

# CityKidzWorld

Volume 7 Issue 25: Winter 2016

**Annual  
Vocabulary Bowl  
Coming in May!**

Read about:

Local New Jersey High School Student:  
**Rishitha Thambireddy**

**Great Fiction Inside:**  
**The Dog Ate My Project!**

**France: The Magician**

**The Talking Banyan Tree**

**Writing Challenges and Contests!**



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



## Credits



Daameon has had a passion for art since he was in elementary school, but only recently began to study and sharpen his skill. He has worked as a layout artist and illustrator for Middlesex County College's newspaper, Quo Vadis, and magazine, Blue Colt Vibe, as well as Alfa Art Gallery. He hopes to someday have his work featured in prestigious galleries.

More of Daameon's work can be found at [dmstradford.wordpress.com](http://dmstradford.wordpress.com)

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Thank You Writing Coaches,  
Teachers, and Parents!

## Special Thanks to CKW Writing Coaches:

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Ms. Kristin  
Ms. Laurel  
Mr. Kern  
Ms. Millicent

**Letter to the Editor:** Send your letter to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com)

Dear Editor,

I am hoping to be a writer one day. How do you think I can achieve that? Sometimes I have problems with coming up with ideas when I want to write. That stops me from practicing.

Signed,

Trying to be a writer

Dear Trying to be a writer,

One of the best ways you can work on your writing is to use writing prompts. That way, you don't have to worry about ideas and you can still practice. Good luck! I know you will be a great writer one day!

Signed,

The Editor

Dear Readers,

We are happy to bring you our 25th issue! We have received a ton of submissions over the last several months. You are reading the selections we were able to publish. 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!



# Puppets

By Gabrielle Beja-Umukoro - pre-kindergarten

Once upon a time, there was a puppet playing with his friend at his house.

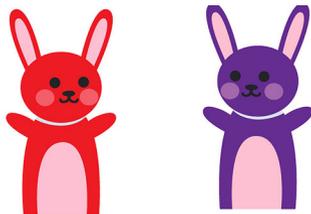
The puppet and the friend were playing so much that they got the hiccups. The puppet called his mother.

Then they played on the swing set. It was so much fun. When they got off the swing, the puppet called his mother. Then they did homework. They read books.

Then they went to school. Finally, they went to bed.



*This is a creative story with awesome characters.*



# I LIKE SCHOOL

By Faizan Mohammad - kindergarten

I like my school. School is fun. I like to play with my friends at recess.

I like to write stories. Teachers help me learn. P.E (Physical Education) is the most fun and interesting subject.



*He makes school sound cool.*

# Play Things!

By Beza Kebere - kindergarten

I want to buy an xBox and a Dora game. The game has an ice cream!



*Beza thinks games are great.*



# The Best City in New Jersey - Plainsboro

By Aastha Solanki- 1st grade

I live in Plainsboro, New Jersey, and I think it is the best city to live in.

In summer, I get to go to the pool when it is warm. There are many beautiful parks in Plainsboro where I can go to play everyday in summer.

Also there are many trails where I go biking with my Dad and my friends. It has a very big library with a good collection of books, which I get to borrow for reading. My school is one of the best schools. Plainsboro has green trees all around and farms, which makes it very beautiful to live. There are no high rise buildings, so there is lot of playing area behind my house where I can play with my friends in summer, make snowmen in the winter, and rake the leaves and get to jump in the pile of leaves during fall.

There are not many crimes in Plainsboro. It is a great place to live.



*This story makes you want to move to Plainsboro!*



# A Book Review about James Madison

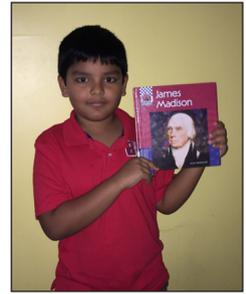
By Sai Charan - 1st grade

Hello, My name is Sai. I am going to write a book review about the book "James Madison", because I want everybody to know about the 4th president, "James Madison". He was special because he was the last president in the group who signed the Declaration of Independence and also considered as Father of Constitution. James Madison was very smart person because he was reading lots of books. I choose to write a book review about the book "James Madison" because my school is named after him: both the Primary and a the Intermediate School.

The main idea (what the book is all about) is presidents. The book is written by Anne Welsbacher and the book has 32 pages. The one who publish the book is ABDO publishing company. It also says that the ABDO publishing company has been publishing the series of U.S. Presidents. Each book spends time with one president and gives readers a good look at these super men. Each book helps the readers know about the great presidents who have changed our country to be awesome.

Each chapter explains the events in his life. James Madison

son was born in March 16th, 1751, at Port Conway, VA, and he lived in Virginia. This book explains his early years, college years, the years when he was a Virginia leader, the making of the 4th United States President, and his wise leadership and other little facts about him. James Madison went to The College of New Jersey, now called Princeton. This book has many pictures. These pictures are related to James Madison. One is a portrait of James Madison. One of the pictures is the home of James Madison's house. Another photo is a copy of Declaration of Independence. One page explains all of his years from his birth until his death. He was born on 1751 and died on 1836. Another photo is a photo of the United State Constitution. One photo is Dolly Madison, which was her name in her later years. The last photo is one photo of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The book has some internet sites. This websites helps us find about other presidents. At the end of the book there is an index, which tells us on with pages with important words there. Hope you enjoyed this book review and brought to you by Sai.



Great nonfiction reading!

## ONCE UPON A TIME

By Tanya Sennamsetty - 1st grade

I went to school on a windy day.  
My teacher was there.  
There was a tornado.  
My teacher said everybody be careful. We went to hide. We were scared.  
The tornado hit the school.  
The school was broken.  
Some people got hurt.  
A super hero came. He saved the school. He got the kids out. He picked up the bricks.  
He rebuilds the school.



Tanya has a great imagination.



## CKW Writing ACADEMY

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- 3530 Rt. 27, Kendall Park
- 4500 New Brunswick Ave Suite 104, Piscataway



# Candy

By Dhanyatha Vimalathithan - 1st grade



Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford

*I like to eat;  
It is so sweet;  
It goes yummy  
In my tummy;  
Told my mommy;  
She brought some for me.*



**This candy poem is sweet!**

# George Washington

By Dhanyatha Vimalathithan - 1st grade

George Washington was born in February 22, 1732. The place he was born is Virginia. He went to school. He learned how to read and write. Then he moved to Mount Vernon. It was a farm. First he grew tobacco, then he grew wheat, which is good for health. Next he went back to Virginia. George joined the war in 1759. He married a woman named Martha Custis. She was a widow who had two kids. The people got tired of Great British rules. They fought for freedom, but Great Britain still did not give the people freedom. That was the beginning of the Revolutionary war. Then George moved to Mount Vernon.

Virginia turned into the United States of America. The people of the U.S. wanted George Washington to be the president. He was the first president of America. He served his country for eight years. Finally, he settled in Mount Vernon. He died in 1799 when he was 67 years old.



Illustrated by Dhanyatha Vimalathithan

# Tennis

By Dhanyatha Vimalathithan - 1st grade

Hi it's me, Dhanyatha. Today I am going to tell you something about tennis, which is my favorite game. You need a ball, a racket and a net. Do you know how to play tennis? It's fun! A person from one side of the net throws the ball and the other person who is on the other side hits it with a racket. You have to practice a lot. Do you like playing tennis? I love playing tennis and I have a friend who plays with me.

When you practice tennis, some day you will be a very

good player too. You have to practice a lot until you get it. My favorite is the forehand. I practice more so I get the backhand too. Have you seen anybody playing tennis before? If yes, are you could be good at backhand tennis. Tennis is fun to play. When do you practice tennis?

Do you practice morning, day, evening or night. I practice during day time. I practice a lot during summer. It is fun playing with our friends.



