

CityKidzWorld

Volume 7 Issue 24 Fall: Back to School 2015

INSide:
SHORT STORIES!
ART
ESSAYS

Over 90 Young
Writers & Artists Featured INSide!

CONTESTS!

W R I T E !

City Kidz World literary magazine, bringing children's literature to the community since 2008

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

Learn more at:
www.citykidzworld.com

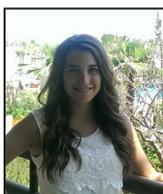


Published by E2Services
 CFO: Dean Murray



Interns in their own words!

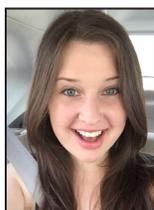
Copy Editing Interns



Jasmine Ackerman

My name is Jasmine Ackerman, and I am a 23-year-old copy-editing intern for City Kidz World Magazine. I recently graduated from Central Washington University and got married one week later! I am excited for this new chapter in my life and to continue

to pursue a future in copy-editing.



Taylor Ward

I was born in Jacksonville, Arkansas, but I was raised in several different places because my father was in the Air Force. I gained a great appreciation for the arts do to my upbringing and found my love of literature at an early age. I am currently attending Baylor University. I plan on getting my masters in English and becoming an Editor for a publishing company.



Christine Ewert

I'm a senior at the University of Iowa, soon graduating with English and Cinema majors. One of my passions for English includes copy and developmental editing, which I plan to pursue further upon release from my university. I'm a

lean, mean workshopping machine.



Kristina Levitt

Kristina Levitt graduated from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor in the spring of 2014 with a bachelor's degree in English and history. She is an aspiring copy-editor, a social media enthusiast, and spends her Friday nights playing Dungeons & Dragons with her friends. She had a great time working with City Kidz World Magazine, and hopes to read more amazing stories in the future!



Abigail M. Avila

Hello there. I am Abigail M. Avila, an 18-year-old from the quaint border-town of Alamo, Texas. Due to the passion I have for learning and education, I was able to obtain an associate's degree in Interdisciplinary Studies before having graduated from high school in May 2015. This internship that I was honored to participate in, has put my hobby of copy editing to great use! Thank you for the opportunity, CKW Magazine.



Sally Stearn

Sally Stearn is a senior at Northern Illinois University majoring in English Studies in Writing. She just completed courses in Technical Writing and Technical Editing. Sally has always been an avid reader and her passion lies in the written word. After graduation, she plans to pursue a career in editing and technical writing while still working on creative writing in her spare time.

Illustrators



Turner Thompson

Hello my name is Turner Thompson. I'm 20 years old and I'm a student at the Savannah College of Art and Design (SCAD). I will soon be going in to my sophomore year and perusing a BFA in visual effects. I hope to pursue a career in the film industry and be a prolific creative designer.



Jorge Martins

Jorge Martins is currently a student at Montclair State University who studies Animation and Illustration. He enjoys illustrating for a variety of media, but especially for children, which is why he felt Edwards Education Services was a good fit for him. Jorge hopes to illustrate several children's books throughout his career.



Dustin Fletcher

Dustin Fletcher grew up in Indianapolis, IN, and soon ventured off to Winona Lake, IN, where he attended Grace College; earning his Bachelor of Science in Illustration, and Drawing and Painting. Since graduating college, Dustin has become a peripatetic artist in search of illustration, and design work.

Feature Writers



Taylor Blow-Williams

Taylor Blow-Williams is a Junior at North Carolina A&T State University, majoring in Creative Writing. Her passions include writing poetry and reading. She's been writing poetry since she was nine and has been performing spoken words since twelve. Taylor has shared her poetry at several events on A&T's campus and plans on publishing some of her poetry. After graduation, she plans to design a program that offers therapy to children and adolescents through poetic expression.



Michalla Bolton

Michalla has since had a plethora of experiences that lead her to City Kidz. Michalla published her first children's book, Harold the Duck Learns to Fly in 2011. She has several more books awaiting recognition, along with poems, short stories, and fictions. Michalla graduated with a double B.A. with honors from Eckerd College. She double majored in Creative Writing, and Human Developmental Psychology. Now Michalla will attend Harvard for her M.A. in journalism.



Mikaela Renshaw

Mikaela Renshaw is 19 years old, and a rising sophomore at Willamette University. She is majoring in English with a Creative Writing emphasis and a Classics minor. She hopes to attend graduate school and become a professor of literature. She is also currently working on a fantasy novel that she hopes to have published someday. She enjoys Irish Dance, going to beach, and spending time with her family and dog.

Internships available. Please contact internship@citykidzworld.com if you are interested an internship in any of the following areas:

*Feature Writing
Photography
Copy Editing
Graphic Arts
Illustration*



Dear Readers,

We are honored to bring you our 24th issue. Every issue we receive more and more submissions! We hope that young writers are thinking more about how to express themselves! Writing is a life sport! You need writing to express your creativity, your opinions, and to function well when you get a job one day. Keep up the fantastic work and we hope to receive an entry from you next time!



Thank you for the hard work!

Special Thanks to CKW Coaches:

Mr. Daniel
Mr. Martin
Ms. Amri
Mr. Andrew
Mr. Rafael
Ms Rebekah
Ms. Christine
Ms. Lois
Ms. Krizia
Mr. Eric
Ms. Kimberly
Ms. Deena
Mr. Matt

Special thanks to supportive parents and local school teachers!



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Dear City Kidz World,

I am a high school student. I noticed that you publish students of all ages, including high school students. I am involved in many activities that I hope will help me get into a great college in a couple of years. I was just wondering if there is any benefit to me being published in a children's literary magazine, besides getting attention and enjoying the creative writing experience. Don't get me wrong, I like attention and I love creative writing, but I find that I need to be selective about how I use my time now. I am trying to earn top grades, play a sport and participate in community service. Please tell me how writing can help, if it can.

Signed,
College-bound High School Student

Dear College-bound High School Student,

I am glad you asked! The short answer is yes - writing for a children's literary magazine can help you build a great portfolio for getting into an elite college. Believe it or not, if your strength is in math or science, you should really consider this type of activity as a critical one to achieve balance in your academic profile. Ultimately, if you have honors courses in math and science, but perhaps writing is not your strongest subject, taking the time to write a story or an essay, will show your commitment to independent learning and the willingness to conquer your academic weaknesses. That is a characteristic that is greatly appreciated by colleges! I hope that helps. We hope to see your story or essay soon.

Signed,
Editor



Poetry

Bio:

Matt has been working with City Kidz World since early 2015. In 2014, he received his BA in English from Rutgers University. This August, he will be begin his MFA in poetry at Boise State University. He wishes the children the very best and looks forward to reading their work in the future. His poem [B 9] is about his academic struggles in elementary school.



[B] [9]

By Matt Naples

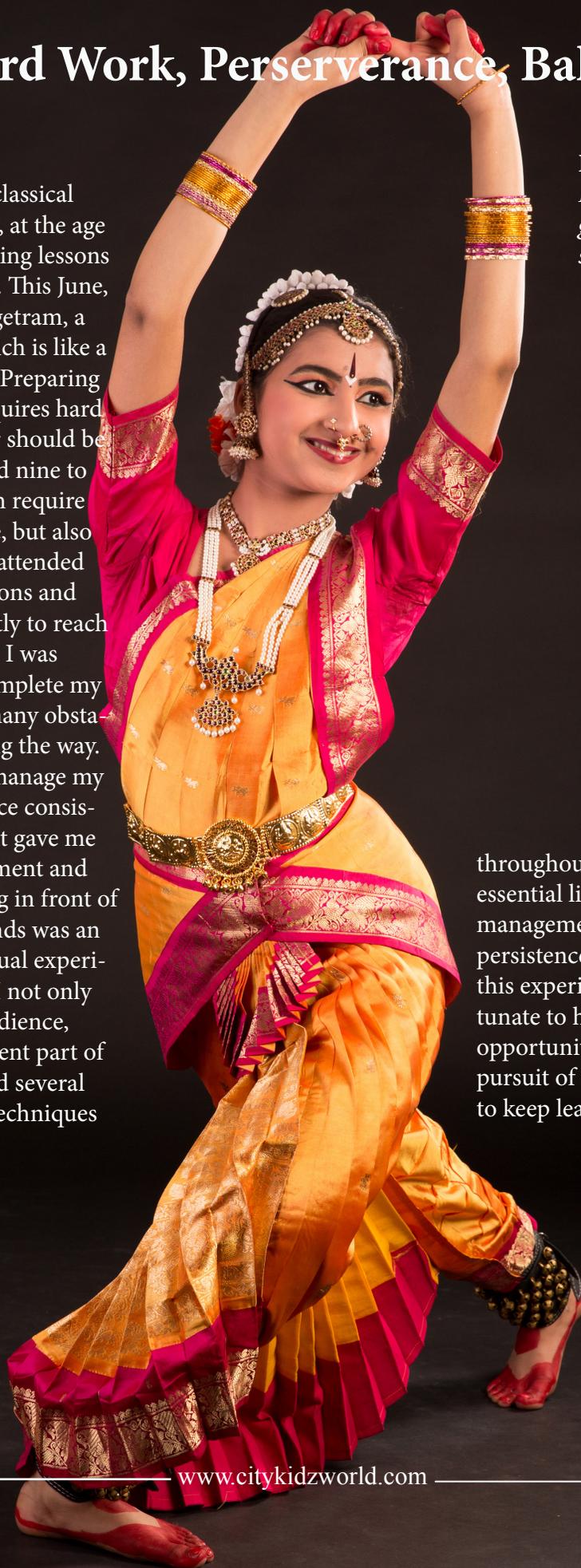
Maybe one more letter and digit for the test but find
ding x is a lot easier with eyes closed and pirates. Thin
king of what to do next / what to do next / what to do: plastic chairs and folded hands
are giraffes craning necks prying to highfive. A panther prances behind bars absorbed
in blackboard. Reading? Sorry. My hands are full with two invisible spear-spheres.
These trunks of bundles of leaves makes reading reading pages blue astroturf. Plus.
Not enough of me wants to be astronaut. There's bowls of carrion swarming inside
every lock her hallway. Pop soda is bad for math. Meanwhile, change looks too much
like a tunnel. This entire row of candy sweets is a universal uh wake in me waiting to
fall from space or place. In the 6th grade, my 6th grade teacher told me: Matt, you
don't make much sense. I replied: I am no vending machine, Mrs. McKee. I am no
_____ vending machine. _____

Hard Work, Perseverance, Balance

I started learning Bharatanatyam, a classical Indian dance form, at the age of 5 and have been taking lessons for the past nine years. This June, I performed my Arangetram, a three-hour recital, which is like a graduation ceremony. Preparing for an Arangetram requires hard work, since the dancer should be able to perform around nine to ten dance pieces which require not just skill and grace, but also stamina and energy. I attended rigorous training sessions and have practiced diligently to reach this goal. Even though I was able to successfully complete my Arangetram, I faced many obstacles and struggles along the way. It was challenging to manage my schedule and to practice consistently, but in the end, it gave me a sense of accomplishment and fulfillment. Performing in front of all my family and friends was an exhilarating and spiritual experience, where I felt like I not only connected with the audience, but discovered a different part of myself. While I learned several new dance skills and techniques

By Laya Venkatesan
Laya is a talented 10th grade high school honors student.

throughout this journey, I acquired essential life skills such as time management, commitment, and persistence. Overall, I really enjoyed this experience and am very fortunate to have gotten this fantastic opportunity. I hope to continue my pursuit of this beautiful art form and to keep learning and practicing.





Father's Business Trip

"Rice-A-Roni, the San Francisco treat!" There was a trolley riding through the town in the scene on the television commercial. This commercial had a catchy jingle, and although it was advertising rice, the only part of the commercial that the two girls noticed was the downtown scene, with smartly dressed, old-fashioned townspeople jumping on the red streetcar that glided over the streets, attached to a cable overhead. The men had handlebar mustaches and black suits with top hats. The women on the trolley car wore fancy and delicate dresses.

The two sisters watched the commercial with rapt attention. The older sister was a tall, thin 6-year-old with black, curly pig-tails, and the younger sister was a chubby 4-year-old with big, round cheeks and eyes. The girls were laying on the carpeted floor in front of the large, wooden, ornate television.

Their father was going out of town for work for the first time ever. Their mother said he was going to be gone for a week. Mother had been telling them all about it. San Francisco was far away from Illinois, where they lived. He would need to ride on an airplane and it would take many hours. This meant that their father's place at the dinner table would be empty for a few days.

For now, he would need to pack for his trip. Mother was making sure all his suits were laundered, pressed, and in his suitcase. He also needed his briefcase because he would be doing his office work on the trip. He was quite busy.

The girls were so excited. They were sad that their father was leaving, but there was one great benefit about him going on

this trip. He was going to come back and tell them all about the trolleys. He also said he was going to get them both souvenirs. Their mother said that a souvenir was something that reminded you of a place that you were visiting. They could not imagine what they would get.

"Do you think he can get a toy trolley?" asked the youngest one. "I don't know. Wouldn't it be neat if it could be a trolley with flashing lights that rides across the floor?"

Father left the next day. Every day the Rice-A-Roni commercial came on and they watched all parts of the commercial.

"Maybe the trolley can have its own tracks and it can come with a pretend town!" said the 6-year-old.

"We can put it in our room and watch it go around every day!" said the 4-year-old.

It seemed like a week flew by. At the end of the week, in the evening, they were in their mother's room playing dress-up. Suddenly, they heard familiar steps coming up the stairs. Their father opened the bedroom door.

"Daddy!" both girls yelled in unison. They ran up to their father and jumped all over him, each trying to give him the tightest hugs they could manage. When all of the hugging was finished, they asked the magic question.

"Can we see the souvenirs?"

He had a full bag! He pulled out coin purses and t-shirts.

"Wow! These are great!" both girls beamed.

The greatest thing about the coin purses and the t-shirts was the fact that each of the souvenirs had a picture of a trolley!

Vocabulary Lesson

Define each word and write a sentence for each word.

Trolley

Ornate

Souvenir

Beamed

Unison

Jingle

Townspeople

Rapt

Critical thinking and Extended Writing

1. Why did Mother carefully explain that their father was going out of town?
2. Were the girls happy about the souvenir their father gave them although it was not a toy trolley? Why?
3. What types of souvenirs do you have? Describe them.



Writing Contest Alert!

Write a story about how you received your favorite souvenir!

200 to 300 words - Ages 7 - 14 - Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

The Legend of the Blue Bird

By Harish Krishnakuma

Once there was a rain child, who brought raindrops that fell loudly all over the ground. Plants and farmers welcomed the rain child with their happy faces. Rain child helped plants and trees grow bigger and bigger every day.

On a sunny day, rain child climbed up to form the clouds. On a rainy day, rain child climbed down to the ground. The rain father and mother let their rain child play wherever he wanted to.

On a sunny day, people were sad that they didn't get to see the rain family. Children welcomed the rain child and would have fun playing with the rain family. Rain child added beauty to the sky by forming the rainbow.

In summer, the rain child kept the world cool and fertile. In spring, he helped all plants and trees grow. In winter, he cleaned up the snow.

One day, the rain child found himself as a blue jay. He was a beautiful bird! He enjoyed flying around and no one ever knew that the Blue Jay was once a rain child.



Illustrated by Harish Krishnakuma



This is a great story and great artwork.

Motorcycles!

By Sohum Gupta

Motorbikes are bicycles with an engine, no middle bars, electronic headlights, and electronic taillights. There are sports bikes, race bikes, cruise bikes, and show bikes. My favorite bike is the chopper! Choppers have long forks, low seats, high handle bars, a thin front wheel, and a wide rear wheel. They are rarely seen on the roads. They are an awesome bike to have, but they are very loud. Most choppers are made from Harley Davidson bikes. Choppers had their parts chopped off and that's how they received the name. Before they were choppers, the old bikes were called "bobbers" because their parts were bobbed. This means excess weight was removed by removing heavy parts. Over time it was modified. Since 1940, they have battled in South Dakota. They are all custom and very powerful. I like five things about choppers the best: their build, speed, robustness, looks and customized paint. I want to buy a chopper when I grow up.



Sohum is great at writing about vehicles.

The Amazing Life of Dennis

By Anjali Harish

A long time ago, there were twin boys and their younger brother, Dennis. Dennis was kind, brave, and clever. He engaged himself by reading books, while his brothers showed off their skills in sword fighting. His brothers used to tease Dennis because they thought they were better than him. One day, the twins told everyone that Dennis could not do anything. Dennis was so upset that he ran away into the forest. Soon, he became hungry. As he was wandering, he came across a wild boar. He remembered reading that boars have a weak spot on their body. He found a stick and a stone and tied them together with a blade of grass to make a spear. Then, he threw it at the boar exactly on its weak spot and killed it. After this, Dennis made a fire, cooked the meat and ate it.

Later, he heard some lovely singing and walked toward the sound. A girl dressed in white sat on a tree stump singing. Den-

nis asked her what she was doing in the forest. She replied, "My name is White Rose, and I live here. What are you doing here?"

Dennis told White Rose everything and asked if she would teach him a skill so his brothers would take back what they said about him. She agreed to help him. She trained him in archery and gave him shelter for 3 years.

One beautiful morning, Dennis heard growling coming from the village! A monster was attacking everybody! Dennis shot the monster so many times, but his arrows did no good. Then he tried his spear and killed the monster the same way he killed the boar 3 years ago. Everyone was proud of him, especially his elder twin brothers.



This is super creative!



MY SUMMER TRIP TO THE BEACH

By Gowri Sanker Anish



Commissioned by www.fiverr.com

In the middle of summer, my mom told me that we were going to the Sandy Hook beach in New Jersey. Three other friends and their families were coming, too. 'The more, the merrier!' I thought.

The next day, I helped my mom pack the supplies we needed for the beach trip. It was an hour drive from my house in Edison to the beach. When the long ride was almost over, I saw

seagulls flying all over the sky so I could tell we were near the beach. I was getting more and more excited to get out of the car. My dad told me that we needed to wait as we searched for a parking spot before we could get out. When we finally got there, I discovered that it was very hard to walk on the heavy, smooth sand that was a dirty yellow color. I suggested a good picnic spot near the water, making sure that the waves wouldn't reach us there. After we unpacked, the kids, including myself, and their dads went to the water while the moms relaxed for a while and talked. It was so epic! Huge waves were crashing down on the shore. When I first stepped in, the sea water felt really cold. Every once in a while, a large, powerful wave came from farther out at sea. When I was playing and swimming along with the waves, I saw oil rigs and boats far off in the ocean. On the other side, at the beach, I saw lots of people resting on the shore, seagulls flying and diving for food, and kids playing. I swam out very far, faced the big waves, and enjoyed getting washed up on the shore. It was fun.

Can I go to the beach too? Lovely.

I took a break and came out to the shore to make a sand castle with my friends. I also got buried in the sand. Even after I dug myself out, my friends were still trying to bury me! I also played baseball on the shore. Then we all had the food we brought from home. After lunch, I went back into the water again. This time, it felt even colder and there were more waves. I played in the water until it was time to go back home. I had lots of fun, and I was very happy. I was so excited that I started waiting for the next beach trip as soon as I got home!

Contest Alert

World Peace Plan Essay

Write an essay about how the world can achieve world peace.

400 words

Deadline: Dec. 1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

Ages 10 - 17

Writing Contest!

Write a letter about what you most enjoy about summertime.

The prize is a 1-year subscription to Letters For Kids and a hardcover copy of “Copper Magic” autographed by the author Julia Mary Gibson.

Sponsored by Letters for Kids



1. All Ages
2. Write a letter about what you enjoy most about summertime.
3. **Deadline: Dec.1**
4. **Send to:**
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Ready to start your subscription now? You or your child will get two letters a month written by authors like Lemony Snicket/Daniel Handler, Adam Rex, Kerry Madden, Natalie Standiford, Susan Patron, Rebecca Stead, Cecil Castellucci, and more.

Contact Wendy Rutkowski at wendy@therumpus.net to sign up for a subscription.



Our Family Trip to Niagara Falls and Lake George

By Soham Kulkarni

We were all so excited when my dad announced that we were going to Niagara Falls the next day! We went to bed early because we had to wake up early to get there at a reasonable time. It is a seven hour drive from Edison, New Jersey, to Niagara Falls. The next morning, I woke up, did my usual morning routine and came downstairs. We ate breakfast and, when everyone was ready, we left the house.

My mom, dad, grandma, sister, our cousins, and I sat in the Honda Odyssey, while my aunt, uncle, and grandpa, sat in the Hyundai Sonata. Along the way, we got hot chocolate, had smoothies, and watched four episodes of “What’s New Scooby Doo”, because my little cousin loves Scooby Doo!

When we reached Niagara Falls, luckily it was lunchtime because we were all famished. Each of us had at least two sandwiches! Then, we went straight to a trolley and it took us to The Cave of The Winds. The Cave of The Winds is where you take an elevator and go under Niagara Falls and get wet! Fortunately, they give you a free yellow poncho. Unfortunately, water soaked right through mine so I got completely drenched. We were also lucky that there wasn’t a long line.

Next, we went to the Maid of The Mist, which is where you go on a boat ride, which takes you up close to the American and Horseshoe Falls! Once again, you get ponchos, except they are blue for the American side and pink for the Canadian side. We were very lucky because we saw a whole double rainbows while on the Maid of The Mist!

After the Maid of The Mist, we were hungry again so we decided to go to a Punjabi Indian restaurant. I was so happy because I got to eat paneer makhani, garlic and butter naan, and a garden salad! Then, we went to an awesome Wingate Hotel, where we got to swim in an indoor pool and hot tub spa until 10:30 p.m. Then, us kids, went to sleep, while the four par-

ents went to see the Canadian side of Niagara Falls.

The next morning, the kids and grandparents went to the Aquarium of Niagara, while the parents went to see Canada again. In the aquarium we saw penguins, seals, sea lions, sharks, starfish, an octopus, poison dart frogs and many other great sea creatures! I even took a picture with a shark! Then, we played outside and waited until the parents came to pick us up at lunchtime. For lunch, we went to Mario’s Pizza, and had two cheese pizza slices and a whole desi pizza! Then, we started driving to Lake George. My uncle, dad, grandparents, and I went in the Honda, while the rest went in the Hyundai because the Honda needed an oil change. During the oil change we went to Dunkin Donuts, where I had two hash browns, a vanilla chai and a coffee roll! The rest reached the hotel before us so they got to eat Olive Garden at 9:30 p.m., while we ate Subway along the way at 11:00 p.m. After Subway, we slept when we got to the hotel.

The next morning, for breakfast, I had five french toast sticks with syrup, scrambled eggs, two pieces of toasts, Fruit Loops cereal and apple juice! I really overdid myself for breakfast! Afterwards, the kids, and my parents, went to the indoor pool and hot tub spa before we left! Then, we went on a boat cruise on Lake George called “The Minne-Ha-Ha”! It was really fun! Then, we ate pizza as well as a watermelon from Pizza Hut on Million Dollar Beach! Then we made a big sandcastle and started the journey back home. We had a great time on our trip to Niagara Falls and Lake George!



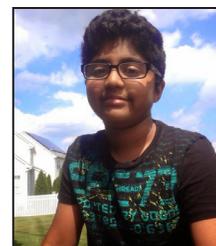
*What a great trip!
Great writing.*

My Town of Montgomery

By Akul Mallela

Montgomery Township is the best township. It’s home to the Montgomery Cougars and has one of the best school districts in New Jersey. The Upper Middle school was a high school, but they built a new one in 2005 with a pool. In the year 1992-93, Montgomery High School received a National Blue Ribbon School award. Montgomery Middle School was recognized as a Blue Ribbon School for the 1999-2000 school year. Montgomery Township is also home to the Mary Jacobs Library, which is part of the Somerset County Library System. Montgomery is known for Skillman Park . It’s 2.2 miles long. In April 2015, a ribbon cutting ceremony was held by County officials to cele-

brate the park’s opening. Also another park have is the Skillman Village. In 2007 the Township of Montgomery purchased 256-acre of land. They had many ideas of what to do with this land. In October 2010, Somerset County agreed to purchase the land for a passive-use park for \$14.1 million. We also have the princeton airport. That is why Montgomery township is the best township.



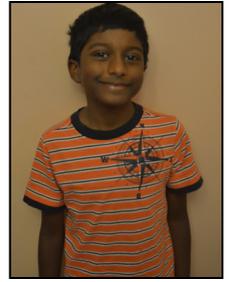
Awesome job writing about a local town.

THE GIANT ANT

By Srikar Pothuraju

Once upon a time, a weird looking guy thought that tomorrow would be the perfect day to have a picnic. So I, being that weird looking guy, put two apples and three pears on my left hand and also put three cookies and one carrot on my right hand, and now comes my favorite part: LEMON-ADE! I put the cup of lemonade on my head.
ONE HOUR LATER

Finally, the perfect spot to have a great picnic! Whoops! There is something in my way! So I just picked it up and threw it, wait something tells me that is dangerous... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! A giant ant stood right before my eyes and gobbled me up like a dinosaur.



This is a fun, zany story!

Ant Attack

By Anika Parthiban

“King Ant! We have an attack from the space aliens living among us. They are going to use an unusual space laser and try to invade our homes,” cried the butler in King Ant’s palace. “We must stop them from doing this,” said King Ant at once. So the king asked the butler to call the royal army and meet him in the grand hall. The butler quickly went down the royal staircase, walked down the royal carpet, reached for the royal telephone, and called the royal army in a very royal way. Then, he dashed up the royal staircase to tell King Ant about the royal call.

In a few minutes, the royal army appeared. “Yes, your royal highness, what shall we do for you?” asked the general of the royal army.

“You must find a way to protect our fine ant city and punish the space aliens for trying to destroy our city,” demanded King Ant.

“What attack?” asked the royal army, eager to hear what was going to happen.

“The attack! Didn’t you hear? I guess you didn’t. I will tell you how I heard the news. I was in my bed minding my own business when my butler said, ‘King Ant! We have an attack from the space aliens living among us. They are going to use an unusual space laser and try to invade our homes.’ I was worried,

so I asked him to call you. So he quickly went down the royal staircase, walked down the royal carpet, reached for the royal telephone, and called you in a very royal way. Then, he dashed up the royal staircase to tell me about the royal call.”

The army nodded to show they were listening. Then, the king nodded and the general started giving out commands. In five hours, they had got an idea and had finished building a wall of hay.

But, then the general thought, “The space aliens are one million times bigger than us. They will wipe out our wall of hay in one slap.” So, they tried again with a wall of sticks but still, general thought, “The space aliens are one million times bigger than us. They will wipe out our wall of sticks in one slap.”

The army tried multiple times to build a perfect wall, but each time the general thought, “The space aliens are one million times bigger than us. They will wipe out our wall in one slap.” Finally, they came up with a good idea that the general couldn't say no to. They built a wall of logs and when the attack came, the unusual machine just went around them.

Ant City was saved!



Anika has a great imagination.

Nonfiction Book Reading Contest!

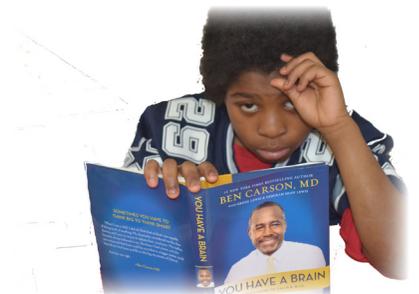
All Ages!

Deadline - Dec. 1

Book Review - 200 to 400 words

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

Read a nonfiction book and write a book review!



Nonfiction Rocks!



THE GARDEN STATE COMMUNITY KITCHEN

The Garden State Community Kitchen is a non-profit organization providing farm-to-table education for children and families in New Jersey. We recognize the obesity problem, as well as food insecurity issues, amongst children and their families. The Garden State Community Kitchen address these issues by using education to re-install some instinctual human skills back into participants. We give children the tools to grow and prepare food for themselves, to move their bodies properly, and to understand what food is and where it comes from by allowing them to plant, maintain, and harvest an organic raised bed garden at our location.

This summer, the GSCK kids prepared their own lunch, harvested veggies from their own garden, hatched a chicken from an egg and raised him...or her. GSCK kids swam at The Willows, did tons of yoga with our teacher, April Lawicki, performed science experiments, set off (pretend) rockets, learned about restaurant management, and more!

Check out pictures of past programs from the GSCK at their website!

<http://www.thegardenstatecommunitykitchen.org/>



2015 Volunteer Opportunities

For youths seeking volunteer hours, we can assist with:

Girl Scout Awards (Gold, Silver, Bronze, Service Badges)

Boy Scout Awards (Eagle, Service Badges)

National Honors Society Hours

Bar Mitzvah, Bat Mitzvah, Confirmation, & other religiously affiliated volunteer requirements

College Credit for Internships

More -- just let us know what you need!

Go to:

<http://www.thegardenstatecommunitykitchen.org/> for more information.



Parrot That's Not Green

By Christina Simpson

"The sky is blue. Parrots are green."-Everyone does know that.

But did you know that the awesome Scarlet Macaw is part of the parrot family as well?

These brilliant birds are red instead of green. With stunningly beautiful red, yellow and blue colored wings, these parrots live in the forests all over South America and in the famous Brazilian rainforest: The Amazon Rainforest. They live in groups of two or in small family groups.

They live in the high trees in the rainforests where they build their nests. Macaws lay up to two eggs per year. (Which is less when you compare that with the other birds.) Macaws live an incredibly long lifespan. (Compared to a cat or dog's lifespan, which is 10 years.) The Macaws can live up to 75 years in captivity and about 40 to 50 years in the wild.

