when we heard that creak, Sophie had the perfect challenge.

"I DARE you to go downstairs and investigate that sound. Or are you a chicken? Bak! Bak!" Sophie said.

"Fine," I grumbled, not wanting to refuse a dare to the person who knows all my secrets. "But you have to come with me. Or are YOU scared?" I knew I had her. So we gathered our courage, grabbed a flashlight, and tiptoed down the steps.

"Dad? Is that you?" I whispered. My dad sometimes raids the refrigerator at night. I got no answer, so continued into the living room. I flicked on the lights, and saw Burt - in pain! Worse yet, he wasn't the one making the noise. It was the man with the junk food T-shirt!

But this time he wasn't wearing a T-shirt. He was wearing a white cape. He had fangs as sharp as Sophie's dog. Sophie and I tried to scream, but were so shocked we couldn't move. The man turned around, and looked just as scared as we were. But I soon realized he was scared of our flashlight - not Sophie and me.

"Oh, it's just a flashlight," the man said, relieved. I tried to say, "Who are you? Why are you here?" But once again, I couldn't get the words out of my mouth.

As if reading my mind, the man said, "I am the vampire who created your ghost. I've been searching everywhere for my experiment. Thanks to our chance conversation earlier this evening, and to the plastic tracking device I put into your pillow case, I've finally found him. So I'll be taking him now. Thank you."

Funny enough, I got over my state of shock when he said that.

"No, you can't take Burt! He's family!" I shouted. Where were my parents? Wouldn't they hear us?

But then I remembered Burt had put a sleeping trance on them. Mom and Dad wanted to go to bed at 8p.m. and awaken at 7a.m. So they wouldn't wake up until exactly 7a.m. - regardless of noise. I "grabbed" Burt and dragged him upstairs with Sophie next to me and the vampire close behind.

"So that's how you want to play, huh?" asked the vampire as we neared the top of the stairs. "Finders-keepers-losers-weepers?" Sophie, Burt, and I climbed the last step then ran to my room. Sophie and I slammed the door and locked the handle, inches away from the vampire.

"I'll wait here all night if I have to," the vampire said. Sophie and I turned to Burt.

"Burt, the only place you'll be safe is the basement. But we're

going to have to go through the wall, find our way through the secret tunnel, and answer the riddle. Can you do that?" I asked hopefully. My voice sounded a lot calmer than I was feeling. Burt nodded his head, but I noticed he had turned a shade lighter (gray to white).

Burt walked through the wall near my bed, but held his arm out. Sophie and I had to grab his hand. We hoped Burt had the power to pull us all the way through the wall, so we could get into the tunnel and continue the journey. If he couldn't, well....

"Ready?" I asked Sophie, careful not to show my fear.

"Ready," Sophie said, with a determined look on her face. We grabbed Burt's outstretched hand. We closed our eyes, and I suddenly felt very, VERY cold. Then, I felt like...like I was a liquid. I had never gone through walls before, so I wasn't sure how it was supposed to feel. I kept my eyes shut for the last few seconds, and we finally exited the wall, entering a brown, concrete-floored tunnel, which was dimly lit.

"We made it!" I exhaled with relief. Sophie and I both grinned, thankful to be alive. "Nice job, Burt!" we shouted, giving Burt a "ghostly" high five.

"Okay, we still have to go through the tunnel, and answer the riddle to get into the basement. Then we're home free!" I said. We continued down the tunnel until we came to a two-way "T" intersection.

"Left or right?" Sophie asked Burt. Burt shrugged.

"Let's see," I said. I racked my brain, trying to remember the maps of the tunnel my mom had shown me. No luck.

"Well, right is always right, right?" I said. Sophie and Burt gave me confused looks.

"Let's go right," I said, simplifying it. We turned right, and walked on and on. I guess I must be a psychic or something because after a little while we saw a big, brass door. On the door's little computer screen it read, "I'm tall when I'm really young and short when I'm really old. What am I?" Below the question, there were three boxes for three guesses, and a keyboard beneath it. If you didn't get one of the answers right, the basement would shut down and not open until the next day.