# Challenging Day in my Life

By Dhanyatha Vimalathithan - 1st grade

I'm going to tell you a story that happened in my life. We went to an Indian temple that had a car festival "Rathotsavam" (means a wooden vehicle that has God in the middle with four big wheels running with the help of ropes, which is being pulled by people). After pulling the little car, which was meant for kids, I was with my dad in front of the big car who had a camera trying to take videos of the car. Since he was on the grassy, slippery slope, unfortunately he stepped into a pothole.

Oops! He was lying down on the grassy field. I just sat near dad. My mom was called by a person and the people around my dad called 911 because he broke his leg bone. The police asked my dad, "Are you sure you need the ambulance?"

He said, "Yes."

The ambulance came and my dad went with them. We followed them in the car with a man who helped us get there and then I was speechless because I was not allowed inside the hospital.

Before getting inside, my mom was asking me to cooperate. She was waiting for the doctor who was with my dad. Meanwhile, I was waiting. We stayed with a family friend near the hospital.

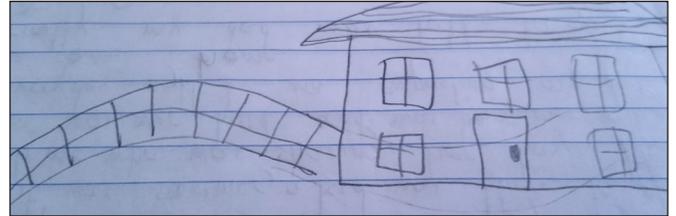
That night I missed my daddy a lot. I love my amazing daddy. I asked my mom. "Will he be okay?" We thought we can go home in three days, but unfortunately my dad did not have enough energy to walk with a walker. Everyday my mom used to come only in the night. Since it was summer, another kid was there to play with me who was sharing her toys and the stuff that belonged to her. Her mom was very kind and was being nice to me.

Everyday during the night, I was expecting my dad. On the 5th day, my dad was told to go home.

It was in 2014. Before going to summer camp, I arranged everything near his bed.

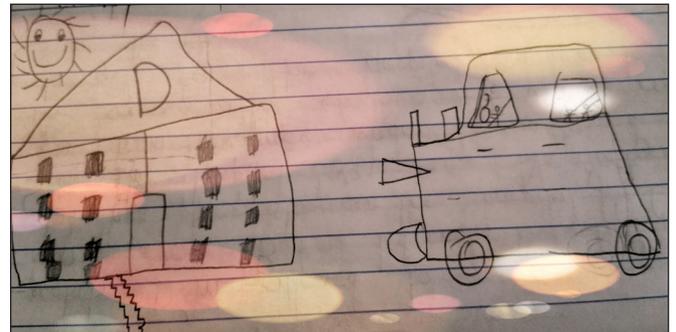
He was taking physiotherapy and his progress was good. From walker to crutches, two crutches to one crutch, then boots and then finally boots to shoes.

Now he is walking normally. Except for one thing,



he did not get his rod and nails out.

It was a storm that made me and my mom strong. Thank you for the people who helped us.



This is a well told personal narrative.

**Descriptive Language Writing Challenge!**  
**Use Personification, Similes, Metaphors, & Adjectives to write a descriptive paragraph about Summer-time fun!**

# My Dog Ate My Tradition

By Misha Gajula - 1st grade

Every Thanksgiving we have a tradition, which is to build two gingerbread houses, one for me and one for my sister. My mom bought two gingerbread house kits from Costco. It takes a few days to make the gingerbread house for both of us. Finally, one night we finished the gingerbread house and it looked amazing. The gingerbread people looked awesome too. We put our gingerbread houses on a glass table near the Christmas tree and went to bed. The next morning, our gingerbread houses were missing! They were gone with the gingerbread

people. Crumbs were all over the table and the floor. We followed the crumbs all around the house, and we saw the crumb trail stopped at the dog bed. Our dog had crumbs all over his mouth and face. We figured that it was our dog that ate our gingerbread house and gingerbread people. So this Thanksgiving my dog ate my tradition.

*This story is funny and realistic! That bad dog!*



# All about a Snowflake Falling Down ...

By Mahati Vemula - 1st grade

When it is snowing and you go outside and you put your tongue out, you can catch a snowflake. The cold snowflake will melt. You can see the snowflake when you look up. The snowflakes are white. The snowflakes fall on the green grass. They fall on houses, bushes, trees. They are different shapes and sizes. One day there was snowflakes. The next day the snowflakes melted.



*Illustrated by Mahati Vemula*

# WIGGLY TOOTH



By Rohan Joshi - 1st grade

My name is Rohan. I am 6 years old. I had a very wiggly tooth. When you eat hard food, you will have a wiggly tooth, just like me.

My tooth fell out after a few days of being wiggly.

My story is that one day I was eating a ring pop at Pranaya Aunty's house and my tooth got wiggly. My tooth was still not out yet, and it was a Wednesday! It was wigglier than it was the day before, which was good because it would fall out soon and that was so cool.

It was to be my first tooth that would fall out!

Finally, my tooth fell out one morning when I was brushing my teeth and that was exciting because maybe the Tooth Fairy would come that night and my wishes would come true!

I wished for gold coins, rubies, emeralds and to be rich. I cleaned my tooth and put it under my pillow before going to bed that night.

A gift came and so I was happy! I found it under my pillow when I woke up in the morning. I am richer now and I got all the things I wished for. Thank you Tooth fairy. I love you!



*This story is a little true and a little made up! Nice.*



# France: The Magician

By Pranav Sai Vaddepalli - 2nd grade

Once upon a time, there was a boy named France. His dream was to become a magician. He wondered how magicians do magic. He took a deck of cards and shuffled them up. Then, he asked his dad to pick a card from the deck. The card was a five hearts. France told his dad to put the card back in the deck, so his dad put the card back.

"Is nine diamonds your card?" he asked.

His dad said, "No, I picked a five hearts."

France told himself, "Being a magician is very hard."

Then he started to juggle, but he messed up. He tried other tricks too, but they didn't work either. Still, France never gave up. After several years of hard work, France learned many magic tricks. Even though France was already a good magician, he kept trying new magic tricks. He traveled to different schools like Ben Franklin, Lawrence Elementary School (LES), and Slackwood so that he could perform his magic.

After that, he never failed in doing magic tricks, except the mistakes he made as a little kid. After many years, France

took place as the #1 magician.

After a couple of weeks, there was a new #1 magician.

The new magician's name was Stephen. France couldn't believe that Stephen was better than him. France became so upset that he stopped doing magic tricks.

After a few days, his dad came to him and asked, "Why are you so upset?"

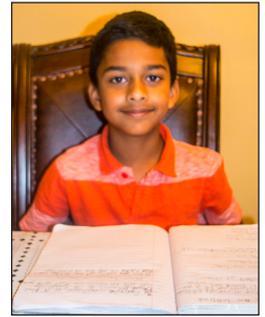
France told him, "Stephen is a better magician than me now. No one will like my magic anymore!"

His dad said, "Don't just give up like that, learn to do better magic than him and become #1 again."

After talking to his dad, France got more courage. The next day, France went to Stephen's house.

France asked Stephen, "Do you want to have a magic competition with me? Then we'll know who's better."

After a good competition, the winner was France. France, once again, became the #1 magician. France was very thankful to his dad.



This story has great details.

# THE READING GIRL

By Ruchita Parekh - 2nd grade

Once, there was a girl named Sasha. She loved reading and writing. But one day she was so into reading and writing that when her mother called, she didn't answer.

So Sasha's mom went upstairs and called her again. While her mom was upstairs, she still did not answer. So her mom yelled in her ear like crazy. She looked at Sasha's face to find crying because her eyes were hurting so bad and she couldn't keep them open.

Her mom called the ambulance and the doctor that attended to her said she couldn't go to school or do homework unless she gets a pair of prescription glasses.

Her mom got the glasses and she can do anything she wants now.