Scarlet Macaw are almost endangered because some-

times people capture them, and sell them, which can hurt the bird. (And also because the birds are kept in terrible conditions) Scarlet Macaws are also kept as pets. They are extremely expensive and can be hard to care for sometimes.

Scarlet Macaws eat nuts, leaves, berries and seeds. Interestingly, the Scarlet Macaw can eat toxic fruits and still survive, whereas these fruits can kill most of the other animals if they eat them.

There is also a Catalina Macaw, a hybrid of a Scarlet Macaw and another Macaw called the Blue and Gold Macaw. There are so many different kinds of macaws. If you ever get to see one, lucky you!



This is great, informative essay!

Unknown People

By Sreeja Sunkara

One spring morning, I was near the garden playing with my friend Emma. All of a sudden, we heard tiny voices coming from the rose bush. We took a peek, and we could not believe our eyes! We saw tiny people the size of my finger.

"Oh my gosh! I've never seen tiny people before!" whispered Emma

"Me neither. I never want to forget this moment!" I replied softly.

"They are going away," Emma said in a soft voice.

"Let's follow them," I replied.

We tiptoed behind them. After 10 minutes, we saw a mini-castle. Around the castle was a shield. The shield was blue and was as big as a dome cake. After the mini-people went in, we both touched the shield at the same time. After a couple of seconds, we shrank! We looked up while we walked. There were a lot of mini-people and they were staring at us while we were trying to open the castle gates. All of a sudden, it struck me that Mom and Dad were worried about us.

"How will we get out?" I wondered. "Let's ask one of the villagers to help us," I declared.

The villager used a magic spell and we became normal again. He warned us not to come again, or tell anybody about their secret.

We promised not to tell anyone or come back again, and ran away from there.

Nonfiction Book Reading Contest!

All Ages!

Deadline - Dec. 1

Book Review - 200 to 400 words

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

Read a nonfiction book and write a book review!



Agent

By Zarann Shastri

-CHAPTERS-

Intro
Accepted
Attack
Mission Complete

-INTRO-

Zarann, a teenage boy, was walking around his campus. He was reading his science book. He finished reading and suddenly, a man pushed him into the library. The man said, "Come to the White House in Washington D.C. with this ID."



This is a well-written, adventure story. Way to go Zarann!



The next day, Zarann went to Washington D.C. and headed for the White House with the ID. Zarann showed the ID, so the guards let him in the White House.

-ACCEPTED-

The president told him to accept the offer to serve as a secret agent.

Zarann said, "Are there gadgets?"

The president said, "Yup!"

"I'm on!"

Zarann was sent to South Carolina for training for five weeks. Soon, he was ready and got his own spy ID. He went on a mission to stop a group of gangsters from bombing Italy. Zarann was in the airport waiting for a taxi.

Suddenly, he heard a person on the phone saying, "Tomorrow at Venice, 7 p.m. sharp, bomb it. Meet you near the Venice river."

-ATTACK-

Zarann follows the person and goes in the secret gang spot (S.G.S). The secret gang spot was near a doughnut shop in a small street. It was darker than night.

Zarann says, "HANDS UP!"

But they did not stop. Zarann used his taser gun to subdue the muscular one.

He used his taser and subdued the rest. The leader and Zarann shot their guns at the same time. When the leader shot, Zarann's crew member pushed the leader and the bullet did not hit Zarann.

-MISSION COMPLETE-

Zarann hit the gangster leader and arrested him. Then he sent him to the United States of America.

Illustrated by Jorge Martins

ERIC'S STORY

By Shriya Sharma

As soon as I walked through the front doors of the school I heard, "Hey everybody, Eric is here!" Everybody has been ignoring me since what happened yesterday.

It all started yesterday when I was reviewing my work in the library. After I calmly and quietly took out my IRLA homework, I suddenly realized I had to go to the bathroom. Then, I walked up to the librarian and asked if I could go to the bathroom. Instead of saying "yes," the librarian asked me to say the ABC's.

So I said, "A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z. There! I said it, now may I go to the bathroom?"

But the librarian still didn't let me go and said, "You missed the 'p' in the alphabet where did it go?" Then I responded, "Sir, it is now rolling down the side of my pants!" As soon as I said that I knew it was a huge mistake. Everybody's eyes were on me. It felt like the entire school saw me pee in my pants. My heart was pounding rapidly; my throat felt dry; my face turned as red as a bright tomato. Never in my entire life have I ever felt like this. My classmates' eyes peered at me then at my pants. I mumbled to the teacher "I'm going to the bathroom," then quickly left.

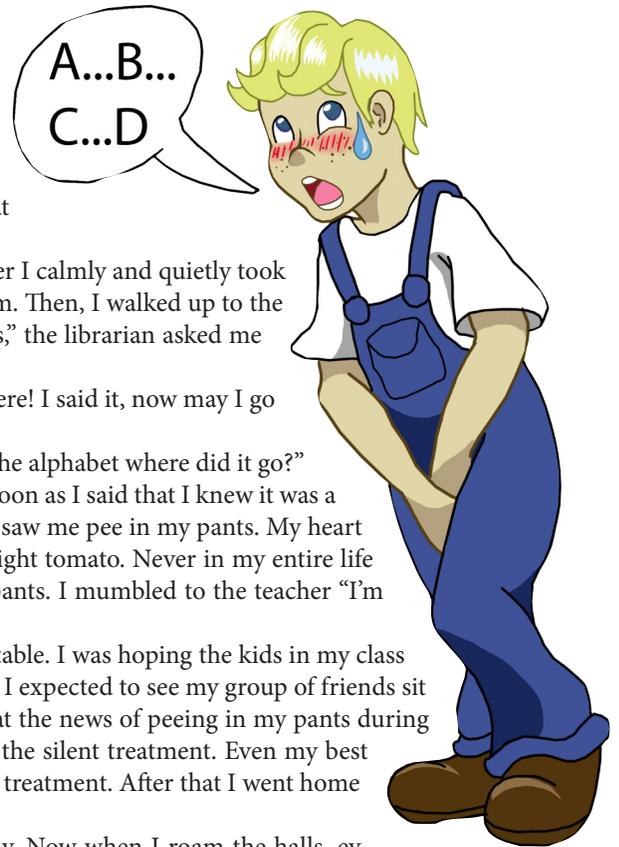
By the time I came back, it was lunch time, so I sat at my regular lunch table. I was hoping the kids in my class forgot about me peeing in my pants. When I sat down at my lunch table I expected to see my group of friends sit with me like they usually do. But, there was no one there. I realized that the news of peeing in my pants during

class had spread, because everyone was giving me the silent treatment. Even my best friends Nick and Andrew were giving me the silent treatment. After that I went home by making an excuse that my stomach hurt.

That is the story of what happened to me yesterday. Now when I roam the halls, everyone whispers about me, the guy who peed in his pants, and I am still receiving the silent treatment from my classmates. That is why you shouldn't say the ABC's before going to the bathroom.



What a clever story!



Illustrated by Terner Thompson

What Should I Get Rid Of...?

By Jayan Doshi

If I could get rid of something in the world, I would get rid of video games because kids like them too much. Many children are probably forgetting to do their chores and their homework because of videogames. Forgetting to do their homework, becoming addicted to the games, and developing bad behavior are possible effects of videogames. For children, it is so easy to get attached to a video game. They play it for an hour and then they have things to do and the children don't have time to do their homework. Then, the teacher could get mad and maybe, possibly give them a failing grade. Just getting addicted to a video games get people into a lot of trouble. Some trouble situations are that your parents could take away your video game system. Any kid could get in trouble with video games from 1st-4th grade. The 4th graders could get in serious trouble or if they keep on forgetting to do other things throughout the week. Then they will have homework on their weekends. The

second problem they could have is a lunch detention and the counselor will call their parents.

Some children in older ages develop bad behavior in middle school, too. If you get in trouble in middle school you will have serious problems. There are many terrible things that could cause a student to get a suspension. The middle school students could develop bad behavior like from a fighting game such as 'Injustice'.

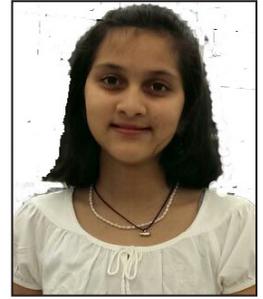
I would get rid of video games. My three reasons are that students can forget to do their homework, students can get addicted to the game, and the students may develop bad behavior from a type of game such as fighting game. Which invention would you get rid of if you had a choice?



*Serious thoughts!
Great thinking!*

Presidents and Terms

By Dhanvi Shah



Should every country's presidency have only two terms? This is a question that many people ask themselves. Everyone has different opinions on this controversy that affects people worldwide, whether they live in that country or not. Many people want the president to have a maximum of two terms, each term being four years. This is how it works in the United States. In places like Cuba, the presidency lasts as long as the president chooses. I personally believe in the two term plan. I think this is better for many reasons.

My first reason for supporting the two term plan is the ability to receive new ideas. The same president may present the same worn out ideas until he chooses to resign from his position. In a country where the president remains for as many years as he/she chooses and stays until he/she dies, the public may be in trouble. Aside from having worn out ideas, there is also the possibility of good ideas not being heard of. Many other people may have great ideas and if the president doesn't leave his/her position, they may not ever get to share those ideas with the rest of the world. Let's say that there is a candidate named Michael. He has really great ideas such as banning alcohol and having guards check ports for illegal goods. Currently, there is a president named Molly. Molly has terrible ideas, but still wants to be president because she loves this position. The public does not like Molly's ideas because they are getting old. Let's pause. Molly has now been president for the last 18 years! Michael and the rest of the public want to overthrow Molly and make Michael president, but they can not do this. Resigning is the president's choice, and she doesn't want to resign. This is the problem when presidents can decide how many years they want to be president.

Another reason that the presidency should be limited to a maximum of two terms is that a current president maybe able to give his position to a family member. A president might give the presidency to their son or daughter after they retire so that only their family will be the presidential family from now on.

I also feel that more than two presidential terms is wrong

because it gives no voice to the public. When there are just two terms, the public gets to vote who they want to be president. Let's go back to Molly and Michael. If their country was a two term country, Molly would've been defeated after the first term ended.

Michael would've gotten a full two terms because everyone liked him as president and his ideas. Two term countries are better because the population gets to choose when to vote someone that they don't like out of office and when to add a new candidate of their choice.

New presidents are also important to elect every two terms because in this way other countries, and even the world could be a better place. Although the president of America may not seem important to the people of other countries, many other presidents and political leaders meet and greet with him/her. In the United Nations two recent occupations took place. One was the UN helping Nepal after the big earthquake there. Let's take another glance at Molly's country, Mandialandia. There everyone but Molly wants to help out Nepal and provide supplies. Mandialandia has a good amount of cloth, better than any other, but Molly doesn't want to share. Michael is completely willing to give all of Mandialandia's cloth to a good cause, but he can't become president! Another occupation was Modi getting elected as PM (prime minister) in India and Barack Obama going all the way to India to encourage him. Mandy doesn't care about any ruler but herself and no one can replace her. They could if Mandialandia became a two term only country.

In my opinion, two term countries are better because the country gets new ideas and gets to throw out old ones. They can also get presidents from different families, so that the population can have a voice. Then the world will be a better place even though they are only a president of one country. I think every country should become a two term country!

This is a well supported argument! Great job.



Writing Contest

Perserverance Fiction

Write a story with a character who had to demonstrate perserverance.

Deadline - Dec. 1

200 to 300 words - All Ages - Submit story to editor@citykidzworld.com

Kidnap (or Is it Momnap?)

By Chinmayi Chittamuri

My mom and dad named me Emma. Mom slept in bed the day before the day she had to go shopping. In Mom's dream, she decided what she wanted to buy. When I woke up, I saw my mom picking out the clothes that she wanted to wear. Well, of course she couldn't sleep all day so she woke up. Mom said, "Brian, can you take her to the bathroom?" Brian is my dad. He is really grouchy, but I don't care because he is not grouchy at me.

We started downstairs when suddenly I heard my mom scream, "Start the engine to the car!" I blurted, "Okay, I will go out from the backyard!" I walked from the backyard to my driveway. I saw astronauts floating up in the sky. They regularly come from Jupiter to the store. The store is only five minutes away so I can see the store from my house. Mom came and we drove to the store. I saw astronauts in there, but I figured they wouldn't hurt us. When my mom started getting chips, the astronauts from

Jupiter came and threw the chips on the floor and then grabbed her hand and ran out of the store.

"OH! NO!" I thought for a while. Since I knew how to get home, I told my dad all about this. He said we are going to get her back. My dad knew where they went so we both ran and it was already 12:55 a.m. My dad and I knew the astronauts were sleeping. When we got to the building, we went in from an open window. We saw my mom crying.

I whispered quietly, "Mom, we are over here!"

We were all so happy. We went home and never went ever again to the shop where the astronauts came.



This is a unique mystery story!

The Bad Boy

By Krish Chopra

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Owen. In school, he would always go to the principal's office. He was in fourth grade. Every single day, he would get lunch detention because he was a bad boy, and everyone would tell on him. One day, his mom got a message. It said that Owen had been getting lunch detention every single day, and that his parents should keep him out of school for two years. The mom did, so instead of going to school, Owen played video games every single day. One day, he couldn't play video games for the whole day, so he slept for the whole day. The next day he had to go back to school, but everyone had forgotten about Owen. For the first time he didn't get lunch detention, and he didn't even go to the principal's office. He was now a nice boy every single day, and everyone lived happily ever after.



Great lesson story!

Illustrated by Terner Thompson

Story Writing Challenge:

Use the following words in a story:

Camera, Progress, Speech, Love, Storm

Good Luck!

All Ages - 200 to 400 words - Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

My Day at Sweet and Sassy

By Akshita Krishnakuma

My first day at Sweet and Sassy was amazing. My friend Adwita invited me for her birthday party. We all had fun doing a girls' day with our friends at Sweet and Sassy. First, we all went into the dressing room to put on a 'Frozen' dress. I felt like I was Elsa. Then we sat on the big chairs and picked a nail polish to put on. I picked my favorite color, teal, and thought it would look pretty for my nails. We all got a hair bun and someone did all our hair and sprayed glitter on it. Everyone got on the stage one by one and pretended to blow pixie dust. That was the exciting part and I really felt myself like a fairy, but I was a little nervous standing in front of everyone. Finally, we all went to the party room for pizza and cake. When I left Sweet and Sassy, I smelled sweet, looked sassy and classy and felt like a pampered PRINCESS. It is the only place that makes me feel special. After going home, I told my parents about all the fun I had in Sweet and Sassy. It is a wonderful place for girls!



Illustrated by Akshita Krishnakuma



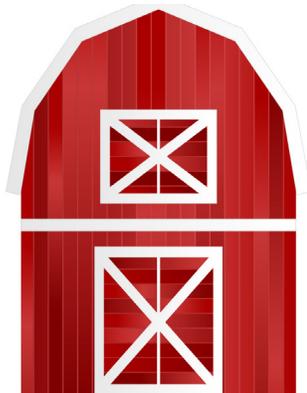
*Nice descriptive story.
Love it!*

Domesticated Animals

By Lalith Krishna Ashok

One day an animal at my farm woke up. When I came out of the house, my cow was gone. I put a tag on it last year, so I went to my house and checked my phone to see where he was going. The Animal Tracker app allows farmers to track their animals to know where they are. I realized my cow was going to Africa to see his family. His family was very worried about him. He decided to go and live on that farm to be with his family. He was very lonely at my farm.

On the journey he met a pig. The pig was pink and it looked like a gentleman. He had a hat because he had stolen it from someone. I knew this because I could hear their conversations through the app. The pig had spots on its whole body. He was really clean. If he was dirty, his favorite hat would be very dirty. He did not want any dirt because the hat was white. He loved it because it was so cool. If any stain got on it, people could see the stain easily.



The pig said that his name was Paddington. The cow said that his name was Bob. Then the pig asked Bob if he would join Bob to see his family at the African farm. They first went to go get a drink of water because they were very thirsty. Then they went to a ship and got into a trailer to stay in until they got to Africa. The ship started moving. They were moving north. When the trailer opened, the pig sat on the cow. Whoosh! Bob ran so fast to get off of the boat. They wanted no one to recognize them. They ran until the people following them got tired of trying to capture them. Then it was night so they slept in the woods. They were snoring because they had walked a lot.

Finally, it was morning and they walked again. They both were walking and chitchatting. They heard cows mooing, horses running, and pigs snoring. They were all chitchatting. Bob and Paddington were listening and they knew it was the farm. They found the farm and they went to their families. They got water and they got to eat. They were so happy that they had found their families. Their families were so happy and asked about the journey. They told their families all about the journey. It took many hours. After they were done, they had to go to sleep in the farm.



Thoughtful and entertaining story.

Planes

By Ellison Edwards Murray

Do you want to know what I like? Well, I like transportation. My favorite kind of transportation is planes. I like planes because they fly. On the runway they are really fast because they have very cool parts. Planes are cool to me because when they fly, I like to pretend

*You can learn
from this story!
Have fun.*



Illustrated by Terner Thompson

that I have the power to fly too. Having a super power like that would be really amazing. It is neat to me because if it were true, I would be flying everyday like I was free.

Planes are awesome when they are on the runway. They are incredible because they go really fast on the runway, and I like fast things. The watchtower tells the pilots what to do. I like it when the plane is on the runway because it feels like I am on a race track.

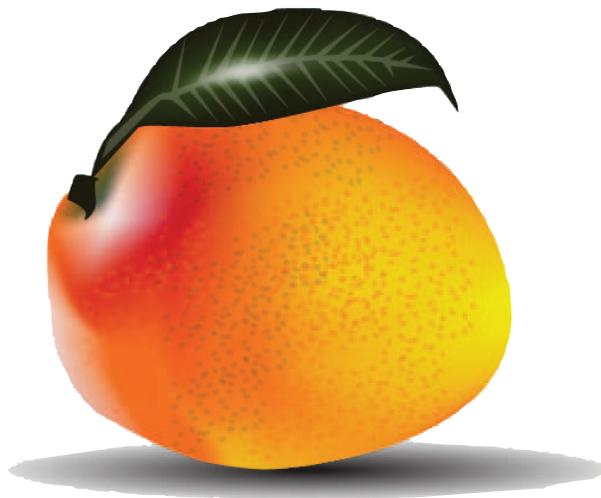
The parts of the plane are cool to me because they have cooler parts inside of the plane. For example, the engine has a fan. I like parts of the plane because they are fun to know. I like parts of the plane because they look fantastic.

Now do you know what my favorite transportation is?

Mangoes

By Karunya Chittamuri

Mangoes are a summer fruit.
They are for sure the King of fruit.
Delicious and sweet,
Give yourself a treat.
It's lots of fun to eat a ton.
Eat it in many forms and shapes:
Slices, candy, jello, ice cream, or
milkshakes.
They're so yummy, so fill up your
tummy.
They come in many colors:
Yellow, red, orange, and green.
Eat them everyday, or in a routine.
It is a bummer if you don't eat
them in summer!



Illustrated by Terner Thompson



*This story will
make you love
mangoes.*

Submit stories to editor@citykidzworld.com



ESCAPE FROM THE ORPHANAGE

By Kate Krehel

Katlin and Kathrine were just ordinary twins, except they lived at an orphanage. A mean, scary orphanage. A place where they didn't belong. They used to live in the U.S.A, but when their parents could no longer take care of them, they didn't want to put their children in the foster care system. Instead, they took a trip to Germany and placed them in an orphanage there. Luckily, Kathrine had already learned German and could speak it fluently. Katlin wasn't so lucky, so Kathrine always translated what the teacher said to her.

The twins were trying to figure out how to escape from the orphanage. At first, they thought they could escape through the window, but their roommates reminded them that the guards would catch them. Then, one day, Katlin had an idea.

That night, Katlin spoke to her sister. "We'll make those nasty teachers pay the price for being so malevolent toward us," said Katlin.

"I can't fathom how we'd do that," Kathrine said stubbornly.

So Katlin described her plan.

The next night at 11:00, Katlin and Kathrine began their preparations. First, they quietly took out three wooden planks from the floor. They looked down through the hole and saw Miss Guichen having a meeting with all the teachers. They could see Miss Guichen's periwinkle dress and bonnet, her dark brown curls and stubborn face. She was talking in the main dining room the room while the twins were spying. Dangling on



This is an imaginative story! Awesome.

the middle plank, they had removed was a chandelier. Its diamonds twinkled in the light and was as big as a woolly mammoth.

While Katherine held her her feet, Katlin dropped out of the hole and unscrewed the chandelier. It fell with a deafening crash, while Miss Guichen and the other teachers screamed. Orphans came rushing down by the hundreds to see what was going on and the guards must have heard the racket because they came into the dining

room with a disconcerting look on their faces. Katlin and Kathrine then took out about 10 more planks and pushed a bed with all their might to the hole. Finally, the bed fell! Then, with the hammer they took from their building lessons, they hit their door until it was in pieces lying on the ground. Even that they threw through the hole.

Exiting through what used to be their door, the twins raced downstairs hand in hand and fought through the crowd. Finally, they ran through the open door and screamed with joy. They finally saw the firmament packed with stars, the trees, everything you would see outside after five dreadful years kept away from the world. They ran along on the endless valley dancing with joy at their success.

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Fall - Spring - Summer

Hurricane Sandy

By Samhith Manoj

There was a hurricane that happened two years ago when I was in 1st grade. Its name was Hurricane Sandy. It all started like this...

First it started when my brother and I were playing on our Xbox 360. We were playing a car game for 20 minutes when the lights went out.

"Hey!" my brother and I shouted.

"Oh, the hurricane just started," exclaimed my dad.

My mom had gone to India so my dad was taking care of us. Luckily we had flashlights. We turned them on and settled down.

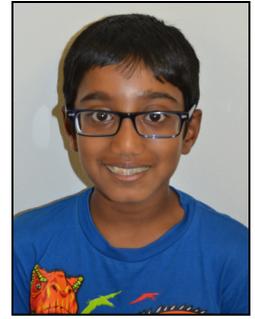
Secondly, we ate dinner. My dinner was really good! But at that same moment, a tree fell down on the fence!

"Come see this!" yelled my dad from his office room. We ran to the room. He opened the window and showed us the tree. Now that was a big problem.

Finally, we went outside. We were relieved that it was over, but the hurricane was going to another city.

"I can fix the fence by myself, but first we have to get the tree pulled out," exclaimed my dad. There were some damages across the township, some big, and some small, like a tree falling down on the side of a house and fallen trees blocking a shortcut to home.

Now that you know how bad hurricanes can be, you should always keep safe and be prepared for damages.



This is a great story about a massive weather event in New Jersey.

The Walking Jeans

By Nupur Malhotra

On the first day, I - wait, wait, wait. That's way too long. We haven't been properly introduced. I'm J-E-E-N-S, jeans. That's at least how I think it's spelled. And your name is...is...Why won't you tell me your name? That is unacceptable! You won't tell me your name? Then, I won't tell you mine! Wait... I already told you my name. Well...well... I don't care! You should go to jaaail!

Hello, again. So, did you like our trip to the courtroom? Okay, I get it. You won. Oh also, in case you haven't noticed, I'm a pair of jeans. Yay, I'm happy again. Also, in case you have been wondering, I ran away from my old house. Now I live... um...well...nowhere. I ran away because I do not like being kept in a dark closet and do not like being worn all the time. I'm just saying, this story will make you laugh. It might already have. Anyway, let's get back to what I really want to tell you.

It was yesterday, the day I left my house. It wasn't an

ordinary day. It was the most confusing but painful day. It all started when I was standing on the street. I didn't really know anything so I just ...wait. What was that?

"Jeeaanns! Walking Jeans!" The crowds were yelling and shouting and screaming when they saw me! "Ahhhhhhh!" I started to run like crazy on the road. The crowds went berserk. I went berserk!

"Honk! Honk! Honk! Honk!" Huh? "Crrraaasshh!" Clothes went flying

out of a BMW. I was soon wearing a red cap, a striped blue shirt, and green flip flops. I didn't really get hurt. Later, the ambulance came and took me. They never ever realized I was a pair of jeans. That was a really confusing, but painful day.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .



This is a wonderfully creative story.

Writing Contest

Bring an inanimate object to life in a story!

200 to 300 words - All Ages - Deadline: Dec. 1

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The Dinosoid

By Abhishek Nadimpalli

One sunny day, 9-year-old Josh and 11-year-old Joe were playing basketball outside when they heard a weird, loud noise coming from Josh's backyard. They quietly went to investigate the weird noise and when they reached Josh's backyard, they could not believe what they saw. It was a human and a dinosaur combined. They saw a Dinosoid.

It was tearing down trees and eating people's plants. The Dinosoid was messing up the neighborhood. It burned down a villager's fence. Then, both Josh and Joe were thinking the same thing. They went to ask a villager named Mary, who knew a lot about science, to figure out the Dinosoid's weakness. All she saw was the Dinosoid destroying the village, but then she saw the Dinosoid burn down a tree. Then she told Josh and Joe, "I think that I know what the Dinosoid's weakness is."

She told everyone in the village that maybe if you pour cold water in the Dinosoid's mouth, it might kill him. The people in the village listened to Mary and got a cold bucket of water and waited until the Dinosoid opened its mouth to burn a tree down. The plan was to pour cold water into the Dinosoid's mouth.

Josh went to the Dinosoid so it would get distracted. Just when it was about to breath fire at Josh, Joe came and poured cold water in its mouth. Everyone worked on fixing the plants. Then, when the village was clean, everyone was happy and they never saw another Dinosoid again.



This is a great, made-up creature.

Pets Need Rights!

By Shrihith Manoj

Pets have rights, too. Some people have dogs. Some people have cats. They are our kin and there should be laws to protect our pets.

A potential law should include all pets needing to be supervised. If they aren't taken care of they can be stolen. They could also run away and get hurt. Another scary option is that if someone sees them wandering, they could be taken to the pet shelter. It is important to keep an eye on our pets.

Another law should include that the pets have to be fed. If they don't have food they will starve and if they starve they can also die. The pet might even run off looking for food. Not being fed properly can also cause them to get very sick. Food is important for all pets.

Laws are necessary for pets. They need to be supervised to stay safe. They need food to stay alive. Pets are important!



Thanks for standing up for Pets! Great essay!

My First Museum

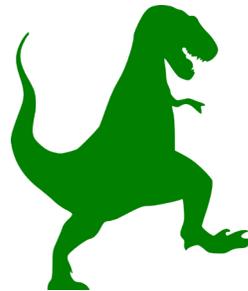
By Karan KarriI



On Independence Day, we went to the animal museum in Philadelphia. I got to learn about animal history. My favorite animal is T-Rex.



Great description! Karan has tons of potential as a writer.



Submit Stories to editor@citykidzworld.com!
Winter issue deadline: Dec. 1!

Atlantis Hotel and Waterpark

By Yash Singh

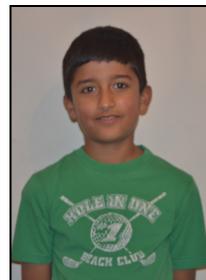
There was once a kid who always had a smile on her face. Her name was Kim. She was taking a spectacular vacation to Dubai for two days. Dubai is a land that you can't imagine. Kim was staying at one of the best hotels named Atlantis. Atlantis is the best waterpark in the world.

"Kim! Lets go to Dubai. Get in the car."

Kim was smiling cheerfully. She ran to the car. Finally, her dad turned on the engine and the car drifted away from the neighborhood. After an hour of driving, they reached the airport. Kim was so excited that she thought she was going to burst like someone was breaking a pinata. When Kim and her parents went into the airport, they got their bags checked in and went through security. After that, Kim and her parents boarded the flight. The flight took off. Kim said, "Dubai, here I come."

Finally, the flight landed in Dubai. "It was so pretty," Kim said. Kim and her parents left the airport. They caught a taxi and it drove them to Atlantis. When Kim got out of the taxi, she couldn't imagine this place. It was so awesome. When they arrived at the hotel, they got the key to their room. It had fish. This was an underwater room. Kim was so amazed. Right now Kim and her parents were going to the waterpark. Kim put her swimsuit on and so did her parents. Kim and her parents walked over to the waterpark. It was amazing.

Kim ran to a waterslide. Her parents followed her. She went down a slide and plaaaaaah! She laughed.



Now I want to go to Atlantis Hotel too.

She went to another slide. When she went down this one, it was dark. When she came out, she landed in a pool. Now she was going on the best ride. Her parents went in the same tube. They went in circles and then launched into the sky and landed in the pool. After that, Kim was tired so they went back to the underwater suite. They went to bed. Tomorrow Kim was going to Ferrari world.

The next day, Kim was smiling. They hired a taxi and went to Ferrari World. When they arrived, they got in line for Formula, the fastest rollercoaster in the world. The line had a two hour wait. Kim could not wait that long. She really was impatient to get on the ride. She wished her parents had bought the pass so that they could skip the line and not have to wait for two hours. Finally, Kim boarded the fastest rollercoaster in the world. When they got on the ride, it started going super fast. It was faster than a Nascar race. Kim was screaming and having fun. Her mouth was opening wide. When the ride ended, she got some ice cream and licked it. Now was the end of Kim's vacation. She was disappointed, but she still got to go on the fastest rollercoaster, and to the best waterpark. She also got to stay in the underwater suite. She smiled as she always did.

That was Kim's vacation.