"Any ideas?" I asked Sophie. She shook her head. I thought and thought. Suddenly, an idea struck me. I typed, "Human," in the first box. Beep! My idea was rejected. We only had two chances left.

"I know," Sophie exclaimed. She typed in, "Sun's shadow." Beep! Sophie and I gave each other worried glances. We only had one guess left. I turned to Burt.

"Do you know the answer?" I asked. He nodded his head vigorously, and mouthed, "Ladle."

I didn't see how that was possible, but I started typing it any-

House of Terror *con't on page 47*

Cause and Effect of Impulse

By Vineal, 6th grade

Take a look around your house and see if you can find any products you once liked. The reality is that you will find so many products in your house that you don't use, like the exercise equipment in the basement, Llegos™

in your room, unused electronic gadgets, and unused shoes and clothes. You might be able to easily explain why don't use them anymore, but what caused you to buy them in the first place? This is called impulse buying- buying out of impulse instead real need. This behavior of consumers is often targeted by retail companies to make profits. There are several factors, which compel people to buy more than what they need.

One factor that contributes to impulse buying is the love offor shopping. Some people simply derive pleasure from acquiring something new. They may feel strong or powerful because of this "special object". As a result, they tend to getfeel cramped with too much stuff in their home. Also, they lose a lot of their hard earned money.

Also, when we walk into stores, we often see discounts for expensive items in the stores. Normally if we think about buying an expensive item, we might feel bad about it in the future. This is called loss aversion switch. Retail companies play with our loss aversion switch by putting the same expensive item on a limited time discount. Our consciousness immediately switches to worrying that we will have to need it in the future.

As a result, we tend to feel guilty anyway on buying the expensive product. You also feel like you have been cheated for your money after you realize the item was not necessary.

Lastly, we all have a desire to save, whether it is money or time. During the 1700s, while saving food in order to survive, those people had the desire to stock up as much food as they couldan. Today, we do not need to take the preparations to survive, but thateir evolutionary drive still remains. Companies know our desires and make "YOU SAVE" signs to make it seem like a good idea to buy and save. As a result, we are drawn to buy it, and we realize we saved so little. We find it very hard to resist the idea that we will be saving money or time.

Impulse buying is a common condition that is happening all over the country. The fact remains that companies play on our love for shopping, loss aversion switch, our desire to save, and more known factors known by companies. Each of these factors of impulse buying may help you think about the new game you may buy, or the new jewelry set you always wanted. It is important to separate the wants from the "needs". We should always make a list before we go shopping and make sure we stick to the list. It is important to get only your needs, and only some of your wants.



Vineal has produced a serious essay!

House of Terrors *con't from page 46*

way. Just as I was about to hit "Enter", Burt crossed his arms and floated around like a maniac to get my attention. "Handle!" Burt mouthed. I quickly typed it in, confident.

BEEP! We stood there, frozen. We would have to wait another day until we could open the door again! Until the riddle was solved, it would stay closed. Now the vampire would find us, correctly answer the riddle, and take Burt. I turned around, and saw Burt mouthing, "Candle, candle, candle!"

"Ohhh! Candle! Not handle!" I said aloud. If only we had one more chance. Then we would all be safe, even if the vampire answered the riddle correctly (from the inside, you can lock the entire basement with a touch of Burt's finger tip).

We suddenly heard, "Ah-ha!" from a voice not to far away from where we were standing.

"Sophie, how long until my Mom and Dad wake up?"

Sophie glanced at her wristwatch, and said, "Well, right now it's 11:58 p.m., so seven hours," I groaned. We were doomed. We were going to die in this colorless, long tunnel,

and Mom was going to...

Wait a minute. Did Sophie just say 11:58 p.m.? As in 2 minutes before midnight? Midnight, November 1st? A.k.a., the next day!

"Sophie, Burt! We're not doomed after all!" I quickly told them what I had figured out. We broke into huge grins. The box appeared on the door (yet again) at 12 sharp. Sophie typed in "Candle."