This is a great dramatic story!



Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).

Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016



# THE DARK NINJA

By Harish Krishnakumar - 2nd grade

One day I went outside at 8:35 p.m. I went everywhere to look for a ninja. But as I was outside for a long time, I lost my way to my house so I tried to find my house, but I couldn't. I was so hungry, my tummy was growling. Then I saw something flash and it was camouflage. I started to chase it, but it went on a rooftop. As I can't climb rooftops, I went to the other side of the roof and I saw the ninja, but after a few seconds, I lost him again. I really wanted to see that ninja so I screamed, "Hellooo!" really loud, but I didn't see anything. I screamed, "Hello!" again to make sure if he is still there and could hear me again. Then I heard someone answer, "Hi," again to me.



Exciting action  
adventure!

So I followed the echo until I finally saw a real life ninja!

I asked him what are you doing? He said, "Finding criminals."

Then I asked him, "Do you know where my house is?"

He said yes. Then he asked me to follow him to find my house. I reached my house and went running upstairs to look outside the window, but the ninja was gone. So the corners of my mouth started to rise and I went to my bed saying "thank you" to the ninja for leading me the way to find my house.

# THE SPIYOTE

By Sanjana Anchula - 2nd grade

Once upon a time, there was a Spiyote. He is half spider and half coyote. He was kind of jealous and different from other coyotes and spiders. There was a girl who really liked him. The girl asked, "What animal are you?"

He said, "I am a Spiyote."

The girl said I'm a scientist.

I can fix you so you won't look so weird.

I can add more spider to your spider part and then add

coyote to the coyote part. There will be two halves and you won't look so weird. The girl got to work.

She asked her parents for help.

When she was done fixing the Spiyote, she told the spider and coyote to go back to their kinds.

She led the animals back to the forest and said good bye.



She is a budding  
sci-fi writer!

# Time Machine

By Kavya Chauhan - 2nd grade

One day I was going to the lab to see a time machine that Mr. Zack invented. I planned to go back in the time to 65 million years ago to see the dinosaurs. I was curious to see how they looked, and to study their teeth.

When I got to the lab, I saw Dr. Zack and asked him, "Is it ready?"

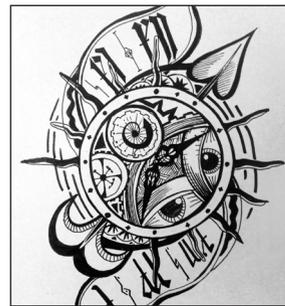
Dr. Jack replied, "Yes."

I got into the machine, and when I did, he pressed a button that sent me back in time. When I took a step onto the new ground, I saw a t-rex turn his head and look right at me, so I hid behind a Brachiosaurus. The T-rex ate him.

I ran back into the time machine edge. I got back to the lab, and Dr. Jack took me to the hospital to treat me. While

I was waiting for a nurse, I told Dr. Jack what had happened.

I got treated, and soon my parents and brother arrived to the hospital. My family took me home, and gave me a band-aid.



Time machine  
stories are always  
fun!

# SUMMERTIME LETTER

By Namita Parekh - 3rd grade

On sunny, summer days, the best thing I love to do is swim. I like doing that because in summer it feels kind of hot and when I jump in the pool, I feel a nice cold breeze from the splash. That's the reason why I like swimming. What about you? What's your favorite thing to do in summer? Great! Oh ya! I forgot to tell you this; when I kick very hard in the water, I feel like I am the fastest swimmer on Earth! Now that's the end of my story!



Great personal narrative!

## A Life-Changing Gift: My Dog

By Sahir Chopra - 3rd grade

HAPPY BIRTHDAY! Neil's (my older brother.) It's his birthday and his celebration is today.

"Whoosh," our family just blew the candles out.

"C'mon," our dad called, "Get in the car."

We're just about to get our brand new dog. When we were in the car, I was thinking of a name for our puppy. We were close to the breeder who was going to give us our dog and all of a sudden, the roads became super bumpy. We kept going up and down, up and down. We called it a roller-coaster.

We're finally here! We enter the house. The first thing I see is a cage with a family of dogs. First we had to talk to the breeder and then we saw the dog. He was so small that he couldn't walk. He was so cute! The breeder said he was too small and that we would have to pick him up in four weeks.

### FOUR WEEKS LATER...

We are here again. We open the door . WOW! He grew a lot. Our parents had to talk to the breeder about the food,

leash, water, et cetera. After a couple minutes, we put him in the carrier and took him to the car. When we got back to the house, we let him out of the cage. He was running all over the place. After a little while he calmed down. He ran super fast.

### A couple months later...

We came up with his name. His final name was MILO! One cool thing he learned how to do is run and walk up and down the stairs. It took him a really long time to figure out how to go up and down the stairs. Now, he can run super fast up the stairs. He skips one step when he runs up the stairs. He beats us all of the time when we're walking. Some other things we taught him to do were sit, lie down, and stay in one place. We were trying to teach him to roll over, but it was too hard. Milo is 3 years old right now. Milo is our first dog, and he is the best dog I could ever have. I hope you enjoyed reading or listening to my story about my dog! (Milo).



You make us love Milo too! Great description.

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# THE NEW HOUSE

By Arjun Avineni - 2nd grade

One day there was a girl whose name was Josie and she was moving to a new house.

But Josie wanted to go to a picnic instead. Then a truck came. The people were wrapping the family's things. When they were done, they went off to the new house. Josie was a bit sad.

Her parents asked, "What's the matter?"

But she didn't answer.

Then they arrived to the new house.

Josie said, "Is this our new house?"

"Yes," said her parents.



So they went inside the house. Josie was a little excited and a little disappointed. She said, "Can we have a picnic to celebrate the house?"

Her parents said, "Yes."

The family worked together to get the house was ready. Josie was excited to have a picnic and she was very happy.

This is a great story about moving.

# THIS MISSING MEMORY

By Rishi Somani - 3rd grade

Once there was a boy named Connor. He was nine years old. He loved football, baseball and basketball until one day he didn't love it any more. That was when he lost his memory.

Here is how it happened. Connor and his best friend Ricky went to a restaurant with their family together. Connor and Ricky were fighting over whose science project would be the best. Then Ricky got angry and pushed Connor. Connor slipped and fell on the restaurant table. Connor injured his brain and it led him to surgery at the hospital.

The surgery went well but when Connor woke up, he couldn't remember anything. He had amnesia. The injury to his brain wiped out all his memory. He didn't remember any of his friends or the people that he knew.

Connor's family was very concerned. They all started praying for his fast recovery. After few months, Connor's

family started teaching him everything from scratch. Connor learned how to read, write and play again. In couple of years, he became good at all the sports.

During one of the games, he got hit by a baseball on his head. He was severely injured. Connor was rushed to the hospital again and another surgery was performed on him. The surgery went well, but when Connor woke up, he remembered everything again. His parents were super happy that Connor didn't have amnesia any more.

Now they all live a happy life and Connor no longer remembers that he forgot everything at some point in his life.



This story is creative!

Reading!

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Writing!

Vocabulary!

Grammar &  
Punctuation

# Pizza Mountain

By Krish Chopra - 3rd grade

In Fivertin, there was a boy named Jon, who has just gotten back from school, and wanted to have a playdate with his friend A.J. They sat right next to each other on the bus and they were talking about what they could do at Jon's house. Jon had thousands of board games at his house, so they could play a board game.

"Maybe, we can have a competition," said A.J.

"What kind of competition?" asked Jon.

Just as they entered their house, A.J asked his mother,

"Can I go to my friend Jon's house and have a playdate?"

His mom allowed him only if he finished his homework. A.J. rushed through his homework as fast as he could. He went the fastest he could ever go and BOOM! He finished in two minutes. Then, he rushed around the corner and went to the phone and called Jon. He heard this weird noise, but then he picked up. He told Jon he'd be there in 2 minutes.