A Place Where I have Been

By Anika Ponni

A marvelous place that I have been to is Luray Caverns. Not many people may have heard of its awe-inspiring features, but don't worry, I'll tell you all about it. Luray Caverns isn't an amusement park like Six Flags, or a water park like Hurricane Harbor - it's even better. Luray Caverns is a natural series of stalactite and stalagmite formations, and for those of you who are wondering what that means, here's an easier explanation: Luray Caverns was created over hundreds and thousands of years through the action of underground water flow. Large portions of the limestone beneath the ground began to disintegrate and dissolve creating these beautiful formations. Luray Caverns is located in USA, Virginia. Every 120 years, Luray Caverns grows by one cubic inch. Two days of my wonderful spring vacation were enjoyed at those caverns. My family and I arrived on a beautiful, sunny Saturday afternoon. As soon as we arrived, we got busy carefully navigating through

the slippery mazes of limestone. When I first got to Luray Caverns, I was a little bit disappointed that we weren't going to an amusement park, but the moment I walked in through that door, my heart skipped a beat. Everything there was so stunning! After a tiring journey through the beautiful, yet delicate, stone we made a pit stop at the gift shop, which made our visit to Luray Caverns even more memorable because now we had something to remember the visit by. I got a lovely looking wooden magnet, which now sits on my fridge, and my twin brother got a piece of limestone. After buying our little souvenirs, we went out to eat for dinner since we were all starving - ESPECIALLY ME! The best part about Luray Caverns is that you get some learning done all while having fun!



This is an informative essay! Great.

Submit stories to editor@citykidzworld.com

The World Would Be Better

By Ram Rallapalli

The world would be better if teleporters were invented. Old people wouldn't have to go through all the pain to get up and walk all the way to their cars, no accidents would happen with cars and bikes, and no one would have to be late for work, school or anything.

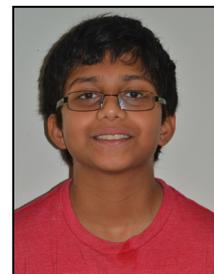
Instead of having to go through all the pain to get into a car, old people could just walk up to the teleporter and stand on it. If they're living with their children, they could tell their children to bring the teleporter, so the old people could stand on it.

If everyone used a teleporter, no accidents would happen with bikes and cars. No one would go to the hospital or pay car insurance using Geico. They could just warp to another place safely by using teleporters. No harm would be done to them. Teleporters

would be the safest way to travel to another place. No one would ever need to pay money because of going to a hospital.

No one would be late for work, school or anything. Teleporters would just teleport people right away, and they would get to work or school. No one would miss the bus or get tardy slips. People could use the teleporter to teleport to school or work.

The world would be better if we had teleporters. Old people wouldn't get hurt trying to get into a car, no accidents would happen, and no one would be late for work. Teleporters would really make life much better.



This essay provides great information.

Her Side of the Story

By Christabel Bhsakar

"My life was perfect. Then everything have to change?... A couple of months earlier, my father had to leave. After he left, my mom was never the same again. She turned to negative behavior. To make things worse, she was never at home. Then, she had a tragic accident and was no more. The next morning after hearing the news, I realized that I was an orphan. There was nothing to do, so I left. Soon the authorities tracked me down. Now I was left with three options: 1) Go to an orphanage 2) Live with my cousins or 3) Go to a boarding school under the supervision of the authorities. "Wow, all these options were terrible," I thought, but reluctantly under the pressure, I decided to live with my aunt.

On the following Monday, I left my home in New York and flew to California. As I rang the bell, a gush of warm breeze blew past my face, causing my brown hair to go wild. This was new because back in New York City it was snowing. I snapped back to reality when the door burst open, nearly hitting my face. I hesitated, but I slowly stepped inside, as my aunt eyed me slyly with an evil grin. She gripped my shirt harshly, yanking me into the kitchen; I bet she wanted me to choke....

"Listen, Ally, you have two choices. Be my housemaid or you can go to an orphanage!" I bit my lip. I hesitated; this was a big decision that could change my life forever.

"Um..." I trailed off. Tears began filling my eyes. Honestly, I had no clue what to do. This was an extremely tough decision.

"Well, are you going to answer me or not?" my aunt snapped harshly. As I looked up fear and terror filled my eyes.

"I, I'll go... to the orphanage," I choked out. I caught a glimpse of her before she tossed me out the door.

I dragged myself down the dirty, cold, dark and now wet streets. I lost count of the number of blocks I went past, but I just followed the fancy sign to the orphanage. With one final shiver, I quickly stepped inside the orphanage. I was welcomed by a lady (with too much make-up). Within seconds I hated her, and

already I felt so desperate to get adopted. The following day, I woke to someone shaking me harshly. The first thing I saw was the lady from yesterday. She scolded me, while dressing me in rags, but she preferred the term dress. I pathetically glanced down at myself in disgust. In an instant, I felt like Cinderella.

I emerged out of the bedroom area and walked toward the front of the orphanage to the old worn out red waiting couch. After a couple of minutes, a young lady no older than twenty walked into the orphanage. Apparently, she was a single mom who always wanted children and also needed some help at home for work. She lived only a couple of miles away from the orphanage. The young lady glanced around the room, and then she politely asked the old lady at the front desk if she was allowed to look around. As she began to approach me, I began to feel really nervous because I wanted to leave that horrible place at once and felt like this young lady was my only chance. When she saw me, I was greeted with a warm smile, and from that very moment I looked into her eyes, I realized that I was staring right at my new mom.

I was amazed when I saw her house. She also let me call her by her name "Bella." She was a fashion designer. Her boutique was totally amazing. She also ran an animal shelter. I helped out with the animals at the animal shelter because I do not know how to sew. I had never felt so happy in the history of my life, and I had never felt so loved before. It was a dream come true. This was the life I had always wanted! (And yes, I am acting super dramatic, but I can't help it!)

"So..." I concluded to my class. "I don't know what anyone else thinks, and I also don't care about what others have to say about me, but it doesn't bother me because this isn't their life-it's mine! So anyways, in conclusion, that's my presentation about my side of the story."



What a compelling drama!

A Night With Annabelle

By Nil Abouhillal

“Be good honey!” said Mrs. Potter to her 12-year-old daughter, Emma. Mr. and Mrs. Potter were going to a wedding. Mrs. Potter was a kind-hearted woman with brown hair and brown eyes. She had a tan complexion and freckles. Although children Emma’s age were not allowed, Emma was being left alone at home because her parents thought she was old enough and trusted her. “Now, remember Emma, if you hear a knock on the door don’t answer it. If you get a phone call--”

“I know, I know, don’t answer,” Emma interrupted as her mother spoke.

“Call us if you need us. Keep your phone next to you in case of an emergency, okay? Bye honey. I love you.”

“Bye!” Emma replied. She was already thinking of all the fun she’d have by the time they were gone. They had left in an instant. This was a mistake the Potters would always regret.

“Okay! What should I do first?” Emma thought to herself. Emma had dark brown hair and peach skin. She was wearing her new watch her parents gifted her for her birthday, her third grade field-day shirt, and some jean shorts. “OMG! I forgot to call Leslie about meeting up with her at the mall next week. I’ll give her a call now.”

Beep-beep, Emma dialed her friend’s number. She was so excited to talk about what they’d do at the mall.

“Hello? Is this Emma?” asked Leslie. Leslie was taught to be really safe and careful before speaking to an unknown number.

“Yes! So I was thinking about what we are going to do at the mall. So we might get a hamburger and a Sprite...”

The signal cut off. A voice was coming from somewhere other than the phone Emma was holding.

“Hello?!” said a doll mockingly. The doll approached Emma closer every second.

“Ahhhhhhhhh!!!”, screamed Emma, kicking her legs desperately, dropping her phone. She watched the creature as it cracked to a million pieces. “Who are you? How are you walking!?”

“Wait, what? Are you ANNABELLE!??” Emma questioned with terror. She was afraid of the answer she was going to get. She immediately regretted asking.

The doll smiled menacingly. “Yes! Yes, I am Annabelle and I am here to make you suffer to your death!” Annabelle had short red-orange hair, black eyes that seemed limitless, peach skin, and a carrot-looking nose. She wore an old-fashioned dress, which had an apron on it.

“Please! No! Just please, don’t hurt me. I am sorry for not believing in your existence, b-but I do now! Please-- just stop.” Emma’s world suddenly went black-- as black as Annabelle’s eyes.

The end is just the beginning...Look out for the next story... The Return of Annabelle.

The Dark Shadowy Figure

By Tejaswini Ashok

All my life, I had never believed in ghosts. I always believed that ghosts were just made up by humans. Same thing with demons. I didn’t believe in evil and I thought everything was good in the world.

Until one night...

I was 11 years old when this happened. One night, when I had gone to bed, I was almost asleep when I heard a sudden screeching noise that woke me up. I was thinking about whether or not to look out my open bedroom door when I turned around and saw something.

It was a dark figure outlined by the bathroom light that had remained on. I was so freaked out, but things got even more scary.

The black ghost stared at me with glowing, red eyes!

For a second, I was too scared to do anything and then I quickly rubbed my eyes and looked to see if I was imagining the dark figure with the demon eyes, but it was still there.

I didn’t know what to do. I was so scared!

Thinking that maybe it was my mother, I called out, "Mom!"

The shadow didn't react.

"Mom! Mom! Help!" I shouted, each call getting louder.

By the fifth time I called out to her, its red eyes didn't move from me and I was getting frantic. Screaming, I called out to my mom and hid beneath my covers.

Later, I found out that my mom was in the living room fast asleep on the couch and had woken up because of my shouting. She then ran into my room.

When I looked at her and took my eyes off the shadow, the black creature had gone and I didn't see it ever again.

After that, I was always afraid of what might have been watching me or threatening to harm me at any given moment.

But I just know. What I had seen was a shadow with blood red eyes...a demon.



Tejaswini has developed a wonderful writing style.

The Robot

By Srinidhi Dola

On a beautiful Monday morning, I was trying to get a robot named Tom to work. After the last drip of paint fell on the metal, I remembered that my teacher said that Tom could go into space. I wanted to test out if she was correct.

“Tom, take me into space,” I said.

“Yes,” he answered.

He put me into a space suit and then transformed into a spaceship. I walked into him and we took off, breaking our roof. A few minutes later, it started to rain like cats and dogs. It was the first time I had been in a spaceship. My tummy started to rumble, so I started to search every corner for something to eat. In a far corner, I found a small vending machine.

“Can I have a pizza slice, please?”

“RING!” Down came a fresh-baked pizza slice.

Tom was going slowly and smoothly. Then came a loud noise.

“WOOSH, WOOSH,” It was a meteor shower!

“Tom, go back home!” I screamed. Tom made a sudden turn back home. We came in through the hole we made in the beginning.

“Srinidhi, Srinidhi, Srinidhi,” said Mrs. King. I found myself in the classroom. I

pulled out my notebook and laughed at myself. After school was over, I rode the bus home. I had to tell my mom, dad, and brother about my crazy dream.



Great story plot. Keep writing!

Adventure

By Armaan Kazi

By the time the train stopped to pick us up, we had only two hours until Hens would start the attack. My name is Crisp E. Bacon and my friend's name is Munch E. Chips. We had found out that a guy named Hens R. Hatching was going to launch an attack on all the people of New York City using a robot that would freeze people. When he becomes king, he will make the people follow his rules. Anyone who refuses will have to eat beans for the rest of their life.

I shook my head, pushing the image aside - No time to think about his plan.

“I still can't believe the police didn't believe us!” Munch protested.

“That doesn't matter now,” I told Munch. “We need to focus on bringing down Hens. His drones won't activate until the attack begins, meaning he won't have anyone to protect him. So, we should sneak up on him, capture him, and disable the drones.”

We agreed it was a good plan. We asked a train attendant to wake us up when we got to New York City. Surprisingly, he kept his promise and woke us up. We thanked him and ran off to find a taxi.

“Take us to the Brooklyn Bridge,” Munch told the driver.

Once we got there, we paid the him and jumped into the water. Then, we saw it. A gigantic, robotic, red fish. We swam over to it and opened the door that prevented water from flooding into the fish robot.

“Now, let's find the control station,” I whispered.

“Don't need to look far,” Munch whispered and pointed at a door that said

‘Control Station’ We opened the door, silently, and saw Hens pressing several different buttons. We crawled over to a control panel to hide.

“All right, I'll capture Hens and you disable the drones,” I whispered. Munch gave me the ‘yes’ nod. I counted with my fingers, 3...2...1...Go! (Go was a fist). We jumped over the panel, followed by me jumping on Hens and Munch going to the control buttons.

“Got it!” shouted Munch. He disabled the drones and Hens cried. When everyone heard what we had done, they thanked us. We even got the citizen's Medal of Valor. We slept knowing we did the right thing. And as for Hens, let's just say the prisoners of the county jail are going to give him special treatment.



This is a clever, humorous story.

Submit Stories to editor@citykidzworld.com!

Winter issue deadline: Dec. 1!



My Town - Plainsboro

By Ved Desai

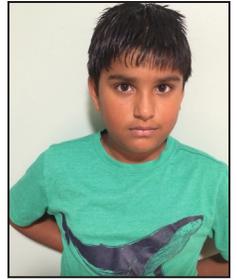
The town that I live in is called Plainsboro. It falls in Middlesex County, which is in central New Jersey. I love my town and it is the best town in New Jersey.

It has acres and acres of farmland. There are many fantastic places to visit in my town such as the new Plainsboro Library, the Red Berry Frozen Yogurt place, the municipal center, the Plainsboro Preserve, Sunshine Bakery, the Plainsboro Princeton Hospital, the Plainsboro Recreation Center, Plainsboro Park, Stilts Farm and much more.

The best part of Plainsboro, in my opinion, is the new library. My town's library offers many activities. Some of which include story time, star lab, Chinese-knot tying and a spelling bee. During the summer, my town's library also offers summer programs like basketball, gardening, bead making and lot more.

I also participate in many activities from the recreation center. I like to fish, play tennis, cook and practice archery. What I like the best about Plainsboro is the Founder's Day celebration held each year near the municipal center. My town also organizes a Halloween parade, which I like, but not as much as the Founder's Day celebration.

I love biking and my town has many trails to choose from. During summer, I enjoy riding on my new bike and watch-



Now I love your town too!

ing the deer jump and the fireflies shining their lights. Even when we bike at night we feel safe. After doing my biking trail, my friends sometimes join me at the Plainsboro Village Center fountain.

From there, we'll go across the street and get free fortune cookies from the East Asian Chinese restaurant. My town is very beautiful. It has many trees and flowers along with lots of houses and apartments.

Plainsboro has a long history. The Unami Native Americans were the first people to inhabit my town and Plainsboro didn't exist as a municipal government until May 6, 1919. After that date, all land south of Plainsboro Road and Day Road were part of South Brunswick. All land north of Day Road and Plainsboro Road was part of Cranbury Township. In 1897, the Walker-Gordon Laboratory Company selected my town as a site for its innovatively certified dairy farm.

In the mid-twentieth century, Plainsboro had more cows than actual people. Today, it is a community of more than 20 thousand residents. I love my town.

Fun

By Amita Radakichenane

It was a beautiful morning. My friends and I were tired of wasting our time doing nothing. We all were bored, and everyday we did the same thing. Get some beach chairs, and sit out in the warm hot sun with homemade pina colodas. Wouldn't you feel a little bored doing the same thing every single day? We thought and thought and we finally decided on playing hide and seek. My friend Kacey and I partnered up. We ran down the driveway to our street and away from the community. The seekers are never going to know where we are hiding.

We entered the city, New York City. We weren't far from our community. The streets were busy and tons of people gathered around the costumed people and the musicians. There were many wonders and amazing things these people did. There were even different types of artists, caricatures, spray paints, and so much more: so many people and so many careers, right in front of our eyes. Before we knew it, we opened a door to what looked like a factory. But instead, when

we opened it we saw a green tree. I know it doesn't sound to surprising, but it truly is. The whole tree was green. It was the shade of green that looks like someone threw up a salad. We screamed! Could this get any worse? The tree opened its big, wide eyes and stared at us. It was the sudden stare that your teacher gives you when you forget to do your homework. We screamed again!

We ran as fast as we could, taking up no breath. We went as fast as the wind. We ran back to the community, and then to our street, and up the driveway. We took a deep breath. "Three...Two...One... ready or not here I come!" We sat on the beach chairs and took a long sip of our sparkling water. We really didn't care if they found us. The only thing we wanted to erase from our brains was that frightening green tree.



This story is fun!



Submit Stories to editor@citykidzworld.com!

Winter issue deadline: Dec.1!

CONTEST: The world would be better if...

By Abhiram Kandru

The world has many problems, even if it seems like all the problems have been solved already. Every day we pass by the tiniest details that make us or break us. Today, I'm going to be talking about the problems we never notice, ranging from pistachio shells and bad erasers to the movie theater armrests. From seeing these top three problems in the world, hopefully you'll get an idea of the current situation.

Pistachio shells...the top problem on my pet peeve list. These nuts are quite a big problem. When companies cut slits in these tasty treats, they say that it makes it easy and convenient to crack open, but that's only what they're claiming. It is, unfortunately, very common to find poorly cut pistachio shells, and even if you tried prying them open with your sharp nails, you'll probably only end up with numb nails and a pistachio with just a dent. If only the world had a pistachio opener. Imagine how many people around the world wouldn't have to have numb nails and unopened shells. That would definitely be a step in the right direction to solve this problem.

Have you ever had that one pencil with a bad eraser that made smudges on your paper? Now imagine if you used that same pencil on a big test, and you ruined your chance at a good grade. This truly is a big problem that we need to solve right away. Sure, we do have Wite Out ink that covers mistakes, but we still can't write over the Wite Out with pencil. What the world really needs is some sort of solution to take away smudges or an eraser that lasts longer than the average one. Pencils are part of our daily lives, which adds to the importance of

solving this problem. Without pencils, you can only imagine how life would be. Lastly, one of the simplest problems has to do with the armrests at a movie theater. Many theaters only provide three armrests for two chairs. People have to go to extreme measures sometimes to determine who gets the armrest in the middle. This is perhaps a simple problem, which has the simplest solution—four armrests. Theaters are now starting to add additional armrests to their seats for an even more amazing experience at the movie theaters. However, this solution has some flaws. When theaters add a fourth armrest, they make it so the two armrests in the middle are attached to each other. When you're sitting next to a stranger at the theater, both of your arms will be connected to a different person's arms during the entire movie, starting a chain of germs passing through arms. If only there were gaps between all the armrests...That would really make a difference.

As you can see, there are many problems in the world that can be very small and simple, yet these small problems can lead to bigger problems, like germs spreading because of the armrests in movie theaters. People should solve these problems before anyone else is affected in a negative way because overall, the world would be better if there were no problems like these.



These are great solutions!

Someone in Need

By Jiya Joshi

In a land where dreams come true, lived a little girl named Tina. Tina was beautiful and kind. She fought for what she thought was right. Tina had a best friend named Tabitha. Tina and Tabitha did everything together. People called Tina: Tina and Tabitha: Tab.

One day in school Tina asked another girl if she would go on a hike with her. Tabitha was furious. Tina asked her to go on hikes, not some other stranger who newly came to their school. Tabitha didn't want to be rude, but she didn't want to be Tina's second best friend after all she had never been second in anything. Tabitha couldn't sleep the whole night. She was worried if Tina was ditching her for the other girl. The next day when Tina went hiking with the other girl Tabitha spied on them. Tina showed the other girl Tina and Tabitha's secret hideout. Tina kept on giggling. They both kept on whispering and laughing. Tabitha thought they both were surely best friends by now. When Tina started to talk about going home. The other girl

offered ice cream. Tina loved ice cream she would do anything for ice cream. So their plan got longer. They both were so happy together. Tina heard sounds of crying. The sounds came from behind a bush. It sounded like Tabitha was crying. Tina ran behind the bush and found her best friend crying.

"Why are you crying?" Tina asked?

"Why do you care?"

"Excuse me, you do know we both are best friends right?" Tina asked in a puzzled way.

"Apparently, no friend. You have found a better best friend than me, so go hang out with her instead of me," Tabitha said.

"I don't get what you are talking about Tabitha."

"How would you? You're too busy with your best friend."

To be continued in the next magazine!



You can learn an important lesson from this story.

I Want a Pet!

By Akshaya Padmanabhan

In spite of many pleas
I will not do any good deeds
And I won't stop bad habits
Unless you buy me a couple of rabbits.

If you buy me a dog
I will never, ever hog
The food supplies in the pantry.
I'll take good care of him-- you just see!

If you buy me a fish,
I'll never, ever, ever relish
Fish in the same way
And I won't put him in the sun's rays.

But what I really want is a dog.
I won't lose him in the fog.
I really, really want a pet
and I'll beg until you relent!



Illustrated by Jorge Martins

Two Dogs, One Love

By Eliza Syed

It was 3 p.m. and almost time to leave school, but as I handed in my homework something told me today was going to be the best day ever! While I went on with my intuition, I told Liz that she will do great on her math test. Our parents told us if we both pass our math tests we can get our own puppy. I got so happy when we got our grades back...but not all of it was good.

Lizzie failed her math test, while I got a big fat A+ on mine. Today was still a good day and Mom and Dad had already ordered the pup so naturally we were screaming our heads off. All changed into a yelp when the mail came. More woofs and noises were coming from the front door.

As I opened the door, I saw a puppy in a basket shaped like a heart, wrapped up in a blanket. As I knelt down to hug the black lab gift, I saw a tag that said, "Hi, my name is Magic and I am your puppy. P.S. I am afraid of cats that are bigger than me." I ran inside with the puppy, but what I didn't know was that the mailman tried to chase me and get that puppy back be-

cause Magic was not our puppy. It seemed like the mailman put Magic down to give us our mail. When I saw Magic, I brought him inside, while the mailman was putting our mail in the mail box. Mom and Dad were really surprised that we got two puppies, but me and Lizzie each had our own now.

The next morning, the owner of Magic called up and said that Magic was their dog. I cried as we got into the car, but when I looked at Magic, I realized he was very happy. When I looked at our dog, Sofa, I realized he was sad. When he looked at me, however, he jumped onto my lap and gave all the little puppy kisses he could. When we opened the door to bring Magic out, he just jumped out and ran to the other owner's hands. But Sofa, he stared at me in awe. He was ready for a great adventure.



Eliza's Avatar



Submit Stories to editor@citykidzworld.com!
Winter issue deadline: Dec.1!



Poetry

By Hitesh Ale

Verse one : time

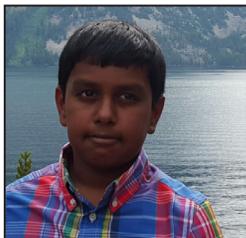
In a thousand years we shall fly beyond the world
Far ahead in time,
We shall see what we could see in a thousand years beyond in time,
What we see or what we shall see beyond in time,
Shall begin at the beginning of time,
Where we are, where we move, is up to time,
Time after time, after time,
We shall see what we shouldn't see,
Beyond time, beyond space
Beyond what we call life
Time has shown that bad and good things happen
Time decides how the waves of life crash and rise
It's only time that decides all,
All forever
All beyond
All here
All there
Time is life and life has time...

Verse two : space

Space is beyond
Space is large but small
Space has manipulated humans for centuries
With no pull or push
Space grows
Time fuels space
Space fuels time
They are like brothers
Space just uses its brother to fuel him
To burn and wanting more
Time shall end when space shall end
In the end no one will stay
Time gave its vengeance,
It allowed space to start over
But it never,
Starting over and over again
Because of this, time and space are fused
as one...

Bonus: earth's demise

The exotic earth and the beautiful landscape show why our earth is
our treasure
Our treasure will soon see its demise in its remaining 9 billion years
Once it is gone
All of us are gone
Earth has vanished through destruction and creation
The human race has been blown through galaxies upon galaxies
But time will find a way to destroy and recreate
Beyond human limits
Beyond space and time
Beyond life and death
Beyond God
Time, space and beyond always breaks the laws of time and the laws
of space
God can not control life
Religion can't control our demise
Only us and us only could control our demise.



*Serious and in-
telligent poetry!
Keep at it.*

SANJAYA

By Showrya Bandi

Sanjaya is the best person in the world because he helps me when I need it. When I am alone, he plays with me. Sanjaya never gets mad. He always smiles and says at least you tried. For example, I was running to the kickball field as fast as lightning and then I fell down and Sanjaya helped me up. The second reason is when I got injured on the field, Sanjaya took care of me by holding my hand and putting me carefully on the grass. My last reason is when I did not know how to buy myself some lunch, Sanjaya showed me how to do it.

Sanjaya is the best person in the world because when I am lonely he plays with me. For example, when I can't play with other people because they don't want me to, Sanjaya fires himself up and plays with me. Another reason I have is when I am walking all alone he rushes to me and says, "Can you play with me? You can choose whatever game you want." My last reason is Sanjaya plays only if I play too. Sanjaya is the best person in the world because he never gets angry at me. He always smiles at me and says at least you tried. For example, when I was trying to fix Sanjaya's Rubix cube, except I accidentally broke it even more, all Sanjaya said was, "At least you tried." Lastly, when Sanjaya and I were on a team together at the kickball field, I kicked it to him. He was running so fast. Sadly the person on the other team got Sanjaya out, but Sanjaya reminded me that at least I tried.

Vocabulary Maven Challenge

Are you great with words?

Use the following words in an action-packed, descriptive paragraph and send it in!

- 1. diligent**
- 2. obsequitous**
- 3. vociferous**
- 4. novice**
- 5. inhibit**



Ages - 11 - 17

Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

The Scary Party

By Tooni Olaleye



This is a great birthday story!

This was one of the scariest things that Melissa had ever seen. The plane was picking up a lot of speed and they were probably about a thousand miles into the sky! Her friends were on the plane with her. They knew that she had a fear of heights, so they took her to overcome her fear.

“Guys! I do NOT want to die a day before my birthday!”

“Which is exactly why we took you skydiving,” said Madison, “So that you could stop yapping on and on about your fear of heights.”

“Yeah! Stop all of this chit chat and just jump already before I push you out of this plane!” Morgan said impatiently. Melissa just kept on talking. So, after a minute Morgan started to inch closer to her. Madison saw what she was doing and did the same thing. They were trying to back her out of the airplane.

After about seven seconds of free falling, Madison pulled the parachute. Morgan and Madison had a double parachute. Once they fell below Melissa, they pulled out their parachute. Melissa

looked down, and she saw in big bright blue letters the words: HAPPY BIRTHDAY MELISSA!

Once all three of them had gotten to the ground, Melissa saw that it was a surprise birthday party just for her. She saw that Morgan did not look as happy and as cheerful as she did. “Morgan what’s wrong, how come you don’t look as happy as I thought you would be?” she asked.

“Oh, nothing. It’s just that we had planned for you to land in the bouncy house so that it would be at least a bit more fun and special for you,” Morgan said.

“That’s okay I don’t care if I land in the bouncy house, because this was probably the best tenth birthday party in the history of every single birthday party that has ever happened on this planet!” Melissa said.

Bringing Back Dinosaurs

By Ashish Nadimpalli



This is a great essay about what could happen if scientists get carried away!

Would you want to resurrect dinosaurs? I wouldn’t want to bring them back because they are extremely dangerous. It’s a good thing that they went extinct a long time ago. There are three reasons why I wouldn’t want to resurrect dinosaurs: one, we would have to rebuild houses to make them stronger, two, there would be fewer species on Earth, and three, we couldn’t go outside a lot.

Dinosaurs are strong. They can tear apart a lot of things. They could even rip through houses. There would have to be a lot more construction. We would have to build shelters and houses out of stronger material. We might even need to store supplies. When Hurricane Sandy struck it caused a lot of destruction. It created the need for a lot of construction. If this happened every day, we would definitely have to build much stronger houses.

There are many species alive on Earth today. If dinosaurs were alive, today, then they could destroy natural habitats and environments. Then, other animals would have nowhere to go and they would die. Some animals would start to depend on other

animals for food, so a lot of other animals could die as well.

If dinosaurs were alive today, then we would feel like we are trapped in a cage. We would be stuck in our houses. If we went outside, dinosaurs might harm us. Dinosaurs could break through cages easily. They could break out of their own cages and could enter neighborhoods. We would have to store up on supplies. It wouldn’t be safe to go outside.

I wouldn’t want to resurrect dinosaurs, because they are extremely dangerous.

The dinosaurs are strong, they could disrupt other environments and species, and they would leave us trapped in our houses. All these things prove that it would not be a good idea to resurrect dinosaurs.



Submit Stories to editor@citykidzworld.com!

Winter issue deadline: Dec. 1!

Summer



By Tapsi Suryawanshi

Commissioned www.fiverr.com art

Once I put my feet on the hot pavement and felt the good feeling of the sun's rays upon me, I knew I was outside.

I heard the leaves rustle, and the cherry blossoms fall to the ground. The neighbor's cat bathed in the sunlight. In the distance, I heard the cheerful cry of children playing.

I ran over, my flip-flops causing me to trip. I raced my shadow and won. The kids were playing hide and seek. I counted while they hid. The kids giggled as I walked around like a coyote with no sense of smell. The sun smiled down at me when I found all of them. My little friends picked Carlos to count. Carlos sneaked around and caught all of us by surprise. I even had to scream!

I raced home. A single evening blossom landed on my hair. The moonlight crept up into the sky and the sweet breath of stars filled the air. The neighbor's cat purred as I passed. My garden chirped with evening music. The rosebush rustled as a gentle breeze passed. Summer was finally here.



Tapsi has submitted a wonderful moment!



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Winter issue deadline: Dec.1!

www.citykidzworld.com



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Medieval Times

By Sai Melam

A Zany Time Travel Story with a funny twist!