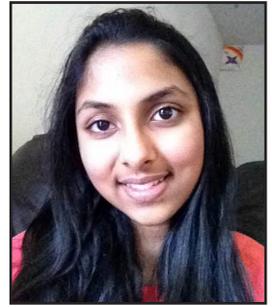
Ding! We high fived each other (as best as we could), and slammed open the door. We ran inside. I whispered, "Lockdown," as soon as Burt put his fingerprint on the identification pad. The doors shut. Almost immediately the giant computer in front of us announced, "Lockdown complete."

We plopped down onto the couch. We heard the vampire scream in frustration. Soon, he would disappear, once the sun started to rise. Mom and Dad would wake at 7 a.m. and we would come out.

I grinned at Sophie and Burt, who were choosing a movie for us to watch. For now, at least, all is right in my "Haunted" Home.

Should Students Be Allowed to Work Before They Become Teenagers?

Editor's Choice



Amulya is an awesome and prolific writer!

By Amulya Chowdary Koritala, 8th grade

Imagine seeing a 6-year-old girl working in Walmart: Her tiny hands would be moving big boxes and her cute, clear face would be covered with sweat. Students should not be allowed to work before they become teenagers because not only is it child labor, but it takes time from education. Also, meeting reality at such a young age might cause a bad influence. Now, a closer look at why children should not work.

First and foremost, child labor prevents pre-teens or kids from working. Prosecutors will sue any companies that allow child labor because it is against the law. This is because most children don't want to get a job, and even if they did, not many companies would hire them because of their weaknesses; in other words, adults can do work faster with the better efficiency. Why would companies hire little kids? Clearly, child labor is against the law and it prohibits anyone under the age of 16 from working.

Additionally, working will take children's young minds

off of education. At a young age, children's brains are moldable. They're easy to change so if they were to get used to a lot of work at such a young age, education will be harder for them to receive and concentrate on. Also, the only thing children should even be thinking about in school, is learning, not working. Thus, children should be able to concentrate on education without a problem.

Lastly, working can drop the young and impressionable minds of children. Not all children have been raised well. The good children can be influenced by the bad attitude of others and may seek to do bad things like stealing or lying. Also, if the children are bad or dishonest, the company may have a huge loss. It is pretty clear that working can lead children to see a glimpse of reality, which may cause a bad behavior or worse, a bad future.

Suspense

By Richard Darby, 8th grade

I stared out at the long, dark hallway. Waiting. Just waiting. I expected that at any moment, a monster would jump out of the solid dark. I expected him to petrify me into stone or give me nightmares for the rest of my life. I guess I should have been scared, but I wasn't. I wasn't scared because I thought of the monster every time I shuffled through the infinite stretch of carpet with weird pictures of relatives on the wall. Quite frankly, I began to get more scared of the picture in which Aunt Callista had her nose hair braided rather than the monster.

Well, here I am again, for the thousandth time, staring out at the hallway. I knew nothing was out there in the void, so I quietly shuffled through the hallway. That was when I heard it. It was a sound so horrifying, I can't even describe how horrifying it was (my teacher says I have to work on my adjectives, but there's nothing wrong with them!). All I can say is that it was creepy. I never heard such a strange sound in my life. I scanned the few remaining brain cells' whose hair hadn't whit-

ened to see what could have been making that sound. I heard it again and it was loud. By loud, I mean microphone loud (I'm starting to see what my teacher meant).

My heart, at that moment, packed its bags and was pounding to break out of my chest and run away. I tried to scream, but no sound came out (I know, cliché). I turned around and commanded my legs to carry me away to the safety of my bedroom, but my legs betrayed me. I closed my eyes and prayed, "God, if you are listening to this child's prayers, please let me live. Also, can I have a new pair of legs? My old ones are traitors." I closed my eyes, and made a mental will. The sound's only reply was to get louder. I was on the verge of giving in when I noticed that the hallway was suddenly filled with light. There was a figure of roughly 4 feet high at the other end. In his hand, I saw a kazoo, a pot and a large spoon. Of course, it was my incredibly annoying brother. He toppled over laughing. I guess I did look like a fool. He got up, and ran out laughing even louder. I looked up to god and mouthed my message, "Good to be home. BTW, how are you doing on those legs I asked for?"