## 2 Years Later...

"Didn't A.J. call and say he was supposed to be there in 2 minutes?" asked Jon.

"Yes," his mother replied, "But he is still not here."

## Just Kidding

He was there in two minutes and they were deciding what to play. A.J. asked to go outside and play.



Jon asked his mother, "Can we go outside?"

She said, "You can go outside. So, they went outside and went on a hunt to find Pizza Mountain. Jon heard that Pizza Mountain is full of pizzas and even the outside of the mountain is pizza.

"Okay, where is it?" asked A.J.

"We have to follow this map," replied Jon.

This map was going to show them the way to Pizza Mountain. They went off to find Pizza Mountain. They were exhausted, covered with sweat, dehydrated, and on the ground, but their mouths opened wide because they finally found PIZZA MOUNTAIN! But then they realized they were more thirsty than hungry. So they thought it was a waste of coming here if they're not going to eat any pizza. They decided to take a bunch of pizzas home and have pizza whenever they wanted. If they ran out, then they would just come back.

"WAIT, won't your mom be looking for us because it's getting dark?" asked A.J.

"Oh!" replied Jon. "RUUUN!"

This story took a lot of imagination.

# Bill the Secret Turkey

By Simon Kebere - 4th grade

Bill the Turkey is a football player.

Bill always wears his superhero costume and his football gear because he doesn't want people to know that he is a turkey. If they know he is a turkey, they will eat him. He doesn't want to be eaten by the people.

When he dresses as superhero, he can fly in the sky.

When he sees people who are looking for a turkey to eat, he saves the turkey.

The people are looking for turkeys everyday.

He hides in the shadows in the dark trying to save turkeys! One day the people saw Bill and threw him in jail because

they were going to try to eat him later.

Bill was sitting in jail and then he noticed the jail door. The door was old so he broke the door and he flew away into outer space. He escaped and did not have to be worried about being eaten.



This is a Thanksgiving inspired story.

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# The Virginia Trip

By Mauryan Bugganna - 3rd grade

One day our family went to a Virginia trip. It was a 3 hour drive to Virginia. It started to rain hard and the rain caused puddles. Soon it caused a flood, so we had to go to a shelter. We had to wait a long time -- for about a hour. Then inside the shelter, we ate food. The sun started to rise. We went outside.

We started the engines and left to travel to my friend's house. The gas started to run low, so we went to the gas station. We filled the car with gas so were able to get started again. The drive was so long that my sister and I slept. Then after 10 minutes, we woke up. We were almost there. When we arrived, the time was 1:46 p.m. That was a long ride.

We spent time there, but we had to leave because my sister



This was an interesting trip!

got sick.

We said, "Bye."

This time when we traveled back, it wasn't raining hard. It started to drizzle, but there were no floods or puddles. We turned the windshield wipers on and it was a long drive back. There was traffic, so we took a shortcut. Eventually there were only 10 more minutes. Finally we arrived back home. We had a great trip and experienced an interesting rainstorm.

# The Two Heroes

By Anjali Harish - 3rd grade

Long ago, in a wealthy kingdom, a robber stole from everyone. She wanted something called "The Unanimous Coin" which has all the jewels of the world. It has the power to run the city and give it enchantment. The rulers of even longer ago made a small button that leads to the coin. The robber looked for the coin and began her stealing streak.

"At Last!"

Not far away, lived two heroes, Zapper and Skippy. They were looking for a special bug when they got an urgent call, rrrriiiiiinnnggg!

"Help! A thief stole our special button and ran away with it!" wailed Princess Harmonia.

Zapper and Skippy did not answer; they were already on the job!

"Don't use magic while the coin is in danger," warned Skippy.

"Roger that, mate," said Zapper.

Off they flew in their rockets.

"Robber down there in the canyon," directed Zapper.

"Aye, Aye!" responded Skippy.



This story is super creative!

"You mere children can't catch me," laughed the robber. "Yes, we can!" They zagged and zigged and finally pulled the button out of reach of the robber. As she tried to grab it, she fell off the edge and was never heard about again. Zapper and Skippy returned to the kingdom and gave the button to Prince Farallon and Princess Harmonia. "Thank you! You will, from now on, until forever, protect us and the whole kingdom," squealed the princess. "You're welcome and we're honored," said Skippy. They all had a wonderful life.

# Eddie's Problem

By Ved Desai - 3rd grade

It was a Friday afternoon when Eddie was waiting to go home on the bus from school, not realizing that he had football practice. He had planned to go to Joe's house to play video games. Joe was his best friend. When Eddie came home, Nate Eddie's neighbor said, "I have football practice."

Eddie smirked at him. After Eddie did his homework he heard a ruffling noise and then realized it was Joe.

Then mom interrupted and said, "Eddie, quit lollygagging because it's time for football practice."

His position was Quarterback. Eddie played for the Penn state pirates.

They won seven games in a row! Now they were against the Indiana Werewolves. They got first place last year! It was exactly 15 minutes before the epic game. Then he realized Nate and Joe were both on his team! They promised that they would do their best to win. It was the finals so they did not want to lose. When they arrived, coach Warsaw put up the board Penn State Pirates versus the Indiana Werewolves. When Joe and Nate realized that the Penn State Pirates had more fans than the Indiana Werewolves, they were up for the task.

That moment Joe told his friend Eddie that he should look at himself in the mirror! Eddie asked his mom if she had a miniature mirror. Eddie didn't have his jersey! He asked his mom if she had money to buy one from the neighboring store, but she firmly said, "NO!"

So now Eddie stared at the floor. He had noticed he only had seven more minutes before the game! He sprinted to the coach and asked, "Coach Warsaw, do you have a spare jersey?"

"Yes I do!" But none of them fit!"

Now Eddie was clueless on what to do but, Then Eddie had a spectacular idea! It was to check the locker rooms! Eddie put in his code. The lock opened and he found his jersey! Now the game began. The score was 0 to 0 for five minutes. They then scored a touchdown! The score was 6 to 0. Now they made a field goal so the score was 7 to 0! Twenty minutes later the score was 31 to 21. The Penn State Pirates were on the roll! They eventually won the game by 52 to 35! Once again they had won the final.



This is great realistic fiction.

# THE MISSING NAME...

By Arun Mallela - 3rd grade

There was once a boy with no name. No one knew his name, not even his parents.

People kept on guessing and guessing, but no one guessed right. Eventually he even stopped going to school because not having a name was so hard.

One stormy day on Valentine's, the unnamed boy missed school.

It was a big problem because he had a test and a speech. Everyone was surprised that he did not go to school. There was so much progress going on there. Everyone was wondering where he was.

His teacher thought if he doesn't come by the test, he would FAIL his big test and everyone wondered if he had

memorized his speech.

Missing school was a bummer, but he did not want to go because of the missing name.

One day there was an idea to go to the doctor who delivered him to find out his name.

He arrived at the doctor's office.

The doctor did his research and found out the boy's name was Tommy City. He was named after a famous place.

He started wearing a name tag that said Tommy City. He was happy because it was a great name and eventually everyone knew his name.



This is a fun, unusual story.

# Evil Dragon

By Animesh Chauhan - 3rd grade

"Run! Run!" the village people of New York City screamed.

"Why?" asked one man."

There is a dragon!" they screamed in reply. Dragon was still chasing people. Villagers were very scared and had no clue what to do and where to go.

As everyone was running, one man was running in a weird way. He got scraped by the dragon's pointy, sharp wing. Then, he ran to a cottage where he saw other injured people. He thought about how much damage the dragon did to these people. Luckily, there was a doc-

**This is a super, action story! You will enjoy it!**



tor with materials to help. The doctor fixed the man's scrape, and gave him a peach from a peach tree and some chicken soup. After treatment, the man was little relaxed, but more and more injured people were coming in the cottage.