Commissioned www.fiverr.com art

Once upon a time of times, I was going to sleep. I woke up during the medieval times. I wanted to brush my teeth, but I did not know where the bathroom was. I knew immediately that this was not my house because I saw all the famous paintings. I ran around the castle and I found someone. The person looked like a maid. I asked the maid, "Where is the bathroom?" she answered. "My prince, are you mad?" she asked.

"Me a prince," I asked.

"Yes you are a prince. You must have gotten knocked out. The bathroom is down the hall, to the left, and three doors down."

I ran to the bathroom. I brushed my teeth with my finger because I did not know where the brushes were. Then I needed to use the toilet. I turned around, but I just saw a giant hole in the bathroom.

I asked the maid, "Where is the wiseman?"

She showed, me where the library was, so I went.

I asked the wiseman, "Where is the toilet?"

He said the other kingdom had a toilet breathing dragon. I ordered the army to steal the toilet breathing dragon.

It took lots of time, but in the end, we got the toilet breathing dragon. I used the toilet, slept, and woke up back in my house.



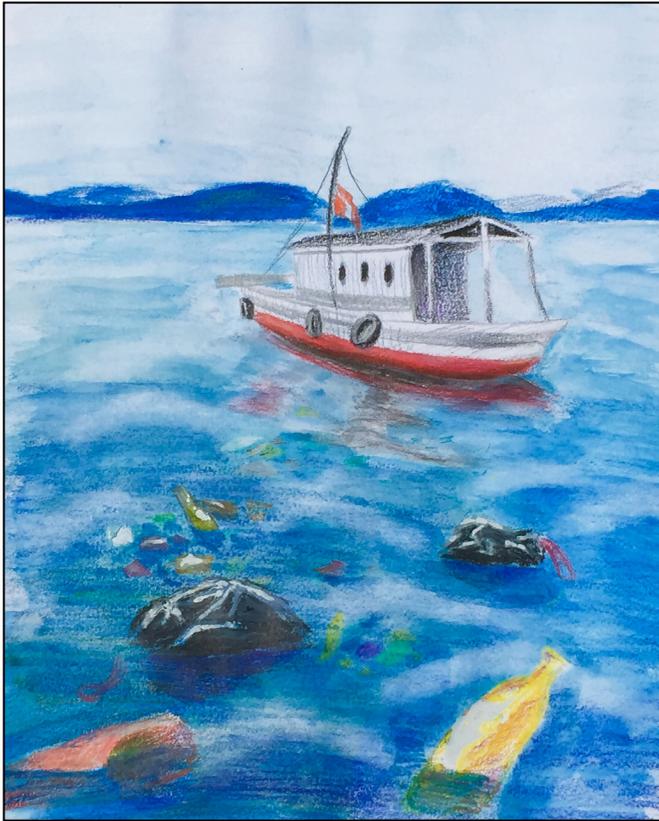
Sai came up with a great story that is based on real fact! No toilets in medieval times.

Submit stories to editor@citykidzworld.com

1st Place

Drastic Plastic

By Gowri Sanker Anish



Illustrated by Terner Thompson

The world would have been and still would be a better place if people did not throw plastic everywhere. There are many problems associated with discarded plastic, ranging from marine animals getting choked and strangled to coral reefs getting destroyed. There are billions of pieces of plastic worldwide that cause problems like these. That plastic is not going anywhere or getting disintegrated, since plastic can-

not biodegrade or turn into anything else.

Discarded plastic is an extreme problem for the environment. Not only does discarded plastic pollute the land, but it also is a big problem in the oceans. Trash is constantly being carried away from the shores by the currents. The trash gets carried to the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and most of it washes up on Midway, a chain of islands there. Plastic constitutes the majority of the trash washing up there and that has a disastrous, deadly effect on the animals that call Midway home. Also when the plastic gets in direct contact with the sun's rays, it photodegrades and releases toxins like BPA into the water. It also sometimes picks up other organic pollutants and gets eaten by fish, so the plastic and other pollutants toxify the fish. When other animals eat the fish, the plastic and other chemicals move up the food chain and eventually get back to us. Plastic fishing nets are also very destructive. When they are discarded, they go tumbling through shallow coral reefs. They snag on coral heads and break them off, eventually killing the coral. The coral reefs are very important for the ecosystem of the ocean, so their destruction disturbs the ecosystem.

One way that you can prevent these problems from happening is to manage and discard your trash properly. Instead of throwing recyclable materials in the trash, always make sure you put it in the recycling bin. Another way is to hold back on frequently using common plastic items like grocery bags and purified water bottles. Use reusable ones instead. If people do not buy plastic goods, the producers and retailers will stop making and selling them. When these products become less popular, they will slowly disappear from markets. When there is less plastic being produced, that directly causes less pollution. So, in the end, plastic is polluting both nature and the ecosystem, so do what you can to stop it!

These are great ideas!



Weather Wonders Writing Challenge!

Write a story about an amazing, extremely weather situation!

Make it interesting with a great problem, solution, and colorful characters!

We cannot wait to read these!

Deadline: Dec.1 - 200 to 300 words - Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

By Nehal Bajaj

Chapter One: The Saucer

It was the year of 2050. The air was filled with summer fun. A teenager, whose name was Olivia, walked by a field of flowers. This was very rare because technology had taken over the world. Suddenly, she saw something inside the old museum of 2006 move. Putting down the bouquet of flowers she had in her hand, Olivia walked towards the old museum and opened the door. Creeeeak. Olivia walked into the museum, hoping to find out what made that movement. The floor's cement was old and water dripped from the ceiling.

"The museum sure does need some fixing up before it can be opened to public," Olivia thought as she tried to warm herself by rubbing her arms. Olivia walked down the hall farther and farther.

A few minutes later, Olivia came upon a dead end. As she felt the wall, she saw that there was a secret door. Through the door, there was a staircase that had some unsteady stairs. It was also pretty dark. Olivia had worn glow-in-the-dark clothes, so she could see just fine. Her earrings were shiny, which reflected light and showed her the holes in the stairs so she wouldn't fall.

At the end of the staircase, she saw a giant-sized (maybe a hundred times more than a giant size!) spaceship. The spaceship looked like it was broken because the motor had lost its wires, but other than that the saucer was really shiny, neat, and tidy. Whoever the captain was, he was probably very serious in making everything spotless.

The spaceship had flashing lights on the outside. She examined the engine. She could fix it, but she would need a specific kind of wire and tools to do so. Since it was summer vacation, she could come back early the next morning and fix the wires. She used her scanner and her notepad to write down the materials she needed and raced out of the museum. She went back home to gather her materials to fix the saucer.

Chapter Two: The Crazy Materials Gathering

"Dad, can I borrow your sticky gloves, your DBI wires, and your expedition work tools?" Olivia pled.

"Sure, just remember to take the manual kit," her dad reminded her. Without notice, Olivia ran upstairs as fast as her legs could carry her. She burst into her dad's room and looked around. His bed was shaped like a computer, and his dresser was decorated with wires. When someone touched the wires, they had to say the kind of wire they wanted and it would appear.

On the other side of the room, there was a secret door. Past the door was her dad's work area. Computers flew everywhere. Robots fixed and created inventions. Olivia knew exactly where to get her supplies. She ran to his dresser and touched the wires "D-B-I w-i-r-e-s," Olivia said clearly so the computer could understand. Instantly, the wires she needed appeared in her hands. Olivia was not impressed. She quickly opened her dad's drawer,

and got his sticky gloves and expedition work tools.

She raced out the door and called her car. She climbed in and told it to go to the old museum. Back at the museum, the spaceship's owner, Mr. Inversional, was giving a speech to his subjects.

"We will spy on the little girl, and if she tries to steal it then we will jump out, surround her, and capture her." Olivia finally got there, and jumped out of the car.

"Finally, I will be able to help the owners of the spaceship," Olivia said thoughtfully.

Chapter Three: Fixing the Spaceship

Olivia rushed into the museum. She used a directional arrow to help her retrace her steps from the day before. She quickly found the spaceship and took out the DBI wires, her sticky gloves, and the expedition tools. She also had BOL goggles. She got straight to work.

First, she remembered the lesson she had at school about connecting wires. She carefully followed the steps and was able to put the DBI wires in place with the help of the expedition tools. She used a silotigop (a tape that is used on wires) and... PRES-TO! The spaceship was all fixed.

While Olivia was busily cleaning up, Mr. Inversional was shocked at all that Olivia had done, but also very thankful. He had decided he was definitely, absolutely going to... never, ever punish her.

When Olivia was about to go, she heard a voice: "Wait." She turned around and saw a figure. She gasped...

Chapter Four: Mr. Inversional (Robot) Appreciation

There stood a tall figure. It was a robot made up of shiny steel. He had three eyes, six hands, and was two feet tall. "My name is Mr. Inversional. What's yours?" he asked, holding his lumpy, green hand out.

"Olivia, Olivia Garnets," she said shaking his hand.

"I want to say that I am really grateful for you for fixing our saucer," Mr. Inversional said thankfully.

"It was no problem," Olivia said smiling. They spoke to one another for about 30 minutes.

Finally, Olivia glanced at the time.

"Sorry, Mr. Inversional, but I have to get back home," Olivia said, pointing at the time on her watch.

"Yes, my crew and I must also leave," Mr. Inversional agreed. They both left in a hurry. Olivia whistled her loudest whistle. Her car came in a second, and she hopped in. Olivia finally relaxed in her car. She was sleepy and tired, but her brain was busily thinking about where the robot had come from and if she would ever get to meet him again.



This is an awesome story!

Horn

By Aayush Gandhi



Illustrated by Terner Thompson

Horn walked toward a small clearing in the forest. He sat down on a smooth wooden chair in which he made himself. He sat atop his chair and listened to the birds of the forest. Nature seemed to bend to his will; he was able to make a plant grow out of the ground on command and make it grow into a tree in under 15 seconds. He could turn a tree into a sapling without a second thought. Being near nature seemed to put him at ease. Horn then spotted a small pond with several lily pads floating around in it. He sighed. He felt much better now amongst nature than how he felt in the town. Suddenly, a tree trunk began to rise out of the pond. In the center of the trunk was a gleaming sword. Horn stared at the sword in awe. The forest had gone silent. He approached the trunk and grasped the protruding blade from the top. He pulled it out of the trunk with ease and held it in his hands. He felt as if he had just found a part of himself. A pulsing energy began to reverberate from the sword. His brain began to fill with knowledge, one of an ancient power that had been lost in ancient times. He turned and left the clearing as a very different person.

15 years later

Horn slowly walked through the town. He was aware of his

surroundings through the hood of his cloak. A man noticed Horn and decided to have some fun. He motioned at his surrounding four friends, pointed to Horn, and made their way towards him.. The man shoved him backward. Horn shook his head.

“I am warning you this one time, stay away from me and apologize,” Horn rasped.

“Fat chance!” the man replied.

Horn shook his head and drew his sword. The man and his friends lunged toward him. Horn attacked them. He swung his sword, immediately disabling two of the men. Two trees arose from the ground, trapping the other two friends.. Then he walked over to the lead man. He removed his hood and stared into the man’s eyes. A strange kind of light beamed from Horn’s eyes, entering the man’s soul, draining all of the man’s energy. Horn left the town quickly. His burned hand throbbed. He grimaced. If only he had been more careful that cursed night 12 years ago...

15 years ago

Horn leaped from the roof of Thilef’s hut and onto the ground. He had become a wandering soldier, helping people everywhere. He used the old books of magic to teach him how to teleport along with countless other magic spells, enabling him to advance to a warrior-mage. He kept studying until he was really powerful. With much strength, he felt the need to put it to good use. He left his home to help people in trouble. So, here he was, walking in Rathrag. Suddenly, a dark figure towered over him; it was a hooded man in a dark cloak. Horn turned and gasped. This was the Ragbeast. The Ragbeast put a damp cloth over his mouth.

“Chloroform,” he muffled through the jaconet.

Unable to resist, Horn fainted. The Ragbeast laughed and carried him away.

Horn woke up in a polished oak room. Gradually becoming aware of his surroundings, he stood up.

“Have a nice sleep?” the Ragbeast inquired.

“Who are you?” Horn asked.

“I have taken an interest in your abilities. I am astonished by the amount of power you hold. Despite your strength, I know you have not reached the full extent of your power. I would like to mentor you, if you accept my offer,” the Ragbeast said.

With minimal reluctance, Horn nodded. He might learn something from him. They both walked outside into a new light.

15 years later



You have a massive imagination.

Horn con't on page 38

BACKPACK TROUBLE

By Srivant Pothuraju

One day, I was on the school bus thinking about how I was probably going to earn stickers for behaving well in class. People were usually sent to detention if they didn't behave well or bring their textbooks from home. I was never sent to detention, and I think that I behave so well that I will never get detention. The prediction would soon be proven wrong.

I took a backpack, which looked a little more blue than mine and was a little lighter, too. I didn't really care. Joe walked past me and said, "Hey, Restar Starkestarp!" Why was Joe calling me names? He was my best friend.

"My name is not whatever you just called me!" I almost yelled. He just walked away, giggling.

"Everything is weird today," I thought to myself. "The bluish bag, the lighter bag, and the weird name that Joe called me."

When I reached class, a nametag was on the bag. It read, "Restar Starkestarp." That was what Joe was calling me! Probably someone just accidentally put the name tag on my bag. I opened the backpack. It was just full of dust. "I am sure that I packed-" I whispered. Then it hit me. I had switched backpacks with someone else on the bus!

First period came. It was math. I sat at my desk and pretended

as if everything was all right.

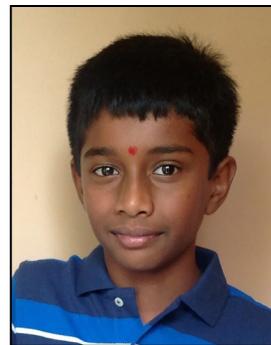
"Open your textbooks to page 361!" the teacher shouted. I pretended to open my textbook. Too bad. The teacher realized that I did not have a textbook. "Bob! Where is your textbook?" screamed the teacher. I turned as red as an apple. Everyone in class stared at me.

"At home," I replied. The teacher was really mad at me. Well, it was my first time getting detention, so I didn't think she should be angry.

"Detention, Bob!" said the teacher furiously. And what was the detention? Massaging the principal for the rest of the day.

In Restar's Class...

"Finally, Restar! You have brought your textbooks! No detention for you!" said the teacher with joy. Restar had a smile from ear to ear.



This realistic fiction story is clever!

Horn con't from page 37

Horn walked back to the hut that used to be his grandfather's. He knelt down and bowed his head in respect. His grandfather had mentored him for two years and he would never forget him. His smile would always remain in his heart. Horn sighed. Why did he prefer the name Ragbeast, though? It wasn't exactly pleasant and it sounded more like his grandfather was an evil spirit. Well, he couldn't make his grandfather's choices for him. Horn left the hut and drew his sword. He swung it in a wide arc; it shimmered with blue diamond-like dust that fell lightly onto Horn. He leaped away into the night. It was time to blow the Horn of Agnon, king of worlds. It was time to call his army together for a final showdown between father and son.

12 years ago

Horn had studied for two years with the Ragbeast. He had also learned many things. Today, he would be leaving the Ragbeast to travel the world once more. As a gift, the Ragbeast had given him a mystical horn. He said the horn it would help him when he needed it most. With much gratitude, Horn left with a sincere smile. He traveled for several days and did not stay in one place for long. He helped the locals of the villages, soon developing a reputation as the most accomplished warrior-mage in history. It was this high reputation that caused a threat to come his way.

A letter came to him bearing a black skull with a corona of blood behind it. When Horn saw the letter he was shocked-

-the Black Fang had abducted his mentor. They would keep him unless Horn came to them. Without hesitation, Horn was on his way. Horn went to the wooden house. When he went inside, a man in black led him to another wooden room. His mentor was there, tied to a chair.

"Welcome, Horn," a mysterious voice muttered.

Horn whirled around to face a scarred man in black. He had a black blade strapped to his back.

"Who are you?" Horn asked.

The man grinned. Then he lunged at Horn. Horn successfully held him back. His henchmen attacked him. Horn defeated them without a flinch. The man frowned with frustration and attacked Horn once again.

"I am the Black Maestro, leader of the Black Fang. We will raze the world and purge it of any good," he rasped.

Horn shrugged sarcastically. He did not believe this scrawny man could accomplish such a feat. He did not have many men behind him in his plan. The man leaped away and muttered a few inaudible words. The house suddenly caught fire. He grinned maniacally and melted into the shadows. Horn started to look for his mentor frantically. He found him with a large wound in his side. The wound was darker than the blackest night.

"Horn," his mentor rasped.



STOP, ALEX, STOP!

By Ava Joseph

It was a nice day at Greenbrook School, and everyone was outside. It was two weeks from the end of the school year. Just then, when I looked at the jungle gym, I saw him: Alex Pepper. He was the meanest kid on the block. In kindergarten, he took my crayons and broke them in half. In second grade, he embarrassed me in front of my best friend, Todd. Alex had said that I ate my own dog! The next day I was waiting for Todd at the bus, but he was not there. In third grade, Alex made me eat a worm! He said if I did not eat the worm, he would tell my girlfriend Kate that I was the one who broke her reed at the winter concert the year before. The worst thing he ever did was put water on my chair when I sat down to take a math test.

There was a new kid at school named Mike, and I saw that he was going on the monkey bars. Then I saw Alex approaching him. I had to think fast! I saw a teacher nearby. I knew that I would not make it if I tried to reach the teacher. Alex would have already given the new kid a knuckle sandwich. Instead, I asked my friend Max to tell the teacher while I handled the giant.

I went to play on the tire swings, and Alex saw me. He came toward me. All I had to do was get him to chase me toward the teacher that I told Max to get. I saw the teacher coming across the blacktop and I called out for my

friend Bob to move the new kid out of the way. I ran behind the teacher and Alex bumped into the teacher, who said, "Look who we have here."

While Alex was slowly trying to walk away in fear, the teacher grabbed him by the wrist. She said, "You're coming with me!"

About 30 minutes later, he came back outside and I thought that the teacher let him off the hook so he could give us all a knuckle sandwich. I said to myself, If I do get a knuckle sandwich, I want my sandwich to have tuna and mayonnaise. Then I saw a teacher walking behind him and I also saw a card in his hand. He gave it to the new kid, Mike, and walked away. Then the teacher grabbed him by the arm and Alex finished apologizing. I thought the teacher was also about to cry after a whole 35 minutes of saying sorry, crying, and getting held by the arm by the teacher.

The next day, he played with us. At first, it seemed to be a little weird. But after a little longer, I knew that it was going to end well ... maybe.



This is fantastic, realistic fiction!

By Shriya Sharma

God

When we need a leap of faith we call who we believe in God,
When we feel lonely we think of God,
We think of God day and night,
God a three letter word, but yet it means so much,
God is there for us every single second even though there are more than a billion people in this world,
We all need someone and that someone turns out to be God ,
We all keep secrets for people, but there is someone who we don't keep secrets from we trust them that is God,
Without God we all would be nobodies, with God at least we feel like somebodies,
There is only one word I can say to God and that word is Thank You , Thank You very much.



This poem is sensitive & beautiful.



Artistic Challenge

Draw or write about the best winter activity!

200 to 400 words - All Ages - Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

www.citykidzworld.com



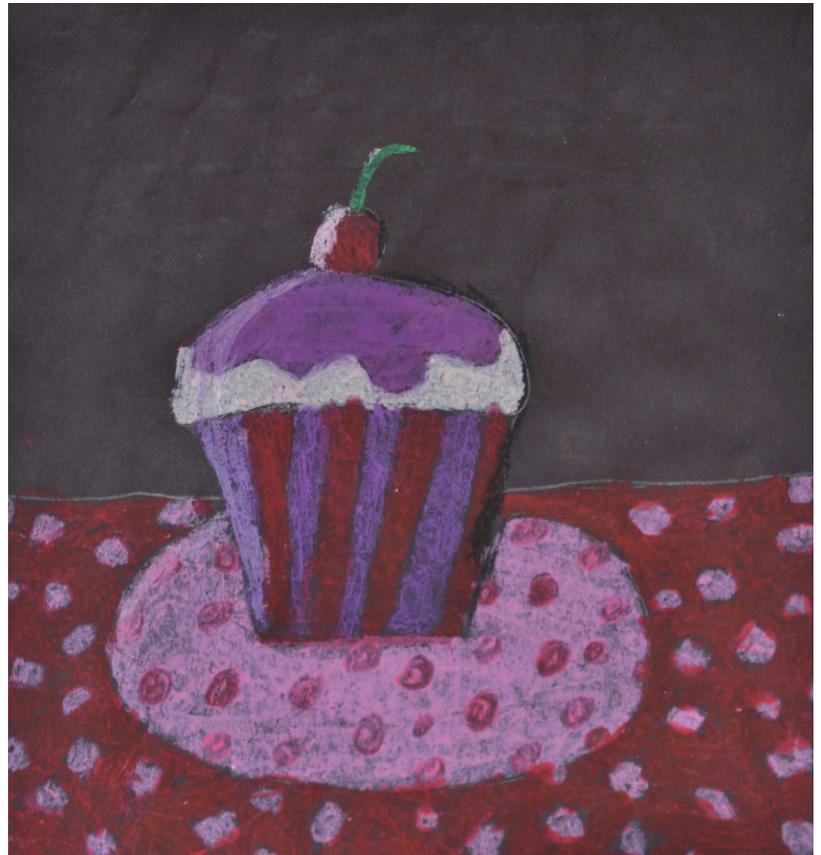
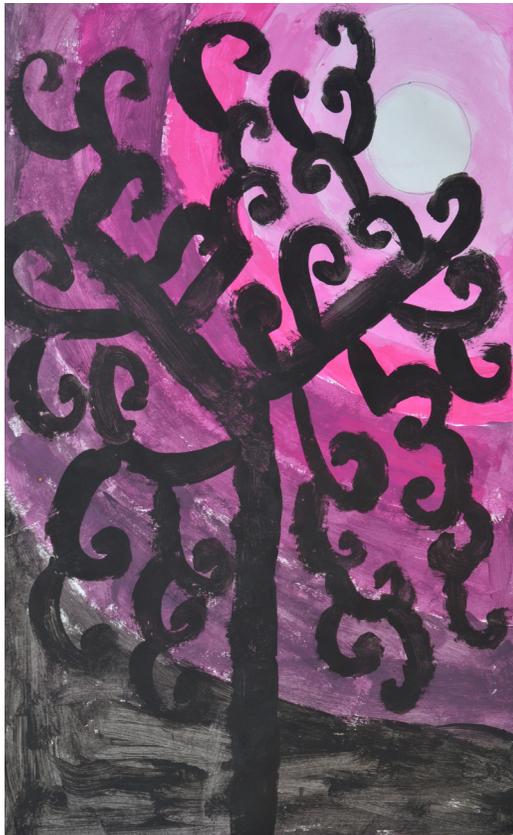
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Gallery

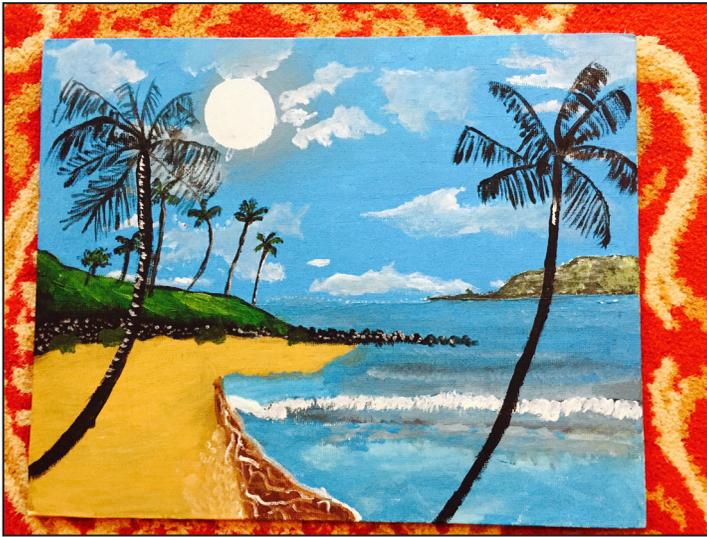


Ava Joseph

Ava Joseph is a talented young artist!



Gallery



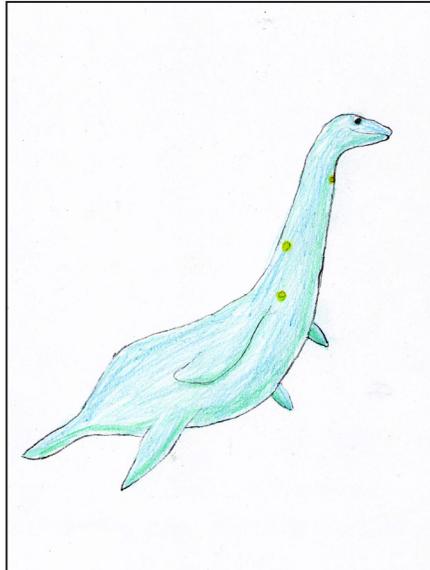
Neeharika Gorti

This is a great, relaxing scene.



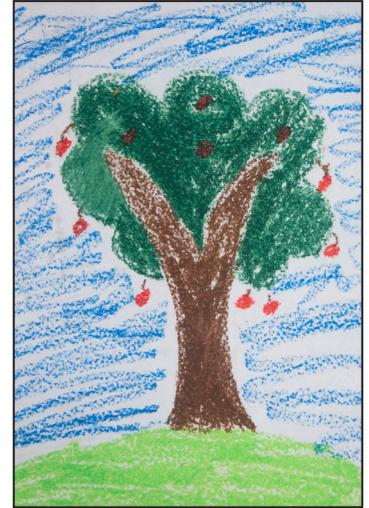
Dharma Skinner

Dharma drew a great sea creature!



Ellison Murray

Ellison is practicing to become an artist!



Submit original art work to editor@citykidzworld.com

Scan your art at high resolution or send in a high resolution picture of your art.



Gallery



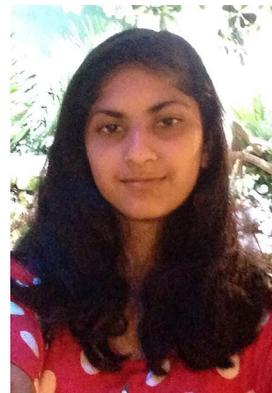
Kate Krehel

Now I want to visit the sea. Beautiful!



Arun Mallela

Arun won a contest with this art! Isn't it awesome? Congrats!



Keerthi Karri

This is a lovely fall scene! Enjoy



Jennifer's Big Day

By Keerthi Karri

"Just two more days to go until the greatest birthday of my life; I will turn sixteen years old!" said Jennifer with the greatest amount of excitement.

Her family was planning for her party and she was planning on who to invite. She collected a list of friends from her contacts, emails, school, and activities. She decided to invite everyone since was her sweet sixteen. Just when she felt everything was perfect, things completely reversed for her.

"Hey, guys," Jennifer screamed while pacing herself to catch up with them the next day. "I just wanted to make sure that you all are coming to my party this Saturday, and to remind you just in case you forgot about it. It is going to be really fun and interesting in a different way because this year there will be a little surprise added to this gigantic and awesome day."

They all looked at each other silently for a moment, as if they were sending conversations telepathically. They did not know how to approach her properly.

"Jennifer," her friends said. "We know that your birthday is coming and that you are so excited, but you do not have to act like you're the only one with a birthday on this planet."

Jennifer's smile turned upside down after hearing that directly from her friends.

"What do you guys mean?" said Jennifer, plaintively. "Is this all you feel about me every time?"

"No, we are just trying to convey that sometimes you make things hard by doing them with too much enthusiasm," her friends told her. "Of course we will come to your party, we are as anxious as you are and cannot wait for it either."

Jennifer then replied happily, "Thank you guys so much. I will see you there see you there."

She was in the mood for partying so much that she did not even pay attention in classes at all.

While she was going home she saw a vehicle that was unloading furniture. She thought to herself, "Did someone new move here into the vacant house?"

"Someone came to the vacant house across from us," Jennifer told her parents. "I also saw a girl that looks like she must be my age, or near to it."

"Oh really? That sounds great. Maybe we can go after they are settled in to introduce ourselves," her mom responded.

They decided to make something for their neighbors as a moving-in gift. They were getting ready and planning on how to approach them. But suddenly they heard a sound from that house so loud that it could be heard all the way from the other side of the earth. They got worried and checked through their windows to see lots of people already surrounding it. Instead of waiting, they just went out to their house and did not see any one of the people who moved in.

"What happened?" whispered Jennifer, "Where are they?"

They did not bother to go all the way in front of the crowd and

just peeked as best as they could to see what was there.

"I can not even see a thing," Jennifer thought.

"Maybe we should go and check the house inside," she told her mom.

"I hope you do not mind letting us in to the house. We want to see whether they are in there or not," her mom asked the men standing in front of their house, who looked like they were not going to let them in no matter what, but might if they requested.

Their perception was right. The men did not let them in because of two reasons, which were that there was smoke all over the house and also there was no light in the house. "So even if you go, you would not know where you were walking and the smoke is almost as hot as the sun," said the men while putting as much force as they could.

They just went back home. Over the night she was thinking about the whole incident that happened to the new neighbors in less than a day they were there. She even forgot that her birthday was tomorrow. When she was trying to sleep, around midnight she felt like she heard some noises and suddenly got up.

"What was that?" Jennifer thought to herself. She looked around her room and just barely saw something white.

She cleared her eyes to check if she actually saw something white.