Smart Phones and Tablets Cause Problems

By Ayush Prakash, 6th grade

Smart phones and tablets: Many people only know good things about them. Consider the other side of smart phones and tablets. There are bad things about smart phones and tablets. As growing technologies, these smart phones and tablets are used for studies, research, and just fun, but all that time you are putting pressure on your eyes. The second bad thing about smart phones is that some people abuse their ways of using smart phones and tablets. Last but not least, the third reason, why smart phones and tablets are bad is because of security risks for personal information. These are just some of the reasons why smart phones and tablets are bad for the most part, not just smart phones and tablets, but also other electronics are bad for the most part.

As growing technologies, these smart phones and tablets are used for studies, research and just fun all that time. It is putting pressure on the eyes. For example, many kids who haven't started school yet, stay at home and play on a phone or a tablets. Because of interests in these growing technologies, even kid this young are straining their eyes early to use these devices and once they are older, they get glasses.

The second bad thing about smart phones and tablets is that some people abuse their ways of using smart phones and tablets. For example, students in many schools are receiving laptops or Chromebooks to take home. Students have started to use them for games most of the time. The Chromebook it is connected to the teacher's

computer and when they look through the student's Chromebook history tab, they can see what the students have done and many get in trouble for what they have done. Many students don't want that, so they hack through the tab and delete all the games in the history tab so they don't get in trouble. Practicing hacking at such a young age is not a good habit to develop.

The last but not least, the third reason why smart phones and tablets are bad is because if you are so involved in your phone or tablet you can't see your surroundings. This could cause you to have a lot of accidents. For example, some people use smart phones and tablets while driving. This is a bad situation. Many people also use smart phones while walking and so they bump into someone or something and they fall.

These are just some of the reasons why smart phones, tablets and other electronics are bad for the most part. As growing technologies, these smart phones and tablets are used for studies, research and just fun too much. It is putting pressure on the eyes. Some people are abusing the access to smart phones and tablets. If you are so interested in your phone or tablet that you can't see your surroundings, you can have a lot of accidents. Next time you reach for an electronic device, think about whether you are using it for the right reason and at the right time.



Ayush is the voice of the young generation! Listen to him!

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Online Communication Adventure

By Bridget Lobo, 6th grade

Technological social networking has taken over the world! Is everyone taking it too far? G-mail, Yahoo, Twitter, Facebook, Pinterest, and many more! These are some websites that often take over people's social lives. You might be asking yourself if YOU take it too far. Good question! This can be determined when you feel shy or un "comfy". Remember that the less screen communication, the better because it can benefit your social health in many ways.

Let's give the mind-o-matic test to typical kids around the area.

Note: Common abbreviations used in this paragraph

CM: Crew Member

CM (2): Crew Member #2

RP: Random Person

First stop: Magnificent Mandy! "So, Mandy: are you shy?"

Mandy's reply: "Uh, um, (sigh) uh nooooo."

Are 'ya sure? One way you can tell Mandy is shy is that she stutters... a lot!

CM: "Mandy, do you use communication on the Internet because it hides you?"

"N- no! Certainly not!"

Do you smell something fishy, or is it just me? People who have poor face-to-face communication time with others, use the Internet for communication because they are "hidden". In addition, making an excessive use of technology makes you feel more "grown-up" or "superior". From interviewing Mandy, you can tell that she has something that she is trying to hide. Online communication can be unhealthy for your social life because you don't end up talking to anyone in person.

Next stop: Pete's Palooza Personality!

CM: "So Pete: how was your day today?"

Pete's response: (yawn) "I'm sleepy! Can we just get this interview over with?"

CM: "Sorry! We need your input! Do you like Internet communication a LOT?"