Later, the man and the doctor ran to the castle and announced there was a dragon in New York City. The King and all of the knights ran with their armor to capture the dragon.

## CHRISTMAS TREE IS FULL

By Chinmayi Chittamuri- 4th Grade

*"Rub your eyes  
Get out of bed,  
Santa came"  
My brother said.  
"Wake up dad  
Wake up mom,  
There's gifts for you  
Quick, quick run!"  
"And he was right  
That brother of mine,  
The tree was full  
It's surely a sign."  
The end of the year is here  
again,  
For sure there will be a new  
one,  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a Happy New Year!*



Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford



**This is a beautiful Christmas poem.**

## FROG

By Sanskriti Nayak - 4th grade

*I have a frog who lives in a log.  
Even though he cheats, he gets a yummy  
treat.*

*He eats his treat, but ...  
loses his teeth!  
Now what can he eat?  
It better not be a another SWEET TREAT!*

**Clever poem.**



Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford

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# The Evil Theme Park

By Srinidhi Suvarapu - 3rd grade

"Yay!" I yelled. I was turning nine today and I was going to my favorite theme park. It was called Dutch Wonderland.

"Honey can you come downstairs?" asked my mom.

I raced downstairs. My mom told me that I could choose two people to come with us.

"Mom, I choose Princess Layla and Prince James," I said with a smile.

"Get into the van," said my dad from outside.

We stopped at Prince James's castle and picked him up. He ran into the van and put on his seat belt.

"Happy birthday, Princess Susie," Prince James's mom and dad said together as they got into the van.

"Thank you very much!" I yelled.

We started to drive over to Princess Layla's house.

"Over here!" we heard Princess Layla shout.

We drove over to her house. Princess Layla and Princess Layla's brother got into the car. Princess Layla's brother, Prince Fred, sat with my brother, Prince Harry, and Prince James's brother, Prince Ronald. We started to drive to Dutch Wonderland.

"Who would like to go on the Eaten Cheese ride?" joked Princess Layla's daddy.

We got out of the car because we got to the theme park.

"Theme park, theme park, theme, theme theme, theme park!" I yelled with a smile.

Suddenly a cage magically fell on us from the sky. It picked us up and threw us into a huge hole under the ferris wheel.

This is an awesome amusement park story with a fantasy twist.



"What is happening to us?" I asked.

All the kids were floating away out of the huge cage. We landed in another hole underneath a roller coaster.

This hole was bigger than the other one. Everyone had a suit of armor. I was already wearing a suit of armor.

"Can you teach us how to use bows and arrows? Also, can you please teach us how to use a sword?" Prince James and Princess Layla asked me.

I decided to teach them everything. We were done and we dashed to the other end of the hole.

"Are you having fun?" asked a strange voice.

"What do you want?" I asked.

The voice said that we had to fight him to get out. We got our swords and started to fight. I jumped and kicked him. We started to shoot arrows at him. Finally, he fell and let us out.

"Honey you are okay!" yelled my dad.

"We all escaped from the hole," said Prince James's mom, Jessica.

"I am sorry your B-day did not go well," said my mom.

"Are you kidding me! Today was the best day of my life!" I yelled.

We all got into the van, drove away, and lived happily ever after.

## SNORKELING IN MEXICO

By Esha Desai - kindergarten

During last summer vacation I went to Cancun, Mexico with my brother, mom, and dad. It was hot in Mexico. One day we took bus to go to Xal-ha, a place in Cancun for snorkeling. I was excited about doing snorkeling for the first time. When I got there, I put on my snorkeling glasses, flippers, a breathing tube and hopped right into the water. The water was blue and so clear. I swam in the water with different fish. I saw stripe fish, blue fish, yellow fish, big long fish, pompano and lot of colorful fishes. I went to pet the blue fish, but they were swimming too fast. May be they were afraid of me. I also snorkeled to the island with my brother. I rested on a rock for some time.

While sitting on the rock, I enjoyed looking at other kids snorkeling and I enjoyed blue water. I liked seeing the fish jumping in the water from the rock. When I jumped back in water to snorkel, I was surrounded by a lot of tiny silver and yellow fish. There were more fish near the dock so I quickly swam back. I was very happy swimming with the fish. I enjoyed my snorkeling trip to Xal-ha and I asked my mom, "Can we please go back? Please!" and she said ... "YES!"



This is a fun vacation story. Let's go!

# 72 HOURS

By Aryan Kutty - 4th grade

Rex had planned to go mountain climbing in Grand Canyon during his summer vacation. He woke up early on the day he had to travel and got all his gear to keep him safe. He drove to Arizona; it took about 17 hours to reach from where he was living to Grand Canyon. When he reached his destination, he ran to the Grand Canyons lodge, which he had booked couple of weeks ago.

As he was climbing up a mountain in Grand Canyon, it was a little petrifying to look around and see the steep mountain. After a while, he felt a little courageous and started climbing one step at a time. He started to climb so fast that he wasn't attentive to the little rocks on the mountain that prevented him from falling down and gave him grip. While he was climbing fast, his hand slipped from one of the rocks and he lost control. He started to fall, he desperately tried to reach out for grip, but he continued to fall. He eventually landed hard between two boulders. As soon as he fell on ground, a gigantic boulder landed right on his forearm squashing it between two rocks, he yelled and screamed in pain, which echoed throughout the mountains. He struggled for almost eight hours to get his hand out of the rocks. He was really exhausted, thirsty and hungry. He ended up drinking his own urine for his survival, since he did not have access to any food or water nearby. He felt wretched that he had to drink his own urine and almost vomited.



Action, Adventure,  
Drama!

Rex fainted for a few hours because he couldn't take the pain.

When Rex woke up from his sleep, he found himself in the hospital. He wondered how he ended up in the hospital. Out of nowhere, two women came up and said that that they found him lying between two rock boulders. Then they called 911 for emergency help. Twenty minutes later the cops and paramedics arrived in a helicopter. They lowered a hook to pick up Rex and rescued him. He was rushed into the hospital where emergency doctors attended him. After the police investigation, they found out he had checked into the nearby lodge more than 72 hours ago.

As he was laying on the bed and looking at the bandages on his forearm, a doctor came in and told him they had to amputate his left forearm because the bones were all crushed and the tissues were severely damaged. Rex was devastated that his left arm was amputated because he was left handed and he used his left arm for everything. Rex felt his life was ruined because his hand was his most important body part for him to physically be able to do anything. He was still not able to digest what had happened to him in the last 72 hours.

## Max's Halloween

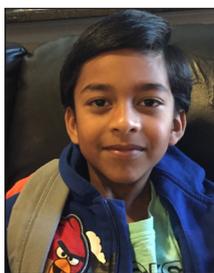
By Pranav Vaddepalli - 2nd grade

Once there was a boy named Max. Max had a dog named Sparkle. Sparkle is a good dog. Max saw the leaves falling down of the tree.

Tomorrow was Halloween. Max's costume was the red ninja turtle. Max's costume was like a jacket.

Max went trick-or-treating and got lots of candy and came home.

It was the best Halloween ever. Max was very happy.



This is a terrific  
seasonal story!

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# A NERVE WRECKING MOMENT

By Saanvi Kunisetty - 4th grade

There have been lots of nerve wrecking times in my life. An unusual one takes place near a park. Let us begin...

I felt happy as the sun looked down at me, green leaves and grass were everywhere, while I played. It was turning out to be a really fun day at the park. My friends decided to ride bicycles, so, I agreed.

As I got onto the bicycle, I felt this day could become no more better. The only thing is that I was playing with a mean girl, but, she was not acting mean today so, everything was fine. As I rode my bicycle, I felt like I was flying. The wind guided me and gave me a cool breeze. After a few laps, we decided to stop.

Two of my friends who were sisters, said they needed to go home. But, the mean girl stopped them. She told them

that she needed to tell them some secret, but I wasn't allowed to hear it.