"Is someone there?" she yelled.

There was no response.

"Oh my God!" she thought.

"Mom, dad come here!" she panicked. They heard her and were sprinting to her room, worried.

"What happened?" they shouted. They did not know what to do about her fear. "

You were fine before. What happened to you now?"

"I guess that what I saw today got into my brain. Why would that happen in such a short time?"

Her parents sat down and told her, "Sometimes, things happen the way we do not want them to happen. That will not be in our hands at all. Do not think about this too much and sleep happily because tomorrow is the most special day ever. That is right, it is your birthday, and we would not like you to be sad on that day."

The next day as she woke up, her parents started singing the Happy Birthday song to her. They all had planned and were ready for the party. In the meanwhile, she got ready. When people came to her house for the party, she welcomed them and everyone waited for her to cut the cake.

Jennifer waited for the girl next door.... (Cliff hanger!)



This is an intriguing realistic fiction story.

Which came first? The chicken or the egg?

By Anshika Virani

That's an interesting question! Has anyone ever stopped to figure out which came first? There are many theories, and there is no definite answer. One theory is that the chicken came first. The chicken was an evolved version of one of the mammal dinosaurs. Therefore, it gave birth to a live chicken that laid an egg. Another theory is that the egg came first. Scientists never said it had to be a chicken egg. So, many theories claim that the egg could be a dinosaur egg that came before the chicken.

Despite the debate as to which one may be right, both have valid support to be correct. If the chicken came first, did it come from a prehistoric version of another bird? Did evolution cause this type of bird to become a small animal? If the egg came first, maybe it was a dinosaur egg which was created from two different creatures, developing into a small bird. As this may sound crazy but people still spend lifetimes proving one theory to be more correct than the other.

Personally, I strongly insist that the chicken came first, believing that it is a hybrid animal, a blend of different prehistoric animals. As you can see, many different theories could be possible, and therefore, the question is impossible to answer.



Warning. Deep thinking required!

A Made Up Story About How Insulin Was Discovered

By Arshi Maniar

The amber sky seemed strange that day as he looked up at it. He had felt very weird throughout the day, like he saw what was on Earth, but was in another dimension. He was caught up in the thought of what he was feeling until he heard a sound: Ring! Ring! "Huh?" he said, a puzzled look on his face. He quickly realized it was his phone and answered it.

"Hey, dude." It was his friend Rodney. "You were supposed to come to my house at 4:00. It's 5:42."

"Sorry, I forgot," he replied.

"Where are you?" Rodney asked.

"I'm at 27 Ken Street. I'll meet you a...a...a..."

That was the last thing he remembered. The next thing he knew, he was in the hospital. His parents were allowed to come in the room, and they told him that he suffered from some kind of body reaction that had never been discovered. They also told him that his friend, Rodney, rescued him by bringing him to the hospital just in time to get an injection. The injection made him conscious, and also slowed down the bad process. "But the problem is that there is a chance that you might, well, stay in the hospital until they figure out an antidote or what's going on with you, and that could take really long," his parents stammered.

"What?" was the first thing out of his mouth.

"You see," his parents started to say, "since what happened to you has never been discovered, there is a chance that the antidote won't be made in time." That was the last thing he could remember; he had fainted AGAIN.

After a day, the doctors told his parents that he had fainted because the illness had taken over his body.

Other people came in with the same illness over the next few days. The doctors and scientists started studying the unconscious bodies, hoping to discover the reason behind the illness.

A scientist named Mike Ricky finally discovered that the illness was that the body needed to balance its sugar. The illness was called diabetes and the cure was named insulin. The people started balancing the sugar in their bodies. Mike Ricky was fine until he got sick from an unknown illness...

THE END

(This story is not true.)



Submit Stories to editor@citykidzworld.com!

Winter issue deadline: Dec.1!



All About Me: The Cart

By Simar Kamboj



Journal 17

February 25, 1943

As a train cart in Germany, I have traveled to many different places. Well, when I was born, I was meant to relocate the Jewish people to concentration camps during the Holocaust. I carried one hundred people every day. Nobody knew that I could talk or have feelings because they couldn't hear me. I had a mouth, but it wasn't meant for talking. After all, I am not a living thing to humans, but in the Inanimate World, I am. After seeing all these people getting tortured for no reason, I wished that the humans could do something to stop this hateful thing. As being an inanimate object, I can't do anything. I am just being told to do this horrific thing by Adolf Hitler. He is a very bad man. To Adolf Hitler, killing innocent Jews is a good thing to do in return for nothing. If I were a real person, I would try to stop the Germans from killing innocent Jews, like Oskar Schindler. He saved 1,200 Jews from getting killed. As of today, I have sent over 9,000 Jews to concentration camps.

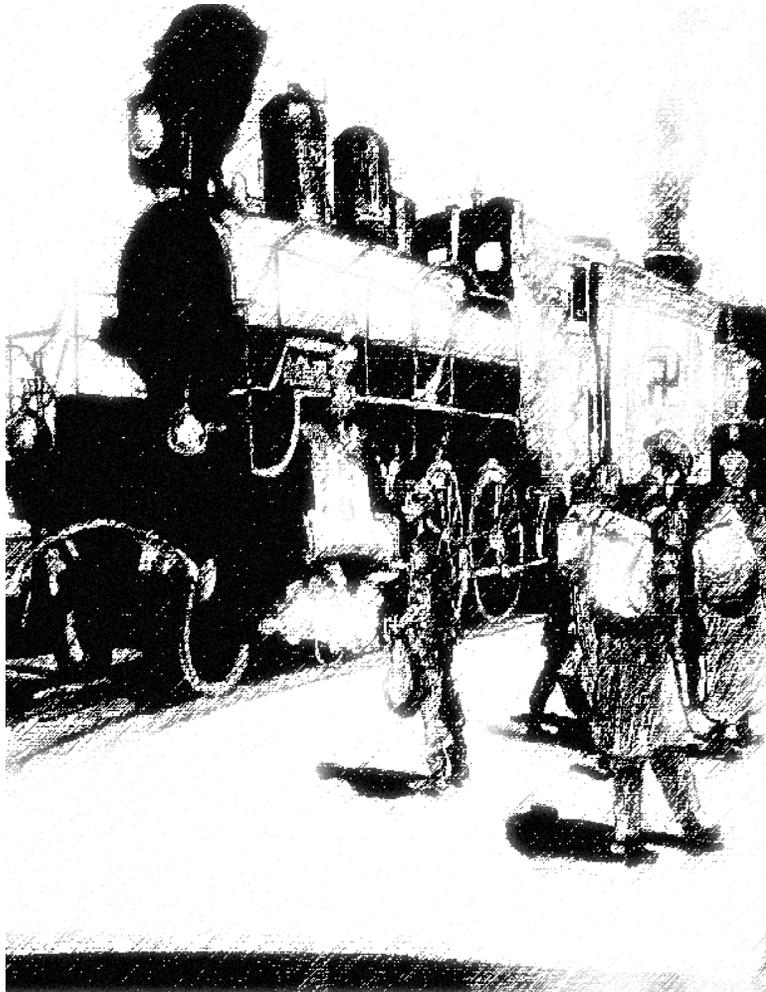
This is a thoughtful and sensitive story. Great job!

Journal 59

April 4, 1945

Finally, the US Army ended World War II. I didn't want to go down the tracks and be like a servant to the Germans. If I were a real person, I would rather get killed to save the Jews rather than act like a servant to the Nazis. I was done seeing many innocent people getting killed in concentration camps. I was getting sick and tired of the Nazis killing the Jews. There were

nine million Jews in Europe. After the Holocaust, six million innocent Jews had been killed and only about three million survivors remained. I didn't want to be responsible for killing these many Jews. In fact, I tried to stop them. All I know is that it's over and I don't have to worry.



Journal 1,061

March 10, 1998

I was transferred to Whitwell, Tennessee. I was turned into a mini-museum for the Holocaust. I now live in front of the school in Whitwell. I heard on the radio about the Paper Clips Project. A group of eighth graders made up a project about the Holocaust. They made this project because they didn't want to show that the Germans were bad. They wanted people to know about how hatred isn't needed and we need to treat others equally. They have gotten over thirty million paper clips. They have also received many letters and notes from the war from the Germans and survivors of the Holocaust. They are going to put all the paper clips and the letters in me to symbolize how hatred isn't needed. I always think of how the innocent Jews were compacted into my cart. I remember this boy and his mother crying because their father/husband was so weak and died because of hunger. I have never forgotten that murky moment. Luckily, they survived the Holocaust, but they still miss their father/husband now. I will never forget this horrific moment.

Stay tuned for the next All About Me...

Illustration by Dustin Fletcher



Making New Friends

By Taylor Blow-Williams

Intern

How-To Column

Making friends can be really hard—especially if you're a shy person.

You might have a tough time walking up to other kids and telling them your name, or even asking them if you can play with or sit with them. It's okay. Every child has had to conquer the mighty challenge of making new friends. You're not the only one and there are so many other kids who feel the same exact way. Sometimes, it can make you feel like you have a gigantic butterfly floating in your stomach. It's the same feeling you get when visiting the dentist or doctor. It can make you really nervous, but you don't have to be! Be yourself, and you'll make friends soon enough! Here are a few tips that will help you along the way!

Relax! When trying to make new friends, it's easy to let the nerves get the best of you.

It would feel something like that fluttery butterfly we talked about earlier. That feeling could stop you from even attempting to meet someone new. So, the best thing to do is just relax. Forget about the bad feelings that are standing in the way of you walking up to somebody and introducing yourself. Don't worry about if someone will like you. Just relax and be confident in how awesome you are!

Be yourself! It's natural to want to impress your friends and other kids so they think you're a cool and fun person, but just make sure that you charm them by being you. This means that you shouldn't try to make yourself seem "more interesting" to woo them. Instead, relax, take a deep breath and channel your inner charisma. In other words, just be yourself! Think about your hobbies. What do you like to do when you're not in school? If you like playing videogames, cool! If you prefer playing with Barbie dolls, awesome! Everyone is different, and your friends aren't always going to like the same things that you do. That's okay. You already have everything you need inside you. Just relax and know that you're a unique person and that anyone would be lucky to have YOU as a friend!

Now that you know how to relax and be yourself, you can take the first step toward making new friends. Introduce Yourself! Even if you think you're too afraid to talk to other kids, do it anyway. Walk up to someone and introduce yourself. Tell them your name and ask what theirs is. Next, just relax, be yourself and start talking about some of your hobbies! The two of you might even share some! If not, it's okay! Everyone doesn't have to like the exact same things that you like. That's what makes friendships so great. If that person doesn't want to be your friend, try again with someone else! Just relax and keep being yourself! You'll make new friends soon!



Horn con't from page 38

"Yes?" he replied.

"I know you will succeed me and avenge me, but do not be too hard on that man. You see, Horn, I am your grandfather and that man was my son."

Horn stared at him in shock.

"We are descendants from Agnon, king of worlds. The horn you have was once his. Do not blow it now. I am dying anyway. We will meet again in a world unlike this one," his grandfather rasped.

"Ragbeast...grandfather, I will honor your legacy," he replied. Then he tried to take some of the pain off his grandfather's wound with him. It didn't work. Suddenly the floor fell and Horn fell with it. He saw his father. He jumped onto Horn and spewed a black fire at him. The agony was unbearable. Horn screamed. Then he was knocked out. The last thing he saw was his father, gliding away on a bat.

12 years later

Horn stood on top of the majestic peaks of Trelan. Then he

heard the echoes of a tunnel and the sound of furious digging. Then the pooka appeared at his side. It looked like a rabbit man. It had a rabbit's head and body but it could speak just as man could.

"Well, thanks for calling me. It was getting lonely," it said. Horn nodded.

"I thought you could help Kabal," he replied. Kabal grinned. Then they heard a screech. An enormous black gargoyle glared at them. Its rider grinned devilishly.

"It might be time to eat some chocolate," Horn yelled.

The pooka nodded and popped a few chocolate eggs into his mouth. He transformed into a six-armed rabbit warrior holding a sword in each hand. He screamed as loudly as he could. The rider and Horn were either shocked or impressed by the expression on their faces. They had not heard the war cry of the Shapeshifter in decades. Then they attacked the gargoyle and its rider. They greatly weakened it when a pair of twin glowing swords cut the beast and its rider in half.

Horn con't on page 47

1st Place MY LOVELY TOWN, EDISON

By Sai Charan

I live in Edison Township. Edison Township is big. My house is in northern Edison. I love the place where I live. I have lot of things in my township. I love everything here, especially my playground. I have a play area in northern Edison. My favorite playground is at my school in Edison.

The people in Edison are great. people have lived in the Edison area since prehistoric times. Native Americans lived in Edison. We have public schools, private schools, colleges, a train station, libraries, a hospital, a fire station, a police station, indoor and outdoor pools, playgrounds, shops, apartments, houses, office buildings, and my friends' houses.

Most of the school are named after presidents. There are two colleges in Edison. One is called Middlesex County College, which is located near one of my friend's houses. The second one is called Rutgers University, which is partially located in Edison.

There are three libraries in Edison, but I only go to one of them. We have story time, a movie night, stickers, iPads to play on, so many books to read, games, puzzles, coloring pages. I like everything in the library.

I use the train station in Edison to go to my dad's office in New York.

Some of my friends live in Edison.

I have only been to an indoor pool. I have never been in the outdoor pools.

One of the famous people that lived here was scientist Thomas Alva Edison. One of the most important places here is the Thomas Alva Edison Laboratory. He had one of his laboratories at Menlo Park in Edison. Edison's

father helped him build the main laboratory. Edison invented the phonograph here in his laboratory. The first successful project he made in his laboratory was the phonograph. He recorded "Mary Had a Little Lamb" on the phonograph. Menlo Park started attracting visitors who wanted to see the demonstration of the phonograph. In no time, Menlo Park in Edison was suddenly known worldwide. Many people came here.

In Edison, we have lot of places to see like the Thomas Alva Edison Memorial Tower, the Triple C Ranch, Roosevelt Park, Monster Mini Golf, and the New Jersey Convention and Exposition Center. There is also a big mall in Edison called Menlo Park Mall. It has lot of different stores in it.

All of this stuff is in Edison. This is all about my home, Edison.



Sai is an expert on his town!

Horn con't from page 46

"Thanks for the save, Rhyn," Horn called.

A fairy flew in front of them and grinned. She was wearing a traditional sash around her waist and a loose pair of pants. She had her sword strapped to her back, also wearing armor as a shirt. Then a little spark of electricity flashed beside them. A sprite grew out of it.

"Hello Selkin," Kabal hooted.

"Now that all of you are here we can commence with the plan. Here's how it goes..."

12 years later

Horn had recovered from the unpleasant event, but he was forever scarred with the memory. He was wandering around when he met a pooka.

"Hello, my name is Kabal!" it hooted.

"My name is Horn," he replied.

"Can I join you on your adventure? I know a sprite that can help you out. Her name is Selkin. We are also great fighters," he replied with a smile.

"Sure," Horn mumbled

A small blue sprite flew into the air. She had sharp, blue wings and a blue body that crackled with electricity. Suddenly, a jarbindr charged toward them. The pooka quickly ate a chocolate egg. Then he transformed into a warrior with a shield and a sword. They charged. The sprite electrocuted the jarbindr, while the pooka pummeled it relentlessly. Horn murmured a few words. The jarbindr disappeared.

"You might be useful," he replied as they left the forest.

He was feeling happier as they left. He had new companions.



The Unforgettable Camping Trip

By Jayant Bhasin

I will never forget that camping trip.
I tripped and fell, and cut my lip.
I even managed to get a tick.
Oh, I'll never forget that camping trip.

We had no bathrooms, only a latrine.
Mom took our gadgets, we had no machines.

A worse trip has yet to be seen.
Oh, I'll never forget that camping trip.

Then we went hiking, which might sound fun.
Nobody had enough energy to run.
We just wanted the hike to be done.
Oh, I'll never forget that camping trip.

With the sun no longer beating, a wonderful dinner we would soon be eating.

The feeling of anger soon began fleeting.
Oh, I'll never forget that camping trip.
A little campfire we then had.
All thanks to our wonderful dad.
By then, not a soul was mad.
Oh, we'll never forget that camping trip.

Finally, it arrived, the awaited date.
Everyone was in a very sad state.

But we have a secret, camping sure can be great.

Oh, I'll never forget that camping trip.



This a hilarious poem!

Vocabulary Poem

By Riya Nemade

The ominous clouds passed overhead.
I swam slowly in the cold lagoon.
I remember the fanfare used to introduce me

to my new kingdom.

I am a nubile, young woman ruling an entire country.

Everyone is making every minutiae of my life

perfect and special.

Tomorrow will be the most important time of my life.

The time after will make me responsible.

Everyone will look up to me.

I will try my best

to not let anyone down.



Riya used excellent vocabulary words to write this poem.

ICE CREAM

By Meghan Gajula

I'm cold, and yummy
with sprinkles, but still thick
or maybe you enjoy me
on a long wooden stick

I've got strawberry, and vanilla
and dark chocolate too
like a fruit for a gorilla
a tasty treat for you

As cold as snow,
I'm a cool summer breeze
Like a cup holding a rainbow
full of joy, I can release

Neither marshmallows nor cookies
can beat the taste I can bring
'cause they are just rookies
and I am a king



Delicious! Great poem.

Contest Alert!

Poetry Contest

Deadline: Dec.1

All ages

Any topic!

Free Form



Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

My Journey on a Pirate Ship

By Ram Rallapalli

“Aw, come on! I mean, seriously? I’m getting attacked by a zombie and a skeleton even though it’s morning!” screamed Pranav.

We were playing a game of Minecraft and Pranav was getting attacked by a zombie and a skeleton in the morning.

“Well, it is your fault,” I replied.

“How is it - oh yeah,” Pranav said remembering what happened. He spawned Herobrine and now we were trying to find Notch. Then Pranav screamed, “I found him!”

Next, he started talking to him. After a while we were leading Notch to where Herobrine was. The moment Herobrine’s head turned toward Notch, Notch ran away. We then knew Herobrine would be impossible to beat because he had enchanted diamond ender armor and an enchanted diamond ender sword.

Suddenly Pranav said, “Let’s turn off the TV.”

We all agreed. We turned the TV off and sat there. My mom returned from her daily hike and showed us something. It was a book as big as a water bottle and as thick as a dictionary. My mom told me to go to my room and take a look at it. So we did.

“Open it!” Pranav said. I was about to open the book when something caught my eye. It said something that made us understand that it was very old. It said it belonged to my great-great-great-great-great-grandfather! I couldn’t believe it. The book belonged to someone who lived in the 13th century! I quickly opened it and heard some music. The next thing I knew I was being sucked into the picture in the book. Fortunately, I saw my friends with me. Unfortunately, I was on something terrifying. I was on a PIRATE SHIP! My foot started tapping to the music. Then Pranav, Pranav, and I started dancing. Soon the music stopped, but I was STILL dancing. How humiliating. Next, a man came up to me. He had a hook, eye patch, and a stick leg. The two most terrifying things that haunted me were his beard and his weapons. I asked who he was.

“Are you...Blackbeard?” I whimpered. Pranav started to whistle. The pirates gasped. The lead pirate roared, “Two things: Me am Blackbeard’s son and ye dare whistle on my ship?” Blackbeard’s son took Pranav by the collar and glared at him.

“Let him go,” I said.

Then Blackbeard’s son said, “Very well. And me name is Blackbeard, II.”

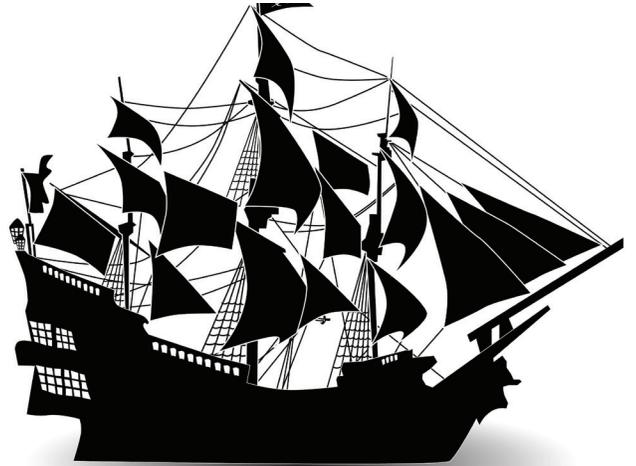
Then he said, “Throw them in the dungeon.”

The next thing we knew, we were being hauled into the dungeon. One of the pirates locked the door and left.

“Okay, we have to think of an escape plan,” I said. Pranav was looking at something in the cage next to us.

“Dude?” I said. Pranav was awakened from his trance.

“Huh? What?”



Illustrated by Terner Thompson

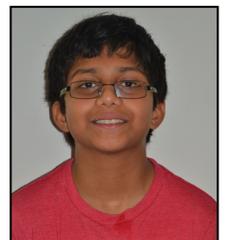
“What are you looking at?” Pranav asked.

“That,” Pranav replied. There was a sword, bow, quiver, sheath, and AK-47’s. 3 of each, to be exact. So we took them. The moment we took them, they started glowing and the door opened. “Guys. I think we don’t need an escape plan,” I said.

We ran outside and gasped at the scene. All the pirates were subdued and Blackbeard, II was standing with his sword and gun out. But, he didn’t notice us. I quickly shot one of my arrows at him. I kept firing arrows until I ran out. Pranav and Pranav did the same. The fight continued and we won.

But then we accidently broke the steering wheel. So we had to use the row boats. We traveled to an island and found something familiar. It was the book! We quickly looked into the picture and found ourselves in my room. “I’m NEVER going to do that again,” I said.

“Yeah. So who wants to play Minecraft?” Pranav said. So we raced each other downstairs.



*This story rocks!
Adventure! Enjoy.*



My Fantasy Story

By Diya Shah

“You’re the best!” Anna said to her husband. Then she turned to her daughter. “I love the gift you gave me, Sandy!”

“I know!” said Sandy.

“Come on, Anna. Let’s go eat dinner,” her husband said. The family members got into the car and started driving. It was dark so they could hardly see.

BAM!

The car flipped upside down and the door near Sandy suddenly popped open. She tumbled out, screaming and crying. “MOM! DAD!”

“MOM! DAD!”

“What happened, dear?” someone said. I woke up, and realized I was living in New York City, staying with my grandma. My name was Sandy. I was 11 years old, and that was a dream.

“I-I had a dream about Mom and Dad and how-how they died,” I managed to say.

“Oh,” my grandma said. “Think about good things, and everything will be all right.”

My grandma left the room, leaving me alone to face the horror of my parents’ death.

Right then, I had the urge to get up and scold my grandma, but I didn’t. Whenever I started talking about my parents, my grandma would always change the subject. When my parents died, she was the one who took me in. I have lived with her since then.

After that nightmare, I could not sleep so I got up and got ready. It was Sunday, so Grandma and I went to shop. After I got ready, I went downstairs and to my surprise, my grandma was already setting up breakfast. I started helping her. After we ate, she asked, “Ready?”

“Ready,” I replied. The hall was quiet as we walked to the elevator. We lived in an apartment, so there were other people with us.

We went downstairs and had fun walking through the streets of New York. That’s when I saw it. Right across from the park was a fortune teller. He was sitting inside his tent talking to an adult. I pulled my grandma toward him to read the sign that was on the tent. It said that he would tell you your past and future for free. I went into the tent without asking my grandma.

“Welcome!” he said.

“I want to know my past and future,” I said.

“All right,” he said. “Tell me your name.”

I told him my name and he closed his eyes for what seemed like two hours. Then, he started his tale.

“Long ago, you were the daughter of a wealthy man. You had a twin sister, and you loved each other a lot. One birthday, you insisted you blow out the candles on your birthday cake, but your sister also wanted to blow the candles. Before the both of you could settle the fight, your sister blew out the candles. You got so mad you started hitting your sister. Your parents sent both of

you upstairs and grounded you on your birthday.

“You were so angry the next day that you made a plan to get revenge on them and your sister. But you realized if you got revenge on your sister, your parents would pass away of shock. The next week when the matter was forgotten, you fought your sister. The next day, she was found in a coma. Your parents couldn’t bear the shock and they went into a coma. You faked crying and pretended to be sad. Then, when you are old, you die of a heart attack.”

I was so surprised. I thought that this guy was insane. I almost went out and told my grandma, but instead I asked him: “Where is my sister right now?”

He smiled and said, “I knew you would ask that question. You see, your twin sister was reborn on Mars and is making a plan to attack you. On your birthday, she will destroy Earth and all the humans with a special potion. But I know that you will do something to save the planet.”

I didn’t say anything. I was too surprised. But I felt deep in my heart that he was telling the truth. All of this hit me at once. That day was July 27, 2015, and she was planning to attack the world on December 30, 2015. Then the fortune teller said something that gave me shivers: “It now depends on you to save the world.” He handed me pictures of two girls who looked just like me. After thanking him, I went out and saw my grandma waiting. “Hi!” she said. I grabbed her hand and yanked her back to our apartment. Then I told her everything the fortune teller had said. She also felt that he told the truth.

“I’ve got it!” she suddenly yelled.

“What?” I asked her. Then she told me her idea, and it was awesome.

“So here is what we have to do,” she said. “Go to NASA, then tell them everything the fortune teller said. Then we complete the training to go to space. We ride in the rocket ship and go to Mars!” It sounded complicated, but I had to do it in order to keep my twin sister from destroying the Earth and humans.

My grandmother and I caught the first flight to Florida. When we reached Kennedy Space Center, we asked to see the NASA scientists. When we met the scientists, we told them the story. They looked so shocked, I thought they were going to kick us out of there. Instead, they said that we might be right. The Mars Rover had been broken, and they had been trying to repair it.

They took us to a special room and my grandma and I started training. My plan was that when I got to Mars, I would try to get the evilness out of my twin sister by showing her and telling her who I was.



Diya has written an interesting and fascinating drama! Enjoy.

Story con't on page 60

www.citykidzworld.com



Kings Dominion®



Image from Kings Dominion marketing

By Taylor Blow-Williams

Intern

Every day is a crazy adventure and some of your best memories will be of the many “adventures” you had while you were in high school. Take a moment to think about the best time you’ve ever had with your friends. Chances are there are way too many to count, and that’s probably because the best memories are made in moments of spontaneity and adventure! You’re making memories every single day and one day, you’ll look back and realize just how precious those memories are.

Okay, so now you’re probably wondering what memories, adventure, and spontaneity have to do with you. Well, you’re a high school student and you’re just starting school so you’ve probably been on the lookout for your next adventure. Look no further! What lies before you is calling your name from the top of a 315 foot Eiffel tower just a few hundred miles away! Oh yeah, and it also has a volcano that spews real fire!

Kings Dominion isn’t your average amusement park. It’s a little over 395 acres of pure adventure and is perfect for anyone who’s looking for a little thrill-seeking fun! Since the amusement park’s debut back in 1975, it has attracted millions of visitors from around the world! With 14 roller coasters and an insanely huge water park, Kings Dominion is the perfect place to vacation for Spring Break or Junior/Senior weekend!

The park is located in Doswell, Virginia, just a couple hours away from Busch Gardens. Some of its premier roller coasters include: The Vortex, The Intimidator, The Anaconda, The Flight of Fear, and Volcano: The Blast Coaster! The Blast Coaster is one of the most intimidating rides at the park, whipping its victims through the air at 70 mph for a whole minute and ten seconds while they scream at the top of their lungs in exhilarating fun! Talk about adventure! If you think that sounds amaz-

ing, you’ll love the Flight of Fear. It’s an alien themed enclosed roller coaster that races you through the dark at 54 mph, with nothing but the screams of your fellow passengers to keep you company! Now that’s something you’ll never forget!

There are also rides for younger children if you take a family trip. You could accompany your little brother or sister on the Scooby Doo roller coaster ride or spin inside a giant teacup on the Woodstock Whirlybirds!

What makes Kings Dominion even better is the 20 acre water park! If you and your friends are too exhausted to even think about getting on a water ride after you finish making your rounds through the roller coasters, you could always come back the next day for some water fun in the sun! Soak City Water Park has everything you need to cool off on a scorching hot day. You could relax under a cabana or close your eyes and meditate while adrift on the lazy river. If you’re up for a more thrilling water adventure, there are super tall water slides, wave pools, and the infamous Tornado!

Are you convinced yet? If not, there are a couple of events hosted by Kings Dominion that just might peak your interest. Every year, Kings Dominion has a “Halloween Haunt”. The Halloween Haunt provides a very scary experience for anyone who enjoys chills and thrills! Senior Fest is also pretty awesome. It features tons of concerts, food, and amazing rides of course! It’s the perfect time to plan a senior trip! Sounds tempting, doesn’t it? Well, you are an adventurer! Whether you’re visiting for junior/senior weekend or on a family vacation, there’s no doubt that you’ll have a blast making memories at Kings Dominion!



Writing Challenge

Write a fiction story about an awesome amusement park adventure!

200 to 400 words - All Ages - Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE

By Kate Krehel

Walking down the street one sunny day, I saw a time machine! It looked like a metal sphere, the size of a compact car with neon yellow seats and a green lever inside. I was so amazed and curious that without hesitating I jumped into it. I couldn't wait to get going so I immediately pushed the lever.

I felt like a neutron star spinning over 1000 times a second! Then it stopped. Stepping out, I marveled at the amber clouds that swirled in the sky. The people, who painted their bodies with purple swirls, red polka dots, or green leaves, lived in aluminum houses. There were no cars, but there were bears the size of the tallest dinosaurs. There was only dirt ground, no floors. It was also very chilly. Brr!