Pete: "Duh! What sort of question is that? It's efficient, fun and exciting! (Yawn)

Wonder why this "Palooza" Pete is yawning so much? He is using the computer waaaayyy too much! Using electronics can make your eyesight weak, which in the long run, is bad. Let's conduct an experiment based on

the theory! We will put up a paper on the wall, which says the word "gyro". Now Pete will stand a couple of feet away from the sign.

CM: "What does that paper read, Pete?"

Pete: "I don't know, Oreo?"

BUZZ! INCORRECT! This is what I'm talking about! Pete supports online communication, uses it too much, and can't read faraway words! This kid needs to physically talk to someone and reduce his time around electronics. Go get glasses, Pete!

Last stop: Friendly Flora!

Note: Common abbreviations used in this paragraph

CM: Crew Member

CM (2): Crew Member #2

F: Flora

QP: Random Person

CM: What do you like about online communication?

Flora: Nothing! I don't like online communication!

*This is new!

CM: Wow! So you like get-togethers and fiestas because you're going to one now?

Flora: Yup! Throwing a party is a great way to socialize!- Fiestas and get-togethers are great ways to meet friends, chat and have fun! You'll be more friendly and energetic! (Unlike Mandy and Pete!) You can also make new friends, which makes YOU one happy person! To the fiesta!

CM : Wow! It's loud in here! Heeyyy! That person looks awfully cool, man! Let's do a mini-interview!

CM : Hey dude! You look like you're havin' a blast! Tell me a little bit about yourself!

RP: I used to be pretty shy, but then my sister, Flora tells me to organize something fun for me to come out of my shell! I took my sister's advice and now I'm okay and have tons of friends!

That's a wrap with our various interviews with the mind-o-matic test! As you can see, excessive online communication can make you feel shy, or uncomfortable, which is it bad for your social health. Think twice before YOU, yes you, go online!

Think... CUT!



Bridget knows what she is talking about!

AUTUMN

By Ananya Gulati, 7th grade

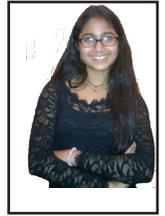
Have you ever noticed the importance of fall? The most beautiful and visible aspect of fall is the color change of the leaves. Another major change is the weather. Autumn can be beautiful, when you really look at it. Therefore, it is my favorite season.

The colors of the leaves bring brightness to fall. Red, yellow, orange, brown: they all make fall colorful. It is important to notice this. In fall, the leaves simply layer the green grass. Going on nature walks, jumping in the leaves, shaking the trees to make the leaves fall on top of your head, and even helping rake the leaves are some of the ways you could enjoy autumn and have fun.

The weather change that takes place in fall is very dramatic. Fall is smack in the middle of a very cold season and a very warm season. The transition is major! In autumn, we get introduced to the coldness of winter. As we go further into the season, the days turn gloomy and the sun barely

shines. Many people start predicting how severe the weather is going to be in winter by just looking at the weather in fall!

In conclusion, fall is a mesmerizing season. From the colors to the rain, the signs of autumn bring beauty to the season itself. If I would use one word to describe autumn, it would be serene because fall is a very calm and quiet season. The trees swaying, the rain dripping, and the leaves falling down would be the characteristics of a typical day of fall. Many naturalists love fall because they can observe and experience such an amazing season. Also, there is so much to record about the changes. Therefore, I wonder why some people don't like fall. Personally, I love autumn!



Ananya is creative, but she also has serious opinions to express.

Computers or TV?

By Ananya Gulati, 7th grade

Have you ever imagined what it would be like if there were no computers in the world? It would be horrible! Many people debate about what they would choose, computers or TV, if one had to be eliminated. I would say that TV should be permanently banished. This is because a computer provides communication with friends, like a phone. Many teachers give out school work that needs to be done on the internet. A TV doesn't have the internet or social networks. Also, you can watch the same shows you watch on TV on the internet. The TV just provides a bigger screen. Therefore, computers are much more important than TV.