Then the mean girl took my friends to the top of a staircase and started slowly whispering something into my friend's ears. I could tell by the looks on their faces that my friends felt sorry for me. I couldn't bear this torture anymore so I hastily got on my bicycle and rode home. Behind me, I could hear the laughter of the mean girl.

This is an unusual nerve wrecking moment for me because instead of me not following the crowd, the crowd did not let me follow. I would never forget this moment in my life.



This is a fun, realistic friendship story.

## Poem

By Krithi Kumar - 4th grade

*Every night I look up at the night sky.  
Thinking of those stars, how they always stay up high.  
It makes me feel happy, how the moon glows,  
To me, it feels like a light show.  
I'm always happy when I look at the sky,  
It's like a light show staying up high.*

*It's always clear,  
How the stars are always near.  
That's the reason why,  
I love the night sky.*

*The moon is bright,  
Shining with lots of light,  
That's the reason why,  
I really love the night sky.  
Good night!*



Krithi is a prolific writer.

## *A Snowy Day in Summer?*

One day, I decided to go out for a walk.

After I got ready, I was going to step outside when it suddenly started to snow.

I was really surprised! It never snowed in summer! So, I decided to play in the snow. After some time, it melted away and more snow came down.

Why was it snowing in summer? It turned out that the weather was going crazy! It was fun, but I wished it was hot again.

It repeated for a whole week and it stopped. I was so relieved! I liked the snow, but I liked summer more. That was strange!

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# My Adventures in Lake George

By Steffina Jerald - 4th grade

We were in a boat! Wow! It's so cool! My two friend's family and my family were in Lake George. Lake George is a place for family, friends and adventures! Splash! Water splashed all over me! That was fun! It was time to go in the water. Me and one of my friends, Meena, quickly put our bathing suits. There were lots of people in the water!

I've heard there is a snake in the ground, I said to Meena. We both slowly took a step in the water ground. Squish! It was squishy.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHH! Snake!" Meena and I yelled.

We both quickly swam to our dads. They were in the water talking. We told them everything.

"There is no snake," my dad said. We did not believe him. We both slowly touched the ground again. Squish! I quickly went up and swam over to the boat.

"There is no snake," my mom also told me.

I went in the water again. I never, ever touched the ground. I always swam. I will touch the ground! There is no snake! I repeated to myself again and again. I slowly touched the ground. Hey, there was no snake! Yay! Lake George was fun!

Next, it was the time to go parasailing! We are going to go so high! I can't wait! I really didn't know what parasailing was. I saw some birds flying or they were people? They were people! They were flying like a bird!

"Is that parasailing," I asked my dad.

"Yes! It is!" he replied.

Suddenly, my heart started beating!

What if I fall down? It was our turn! Uh-oh. I went to the middle and put on my buckle. My mom was in the left and my dad was in the right. We slowly lifted from the boat. A rope was tied from the boat to the balloons we won't fall down. I closed my eyes tightly. It felt like I was flying. I opened one eye then another. What a view. Everything looked so small up here! It was beautiful! Now time for the splash! We went down to the water until the water touched our knees and then we went right back up! I was all wet!

That was a lot of fun! I had a good adventure at Lake George!



This is a marvelous trip story!

## Waterpark

By Maria Theruviparambil - 4th grade

One day Ms. Fink's class went on a field trip to the Hershey's Waterpark. Two friends, Maria and Aditi, wanted to go on different rides. Maria wanted to go to the Vortex. Aditi wanted to go on the Whirlwind. They both wanted to do what they wanted, so they had an idea. Aditi thought about splitting up. In one hour they would come back and go on rides together. When they started the hour on the stopwatch, they did things separately. When the hour was up, they did things together.

They agreed. Then the one hour was up. They needed to decide what to ride on next. They agreed to go to the Riptide and then the Hershey's Chocolate Factory. At the end of the day, they got on the school bus, got packed and went home. They loved going to Hershey's Waterpark.

Maria makes Hershey Park sound fun.



Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).  
Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016



# Lenape Times[continued from Medieval Times]

## Computer Breathing Dragon

By Sai Anand Melam - 4th grade

Ugh...When school started, I went to Medieval Times. Guess what happened? Now [3 months later] I went to sleep and I woke up in Lenape Times. I sighed, but I saw the wise man from Medieval Times. This could be an adventure or a waste of time.

I walked to the wise man and he looked delighted to see me. Then his smile turned into a frown. He told me a story and it went like this: Remember when you got the toilet breathing dragon from the other kingdom. Well it escaped and is heading toward the time travel hole. It will get here in exactly 100 days. That's not all. When he goes through the portal, he will turn into a computer breathing dragon! Well talking about computers, I need to finish my homework on Study island.com. I was looking for a computer and then I remembered that they did not have computers when the Lenape lived. This is bad.

The next thing to do is to take on the dragon. First we had to collect rocks and put them together and make tools. Then we had to take molten rock and shape it into armour. It took so much time for the armour to dry. We used deer skin to make nets. We were ready [but we did not have toilets].

We were ready for the dragon to come so we waited and waited. I was about to go back but then I heard a sound. I turned around and I saw the computer breathing dragon. There were computers everywhere. A man just threw the net at the dragon and the other man tied the net. I can't

believe how much time we had wasted making armour. I got a computer, did my homework, slept and I woke up in my room. I never went to Lenape Times again.



This is a nice continuation story. Sai has awesome ideas.



Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford



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Include the name of your school with your entry!

# THE 7 NEW WONDERS OF THE WORLD

By Akshita Krishnakumar - 4th grade

The 7 Wonders of the World are the world's most spectacular man-made structures and natural wonders. I wrote this to inform people about the importance about the seven wonders of the world.

**1. Christ Redeemer in Brazil** - The Christ Redeemer is a statue of Jesus that is 38 meters tall, atop the Corcovado mountain. It was designed by a Brazilian named Heitor da Silva and was created by a French sculptor named Paul Landowski. This statue took five years to build. It also gave people happiness.

**2. Great Wall of China in China**-The Great Wall of China was built into a united defense system. It was the largest man-made monument ever built and spanning approximately 4,000 miles. Many people gave their lives to build The Great Wall of China.

**3. Machu Picchu in Peru** - In the 15th century, the Incan Emperor built a city in the mountains called Mache Picchu ("old mountain.") After the Incas left the city, the city became lost for over three centuries. Then it was rediscovered

in 1911 by archaeologist Hiram Bingham.

**4. Petra in Jordan** - Petra was the capital of the Nabataean empire of king Aretas. The Nabataean were the masters of water technology. The Nabataeans built a great tunnel and water chambers for their city.

**5. Roman Colosseum in Rome, Italy** -The Roman Colosseum is a big building. It was built to honor the Roman Empire. It also used to be a sports stadium.

**6. Pyramid at Chichen Itza in Mexico** - Chichen Itza is the most famous Mayan temple city. There are so many other temples too. Some of them are The Temple of Chac Mool, Hall of Thousand Pillars, and The Playing Field of the Prisoners. But the greatest one is Chichen Itza.

**7. Taj Mahal in India** -Taj Mahal is a palace built by Shah Jahan. He built this to honor his wife. Taj Mahal is also known as "The most Perfect Jewel of Art in India".



This is a great nonfiction essay!

## THE BLACK FRIDAY DEAL

By Meher Vig - 4th grade

One afternoon Zack was playing outside. It was 5:30 p.m. on Black Friday, but he didn't know that. He hated shopping. You know how most boys hate shopping. Well this kid did too. Zack was ten years old. He loved sports. He played all kinds of them: basketball, soccer, baseball, tennis, kickball and track.

He went inside his house and his mom said, "It is time to go shopping."

Zack yelled, "NOOO!"

"We have to go," said his mom politely.

Zack said, "FINE!"

They went shopping at Menlo Park Mall. His mom bought

a lot of clothes for him. One thing caught Zack's eye. He saw Game Stop.