Putting on my sweat jacket, the only clothing I had, I walked quickly to the backyard of one of the houses. I saw a mother who appeared to be scolding her child in a language I never heard before. It looked like she didn't want the child to touch the tree. 'What harm could he do by touching a tree?' I asked myself. Sneaking to the other side of the backyard, I touched the tree lightly with my index finger. The tree instantly it turned to dust. I was transfixed as the dust floated to the ground like confetti. Since it made a shhh sound the mother heard it and peeked out the window in terror! Then she went back in the house for a moment and ran out furiously, holding a cudgel. The mother brandished it in the door and yelled something like "Shagga tou toma!"

Then she started chasing me with the cudgel around to the front of the house. I then hid behind a boulder for safety. I heard a smash, smash, smash of footsteps, then a door opened and shut.

I peeked nervously around my hiding spot and jumped up. My time machine was ruined! The outside was so concave now that it collapsed on the seat! Scraps of the time machine were strewn everywhere. Devastated, I took all the scraps and put them in the machine, I dragged it up the street, looking hopelessly for a hardware store.

Then, like a miracle, I was a building that said x#9+? (Hardware Time Machine Supplies Shop). I ran happily towards it with my time machine and burst through the door, facing a man at the

desk with a long beard and moustache. His whole body was red and he looked pensive.

"Umm..." I stammered. "Do you speak English?"

"I am one of the few speakers left," the man said, drearily. "The English language is dying out. The rest of the languages have died out. They are replaced by Virtualese. Are you from a different time?"

"How did you know?" I exclaimed.

"Because you don't speak Virtualese, silly; plus I see the time machine."

"We use them all the time to see what the future will be like."

"I repair them, you know?"

"Then can you fix mine?" I asked, hopefully.

He inspected my time machine with an exasperated look on his face. "This was damaged by the cudgel of Virgogusscal. She has such a loathing for time machines. She is malevolent, her husband is dotty, and her children are gits!" he yelled indignantly; "this will take a long 8 days to fix."

"Darn, I wanted to get home as soon as possible and now I have to wait 8 days!"

"By the way, what's your name?" the shopkeeper asked.

"Oh, Crystal, what's yours?"

"Call me Shelivon."

For those eight days I told him about my world, while he talked about his. We talked about memories and boy, did we have a laugh. I learned that Shelivon was very sentimental ever since his mother died several years ago. I told him about my world, the year 3082, and how time machines were just invented. But like a blink of an eye, those eight days were over. The time machine was repaired and it was time to go. Shelivon gave me a picture of himself to keep as a memory. In return I gave him a few coins I had in my pocket. I crawled in the time machine and with one last goodbye, I took off.

This time I felt like a pulsar spinning about 100 times a second. After about one minute, the time machine stopped. I got out and looked up. A very angry man stared back at me.



Kate's stories are great. They are inspirational.



Writing Challenge

Write an essay about what needs to be done make sure humans have a great future.

200 to 400 words - All Ages - Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

www.citykidzworld.com



The Problems with Media and Body Image

By Vineal Sunkara

Media is a popular form of communication that people use to keep themselves updated on what is going on around them. Media is also playing a poor role in influencing body image. Media is causing kids to be bullied because of the body image messages it sends, which cause these kids to get addicted to media, and potentially ruin their futures. As most can see, media is not playing a positive role in body image.

Media can cause bullying in and out of school. This is because people are being bullied online. Those people who are bullied are the ones who are always trying to figure out what they are doing wrong and are stressed out about fitting in. Bullying can really hurt kids to the core of their feelings, and media plays a big role in this because it is often the reason why kids are stressed out and why they are being bullied. Media is not positively influencing body image because many are bullied for who they are online.

People have a hard time stopping the game they're playing on their iPhones. This is because people are addicted to media and image. For example, when people read about and see themselves online and on paper, they want to look so perfect like the people in the media. What they do not realize is that they should be something better— themselves. When people choose to be themselves, they remove the fear of fitting in, the fear of being bullied, and the fear of not being cool online. Social media can greatly affect body image, but not for the better.

Media is starting to have a negative effect on kids' body images. They think about being able to fit in, not being themselves. Online, kids are constantly bullied for every slip up and thing they do. This is starting to become a depressing situation for everyone. Media is supposed to be a positive place where people can have friendly interaction with each other, not to provoke negative thoughts about one's self because someone is bullying them.

Natural Disasters

By Sandeep Reddy

I survived a tornado. It happened in Oklahoma, when I was 8. The wind had a bursting sound. My mom and I were in the house.

We went out on the boat for a while earlier when it was clear. Then we went home and were inside the house. We heard thunder. Also a whirlpool of wind began outside .

As it got worse, my mom was worried so we went into the shelter. We went down and got our extra food. We ate our food and were full as the tornado happened. The electricity went out.

As the lights came back on, we heard a swoosh! While we were in the shelter, a huge truck was thrown into our house by the

tornado. It blew up! I was scared and thought that I was bleeding. It actually was tomato sauce from the food I was eating. I looked out the window and the storm had ended. I had a lot fun but it was also very scary.

It was scary because the truck I saw was huge and I can't believe that it was thrown through our house. I could not believe I survived the tornado that lasted a day.



Sandeep is great at making natural disasters sound interesting.



Writing Challenge

Hero! Write an essay about your hero!

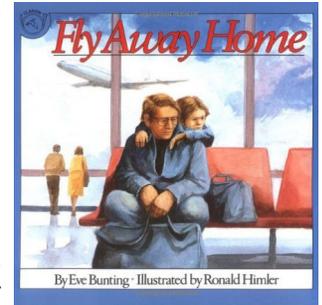
200 to 400 words - All Ages - Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com



Fly Away Home

By Neelesh Talasila



Have you ever felt lonely or been forced to live in an airport? Well, that is what's happening to 6-year-old, Andrew, because of money issues. This is from the book "Fly Away Home" by Eve Bunting. Andrew's dad spends most of his time at work, so he leaves Andrew with the Medias, a close family, because he trusts them. I think leaving a kid homeless should be against the law because it isn't fair for a 6-year-old to live a bad life.

To begin, kids as young as Andrew shouldn't have to be dealing with homelessness and other issues. It should be against the law for a 6-year-old to have to smell a stranger's armpits. I think when Andrew goes to kindergarten, he'll flunk because he never got to learn anything about math.

I don't think the dad is having a good time with his job, either because he's trying to get a home, but the prices are too high so he thinks he's doing a bad job of parenting Andrew. Andrew, on the other hand, is gaining hope. For example, when a bird got trapped in the main terminal, Andrew kept on telling the bird, "Don't stop trying."

Eventually the bird found a sliding door and went through it and escaped.

I have a connection to Andrew because I also have to do work to get money. The difference is that I get \$10.00 if I do one chore and he might only get \$1.00 for the whole day. I think, someday, Andrew and his dad will get an apartment and get enough food to live and go to school.

In conclusion, it should be against the law for kids to have to suffer in their carefree years because, well, they're supposed to be in kindergarten and they don't even have a home!

Skyler's Wish!

By Maria Theruviparambil

Skyler was a princess from the second star on Orion's Belt. Her birthday was the next day, which meant that she needed to convince her father to get her a puppy. She went to her dad and begged him to buy her a puppy.

"Please daddy!" she begged.

"NO, NO, NO!" the king replied.

"But why?" Skyler asked.

"Why? Because I don't want to have a puppy roaming around!" he shouted.

Then she left. She went to her room and started crying. Just then, she had an idea.

"Maybe I can make a home for it on the third star on Orion's Belt," she thought.

She raced to her dad and told her dad her idea. The king thought about it, and he let her get the dog, but the real reason was because he was evil. One week later she went to visit her dog and it wasn't there.

"Oh no!" she said.

She rushed to tell her dad what happened, and she found out he took her puppy. She banned him from the kingdom, and she became the new ruler. The kingdom and Skyler lived happily ever after!



This story is super imaginative.



Writing Challenge

Cartoon Review - Write a review of your favorite cartoon

200 to 300 words - All Ages - Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

www.citykidzworld.com



Earth's Cancer

By Bhavishya Banda

Life on this planet Earth is the product of a delicate balancing act provided by nature. Mankind's very existence is totally dependent on Earth's fragile ecosystem's ability to maintain itself. As a boat needs water to float, man needs the Earth to live. A valuable player in the balance of the environment, the ozone layer, is facing a serious threat by man. Chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) are chemical agents commonly found in refrigerants, aerosol sprays, and in the manufacturing of Styrofoam and industrial solvents. However, hydrochlorofluorocarbons are a type of fluorocarbons that are replacing chlorofluorocarbons as a refrigerant and propellant in aerosol cans and are considered to be somewhat less destructive to the atmosphere. With the rate of more than a half-million tons of CFCs being spewed into the atmosphere yearly, the rate of ozone depletion is rising very rapidly. If a global effort is not made to end the unnecessary use of CFCs, the inhabitants of this planet face an extremely difficult and frightening future.

The ozone depletion occurs when CFCs are eventually carried into the stratosphere in a process that can take as long as 2-5 years. When CFCs and HFCs reach the stratosphere, the ultraviolet radiation from the sun causes them to break apart and release chlorine atoms, which react with ozone, starting chemical cycles of ozone destruction that deplete the ozone layer (EPA, 2010). The chlorine reacts with the oxygen atoms and rips apart the ozone molecule. Imagine a growing hole in the Earth's atmosphere getting bigger as someone uses CFCs. A worldwide effort is needed to end the unnecessary use of CFCs. Hydrochlorofluorocarbons (HCFCs) are the most popularly proposed substitutes for CFCs. They are used for refrigeration, air conditioning, aerosols, health products, sterilization, and certain fire protection applications. Carrie Lai in "No Zone For Ozone" (p.5) explains that HCFCs have many of the same benefits of CFCs, yet they do not have the ozone-damaging effects of CFCs. I believe that these should be established throughout the world, as it is being done in Canada.

Another significance is hydrochlorofluorocarbons (HCFCs) reduce cases of skin cancer, cataracts, lessen the risks involving the human immune system, and provide more protection for plant and animal life (Lai, p.10). Harmful chemicals are like cancer to the Earth. Energy is saved because the replacement of CFCs allows for the development of new air conditioning and refrigeration equipment that are energy efficient. With these equipment upgrades, pollution is prevented because fewer fossil fuels are burned at the plants, causing fewer air pollutants, which are responsible for global warming and acid rain emissions. This positively affects the atmosphere worldwide.

Although the thought of using chlorofluorocarbons is considered to be a negative, it can also be looked at as a benefit.

Because of their polarity, the CFCs are useful solvents, and their boiling points make them suitable as refrigerants. They are also far less flammable than methane (National Geographic, p.1). Even though it proves to be positive in one way, the contrary facts overpower its significance. Ozone depletion is an ongoing crisis that heavily impacts nature and the human lifestyle. "Laboratory and epidemiological studies demonstrate that Ozone depletion causes non melanoma skin cancer and plays a major role in malignant melanoma development. In addition Ozone depletion has been linked to cataracts-a clouding of the eye's lens... Physiological and developmental processes of plants are affected by Ozone depletion" (Health and Environmental Effects of Ozone Layer Depletion, p.5). Without a doubt, the ozone layer needs to be protected. HCFCs help to resolve a part of the ozone crisis.

The damage that CFCs are causing to the environment is threatening Earth's future. An effort should be made to reduce the use of these chemicals. Hydrochlorofluorocarbons, most commonly known as HCFCs, should be used as substitutes for CFCs. They have many advantages of CFCs but do not have the same damaging effects. HCFCs reduce risks to the human body as well as ensure more protection of plant and animal life. Energy costs are also saved because the replacement of CFCs allowed for the development of new air conditioning and refrigeration equipment that are energy efficient. The ozone layer is desperately in need of protection from harmful chemicals such as CFCs. Hydrochlorofluorocarbons help to rectify a part of the ozone problem. Companies need to completely replace CFCs with HCFCs to avert an environmental disaster.

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Academic writing is so cool. Read and learn.



Illustrated by Terner Thompson

NESLEY NACK BOOK #1

NESLEY NACK WAS A PIRATE SAILING IN THE SEA. SHE HAS ALL TYPES OF SECRETS. FIND OUT ABOUT HER!

By Nandita Hareesh

One day, an 8-year-old girl named Nesley Nack looked out of the rocket window. She was with her mom and dad. She was holding three magical things she used to turn into a pirate or anything else. She didn't know their names, though. Her dad was an astronaut. He was opening a window. Suddenly a bright star crossed Nesley's path. She jumped out with her three magical things and disappeared. Her mom and dad cried, "Help! Help!" But no one was in the rocket ship to help them. Nesley was gone forever, or at least they thought so...

Meanwhile, Nesley found herself on an island. She forgot all about her mom and dad. She began to explore. She was walking when bonk! She hit her head. "Ow! That hurt," she complained, her hand on her forehead.

"What hurt?" asked a female voice. Nesley turned around. A 20-year-old girl stared at Nesley.

"What hurt?" she repeated.

"My bonk on the forehead," replied Nesley. "Who are you?"

"Me? First tell me who you are," the girl replied.

"Nesley Nack!" Nesley said.

"Yay! The poppy sack worked! We must celebrate! Ell will..." she paused. After 16 minutes she asked, "Hey, where is Ell?"

"Where am I? Who are you?" Nesley asked.

"Oh, I forgot. I am Senley Nack. Ell Nack is my brother. I am a close friend to your mother. I have been looking for Ell. Anyway, this island is deserted! Ell and I live on Pirate Island, a few pirate ships away! Anyway your mother and my, um... I mean Ell and your mother. They know each other well," Senley explained carefully, in a serious tone. Then she yelled, "Ell!" and Ell appeared.

Ell looked nothing like Nesley had ever seen. He had short brown hair and colored clothes that included a scarf and a belt to carry things around and to keep water, in case you

Book #1 is fantastic. I hope you send in Book #2.



were thirsty. And Nesley thought Ell was very thirsty because she saw that Ell had his belt full of plastic water bottles. Well, I should say coconut water bottles. Then Nesley saw something interesting. Ell wore the same belt as Senley. And he had a pirate hat and a bag of gold doubloons!

"Hi!" he said. While they were talking loudly, something moved in the forest nearby Senley and Ell.

"Oh my, what is in there that moved? Is it the forest monster that grew fire in his cave?" asked Senley, shaking with fear.

"No it must only be..." But before Ell could finish his sentence, a big, talking monster jumped at Nesley, Senley, and Ell! "AH-HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" screamed Ell and Senley! But Nesley was not afraid. She grabbed the sword that was gleaming like a mirror nearby, in the sand. She took a rope that was dangling out of the belt that Senley had. She charged at the monster and stuck the sword she had in his third arm! The monster ran away in pain.

"Now tell me this," said Nesley. "How do I get home?"

Now Nesley was on a ship! With the swing of a rope she plunged into the air and with her three magical things, she headed for home again.

"I'll see you later! Some time soon!" Nesley yelled. She went into the star and disappeared.

Meanwhile her dad was sitting near the open window. That's when Nesley came shooting from the star and landed in his lap.

"Where have you been?" he asked

"Nowhere. Just nowhere," Nesley answered, with a smile on her face.



Writing Challenge

Fantasy Adventure story!

200 to 300 words - All Ages - Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com

Superman and Batman

By Siddhant Lambu

A superhero is a person who rescues citizens of their country from evil villains. Superheroes never give up even when they are completely exhausted. They build their energy back up to fight their arch nemesis. Being able to be a superhero will be very hard, since you have to train for a lot of years to become a perfect superhero.

I am going to talk about two superheroes. One is Superman, and the other is Batman. First, we will talk about Superman. Superman has superpowers such as laser eyes and the ability to fly. He fights different kinds of villains. Some people think that Superman's costume is colorful. Finally, he does not have a mask and is an alien from outer space.

Batman is a superhero with no superpowers, but he has cool gadgets that help protect him such as the bat mobile. Batman can process information faster than bats! That is why he is the smartest person in the world. He has a black and blue costume and his main enemy is the "Joker." Batman thinks before he attacks.

What Superman and Batman have in common is that they both are superheroes. They save people from life-threatening villains. Superman and Batman both fight crime. When they are not superheroes, they work at different business places.

Superman fights villains by using his laser eyes. When his laser eyes hit the villain Superman needs to defeat, the villain gets burned into ashes and dies. If Superman needs to escape from his enemies, he uses his ability of flight and he flies away to escape.

Batman uses his intelligence to attack at the right time. He uses his awesome gadgets to eliminate the threat of villains. Batman's main rival is the "Joker." Nothing will overcome Batman.

My favorite superhero is Batman because he thinks before he attacks his enemies. Batman does excellent hand-to-hand combat. His gadgets are awesome because Batman's gadgets are guns that shoot huge lasers and his Batmobile has rockets that shoot at Batman's villains whenever he presses a small, red button on a remote. He is the best superhero ever.

The Project

By Pranav Boddapati

Hi, my name is Tom and the kid that sits next to me in class is Todd. Anyway, today was the big day. We needed to hand in our projects that we worked on. I was ready to hand mine in when I suddenly remembered that I left mine at home. I looked next to me and Todd forgot his project too. So Todd and I decided that we were going to sneak out get our projects and come back. Todd had been going to robotics so he got out two robots he was working on and put them in our seats. We just needed to be back before we needed to present. We snuck out the window and ran to my house. Once we got to my house, we made sure my mom was occupied and we snuck upstairs. Once we got my project instead of going downstairs, I knew that if we jumped out my window, there were a bunch of leaves that would break our fall. We jumped and the leaves broke our fall my mom was too busy to notice so we ran off to Todd's house. Once we reached Todd's house he had a ladder next to his window so we went up there. Once we got his project, we went downstairs, but we heard someone yell, "Hey."

We thought we were busted, but actually it was Todd's mom yelling at a rabbit that was eating her strawberries from her garden so we ran before she could see us. I checked my watch and we had five minutes before we needed to present. I hoped our robots were keeping it together. Once we were at school, we went in the window and were just in time to present. When it was my turn, I put my project up, but the teacher said, "Tom we transferred all our projects onto the computer that's why I gave you guys three extra weeks."

"Oops must have forgot," I said. Then I presented my presentation on the computer. Todd had enough time to destroy his project so he was in the clear. Oh, and by the way, the robots were destroyed when we found them. I have a feeling that the class bully, Tim, was probably the person who did that.



This story has a great ending. Make sure to read everything.

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The Pixar Theory:

By Riya Ubriani

All the information of all the Pixar movies ever made in chronological order

Brave: 14th-15th century

The will of the wisps (magic) is the reason why inanimate (non-living) objects start to behave like humans.

This magic is used by a witch who strangely vanishes through wooden doors. But who is this witch? You'll find out later.

This magic eventually leads to the birth of super heroes.

The Incredibles: 1950s-1960s

Superheroes were made to keep order in the world. I'm sure you all remember Buddy, the boy who wanted to be a superhero. In anger, he wanted to destroy all the superheroes. In this process, he created two things: Artificial Intelligence (A.I.) bots that served only him (the Omnidroid) and high-tech Zero Point Energy (which was electromagnetic, or relating to the interrelation) This was in close relation of electric currents/fields and magnetic fields, and existed in a vacuum. This was the key time when A I Bots were destroying their only obstacle: the super heroes.

Later on, toys start absorbing the Zero Point Energy in invisible waves and I'm pretty sure we all know what that leads to.

Toy Story: 1997-1998

The early and first signs of life from toys happen due to Syndrome/Buddy's technological powers. At first, the toys don't want to be discovered by humans.

Later, they come up with a code of rules and realize that human love is another energy source on which they live.

In a while, they realize what happens to toys that are abandoned by humans.

Toy Story 2: 1999

The toys realize that it is harmful to be kept away from humans, as they lose their energy source. Toys begin to question their purpose in life. Jesse resents her owner, Emily (Andy's mother), for abandoning her.

After that, resentment toward humans wasn't just by inanimate objects, but by animals as well.

Finding Nemo: 2003

In the ocean we find that fish are incredibly advanced: they have schools, a network and freeway system. They discover that humans are polluting the earth and experimenting on them. Dory was one of the animals that was experimented on, which is why she forgets many things. There are signs of resentment and anger growing toward humans for polluting the environment, stealing fish, and caging them.

Animals begin to be more curious and carry more human-like characteristics.

Ratatouille: 2007

In this movie, Remy the Rat discovers that he loves to cook

and shows human characteristics. A few of the human characteristics are: walking on his hind paws, cleaning his hands, reading, and cooking. This is the first time we see a very close relationship between humans and animals, but it is used for the purpose of dominating the humans.

Remy controls Linguini because Linguini is uneducated. We see that Remy's rat tribe does not like the humans and feels both fear and hate toward them.

Toy Story 3: 2010

After three years, the toys have gone through many things with the humans physically and emotionally.

Human treatment to toys result in hate from toys like Lotso the Hugging Bear. Lotso hates the humans because they don't give any importance to toys and discard them like they are nothing. Lotso tries to take care of his kind and the resentment toward humans gives another reason why the objects and machines are ready to take over. You'll also learn about BnL, a gas company which is growing larger day by day. Buzz's batteries are provided by that company, you'll learn why.

Carl and Ellie (Carl's DEAD wife) write to Andy telling him to get rid of his toys because they know the uprising of the toys against the humans is coming.

Up: 2011-2016

Carl Fredrickson is forced to give up his house to Buy n Large, a corporation planning to take over the world. This company is responsible for pollution and wiping out life in the future, as the result of too much technology. Carl discovers that animals can talk with humans and senses the bitterness they have. Charles Muntz trains an army of dogs, which starts the tipping point between animals and humans.

Many years later, a "war" between animals and humans begins. Who do you think won the uprising?

Cars: 2100-2200

When animals rose up to the humans to stop the pollution, the machines saved the humans and helped them win the war. Since the machines helped the humans win, it tipped the balance on Earth. The humans were sent on a spaceship called Axiom to avoid extinction while the machines stayed and ran things.

An important fact is that since the cars were heavily influenced by humans, they carried many human features. But how do we know they didn't populate another planet?



This theory is amazing!



Pixar con't from page 58

Cars 2: 2100-2200

In Cars 2, the cars go to Europe and Japan, which proves that they're on the same planet as all the other Pixar movies, Earth. This also shows that there are no other humans throughout the world. The world ends up with an energy crisis as oil is the only power for cars.

Allinol was using green energy as a car harming substance that would turn the cars away from alternative energy sources. Allinol was run by BnL, which later polluted the entire world with its' use of oil. Earth became unfit to inhabit, or live on.

WALL-E: 2800-2900

Due to BnL, no life form could live on Earth for hundreds of years. This company took over the world starting in the 1950s. WALL-E is the only machine left that is inhabiting Earth after it ran out of resources. He survived because he is interested in the human species and is friends with a cockroach (this shows that bugs somehow survived on Earth). This helped him maintain his personality and completion.

Robots and machines on Axiom (having left Earth centuries before) show that they feel a sense of importance when humans rely on them.

In that manner, WALL-E was a robot Jesus and he and his love, Eve, save the human race to start life on Earth all over again.

During the credits, we see the seed in the shoe grow into a mighty tree. This is last sign of plant life AND (Spoiler Alert!) it is the exact same tree we see in A Bug's Life.

A Bug's Life: 2898-3000

As mentioned before, the tree we see in WALL-E grew to be the tree in A Bug's

Life. Insects have a longer lifespan in A Bug's Life . Before WALL-E, an ant can live only 3 months. However, in A Bug's Life , all the ants survive an entire summer and refer to being around for a very long time. One ant says that he "feels 90 again." This shows that ants are immensely stronger due to mutation and evolution.

Another ant tells Flik not to leave the island because there are "snakes, birds, and bigger bugs out there." They do not talk about humans, because there are very few humans to make it harmful enough for insects to worry about. However, one kid did purposely pick the wings off of the homeless bug.

Later, in the distant future, animals start evolving into the

dominant species. (Guess who?)

Monsters University: 4500-5000

Many centuries after WALL-E, animals start evolving into monsters because of the radiation caused by BnL and accidentally take humans off the planet. Monsters University was founded in 1313 of the Monsters Calendar, not human, and shows that it took place 1400 years after A Bug's Life .

At Monsters University, they wrongly taught the monsters that the humans were poisonous and from another dimension. This was because the monsters were scared of being wiped off the planet and changing history.

Monsters Inc: 4500-5000

Monsters and machines didn't realize their mistake of getting rid of humans until it was too late. They realized that, as before, humans were their energy source and their only way to survive. Machines solved the problem by making doors that didn't travel to another dimension, but to the past when humans were alive.

This leads us to Boo.

Boo

Cute little Boo never got over Sulley and became obsessed with finding out what happened to him. She remembered that doors are the key to finding Sulley. Later on in life she figured out how to time travel (using wooden doors) and goes back

to the source of all magic, "the-will-of-the-wisps" and creates magic to find Sulley

by using wood. Boo leaves evidence behind in Brave: two carvings whittled out of

wood. They were Sulley and a pizza truck, the two things she loves most in life.

Although she knows how to travel through time, she does not know how to determine what time period she will go to. Therefore, speculation has it that Boo is the one planting the easter eggs throughout all the Pixar movies because she has been accidentally going through different time periods.

Extra Secrets:

In every movie, there is at least one sign of the restaurant, Pizza Planet, except the Incredibles.

The code A113 is also in almost every movie due to the maker's college room number.

Add your own! I haven't got any more in stock!

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The Fight

By Neeharika Gorti

There's something I had always wanted, a change really. I always wished that my sister and I would stop fighting. Sometimes, our fights would be long, other times in short bursts. This was a time when we were fighting over pencils.

My sister, Asmita, is the type of person who could be an archaeologist because she has saved things from when she was a baby! She has pencils from Pre-K, Kindergarten, 1st grade, 2nd grade, and now 3rd grade. She's kept them all in one pink princess pencil box. I, of course, have zero. If I took two brand new, unsharpened, number two pencils, I would lose them in two consecutive days. I don't know why. They just seemed to vanish. Asmita took one pencil to school and never, ever, seemed to sharpen it. Never. I always felt like I had to keep my pencil sharp at all times. In one day, my pencil would shrink to as much as half as its original length.

One day, I put up a fight to win the right to have pencils. Taking one of her pencils, I sharpened it and began writing. Meanwhile, my sister saw me and began yelling.

"Hey! My pencil! Give it back!" she said as she looked like she was about to punch me.

"No! You have so many pencils! Can't I have at least one?" I



Illustrated by Jorge Martins



Personal narrative stories are lovely.

asked while looking down at my writing.

"No! It's mine! Give it back!" Asmita was focused on getting her pencils back.

"Keep the volume down!" my mom shouted from the kitchen. Neither my sister or I heard her, as we rallied back and forth. My mom stormed into the room and gave us a speech about me having to be mindful, and Asmita needing to share. But really, I lost the argument.

I tried to keep my pencils safe from that day on, and really tried hard not to argue with my sister.

Story con't from page 50

After about a month, we were on Mars. The scientists gave us special suits to wear on the planet and also weapons to protect ourselves. Truthfully, outer space was so beautiful. When we reached the planet, the first thing I saw was a palace that was huge. It looked like it had a hundred floors. It was tall and big. My grandma almost fainted just looking at the palace!

"This must be my twin sister's palace," I said. My grandma didn't answer me. Instead, she started walking towards it. When we reached the main door, we went inside. There, we saw hundreds of little aliens and their queen sitting on the throne. She looked exactly like me! We went in front of my twin sister.

"Hello!" she said. "I was waiting for you to come." My grandma was about to take out her sword, but I stopped her. I turned and showed my twin pictures of us in our last life.

"What is this?" she yelled. I started to tell her that there was an evilness in her.

"You are my real twin sister!" I screamed. At first, nothing happened. Then she got up off her throne and all the aliens gasped. I knew that was bad. She said only one word:

"FIGHT!"

Then she ran towards me with a spear as long as the tallest man on Earth. It was creepy! I continued talking about the evilness that possessed her and threw our pictures at her.

Suddenly, once a certain picture landed on her, she screamed and fainted. My grandmother and I quickly took her on our spaceship and blasted off before the aliens got to us.

Two months later...

"Grandma, she is waking up!" My grandma and I blasted into space and had reached home. We put my twin sister in a hospital. They said she was in a deep sleep, and that she was a regular human!

"Wh-Who are you?" she asked.

"I am your twin sister," I said. She looked at me and smiled. With my help, she got up. We said hello and talked to each other. I told her about my adventure, and she told me about hers. We laughed and smiled together. It was good to have real family!

Submit stories to editor@citykidzworld.com





Illustrated by Jorge Martins

My Field Trip to the Baseball Game

By Gowri Sanker Anish

Once, near the end of third grade, I went on a field trip to a baseball game. The day started out as a normal one when I unpacked. But at the time, when we would usually be doing the problem of the day, an announcement came over the loudspeaker telling us to get ready for the field trip. Our teacher quickly explained to us what to do and we started to leave.

On the bus, which was the way we traveled to the baseball field, my friends and I found a way to have fun. We played games and looked out the window to see amazing sights until they passed. We had a lot of fun!

By the time we got off the bus, it was around 12 o'clock noon. We ate lunch first. Once we finished lunch, we took some pictures together along with the giant inflated balloon that was there. Just when we finished taking pictures, a voice over the loudspeaker said the game was starting in 30 minutes. We quickly hurried into the stadium and took our seats as game began. The game was very exciting! In what seemed like the middle of the game, the ball went soaring into the air and my friend's dad caught it! Later, we had to leave, even though the game was not over yet. On the ride back, we had even more fun on the bus. Back at school, we all had ice cream. Then I packed up and rode my school bus back home. This was a perfect day which I will never forget!