Computers provide access to a lot of social networks. Some examples are Google, Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter. Communication with friends and family is made easier by a computer. A phone has these abilities, too. Video chats, emails and messaging are some ways people communicate on a phone or a computer. A TV doesn't have these social networks; it has access to shows. Communication with friends can come in handy while doing a project together.

Computers are important because of school work. Many teachers assign group projects and presentations. Of course, you can't create and work on these on a TV. A computer has features that can help create these presen-

tations. It has the internet needed for school projects. For example, if you were doing a project using research, you would need the internet. If you were doing a group presentation, you would need features like PowerPoint and communication that is available on a computer. A computer has many uses, while the TV has few.

Computers or TV? Sometimes, it makes a small difference. The same shows you watch on TV, you can watch them on the computer. The TV just gives the bigger and clearer view of shows. For example, YouTube and Netflix are some of the sites that provides the shows that you watch on TV. The computer has less ads while playing the show. This affects people because the ads annoy a lot of people. Watching a show on a computer can make this a lot easier.

In conclusion, a computer has more uses than a TV. A TV only provides shows and video game consoles. On the other hand, computers provide social networks, internet, online shows with no ads, online games, and more. For some people, these uses of a computer can affect them a lot. When choosing between a TV and a computer, a computer is a better choice. With advanced technology, an iPad, a tablet, a phone and many other pieces of technology can provide the same features as a computer. Overall, what would you choose? Computers or TV?

That Scary Noise

By Isha Shah, 8th grade

My eyes were starting to close on me as I flipped another page of my book and began reading once again. "...there were monsters chasing me...evil creatures from the depths of Tartarus were running after me... My life was in danger." The reading stopped. I turned to face my clock and saw that it was 1:00 a.m. Just a few more minutes, I murmured to myself, and once again I was off reading. I was a few pages in, when my eyes began to close gradually. The light in my room began to slowly disappear, and then it was black.

I was flying. My long, dark brown hair was floating behind my face. My brown eyes were looking straight at the open space ahead of me, and suddenly my glorious dream ended. I was slowly drifting back to reality, and I my presence was welcomed by a deafening, screeching noise. My eyes opened suddenly, and there was a thump as loud as thunder, coming from inside the house. The wood flooring downstairs was being marked by someones step's, progressively strolling along upstairs. I checked the time, and it was 3:00 a.m. Then a thought occurred to me. Who is downstairs this late? Suddenly a million answers began popping up.

Monsters. Demons... Kidnappers... My mind started coming up with all sorts of creepy creatures about to disturb me in my room. I began to inch deeper inside my covers. It can't get me in here, I thought. The petrifying sound made its way to my ears again. Goosebumps had taken over my body, I tried to go back to sleep, but my eyes just wouldn't shut! My book was replaying itself inside my house. A big ugly looking monster was about to come in my room and end my life. The steps began getting closer and closer, and my body was getting stiffer and stiffer; I wasn't looking forward to the hideous looking creature that was about to enter my room. My whole body was now covered, millions of pillows and blankets, and the danger was bustling quicker. Step--Each step was causing me more anxiety. My heart was a runaway train beating rapidly and uncontrollably. Step-- I could hear it approaching my room. The deliberate footsteps were

now closer. Step. Creak... The demon had now reached the top floor... My eyes were wide open, and my body was on alert mode. I knew this was it. It was walking closer to my room, I saw my handle shake, and realized my door handle was now in its reach, and the thing was twisting it slower and slower and then fully--This is it my life is officially O-V-E-R OVER!

I could now spot creaks of light coming from outside my room, I saw a shadow of a tall looking figure holding my knob.

"Mommy..." I squealed.

It was not moving. Just standing there in the entrance of my room staring down at me, I gathered all my courage and took a peak slowly from my blanket. The creature was uglier than I imagined. He was about 5 foot tall had Spiderman pjs and a scary looking face. I got my head out of my blanket at last and glared at my 11-year-old brother.

"What are you doing up so late!" I bellowed at him, steam blowing out from my ears.

After what could have been the cruelest monsters from the underground, this was a even more unpleasant.