This was a great field trip story. Enjoy it!

Contest Alert!

Do you have a sport that you love to play? Write a short story about your best moment when playing your favorite sport!

200 to 300 words - Deadline: Dec. 1 - Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com



The Lightning Thief

By Mikaela Renshaw

Intern

If you're looking for a fun, summer read, I would recommend "The Lightning Thief" by Rick Riordan. It's the first book in the Percy Jackson and the Olympians series, and it's a wild ride from start to finish. Full of magic, monsters, and mythology, this book pulls you in right from the beginning.

The story follows the adventures of Percy Jackson, a 12-year-old kid from New York City who has a knack for getting in trouble. Soon, he learns that this knack isn't just bad luck, but rather it has to do with his mysterious father who disappeared before he was born. As it turns out, his father isn't just the man Percy's mother fell in love with - he's also a Greek God.

This makes Percy a demigod (or half-blood), which is the reason why monsters have been hunting him and bringing all sorts of trouble into his life. For his own protection, Percy makes his way to Camp Half-Blood, a summer camp and sanctuary for kids like him. Once there, he learns that being a demigod isn't his only problem. Someone has stolen Zeus's lightning bolt and because of who Percy's father is, he's the most likely suspect.

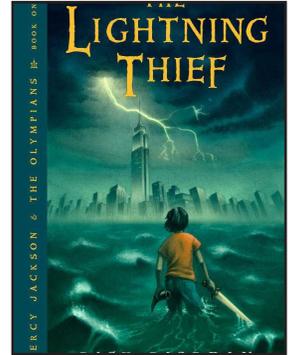
What happens next is a heart-pounding adventure story that follows Percy and his friends' quest to find the lightning bolt and prove his innocence. Rick Riordan mixes mythological monsters and everyday life so well that after reading the book you'll find yourself peering around corners in search of Minotaurs and wondering if Mount Olympus really is on top of

Book Review

the Empire State building.

And this modern mythological setting isn't the only attention grabber in the book. The characters are equally interesting. Percy Jackson, the hero of the story, is easily likable, full of wit and sarcasm, whose conversational tone makes the readers feel like he's talking directly to them. His friends and companions, Grover Underwood and Annabeth Chase, are stars in their own right. Riordan builds a natural and amusing dynamic between the three of them as they continue on their monster-infested journey to find the lightning bolt.

So, be sure to check out this book from your local library or bookstore for a great summer read with plenty of humor, a fantastic setting and thrilling heroic battles. Once you finish *The Lightning Thief*, you can check out the rest of the series, which are just as compelling. Get ready to fall in love with this book and be sure to watch out for any mythological monsters that might come your way.



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A Problem Always Has A Solution

By Sai Aneesh Gangishetty

It was the first day of fourth grade. The wind was blowing as I walked through the crunchy leaves.

“HOOOOOOO!” I yelled. My hat had blown off my head several times, so I had to run to get it back.

I did not think school was going to be very good because I had not seen anyone that I knew from last year. I literally jumped when I saw and heard all the boisterous kids shouting and talking to other people. Believe me, you would have been running home by now if you had heard those shouts! I walked through the crowded hall with a buzzing and whirling in my head because I did not know what was going to happen in this big and totally new school.

I walked as fast as I could to B111, my classroom number. Finally, I reached my class. I walked at a slow pace. I felt like I was starting a final showdown. My first foot landed on the smooth carpet of the classroom. Suddenly, my brain froze when I saw my teacher, Mrs. Johnson.

The teacher wore an unusually encouraging and benign expression. Mrs. Johnson told us what to do and started her own work. The boy sitting next to me was almost done with his word search, but I was still on my eleventh word. I knew the boy was very smart. My parents used to tell me, “Always make friends with smart students.”

“What’s your name?” I asked him in a nice voice that would catch his attention.

“My name is Arnav. What’s your name?” he replied in the same tone of voice.

“My name is Sai,” I responded to this nice guy. We began to talk about ourselves so much that I forgot I was new. He became my best friend!

8 months later...

Arnav and I were better friends than ever. I told him important computer secrets, like how to get new extensions, keyboard shortcuts, and a lot more. He said he would never tell anyone.

One day, I overheard a conversation between Arnav and the class bully, Bhargav. Arnav was telling all the secrets to Bhargav! “What are you doing?” I asked angrily.

“Shut up, you stupid chicken! I’m not friends with you anymore, little minotaur!” Arnav said back in a baby voice. Bhargav laughed. My heart was burning. It felt like hot smoke was blowing out of my ears. My eyes were red. My small hands turned into tough fists. I wanted to turn into the Hulk and injure both of them.

But I calmed down and asked Arnav to talk with me privately. He followed me with an annoyed face. “Okay, so why don’t you want to be friends with me?” I spoke like a detective.

“You blackmailed Max to email me, ‘Arnav is a big, fat weirdo!’” Arnav replied.

“No I didn’t!” I protested. “I never do those mean things! Bhargav probably did it.” We looked at Bhargav, who looked at us.

“Hey Bhargav, did you blackmail Max to email something bad to me?” Arnav asked Bhargav.

“Yes. I did it because you are a big, fat weirdo,” Bhargav answered. Arnav looked at me and smiled because he was happy it was not me who did it. That nice face made me think about something I already had: a best friend!



Realistic fiction never gets old! Nice writing style Sai.

Story Writing Challenge:

Rewrite history! Write a historical fiction story and make 1 change in a major historical event!

All Ages - 200 to 400 words - Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com



THE SNEAKERS

By Kate Krehel

They were so close to figuring it out. Mathew, the shy one, found a letter on the ground. Kanoni, the loquacious one, heard someone talking about it. Fritz, the daredevil, saw something through the window. Lilly, the stylish one, saw something seeping through the cracks of a cottage.

Someone had given a teenager girl something to drink, and immediately she died. The police called upon their group, "The Sneakers," for help in trying to solve the mystery of what had happened. The police had thought they were close to catching the perpetrator, but they still had a few suspects they were checking out. The Sneakers group wanted to show the police that they could count on third grade kids.

"So...the suspects are Balinda Cappen, Maggie Shrewbe, Marla Logan, and Barbara Kornacon," Mathew read very quietly.

"WELL YOU BETTER PIPE UP MORE BECAUSE YOU KNOW I'M HEARING IMPAIRED, RIGHT? AND I WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT TOO..." yelled Kanoni, who went on and on exasperatingly, until Lilly stopped her.

"Stop it right now, or I'll squirt ink on your beautiful dress!" They then got into an argument. While they were arguing, Fritz was thinking, and he came up with an idea.

"Guys," he hesitated. "I can sneak into all of the houses and try to find evidence of any poison! Brilliant idea!" He jumped up in the air and saw that all eyes were on him. When he did, he had no idea why.

"Fritz," Kanoni said seriously. "This is your problem. You'll do anything that's dangerous, but nothing that's safe."

"You'll get hurt," Mathew whimpered.

"Plus, if people see you, they won't like you because you're not handsome," Lilly said solemnly.

"Stop!" Fritz yelled defensively. "I know that I've done dangerous things before, and I didn't get hurt. So please. Let me go."

"You're only going if the rest of us come," Kanoni whispered.

"Fine. It's a deal," Fritz said happily. "Meet me at the park tomorrow night at eight."

Right when he said that, Lilly ran out the door. "What's the matter with her?" Mathew muttered with repulsion

"I don't know," Kanoni said with glee. "At least I'll have no arguments for a while."

Ten minutes later, Lilly came back to Mathew's house, where they had met that day. She was carrying loads of black silk from the fabric store across the street.

"What's that for?" Fritz asked curiously.

"If we sneak into the cottages at night time wearing black, it will be very hard for people to see us!" Lilly answered excitedly.

At eight o'clock the next night, the kids met at the park. There were no lights around, so every single star was visible in the sky. The group had their costumes on, and Lilly was right. They could barely see each other! They decided to go to Marla Logan's house first because her house was across the street. When they got there, Lilly asked, "How are we going to get in?"



This story has great descriptive language.

"The windows in her house are always open, so we'll climb through one of them," Fritz whispered. They climbed through a window and found themselves in total darkness until Fritz lit his flashlight. The room they were in had a wooden floor. The walls and ceilings were neon yellow. Periwinkle couches lined the walls. The group split up, but no one could find any evidence.

The next stop was Maggie Shrewbe's house, which was right next door. Getting in wasn't as easy that time. Because the windows were locked shut and there was no way to get in, Fritz had to get a toy shovel from the sandbox at the park to dig a tunnel under the house. After digging, they would have to push up several wooden planks from under the house. Mathew was reluctant to go, but the others persuaded him to.

The tunnel was dark and creepy. The gang could only use sense of touch to know where they were going. Finally, they got through and looked around inside the house. There were pictures of zombies on the walls. There was a small table with an earring tree that had bracelets and necklaces with zombies on them. Mathew started to get teary-eyed.

"Stop being ridiculous, Mathew," Kanoni hissed.

While they were searching, Mathew heard something down the hall and started recording it. This is what he heard:

"I hated that foul teen. Good thing I gave her the poison, and she's dead and gone."

"Oh Maggie, please don't turn wicked."

"I wonder who I'll poison next."

"No! Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, please listen to me. Please, don't do it!"

"I don't have to listen to you."

Mathew knew it had to be Maggie.

Meanwhile, Kanoni and Lilly found a letter on the ground

that said,

Dear sis,

Please help me poison everyone in this town. We'll have everything to ourselves! Plus, I will give you everything I own if you help me, so please do so!

Your sis,

Maggie Shrewbe

They knew it had to be Maggie.

Fritz had snuck into the attic and found objects that said, "YOU WILL DIE- MAGGIE SHREWBIE"

He, too, knew the perpetrator had to be Maggie.

After about 10 minutes, the group got back together and showed each other their evidence. They then called the police. When they showed the police their evidence, the police immediately arrested Maggie.

Now "The Sneakers" group is known worldwide. They get tons of missions every day, and they're so proud to be famous! Now they've officially shown the police that they can count on third grade kids.

San Diego Comic Con

By Mikaela Renshaw

Intern

If you've ever ventured down to San Diego in July you may have noticed advertisements for Comic-Con. Comic-Con began as small, simple comic book convention in the ballroom of the Town and Country Hotel in 1970. From there it grew and grew until the convention included, not just comic books, but all media that can be classified as geek culture, with the location shifting to the San Diego Convention Center and a one mile radius around it. Attendance has gone from just over 100 people to over 130,000.

The convention can be broken down into three parts: the dealer room, the panels, and the Comic-Con Campus. The dealer room fills most of the bottom level of the convention center, holding over 5,000 booths, but while inside, it seems as though it stretches on forever, the colorful merchandise, interactive experiences, and cacophony of people filling the room. Any geeky item you want to buy is likely to be there. Just make sure you can carry everything you purchase. Also be sure to wear comfortable shoes if you plan to walk the entire dealer room.

The panels make up the next part of Comic-Con. They take place in rooms all across the convention center, from small intimate panels led by more obscure guests and attended by only a few dozen people, to the large and high profile panels of Hall H and Ballroom 20, which hold thousands of people, hosting well-known celebrities starring in the latest movies and TV shows, where waiting to get in can sometimes take 14 hours or more. You can't see every panel, so it's best to decide ahead of time which ones you want to attend and plan accordingly.

Then there's the Comic-Con Campus. This covers all the events connected to Comic-Con, but aren't held in the convention center proper, instead they're spread out through downtown



Photos submitted by Mikaela Renshaw

San Diego. These events are often free, albeit with long lines. Events of the past have included a Viking long ship, the Game of Thrones Experience, and an Assassin's Creed style obstacle course, alongside many others. None of these events require a Comic-Con ticket, so even if you don't have a four day badge, you should head downtown, and have fun outside the main convention area.

Although the dealer room, panels, and Comic-Con campus are amazing, the best part of Comic-Con is the costumes. It's best to keep a camera within easy reach, as exquisite and awe-inspiring costumes abound, taking inspiration from all types of geek culture. From anime to Harry Potter and comic books to TV shows, there's sure to be a cosplayer from each. Comic-Con is the only time when a wizard, Batman, and a Klingon walking into a restaurant isn't the start of a joke. The best costumes can be seen Saturday night at the Comic-Con Masquerade, an event that's one part costume contest and one part talent competition. The contestant's acts can be anything from a simple walk and spin to

show off their costumes to full on musicals numbers. If you want to watch the show, make sure to line up early to get tickets, but if you can't, you can still enjoy watching the event on screens in one of the overflow rooms.

So try and buy a ticket for next year. Make sure to check the Comic-Con website and know which day the badges sell, as competition is fierce. Still Comic-Con is worth the effort, and once there whether you spend all four days attending panels or stick to the dealer room, wear an elaborate costume, or none at all, you're sure to have fun.



Tim Haugh Photography



Garner: A Hidden Gem

By Taylor Zhane' B. Williams

Intern



If you decided you wanted to take a summer road trip to all of the best cities on the East Coast chances are Garner, North Carolina wouldn't be on your list of places to visit.

It's probably because you've never even heard of Garner. It's okay. Most haven't! Garner is a hidden gem that rests just outside of North Carolina's capital city. I moved to Garner when I was seven years old and it was pretty tough getting adjusted to a new place but the vibrant spirit of the town eased my discomfort. There is so much to do here, your summer is sure to be amazing!

Summer Nights

For the town of Garner, summer means outdoor movie nights, fishing, and camping out under the stars at Lake Benson Park. Sometimes the park even hosts town-wide events like the Spring Extravaganza and the July fourth celebration. Twice monthly, residents come out to the park for family movie night! All you'll need are a couple of blankets, a picnic basket filled with your favorite movie snacks, and a camera so you can capture some awesome memories! Your family could even bring a tent and a few sleeping bags for camping out! What better way to spend a Friday night than camping out under the stars with family and friends!

The Garner Performing Arts Center holds the town's most entertaining musicals and stage plays! A few years ago, the center put on a production of "Horton Hears a Who!" and later this summer, they'll be performing "Shrek: The Musical!" Don't worry. There are plenty of shows and events available for parents and adults. Just last week the center hosted a Jazz Festival featuring local artists! In fact, there is a "Downtown Sounds Festival" going on right now! Three live bands, eight food trucks, and maybe even a surprise appearance from an American Idol winner are sure to make this event one for the books!

Star Power

It's no secret that North Carolina holds quite a bit of humble star power.

NBA Hall of Famer Michael Jordan was born and raised in Charlotte, North Carolina and most famously, Dr. Maya Angelou lived in Winston-Salem until her passing. The state is also home to three American Idol winners. Fantasia is from Charlotte, Clay Aiken is from Cary and Scotty McCreery hails from Garner, North Carolina! Back in 2011, when Scotty was just a contestant on American Idol, he surprised his hometown with a concert during his visit! He might even make a surprise appearance at the Festival today! When he won, the town roared with pride! One of our Garner Trojans actually won American Idol and put Garner on the map!

Not sold yet? Let me introduce you to an aspect of something called Southern hospitality.

Southern Hospitality

It's the Trojan spirit! Garner harbors some of the most loyal and genuine people that live in North Carolina!

From soul food to the Trojan spirit, my close-knit community definitely scores in the top fifth percentile on the southern hospitality meter! Homemade barbecue is a key trademark of the south and here, if you find yourself guzzling down a few forkfuls at a cookout, chances are it was homemade! Garner's barbecue is the best your tongue could ever muster up the courage to taste and it's all made with love!

Everything is carried out with the "Trojan Spirit" here and if you're from Garner, you know exactly what that means. If not - well you could always stop by and see for yourself because this hidden gem is definitely worth visiting on your next road trip!

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Superhero Essay

By Sreya Boddapati

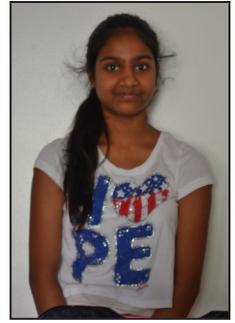
Have you ever wondered why authors started making superhero stories in the first place? The stories of these superheroes encourage us to be selfless and nice to other people. Stories like Spiderman and Batman show us to be a true superhero we first have to let go of our selfishness. A true superhero does not simply wear tights and a cape and brag about his or her superpowers and say that people without powers are losers. Superheroes show us who we really are inside and are trying to make us be better humans.

Spiderman and Batman really connect with us because they used to be normal like us, but then they went through a tragic loss, and now they want to help other people. For example, the article “The Psychology Behind Superhero Origin Stories” tells us that heroes don’t come out of nowhere, but because of the things they experienced, they changed to live in the lifestyle where they help people. This shows that superheroes are not selfish and the adventures of these superheroes show us how to handle our jealousy and anything that makes us think bad thoughts. Anyone can become a hero, but to get there they have to have a good heart.

A true superhero doesn’t need to wear a cape or tights. A true superhero has the power to control his actions and the power to help people in need. The article “The Psychology Behind Superhero Origin Stories” says that to be a superhero we have to find our strengths and use them for good. This shows that we all have our strengths, and if we use them to help, our society would be filled with superheroes. Superheroes are not selfish and use their power for good, and that’s why everyone loves them.

Superheroes do not exist but show us who we become if our minds are rid of all bad thoughts. Some bad thoughts can lead to us doing things that may badly affect a lot of people. In the article “The Psychology Behind Superhero Origin Stories,” the author tells us we can be superheroes if we just put our minds to it.

Superhero stories allow us to cope with our adversity. They teach us not to be selfish. They even teach us to control our anger. Even more importantly, they show us what we really wake up for in the morning. Anyone can be a superhero.



This essay makes great points!

The Time Machine

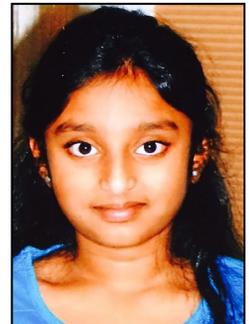
By Shruthi Gunturu

The clock struck 1:00 as sweat poured down Dr. Granger’s face. “Aha!” said Dr. Granger in a relieved voice. Dr. Granger is an old inventor who really wants to make a time machine and help this world. “There!” screamed Dr. Granger, wiping sweat off his forehead and placing the time machine down with all of his might on the lush green grass. There was a thick smell of sweet honey in the air and it gave a fresh aroma to anyone who smelled it. The old man was chuckling to himself and saying “Life is good” repeatedly while the bees were buzzing all around town.

Dr. Granger hopped excitedly into the time machine and pressed the numbers 30 and the button future and he was off as fast as lightning “Wippie! I’m off,” Dr. Granger happily said, and the words flew out of his mouth as fast as a jet of lightning bolts. Just seconds after Dr. Granger hopped into the time machine a woman’s voice came on and said, “Welcome to the future, 2045.” Dr. Granger happily leaped out and to his amazement saw that the world was ruined. He also witnessed that there was not a single living organism on the future planet Earth. “What happened?” Dr. Granger screeched sadly. He kept walking in the dirty, no good world, astonished to see that pollution caused by human beings had led to this disaster. As he kept walking in the world he once knew as a bright cheerful place, he could smell thick,

poisonous gas in the air. He just couldn’t believe his own eyes when a thought struck his brain, “Something needs to be done,” he said in a melancholy voice. After an hour, Dr. Granger could not bear the sight of the future Earth and turned back to his time machine. As he reached his time machine, Dr. Granger took one last look at the horrifying scene and a tear trickled down his wrinkled face. He quietly punched the numbers 30 and the button past and he was off.

When he got off the time machine he strode to his house and started drafting letters to every governor he knew and told them the story of future Earth and how horrid the scene looked. After a lot of talking and explanation, the world started to understand the problem. They started to work together for a better world. Together they worked hard and reached their goal. Five years later, the Earth started to become neat and these are the exact words Dr. Granger said, “Give the world care and love it will give you fruits back.”



A thoughtful story about the future...

Submit stories to editor@citykidzworld.com



The Cake!

By Meghana Reddy

It was the day I was moving to New Jersey. I set out all the boxes, candies and cakes in the brand new store. I put everything where it should be, but then I thought I was missing something. I looked around and around to see what was missing. The air did not smell good, so I added candy-flavored perfume



to the whole store. I waited for about two hours, and nobody came to the store. I was thinking that no one knew my store was here. Then I thought about making a fruitcake that everyone would like, so customers would come to the store.

I went into the cooking area and grabbed a large bowl. In this bowl, I combined some cherries, walnuts, raisins and one pineapple. I then put them aside. In another large bowl I mixed the cream, shortening and the sugar until it was light and fluffy. In the same bowl, I put five eggs and some vanilla and stirred it together. Next, I mixed the flour, baking powder and salt. After that, I combined the fruit mixture with the rest of the ingredients, and I mixed them together very well. I baked it in a tube pan and I waited for about two hours till the fruitcake was done.

While it was baking, I was curious to see if any customers were outside. I noticed that the time was 10:00 a.m., and I thought everyone was at the bus stop, so I didn't get very worried about the lack of customers.

I went outside to get some fresh air and looked to see on the street if anyone was there, but it was only cars zooming. I turned to see how the store looked and saw that the windows had spots and the walls were black and dirty!

I said to myself, "What a mess!"

I started to understand one reason why no one came! It was

so clean inside, but not outside. I wondered how I forgot about that so easily. I went inside and looked at the clock. It was 10:01 a.m.! I was amazed that it felt like a long moment outside! It was a good thing that happened because I needed to call the builders to clean the outside. I was about to call them, but they came right to my store!

I came outside and asked one of them, "Why did you come here so quickly when I didn't even call you?"

"What are you talking about? We came the day after you called us!" the man said, confused. Suddenly, I remembered that I called them yesterday for the mess in the front of the store.

I said to him, "I am sorry! I just forgot I called you!"

"It's OK! People never remember when they call us," said the builder while everyone was getting out of the truck.

When they all got off the truck and got the tools they needed, they started painting the walls with bright colors and cleaned everything that was messy. It took about an hour and a half to finish everything.

After they left, the time was 11:58 a.m. I went to take one last peek at the front of the store and then went inside the kitchen. It looked almost done. I was ready to taste a bit of that cake to see if it was good. Then, I was going to bake some more. I took the cake out of the oven and pulled a knife out. I cut a piece of the cake and took a bite. It tasted very rich and heavy. I thought it was perfect, so I baked more and more cakes! First, I put one in the oven and then started the second one. Then I took out the first cake and put the second cake in. I thought it was a long process! After a while, I saw that I baked about five cakes! I thought that was enough so I took a little break. Before I took a break, I looked at the time. It was 4:09 p.m.! I thought that this was the longest time I had ever taken to bake anything. I said to myself that I was going to wake up after ten minutes because I was so sleepy!

After a while I woke up and remembered my customers. I looked outside and saw no one coming toward my store. Then I started to wonder why people were not coming to my store even after I did everything. I walked around the store and was thinking about what I didn't do to make the people come. After a whole hour, I was still thinking! I turned on the TV since I needed to take a break from thinking. When I turned the TV on, there was an ad about making children's teeth look perfect that inspired me! I thought about making an ad on my fruit-



This is a great, detailed story. Awesome job Meghana.

About Nature at Dusk

By Harshil Cherukuri

The moon is higher than you,
And it is better than you,
The moon is so far away,
But it is still a great view,
The moon is shiny,
And is a great white circle.

The trees protect us,
As well as the moon,
They also cover the moon,
The moon is shy,
Because it is in the sky.
It so hard to fly,
because it is so high.

The stars are missing,
But they keep on hissing,
They are so pretty,
but only in the city,
The stars shine like diamonds,
Only depends on the climate,
They're always a beautiful sight,
To look at during the night.



This is a peaceful and beautiful poem.

Dear Stargirl

Dear Stargirl,

I think that you are special and really spectacular. The reason why is because you don't care what other people says about you. You are always doing what you love to do. Remember the time when you were dancing in the rain and everyone was staring at you and they thought you were crazy or out of mind, but you kept on dancing and you did not even care. You are really nice and I do not know why. People are suppose to like you because you are an individual. For some reason you seem to me you want friends. Well, here's a secret: do not care if they say you are dumb or stupid because you are a individual. I have been through the same thing that you have been through.

Sincerely,
Miles



This is a great letter.



Sci-Fi Fiction Challenge

Write a story that includes 1 of the following settings:

Moon, Spaceship, Mars, or Venus.

200 to 300 words - Deadline Dec.1 - All Ages

Submit work to editor@citykidzworld.com



Travel Feature

By Mikaela Renshaw

Intern

The United States of America is full of amazing places to visit. From the gorgeous beaches of Hawaii to the vibrant cities of New England, stretching down from the frozen beauty of Alaska all the way to the rugged plains of Texas. However, the one place every American should visit, if they have the chance, is Washington D.C. Not only is it a beautiful city, but it's also home to all sorts of fascinating and historical sights.

D.C. has dozens of interesting places, only one of them being the Capitol. If you have any interest in the government, a visit there is highly recommended. Once there, you can find the office of your state's representative, or even sit in on a vote. Even if you've no interest in politics, it's still fun to visit, and you can admire it's beauty, especially the large painting of George Washington being granted godhood on the Greek pantheon on the ceiling.

If you happen to be the bookish type, then the Library of Congress should definitely be on your list as it is the world's largest library holding more than 32 million books. This includes a number of rarer ones, such as the Gutenberg Bible. While you won't be able to check out the more rare books, you might see them on display. Truly, the place is a book-lover's heaven.

Politics and books aren't the only things important in D.C. There is also remembrance. That feeling is strongest at the Arlington Cemetery and the Vietnam and World War II Memorials. Arlington seems to stretch out forever, white stones covering the landscape, with the air so heavy and solemn that you can almost feel the dead walking beside you. The two war memorials hold the same sense of memory, so powerful that it almost seems physical. Walking through the pillars of the World War II memorial, or touching the names carved on the Vietnam Wall is an intense experience.

Should you, afterwards, want to find a more lighthearted activity, try visiting the city's museums. The Smithsonian is the most famous with a collection of 19 different museums, including National Air and Space Museum, National Museum of Natural History, and the National Portrait Gallery. Depending on the length of your trip, you might want to decide ahead of time which museums to visit, as it would take some time to explore them all. The Smithsonian doesn't hold all the museums in D.C., though. Another cool one to visit would be the International Spy Museum. You can learn about different spies throughout history, check out old spy gadgets, and even crawl through air ducts.

Lastly, no visit to Washington, D.C. would be complete without going to see the iconic Lincoln Memorial and Washington Monument at the National Mall. The Lincoln Memorial can be easily recognized from the back of our pennies, but visiting it in person is far more awe-inspiring. Tilting your head up to look at the statue only increases the feeling of power and majesty. The Washington Monument is equally impressive, with obelisk standing over 500 feet tall. It shines with white under the sun, continuously drawing your eye to it.

Washington D.C. is the perfect vacation spot, as it's beautiful, interesting, and visiting it will instill a strong sense of patriotism within you. It gives you the chance to feel as though you're part of the nation's history. You'll come back from your trip with a camera full of pictures and a head full of exciting memories.



Story Writing Challenge:

Use the following words in a story:

Dragon, Doctor, Peach Tree, Cottage, Soup, New York City!

Good Luck!

All Ages - 200 to 400 words - Deadline: Dec.1

Submit to editor@citykidzworld.com



THE CHESS TOURNAMENT



Commissioned from www.fiverr.com

By Ved Desai

One snowy day, I was playing in a chess tournament. I was excited and a little nervous. I began playing chess with my dad before the tournament started. I felt a little better when I won against my dad - like always.

When the tournament was about to start, I listened to the instructions from the host then I played against my opponent in the first round. I won - checkmate! I went up to the chart to write the results of one point for me and zero points for him. Now it was break time and I sat until it was finished. Then, I played the second round. It was a stalemate, meaning we both won. I went up to the chart again and we both got half a point.

This time, during the break, I got a snack and water. I paid \$2 and the host said that the money will go to a charity. I also ate some Sun Chips and chatted with my dad.

He said, "Did you win? Did you?" I said, "Yup-a-doodle! I won." He was super happy to see me winning. "You have to keep up the good work," he said. I smiled. I chatted and chatted till it was time to play the next round.

I went inside and sat on my chair. Then I started to play. Checkmate - I won! Hurray!! One point for me and zero points for him. Then it was break time once again. I chatted with my dad some more. I told him heartily, "I won!" I went back to play the final round. After sometime, we were done and a stalemate was reached. We both won! I was so excited. All together, I got three points! Now, it was break time again. I went to see my

mom and she was happy that

I was winning. After a while I went to talk to my dad. I told him I got three points and that I might come in second. My dad hesitated and said, "You probably will be first." He was excited too. We chatted a little, which seemed like forever. After a while, the host came out of the library with the results and a trophy. She called my name for 1st. place! I got 3 points, she said. I felt terrific when she handed me my Trophy. I was as happy as if I got a lot of hot fudge and candy. My mom and dad were very proud of me. We celebrated by having dinner at a restaurant called On the Border! I was soooooo happy! I had a lot of fun.



I am going to go play chess now. Great story.



A Christmas Story

By Shriya Sharma

When I found out I wasn't having school due to snow, first I thanked God for not having school.

"Yippee!" I sang in my room, jumping up and down.

I went downstairs for breakfast. Over there I found the fireplace warm and bright. Next to it was a big cup of steaming hot peppermint cocoa with marshmallows swimming inside. "Yummy!" I said picking up the hot cocoa, and turning on Charlie Brown and Snoopy- Christmas. I watched and drank until I got bored. I saw that there were still snowflakes coming down. I quickly drank it down and went downstairs. I creaked open the door letting white, fluffy snow in. I went outside.

"Wow," I said, like it was a winter wonderland. I made snow angels and a snowman with a stick mustache. Very funny, I thought to myself. The snow was as clean as a car after a car wash. It was so beautiful and it felt magical. I went upstairs to



Illustrated by Jorge Martins



This is a precious story. Enjoy.

wash up for dinner. Soon it was time for dinner. For dinner my mom made pizza, Naan pizza! We sat on our comfy couch, and turned on our flat screen T.V. We decided to watch "My Name is Khan" (an Indian movie). My eyes felt heavy and soon they dropped. Next thing you know, I am asleep near the fireplace on my puffy pillow. Man, was that a fun day or what, I thought. Actually it was MAGICAL!

The Lucky Boy!

By Sahir Chopra

Once upon a time, there was a person named Zidaan. He loved shoes. Almost every day, when he came home from school, he would ask his mom if he could have a new pair of shoes! And almost every time she heard that, she would scream, "NO!" Sometimes, he just didn't like his mom at all. One day Zidaan asked his dad if he could take him to the shoe store. He replied by saying, "Yes!" Zidaan was so happy he yelled across the room.

Suddenly, his mom said to Zidaan, "Why are you screaming so loudly?"

"Oh, I said something to dad, and dad said yes."

Then his mom said, "Okay, but next time don't scream so loudly."

Then, Zidaan told his dad, "When can we go to the shoe store to get some new shoes?"

Zidaan had the perfect idea of what shoes to pick, and he searched on the laptop almost the whole day to find them. The brand was Nike, and the colors on the shoes were red, green, blue and yellow. He does love those colors. In fact, those were his favorite colors. Soon, he went to the store with his dad, and they went to the shoe section. His foot size was two and a half. The moment they were going to the shoe section, their mom came running to them. She started yelling at them, so they went back home to sleep in their beds. Later on, Zidaan's mom came back and woke Zidaan and his dad. She told her husband and Zidaan that there was a thunderstorm coming soon. Suddenly, they both got up so fast, ran to the television and put on the news. The people on the news said that there was a

storm coming just like mom said. Zidaan and his father went back to sleep after they had heard about the storm.

"WHAT!" yelled Zidaan's mom.

She was yelling that there's a storm coming soon, but her husband and son acted like they had not heard a single word. After a while, Zidaan's mom got really close to them and yelled right in their ears, "Get up, get up!"

Now, they actually got up. Their mom said, "Go back downstairs, watch the news and look what kind of storm it is."

They listened and went downstairs and put on the news. They saw that the storm was a hurricane coming in only their neighborhood. They were so worried that they went upstairs, packed all their things and counted how much money they had because they decided to move to Orlando. Once they got to the airport, the family left on a plane. On the plane, Zidaan was still thinking of getting a new pair of shoes. In a couple of hours, they landed in Orlando. When they reached their hotel, the first thing they did was look around at the beds, the couch, the T.V. and bathroom. In the bathroom, they found a note. The note said to "lift this paper to see a surprise," so they lifted the paper. They saw Zidaan's shoes that they were trying find in the store. Zidaan was so happy that he started yelling! Their family lived happily ever after!



Sahir is a talented writer.

The Little Sister

By Ani Jasti

Chapter 1

I have a sister now, and her name is Alyssa. Dad has been married, and I have a mom now, too. "WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" ARGH! When will that stupid noise stop? "WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" Make it STOP! "What happened...again?" said Dad, rushing down the stairs.

"Alyssa needs her pacifier! Do you know where it is?" I shouted over the baby's crying. In two minutes, Dad rushed down with the pacifier. This is one of the main problems of having a baby sister! I guess I can open in on the #1 problem.

"Back to counting with Lizzy!" buzzed the TV. Now that I have a baby sister, I have to share the TV with her, and I think Alyssa takes that rule a little too far, because when I try to take the remote- "WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"...that happens. Luckily I don't have to share my room with her because that would be unfair. I hear that Mom and Dad are buying Alyssa a fancy crib. "Okay, I'm going to buy some stuff for Alyssa! Make sure she doesn't go anywhere but in the living room!" said Mom. "We'll be back in two hours! Take care!" said Dad. WHAM! Great. Now I'm alone with Alyssa. I don't even know the first thing about parenting, so I can't take care!

"Okay... I know you don't know English, so I'm going to say this in baby language. I go into bedroom. You no come here." I say.

Let's hope she understands that. Wham! I lock the door for extra precautions. Now to play SSB4! Bam! Crash! KNOCK KNOCK! Oh, come on! Fine, I'll let her in. "Goo goo" Alyssa murmurs. It seems she has made her first quiet sound in a whole three weeks! Wait a minute. If I play my games in front of her, maybe she will be influenced to be just like me!

Chapter 2

So far, I think I understand Alyssa's reactions to the game. She whines when I lose, she laughs when I win, and she smiles when I choose any offensive character. According to her reactions, Alyssa is an offensive, no-loser kind of person currently. Finally, when she starts to get the same reactions to the game as I do, I let her play.

She's smarter than I actually thought. I thought Alyssa was going to start chewing the remote and somehow press the power button on the Wii Remote the first thing she does. Alyssa managed to choose a character after about 50 tries, and she learned to attack both ways after I had to use an example about 10 times. She even managed to KILL a CPU, because it was just set to be standing still.

"Hello? We're home!" said Mom's voice downstairs. Great. Now I have to go through more tears, because Alyssa would start bawling her lungs out if I turn off the TV.

"What are you doing up there? And where the heck is Alyssa?" shouts Dad.

"Uh-h-h... I'm coming!" I say. I turn off the TV, pick up Al-

yssa, and go downstairs as fast as possible.

"What were you doing with Alyssa up there?" asks Mom. I guess it's time to spill the beans.

"Okay, I was playing my games in front of Alyssa-" "You were playing violent games in front of Alyssa?!" shouts Mom and Dad. First of all, it's not violent, because there's no blood. Second, I actually want some GOOD company.

"I wanted to have her like what I like so I can actually have fun with her."

Chapter 3

"I know it is going to be hard to bond with Alyssa, but you are going to have to learn that not everybody has to be like you, and that it's okay to be different," says Mom. "You will have to learn to bond with her just the way she is right now. Understand?" says Dad.

"Okay..." I mumble. I guess this is the end of making Alyssa like what I like. The only thing is that it's hard to bond with someone who barely knows a tenth of the alphabet and watches shows on counting.

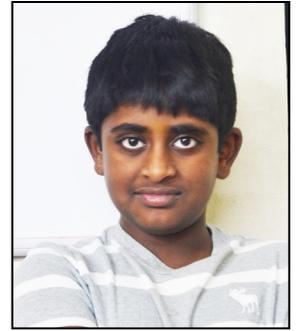
Now, I have no idea how babysitters survive their job. Babies always whine and bawl their lungs out if their pacifiers go missing. At least I have an advantage because it's only ONE baby I have to bond with. I have to like the same shows, teach her how to do stuff, and even school her on how school in 4th grade is going to be like once she gets to the right age.

But for now, I have to teach her how it's like when she's gonna go to daycare. She has to have manners, and needs to know her alphabet to actually know how daycare works. Mom and Dad's job is to pamper and take care of, but they usually baby her too much for any ordinary baby. Alyssa cried because someone took her shovel and pail from her one time in a play date, and Mom had to be called just to make the the other kid handed over the shovel and pail.

Chapter 4

Apparently, just like SSB4, Alyssa was an early boomer. She learned the ABCs in just a week of training from Mom, and she learned all the numbers until 15 in just five days of training from Dad. Maybe she is smart for a 2-year-old. The only thing that I don't really like about her is that I can't play my video games around her, and she's always around me.

Today is her first day of "school", and I'm actually curious to see how she does in school. She's only two years old,



Ani is one of the most published writers in the magazine. Way to go! He has been publishing for 5 years.

Sister con't on page 74



Sister con't from page 73

so daycare would most likely fit her. Lately, she's been crying about almost every single thing. I go easier than teachers when I educate Alyssa, so she might have a little trouble bonding with them. Speaking of teachers, I heard using the power of spying on my parents that she goes to a place called Stanford Education Daycare (don't ask why it's called that).

She goes there from 10:00 to 1:00, which is surely unfair, because she gets three hours of fun and easy education, while I get seven hours of boring and hard education. I'm starting to wish I was Alyssa's age. Trust me, if she stays the way she is right now, then I don't think she's going to survive a full DAY in fourth grade. Alyssa is supposed to be doing her work, which is 2+2, or 3+1.

Speaking of school, I'm a little nervous now. I know it's the last few weeks of school, but I have the NJASK tomorrow. I heard that last year, my teacher failed five students because they didn't know the topics. Plus, it's the Science course, and science isn't exactly my strong suit. I get semi-low grades there, like B-, or even D+. Out of every topic, I get Science. I just wish it was something I knew, like SS or LA, but now, I'm not positive about this test.

Chapter 5

Tomorrow's arrived already, and it's going to be painful. More than the PARCC, because this one's one science. Seriously, it's more than the PARCC, and that's gonna be scary. I arrive at school, in my shell about this test. Mrs. Samorah is looking at me, because she knows I'm going to do bad. I don't eye her back, because my fear is focused on the test. I'm really starting to wish that I was Alyssa right about now.

The Cake con't from page 68

I started to wonder why people were not coming to my store even after I did everything. I walked around the store and was thinking about what I didn't do to make the people come. After a whole hour, I was still thinking! I turned on the TV since I needed to take a break from thinking. When I turned the TV on, there was an ad about making children's teeth look perfect that inspired me! I thought about making an ad on my fruitcake so people would come here too!

I was thinking of what I should say that would make people decide to come to my store. I thought about telling about the fruitcake first and what I used to make it. After a while, I thought it was a bad idea to introduce the fruitcake first. I watched some more ads and wrote down what they did to make people want to come to their store. After I thought there was enough information for me to know how to persuade people to come to my store, I started to look over it and see what they had in common.

After a while of thinking, I finally chose what to say to the people. I started to think about some people going to my store and trying the fruitcake I baked. At the end of the ad, it shows a fruitcake and how much it costs at the side. Underneath that, it shows what store has it and where you have to go to get it.

"Your test starts...now!" said Mrs. Samorah. I look at my test and see what it is. Barry recorded the temperature, and it was 78 degrees F. He then recorded it the next day, and found it was 60 degrees F. What do you think happened that day? Gosh, there are so many answers to that! There's rain, sleet, and hail if possible, but I just don't it! I guess I need to use the power of flashbacking. And it just so happens rain is the answer!

Okay, that was ONE easy question, but there are 40 others I need to answer. Timothy has a plank, a car, and a table. The car moved five feet one time. The next time it moved seven. What do you think he did to raise the distance it traveled? Are you kidding me? The answer is that he raised the plank higher each time! Okay, I'm getting the hang of this!

This one's easy, and so's that one. Gosh, these suckers are a walk in the park! It's been only 15 minutes and I have 20 questions answered! Mostly because they were multiple choice answers. I'm going to finish with a LOT of time left. Call off my wish that I was Alyssa. This feels like preschool work! Although it ISN'T. I finish so early, and look- everyone else is still working! Holy cow, I might be good at science after all!

End:

Now you guys know my story. How life is with a two year old baby sister. With a mom you've barely met. Time to tell what happens next. Alyssa later graduates Stanford Daycare after 10 lucky and easy months. I ended up getting max scores on my NJASK, which Mom actually BRAGGED about to her friends. It's been a good time with Alyssa. She's not so bad for a girl. She's Alyssa. My little sister.

After I made the ad and put it online, I looked at the time, and it was 4:59 p.m. I was amazed that it almost took me one hour to make an ad. After a while, people arrived at my store! I was amazed that my plan finally worked. When they arrived, they said



Illustrated by Dustin Fletcher

The Cake con't on page 78

Tuck Everlasting

By Michalla Brianna Bolton

Intern

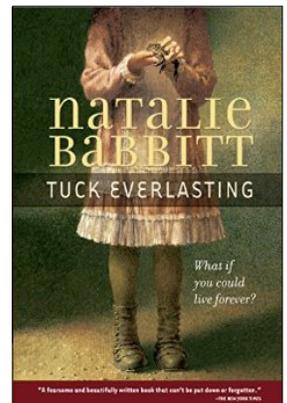
What would you do if you held the secret to immortality? Who would you trust, how would you live your life, and would you share your secret with the world? “Tuck Everlasting”, a 1975 young adult fiction book by Natalie Babbitt, asks readers to ponder these questions.

“Tuck Everlasting” tells the story of 10- year-old Winnie Foster and her encounters with the Tuck family in the town of Treegap. In the beginning, Winnie seems bored with life. She is confined to a strict household and never allowed to explore the world around her. One day a strange man in a yellow suit appears at the outskirts of the Foster’s home. The man is very curious about the town and its inhabitants. Not long after this encounter, Winnie decides to run away. She then becomes lost in the woods until she sees a young man drinking from a stream by a large tree. Winnie finds that she is instantly drawn to the man. Winnie steps out to introduce herself and asks if she can take a drink from the stream. The young man, Jesse, insists that the water is bad. Suddenly Jesse’s mother Mae, and brother Miles, appear. Winnie finds herself being kidnapped and whisked away to the Tuck’s home deep in the woods.

Over the next few days, Winnie begins to discover herself through her adventures and conversations with the Tuck family. Winnie then learns the Tuck’s secret. The spring water beneath the large tree in the woods grants the drinker the gift

of immortality. In a last minute attempt to sway Winnie from drinking the magical water, Mr. Tuck takes Winnie out on a boat. He then urges Winnie to notice how the waters are always moving, always changing. He points out that the Tuck family is like a rock stuck on the side of the flowing water. Life is going on around them, but they remain the same, and so they are not really living. As the tale continues, Mae ends up in jail, the Man in the Yellow Suit discovers the family secret, the Tuck family must flee, and Winnie is faced with a life altering decision.

Natalie Babbitt makes the unbelievable seem believable with her perfect blend of realism and fantasy. “Tuck Everlasting” provokes thoughts about life and human nature, while pointing out the negatives and positives of immortality. In the end, readers are forced to question what they would do in Winnie’s situation. Although the page length is short, the adventure is long, and the lessons learned will last a lifetime.



Movies are Escapism

By Sydney Munn

Movies are supposed to be an outlet to another world. Movies are supposed to make you experience escapism. Escapism is a positive aspect of a movie. It makes movies more enjoyable, it helps you feel how the characters feel, and it can help you debate on a character’s actions.

Escapism can help you understand the movie better and make it more enjoyable. If you don’t understand a movie you may end up confused, trying to figure out key events. With escapism, you will more likely understand the movie and you will enjoy it more. When you feel like you are in the story, it can be much easier to understand.

Escapism can make you feel how the characters feel. If you understand how a character feels, you can understand their actions or why they did something. Escapism can be helpful when trying to feel how the characters feel.

Escapism can help you debate on character’s actions. You can only do this if you know what’s going on, and understanding will be much easier.

Escapism can be a positive aspect in many ways. It can make the movie more enjoyable, it can make you feel how the characters feel, and help you debate on character actions. Think about it - without escapism, movies would be boring and confusing, and no one would want to watch them.



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My Hometown

By Neeharika Gorti

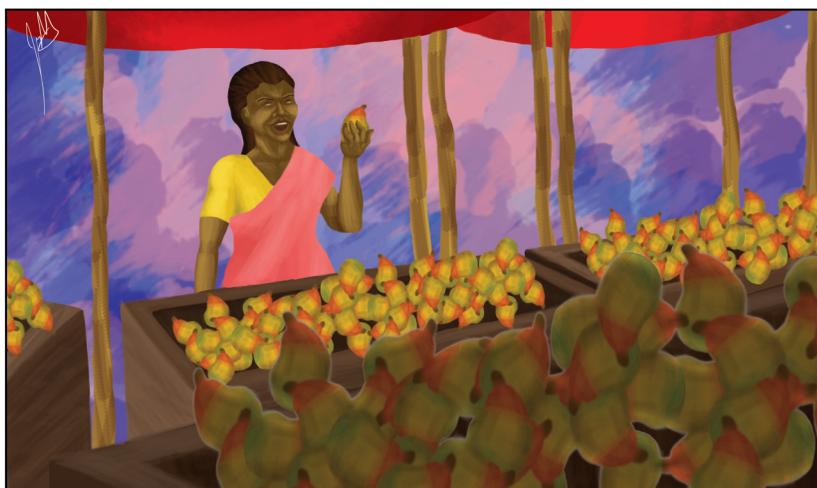
The hot rays of the sun beat down on to the gritty, black road. Men wearing all white stroll down the roads, visiting their friends or going to a market. You can hear saleswomen yelling out to people passing by: “Fresh fruits! Fresh veggies! Get a bundle of fresh plants now!” This is what you can see and hear if you are sitting on a bench outside of a house. But there is more to my hometown. There is plenty more to see in Visakhapatnam, India.

The most common place to go on a humid afternoon is the beach. The beach is no more than a block away from my house. The moment you enter the beach, you are hit with the cool, salty air of the beach's water. The sand is soft and slips through your feet as you walk. Bells ring on wheeled carts pushed by men from the market. Just as the ice cream truck's jingle reminds you of ice cream, this bell reminds people of Indian fast food or cotton candy. All the snacks sold on the beach are quick to take and eat. You can also walk along the coast while eating. The cotton candy sold there is like clouds, and look as fluffy and white as any cloud in the sky. If you stay late enough, you can see fishermen reeling in their nets from the day's hard work of fishing. Overall, the beach goes far and long, covering many miles. There is enough space to play sports like volleyball. The beach near my home is just one of the great places to relax.

Do you know what the Hollywood sign looks like? Imagine that, but replace it with the word “Kailasagiri.” It might be hard to pronounce, but the mountain has a spectacular view. You get on colorful sphere-like vehicles that are attached to a line. You slowly get pulled up, and from there, everything looks like an ant. People, cars, buildings, and beaches all become smaller in size. In awe, most people step out in a daze, trying to recollect what they saw. As you walk further, you see small playgrounds here and there and large animal statues where kids can climb. This is a good place to leave kids to play.

Up in the mountain are various activities that you would normally see on the beach or streets: horses galloping, small market stations, scenery, and more. But the most fascinating thing is a statue. This statue was carefully carved from a smooth white stone. It is reached by a path of flowers, fountains, and tiles with minute decorations. This magnificent statue is of a god. It stands over 25 feet tall, and is the main beauty attraction on the mountain.

There is also a tall disco tower. We go in at night for a reason.



Illustrated by Jorge Martins

Lights blaze on this colorful looking tower. You can climb into the elevator. Clear glass makes up the walls. Just as you get up on the mountain, you go higher in the atmosphere. The street lamps of the beautiful city shine with a golden glow, which is a warm welcoming sight. Once the elevator stops, you step out into a moonlit terrace. The cool air is all around, perfect temperature. Binoculars are lined up for those who wish to see closer. The scene is worth a million photos. After a smooth, relaxing day on the mountain, you go down the same way you went up.

Kailasagiri is one of the tourist attractions in my hometown. My hometown has unique restaurants, too. Can you imagine a chocolate restaurant? There is such a thing in my hometown. The chocolate restaurant is a brown colored building made to look like chocolate. As you enter the store, you are hit with the smell of chocolate everywhere. There is normal food on the menu, but everything has chocolate. We sometimes order pancakes. The pancakes are a miracle. They are served hot, and they are soft. Chocolate is poured on top. Sprinkles, small berries, cream and ice cream are placed on top or served as side dishes. Brown forks and knives are placed on every amber table, accompanied by plush cocoa colored chairs. It truly feels like you are in chocolate heaven. My hometown has more unique restaurants like the chocolate one. I love my hometown for the things it has. I hope you will visit my hometown, Visakhapatnam, soon!



This is a beautiful story.



Cerulean and Lavender

By Aayush Gandhi



Cerulean and lavender smoke rose from the hard, oak floor. Sand swirled through the thick fog. A maniacal laugh resounded across the room. Ecru lightning flashed around in the vapor. A vague shape started to form in the cloud. Then, there was a crackle and a BANG! The smoke cleared and in its place was a large silver dragon.

It had eyes of azure fire and a tongue of lightning. Its elongated body was silver and its scales shimmered in the light of the sun. The dragon's wings were pure white. Its fangs gleamed. They were a ghost white. The serpent seemed to be smiling.

"What do you want, puny mortal? How dare you wake me from my slumber!" the dragon roared.

"I am Tarkio, Lord of the House of Thaseas! Be quiet or I'll whip you with the Chains of Ice! I can even attack you with the Sword of the Hound!" Tarkio snarled.

"Smart talk for a human. You must have studied your history well and if you did, then you know who I am and you know my reputation. I am Uriel to the Angels, Kronos to the Greeks, Saturn to the Romans, Loki to the Vikings, Apophis to the Egyptians, and countless other names! You should be sniveling in fear and cowering behind that door!" Uriel howled.

Tarkio chuckled.

"Do you realize that I have tons of weapons and torture methods at my disposal?" Tarkio queried.

The dragon opened his mouth and then closed it again. Tarkio took that as a yawn.

"If you're so bored, then go and collect an emerald for me from Columbia. Make sure it's the biggest chunk you can find!" Tarkio bellowed as Uriel skyrocketed away.

Uriel found a chunk of emerald that weighed 7 lbs. It was 6 inches wide and 6.3 inches tall. He grinned, thinking that it would satisfy the young oaf. Uriel changed into a Kraken. It was gargantuan. It had a thick, scaly neck with fins on its arms. His webbed hands had long black claws on them. The front of his neck, his thighs and the bottom of his tail were yellow while the rest of his body was electric blue. Its head was medium-sized and his eyes were a bright shade of yellow. He ran back to Tarkio's house. As soon as he got inside, he chucked the piece of emerald at Tarkio, who barely caught it. He looked at Uriel thinking he must have a death wish. It probably wasn't the kind of treatment Tarkio was used to. Then, six people ran in.

They were armed with knives, swords, signs, glass bottles, etc.

Curious, Uriel wondered where the strangers had gotten their swords.

"Drive them away!" commanded Tarkio.

Uriel raised a scaly eyebrow. Then he shrugged. Humans could be very crazy sometimes. An orange limo appeared and Uriel was suddenly wearing a chauffeur's uniform. Tarkio groaned and slapped his face.

"I meant for you to scare them away. Not to literally DRIVE them away!" he said exasperatedly.

Uriel shook his head. He would never understand these new customs. So, he turned into a flaming zombie. A maniacal laugh escaped from his lips. His eyes bulged and his mouth curled into a cruel smile. The stench of rotting flesh filled the room. Uriel released a special chemical that made people's eyes water. He looked like a burning zombie clown with a freakish face.

The effect was instantaneous. People ran screaming in terror. They nearly trampled each other to death trying to get out of the house. Then Tarkio turned around. He held out the emerald and finally, he spoke the ancient words of power. The emerald glowed, pulsed with an unearthly light, then exploded. Tarkio was left holding a pile of metallic green dust. Then he screamed. It wasn't a pleasant sound.

"URIELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!" he shrieked.

Uriel grinned.

"Yeah. Goodbye! The last reserves of your magical strength were sapped away by your pathetic attempt at a spell. Now you can no longer hold me here in this pile of horse manure, Uriel boomed.

He slowly floated away.

"And I say this with great pleasure. You are the most arrogant, egotistical, haughty, demeaning, belittling, aggravating, infuriating little creep ever. You are also a fool. Goodbye!"

Uriel flew away, hoping that the pesky little human had learned something valuable otherwise, he would have to go back and make him very, very, very, very annoyed. Then, he would eat Tidbit's soul. Or was it Tiny? Well, Uriel would have to eat his soul anyway. Uriel the Soulslayer. Uriel the Aggravator, another of Uriel's many titles. A fitting name, don't you think?

Another story from the brilliant Aayush!

Submit stories to editor@citykidzworld.com



Scarlet

By Srinidhi Suvarapu

“Scarlet, Scarlet,” yelled my brother Thomas.

“What?” I asked him.

“Let’s go trick-or-treating! Mom, told us we can.”

“Okay, but let’s pick up Fred, Nikki, and Lucy.”

“Yay!” Thomas yelled.

We went into our rooms and changed into our Halloween costumes. Then we told Mom that we were going to pick up Fred, Nikki, and Lucy.

She exclaimed, “Okay!” so we went.

First, we went to Fred’s house and picked him up. Then, we went to Nikki’s house and picked her up. Next we went home to ask for a snack and then went to pick up Lucy.

“Whoops,” I exclaimed. “I forgot to tell Thomas about the tree house.”

So my friends and I told Thomas about the tree house.

“The tree house helps us travel to a place just by saying that we want to go there.”

We all decided to go to the tree house and wish to travel to a haunted house.

When we got there, zombies, monsters, and ghosts gave us a warm welcome. They even gave us food and a warm bed to rest in. When we woke up the next day, we were chained together in a small room. “THE ZOMBIES, MONSTERS, AND GHOSTS TRICKED US!” yelled Nikki.

“Shh,” I whispered “Let’s think, Nikki. Do you have any idea to escape from here?” I asked.

“I do,” responded Nikki. “I saw a zombie guarding us. Maybe we could get the keys from him.”

“How?” I asked.

“Scarlet, I got it,” answered Lucy. “I can trick the guard and get those keys.”

Lucy finally managed to get the golden key. We unlocked our chain with it.

“Now what?” asked Fred.

“I saw a tiny door,” said Thomas. “So maybe if this golden key unlocks the chain, it will unlock the tiny secret door.”

“You may be right,” I responded. So, I tried it. Thomas was right!

“I think I should go out and if it works, I will call your phone,” stated Fred.

“Okay!” we all yelled.

Fred traveled through the tiny door. Suddenly, my phone rang. I answered it, and it was Fred.

I answered, “Hi!” Fred said he made it out. So, we all went out through the tiny door and met at the tree house. We escaped from all the zombies, monsters, and ghosts.

No time seemed to have passed at home. We still went trick-or-treating together, returned home, and told our parents about our adventures. They believed us. We went to bed happy but tired, and dreaming about the many exciting places that we will travel to travel in our tree house.



This is a great story with excellent, descriptive passages.

The Cake *con't* from page 74

they would like a fruitcake. Then I asked them if they wanted anything else like candy, and they said they would like some Skittles for the children. I was still amazed that this store became so famous just because of making an ad! I took the cake I baked that time and served one that was just right. Then I gave two packets of Skittles to the children. More and more families and friends arrived. Once, a large group came and ordered two large fruitcakes! I also put on some TV for the kids.

After everyone was gone, the place looked like a mess, so I cleaned it up quickly while listening to music. Then I counted how much money I made. I had two \$2 bills, nine \$20 bills, and two \$100 bills! When I used the calculator, I got \$384! I was amazed that I made that much money in a single day! Then I looked at the time and it was 9:30 p.m. I thought I had better go to sleep, so I grabbed all of my belongings and drove to my house.

When I got home I went to get a snack and ate while watching TV. Then I went to my bedroom and slept quickly, so I could get ready for another fabulous day!

Submit stories to editor@citykidzworld.com

Siblings

By Mikaela Renshaw

Intern

As everyone who's not an only child knows, siblings can be among the most frustrating and annoying people on the planet. Yet, despite all the arguments and teasing, we love them anyway. Siblings can be loving, protective, fun to play with, and willing to come together when needed, even if they also sometimes insist on loudly singing right outside your door.

My siblings may enjoy causing me trouble, but I know they love me all the same. I vividly remember coming home for Thanksgiving after having been gone for months. Upon reaching my house, I was promptly hit by a flying tackle from my younger brother with just a slightly too enthusiastic hug. My sister was equally happy to see me, although she didn't knock me over. Naturally, I had missed them just as much. Of course, love doesn't just come in the form of flying tackles. Sometimes love means watching each other's backs.

Back when my brother was seven, he was diagnosed with a rare bone disease that temporarily put him in a wheelchair and body cast. This made it hard for him to participate in activities. I didn't want him to feel left out, so I began adapting activities so he could participate, got him a tool he could use to grab things, and even figured out a way he could move from the wheelchair to his bed by himself. This did backfire on me when he used the grabbing stick to get a hard to reach Easter egg before I could, but I didn't mind (very much).

Siblings also come together to have fun. I have plenty of fond memories of afternoons spent playing with my younger siblings. There was the time my brother suggested that we build a blanket fort, and have a movie night in it. It sounded like fun, so my sister and I eagerly agreed. We swiftly began gathering all the pillows and blankets we could find, bringing them into the

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family room. Using the couch and coffee table as walls, we carefully built up the fort, piling up pillows to create a floor and walls, with blankets stretching up, and around to complete it. We then settled in with popcorn, watching *Spirited Away* on my laptop. After the movie we talked and laughed with each other for hours.

And of course siblings are always willing to come together when you need them, whether it be for a serious reason, or a more light-hearted one. This kind of unity often brings great things, like the time my siblings and I got our Siberian Husky puppy. I convinced my dad to go the mall's pet store to look at the animals. Once we got there, I came across a gorgeous Husky puppy and my siblings and I ended up spending almost the whole visit in the playpen with him, playing tug-of-war and scratching his ears. My dad was no match for three sets of longing eyes, and he agreed to buy him, even though he had earlier been against getting another dog. I'm so glad that my siblings loved and wanted him as much as I did, because I can't imagine living without our puppy now.

Despite how annoying my siblings might seem sometimes, I'm grateful to have them. Knowing that I have two life-long friends who will always love me and have my back, I wouldn't trade that for the world.



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200 to 300 words

All Ages

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