"I just wanted to get a glass of water... I was only gone for five minutes..." He shrugged looking at me puzzled.

" Oh, that's wonderful, so why exactly are you in in my room?" I bellowed, glaring at his his hideous face.

" About that... You know -- saying goodnight to my lovely sister..." he paused, he was obviously trying to think of an answer, but before he got the chance to I pushed him out of my room.

I walked back to my oh-so-comfy bed, and laid down, and my thought suddenly spilled out. Five minutes, it had taken only five minutes for that so-called monster to reach my room. That death defying experience felt like five hours of terror, but now it was over. My eyes instantaneously shut after my body hit the soft flowing mattress, and once again I was out in the bright, blue sky flying.



Isha has written a great and scary story!

Poetry & Prose

A Dream Come True

By Anshika Virani, 5th grade

*The sound of ice skates, slithering and scratching the ice,
The ice skating rink is a window open for light to shine in,
It enlightens my summer, unlike anything else,
Mellifluous music echoing and ringing,
Zooming so fast, unable to refrain from gliding across the wet ice,
Alone, surrounded and isolated by silence,
Only the faint sound and the smoke, of my breath,
I slowly shut my eyes,
It is a dream,
Come true.*



Anshika is an excellent poet!

NOT MUCH OF A DIFFERENCE

By Mirnalini Boopalam, 7th grade

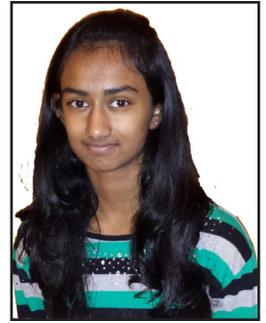
The loud sound of chickens woke me up, like usual, at 6:00 a.m. This was never the best way to wake up. I've always wondered what life is like outside of North Korea. I wonder about the U.S. I heard that life in the U.S. life is easy. Most people live in big houses and they have a lot of electronics to play on. Oh I wish I could live a life like that. My life is pretty boring. I have no siblings and I don't have many friends. "Christina! What are you doing? Its 7:30 a.m. and you have school! Did you forgot that there is school today?" My mom asked, as if had committed a huge crime. I was laying on my bed, awake, but too lazy to get up. Just then, I realized what my mom said and it struck me. WHAT? It's 7:30 a.m. ALREADY? I got up and sprinted to the bathroom, quickly getting ready. I threw on my uniform, which was a plain and a boring faded brown color. It took my spirit right out of me. The wood creaked as usual, while I came down the stairs to eat breakfast. The smell of an omelet trickled up into my nose. I slid into the chair and swiftly stuffed the omelet through my mouth. Looking at the time, I knew the bus would come any time so I tossed on my backpack and said 'bye' to my mom. Perfect timing! I heard the bus come just as I got at the bus stop. The bus ride was usual. I sat next to my friend, Helen, and everyone talked to their friends. Suddenly, an unfamiliar kid showed up on the bus, a new kid. She seemed uncomfortable by the uniforms we all

were wearing. Probably because wherever she lived before they didn't wear uniforms. This girl looked lost, so I decided to help.

"Hi, you must be new. I'm Christina. Where are you from?" I said trying to start a conversation.

"Oh...hi, I'm Olivia. And I'm from U.S." She replied a little tensed, but casually.

"Wow! I always wondered how life was in U.S! How's it there?" I questioned excitedly and thrilled. She explained how it was, seeming more comfortable. Soon enough, the bus ride was over and we were at school. It turns out Olivia was in my class, letting us know each other more. I learned a lot about the U.S., except I forgot most of the information. Soon enough, I didn't even realize the school day was over. I was exhausted from all that learning, talking, and gym. All I wanted to do now was lay down on my bed and sleep. But of course, first I would have to face a loud bus ride home and worst of all homework. The day I wanted a break, but homework piled upon me. Before starting my homework, I thought of what about the U.S. stuck to me. Definitely one thing I learned was that their lifestyle isn't much different than mine, so don't get too excited for some things.



Mirnalini has written a great short story.

Life of the Poor and Rich

By Heera Durga, 8th grade

*There you are,
inside a well decorated room.
while they,
clean mud walls inside of a small straw hut.
Lying in a plush cushioned leather chair.
while they,
work fingers to the bone just to eat one meal a day.
There you are underneath your silk robe holding a cup
of the finest tea,
while they,
are dressed in ragged, ripped clothes cupping their
hands to drink water from the well.
choosing from many choices of clothes you lay in a
controversy,
while they,
have no choice but to wear the same clothes.
You go to work inside of your new air conditioned car,
while they,
walk on their bare feet to the field everyday.
basking outside with your friends,
while they,
toiling for long hours under the beating sun.
When you get the smallest of a bruise, you go to the
doctor.
while they,
break their knee, but still don't go.
you rush to different doctors for various tests and
treatments,
while they,
baring the harsh pain, limp around trying and hoping
to finish their intended work.
Lives are different for all, but one thing is the same,
they will always be humans.*

Heera is a talented artist and a talented poet. Enjoy her submissions.



Illustration by Heera Durga



Elpis

Editor's Choice

By Shivani Gogwekar, 11th grade

A girl is running, panting as time chases her. For years, she has been running down this path and she longs for rest. Just then, she comes to an abrupt halt.

Her usual, overgrown, careworn path has split into four. Each entrance guarded by one person- two men and two women.

The man blocking the first path speaks, "I am Eo, spirit of travelers."

He holds a winged staff and has blue eyes.

Then, the man with warm, brown eyes speaks, "I am Melodum, spirit of poetry and music."

Then the woman with timeless beauty, "I am Suus, spirit of youth and independence."

And lastly, the woman with fiery eyes, "I am Asa, spirit of family, home and hearth."

They looked at her with forlorn expressions as though they were about to do something regretful. They spoke together, "Approach one of us, you lose the other three. You MUST choose." She stood there until the sun turned to moon and the sky turned dark with the celestial diamonds embedded in its embrace. She stood and stared until a voice spoke in

her mind, "When in doubt, retrace your steps." And so she did. She did not find much, only the wonderful familiarity of the road where she had everything to keep and nothing to choose. The voice chuckled in her head as though she had found her answer. She then, realized that she had. She went back to where the road was divided and spread her arms as if to embrace all four spirits and closed her eyes. She imagined a world where Melodum would bring joy with his music and poetry, where Eo would discover strange, new parts of the world, where Suus would stand tall, strong, and beautiful, and where Asa would lay a meal before the crackling hearth after a long, hard day. She opened her eyes and the four had vanished with two others to take their place and only one path ahead. The man and woman smiled.

The man spoke, "I am Delectus, spirit of choice."

The woman spoke, "I am Sophia, spirit of wisdom."

Then, they spoke with love and pride as though the girl had fixed all that was wrong with the world, "Come, child." And she went with them into the new world that she had forged with one choice.

Where I Come From

By Amulya Chowdary Koritala, 8th grade

I come from people who loved me more than they needed to,

I come from people who despise me more than they have to,

I come from smiles that hid tears,

I come from mouths that said false,

I come from a world that has different perspectives and definitions,

I come from a holy religion that will take longer than a life time to understand,

I come from the burn scars from lighting a scented candle,

I come from breeze of a destructive tornado,

I come from a life that can never be complete,

I come from a place of the artful would that try to fit in,

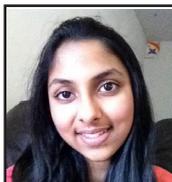
I come from the love of a cherished mother,

I come from the respect of an understanding father,

I come from the fights of a comforting brother,

I come from reality,

And I am thankful.



Amulya has written a poem that will make you think!

The Winter Day

By Kashvi Khandelwal, 6th grade

The sky is dark and the ground is white,

The world is quiet on this winter day,

No one around, not a noise either,

No cars, no babies, and no kids crying,

For a while, it is me and the snow only,

I feel so happy to be by myself,

I feel like I am alone.



Kashvi has written a beautiful, winter poem.

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