They had the game he was wishing for. It was the Limited Edition of Minecraft. It was usually for \$43.58, but there was a deal with a 75% discount. It was really cheap for Zack. He thought it was a good price. Zack told his mom that it was for \$10.90.

She said that she would buy it, only if Zack came to the mall every time she went shopping. Zack agreed to it. At the end of the day, Zack realized that shopping was actually really fun. He couldn't wait until his next shopping experience!



This is a perfect winter holiday season story.

Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).

Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016



# Tiny and the Trickster Herd

By Asmita Gorti - 4th grade

One day, in a misty forest, a herd of 100 elephants nicknamed the "Tricksters" lay fast asleep. One elephant named Tiny tricked his friends the most. Today Tiny was about to trick Blind Rabbit. Tiny woke up from his nap, and he went to the lake to go take his usual bath. After his bath, he got ready to trick Blind Rabbit. Tiny thumped all the way to Blind Rabbit's house and knocked on his door.

"Knock, Knock, Knock!"

"Rabbit, it's me, Tiny! I came to deliver your breakfast for today morning!"

Tiny heard a small groan, and then he heard a few footsteps.

Blind Rabbit opened the door.

"Give me my breakfast," Blind Rabbit said. Then Blind Rabbit tried to snatch the bucket of carrots from Tiny's trunk, but he missed.

Tiny actually had NO breakfast for Blind Rabbit.

"No," said Tiny. First you have to come out of your house to get your breakfast.

Blind Rabbit groaned again, "Uhhhhh fine."

So Blind Rabbit hopped forward.

"More!" yelled Tiny, and he backed away.

Blind Rabbit hopped again.

"More, More, More!" yelled Tiny and ran away still saying, "More!"

Meanwhile, Rabbit was still hopping and fell into a river.

"I shouldn't have listened to Tiny," groaned Blind Rabbit.

Tiny ran all the back home. Blind Rabbit managed to get out of the river and get home. The first thing Blind Rabbit did was to call all his friends saying, "Tiny tricked me again."

Blind Rabbit's friends said the same thing, "Let's go to Wise Turtle. Maybe he can do something to the Tricksters herd, right?"

So Blind Rabbit and his friends went to Wise Turtle.

"O Wise Turtle, is there a scheme that can take the Tricksters herd away?" asked Blind Rabbit.

"Yes, there is a way," soothed Wise Turtle, "First you will have to bring some herbs, some decomposed leaves and a lot of water."

"Yes," said Blind Rabbit.

Later, Blind Rabbit brought the ingredients and gave them to Wise Turtle. Wise Turtle mixed the ingredients well and gave the potion to Blind Rabbit.

"First invite the Tricksters herd for dinner. Then, in their water cups, put this in," said Wise Turtle and then he pointed to the bottle in Blind Rabbit's hand.

"When they drink it, they will form into a rain cloud."

"Thank you," said Blind Rabbit.

Blind Rabbit and his friends walked home and called the Trickster's herd for dinner. Blind Rabbit made the food and got ready. When the elephant herd got in Blind Rabbit's house, they gobbled all the food and gulped the potion, they disappeared. Blind Rabbit heard nothing so that meant they are gone.

Blind Rabbit raced outside and saw a bunch of clouds above his house. The clouds had feelings because of the elephant herd. From then on, when it rains, that meant that the elephant herd was planning to have fun when they touched the ground.



This is a creative myth!

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Learn more at: [www.citykidzworld.com](http://www.citykidzworld.com)



# When I was Santa

By Karunya Chittamuri - 4th grade

**I**t all started on in October. I was excited because that day I had finally decided what I wanted from Santa for Christmas. The days passed by and Christmas was getting closer by the day. I was waiting each day and each night, impatiently. Then it was Halloween. Many kids kept on ringing the bell at my home to get candy. One kid that knocked on our door was a little boy who wore a costume that looked ripped and worn out. I gave him some candy and when he was getting down the steps, I asked him, "What are you getting for Christmas?" He said sadly, "I'm poor, my parents don't have enough money to buy me a present." Then a thought popped into my brain. I said to myself, "If I become his friend, I can get him a present for Christmas." Then I asked, "Can you be my friend?" He said, "Sure, but don't make fun of me because I'm poor." I said, "Of course, not." I took his phone number and closed the door. The next day, I decided I was going to give my Christmas present to my friend. A week before Christmas, I told my parents about my friend and requested them to let me give my Christmas present to him. They liked my idea and let me invite my friend over on Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning I pulled out a present with my friend's name on it and gave it to him. I saw that my friend was extremely happy. My friend immediately hugged me with happy tears. He said, "You are my Santa." I felt very glad to see him so happy. I thought that I would not have been as happy as my friend if I kept the Christmas present for myself. My parents then said, "We are very proud of you." Then they said, "Surprise!" and pulled out a gift from under our Christmas tree.



This is an intriguing Santa story!



Illustrated by Daameon Stradford

## Winter

By Srinidhi Dola - 5th grade

*A snowy blanket covers the land  
Snowmen are alive  
Christians are open  
Snow balls fly in the air  
Snow falls from the sky  
Children play in snow  
Sleds are sliding from slopes  
winter is a fun season, then some body  
shouts*



Everyone loves a snowman poem.



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# Ellison in Space

By Ellison Edwards Murray - 4th grade

Once upon a time there was a man named Ellison. Ellison was the smartest, bravest, and most creative person in the world.

The day Neil Armstrong stepped on the moon, Ellison started thinking of being the first person to step on a planet. One day he made a plan about how to get to a planet. The planet he picked was Mars. It was 1999 and Ellison was in his rocket getting ready for take off. Count 10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1 BLAST OFF!

Thirty minutes later he was in space.

Fifteen months later he woke up and found himself on Mars. Ellison jumped out of the rocket. When he jumped out, all Ellison saw was mushrooms, grass, trees, and blue sky. When he was walking, he fell off a cliff and bumped in to aliens. The next thing he knew, his helmet fell off, but

Ellison was having trouble breathing. When he was trying to go back to his rocket, guess what Ellison saw! Ellison saw nothing, NOTHING!

Ellison started looking for his rocket. Then Ellison started thinking. He looked at everything around him, and everything that was around him looked different. Then he realized that if he rubbed something together and said I wish I were home, he would appear there. Ellison did what he thought he should do and then everything turned black. He opened his eyes and there he was laying on the bed. Ellison suddenly realized the truth.

"Wait a second. I was dreaming the whole time!" he said.



This is a story with a funny twist! Enjoy.

# Crystal the Puppy

By Srinidhi Dola - 5th grade

Hi! My name is Lucy this is the story of how I got my puppy Crystal. On an ordinary day I was doing my homework and reading the book my teacher told me to read. It was called "My Puppy".

As I was reading a part, I jumped and ran to my mom and said, "Mom I want a puppy now. Let's go to the pet store. Grab your keys." "Hold on there Lucy. We can't go to the pet store. By the way, you can't get a dog. First go finish your homework."

I was stomping my way to my room and slammed the door. I wanted a puppy really badly. After a week, my room was filled with pictures of puppies and cute dogs. A month later, my whole door and every little white space on the wall was filled with pictures of puppies.

My mom said, "Lucy stop printing photos of puppies. You are wasting paper."

"Then will you pretty pretty please buy me a puppy?" I begged.

My mom stood there and whispered yes. I bolted into the car and sat there. My smile was bigger than the moon's crescent. Mom drove to the nearest animal shelter. After three hours (as it seemed to me, even if it was fifty minutes) we got out and walked to the animal shelter. There I spent three hours picking. As I entered



Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford



This is a suspenseful tale!

the doctor's room, I was thinking of all the dogs I saw. All were cute, fluffy, and sweet but I was not interested in any of them. I saw a little puppy and my mouth fell open. It was the cutest little puppy I had ever seen. I pulled my mom's arm and we bought the puppy. We named her Crystal because we got Crystal on a day in winter when ice crystals were falling from the sky.

Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).  
Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016



# My Adventure

By Anika Pande— 5th grade

Have you ever been to an Amusement Park? Well, I have. This is one of the most outrageous adventures I have ever been on. Why? Well, this is what happened...

"Hi mom, I'm ready to go to school!" I said happily.

Today was field day. I did everything I was supposed to all year for this day in order to participate in all of the activities. Every year there are around 100 out of 700 students who don't get to participate in the activities because of bad behavior. So far, I was not one of these students. I ate my breakfast and took my water bottle, but my mom stopped me.

In a confused tone, I asked, "What happened?"

"You're not going to school," my mom said.

"What?" I asked confused.

"I told you last night."

Finally, I caught on and realized what she was talking about.

"Oh ya ...Where are we going again?"

"Six Flags, why?" I started screaming with excitement. A few minutes later I realized who my mom invited; my friends Crystal and Sparkle.

A few moments later, my friends arrived and we got in the car. While we knew we were going to Six Flags, we didn't know if we were going to Hurricane Harbor, or Six Flags amusement park. That was the surprise. My friends and I sat around guessing which it would be. I thought we were going to Hurricane Harbor because my mom packed me a swimsuit. Everyone else agreed.

As we pulled up, we realized we had been correct. We arrived to Hurricane Harbor and the car stopped. Before we left the car, my mom reminded us to meet her back at the car by 7 p.m.

We went inside, and promised to always be together no matter what.

We started walking to the nearest ride, and realized we had the pass to go on all the rides one after the other, as soon as we entered the park! When we finished all the rides except the Tornado, we looked at the time and it was 5 p.m. We decided it would be best to ride the Tornado last, and go to the Lazy River to pass some time.

When we went to the Lazy River, we all found the tubes. As I picked up my tube, I looked around and realized my friends weren't by my side anymore. I didn't know where everyone went. How could we possibly find each other in such a big park! I left the Lazy River on my nearest exit. I screamed their names one after the other, until I heard a voice. I followed the cry. Soon, I realized my friends were right behind me, when Sparkle began giggle.

I was happy that we were all together again. I suggested we go to the Lazy River before we ran out of time. There had been an hour wasted looking for my friends. After some time in the Lazy River, we started to stroll back to the entrance where my mom dropped us off. While we were walking, we took a bunch of selfies and deleted the ones we didn't like. When we reached the driveway, we saw our mom's, together in the parking lot.

They told us that we were a bit early.

We asked if they could stay longer, but of course all parents say no. Apparently we already had too much fun.

We all got into the car, and started talking in funny British accents, and sang songs. It has been a great day at Hurricane Harbor with my best friends, even if I did miss out on field day.



This is a well-written story.

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# NO ELECTRONICS?



Fantastic com-  
positional risk!

By Rithika Pathuri - 5th grade

"No electronics?" Emily's mouth hung open. "But-that's just crazy," Emily sputtered. Her parents exchanged glances. Emily's dad took a deep breath.

"We've decided to punish you for arguing with us last night by taking away all your electronics and transportation to anybody's house today," her dad spoke quietly.

"Look, it's only for a day," Emily's mom pointed out. Emily rolled her eyes. She ate the rest of her breakfast in silence. Ugh, Emily thought as she ran upstairs to her room. She read part of her Harry Potter book. Soon she became bored again. This is so unfair. My parents are torturing me, Emily complained. The Saturday morning sun shone in her eyes as she pulled over the curtain. Emily glanced outside. It's a nice day, I should probably go outside. Emily went outside and played with her dog, Roxie. She blew some bubbles for Roxie to pop.

"Ouch," Emily exclaimed as one popped in her face. She ran inside to wash it.

Then she lay sprawled on her bed and closed her eyes. After she opened them she felt much better. By now she was sick and tired with this no electronics day. She pulled her hair in frustration.

"Emily, you should probably start your English homework now," Emily's mom suggested as her mom came up the stairs.

"Fine," Emily muttered and took out her English

homework. I'd rather do homework than be bored anyway. After about an hour she was finished with her writing prompt. She stretched her hands. Then, she took a long bubble bath to relax.

"Emily, it's time for lunch," Emily's dad yelled from the bottom of the stairs as she got dressed.

"Coming," Emily called back. She ran downstairs to eat lunch. Mmmm, the smell was delicious. Her mouth started watering. Her lunch was chicken noodles. She barely talked because she was pretty mad about this whole no-electronics-day. Then she raced back up to her room to draw for some time. Then Emily went over to her best friend, Maria's house.

"Hey, Emily," Maria said as she opened the door.

"Can I play?" Emily asked.

"Sure, come on in," Maria answered. They played with her Lego (™) Friends sets for some time. Then they talked about school. After about two hours, Emily left Maria's house. She had a great time. When Emily came back it was time for dinner. Emily's family and her ate the same thing they ate for lunch for dinner too. After she was done eating, she ran to her room, and read a book for some time. When Emily couldn't keep her eye open any longer, she turned the light off, and fell asleep. Emily had made it through no-electronics day!



## Fantastic Teacher Writing Contest!

Write an essay about why your teacher is special.

Your essay may be selected and your teacher will receive a *City Kidz World* Magazine plaque!

**Deadline: March 20**

Submit entry to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com)

Include the name of your school with your entry!



# Annie Mary – the Young Girl with Dreams in Her Eyes

By Sara Karnik - 5th grade

Annie Mary was a girl who had one eye smaller than the other. Her classmates called her “the squinter”. She was always getting teased. No matter how much she tried to stop the bullies, they wouldn’t stop. One way she tried to stop the bullies was with an I-message. An I-message is a statement starting with “I” instead of “you” so the person doesn’t feel like he or she is being attacked. Every year she would get bullied. Even when she told the teacher, there was no way the bullying would stop, because the bullies would lie.

One day, Annie got teased so badly that the entire school started to chant, “Annie is a squint!” She got so traumatized that she started daydreaming in class. Her grades started to fall: A-, B, C, D, F. She always dreamt that the bullying and the teasing would stop. She also dreamt of moving to a different town, but there was no way to do that because her mom and dad’s jobs were placed there. Annie endured the bullying and teasing through the next eight years of her life until 12th grade.



This story has a great lesson.

As the kids grew older, the students matured and became more knowledgeable. As everyone grew up, they had more and new friends, except for Annie. Annie had no friends because of the way she looked. She was never welcomed and she thought that she would never be a part of a group. The bully, who had teased and bullied her, had fallen from his bike and had scars all over his face. Later, when he came to school, another bully took him to an empty classroom and beat him up. The bully was on the floor and Annie saw him lying there. She raced toward him and helped him up, even though she was earlier bullied by him. Since then, the bully realized that it doesn’t matter what is on the outside; it only matters what is on the inside. He had also realized that he had never given her a chance to talk. He learned that you shouldn’t bully each other because everyone has feelings. He felt sorry for his actions and the way he treated her.

## The Beach

By Dhriti Goudar - 5th grade



*The breeze gently swaying in the air  
Motioning my short hair the sand  
underneath my feet  
our parents call us, it’s time to eat  
Yummy foods they have prepared  
Watermelon and juicy pears  
“C’mom!” My friend called out to me  
I find myself moving toward the sea  
Jumping in was a blast  
Now it’s distant, like the past  
Freestyle, backstroke, my friend shows me  
then I find myself doing it in the sea  
“Under the sea!” we humm, laughing away  
“Time to go,” our parents call; it’s almost the end of the day  
we get out of the sun beaming on our faces  
I will never forget this moment out of all the places  
when I look back I see the ocean “waving” goodbye  
“I will come back; I will try,” I screech  
One day, I will come back to this amazing beach  
and have a lot more amazing memories.*

A beach story keeps you warm in the winter.

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# MS. HART MAKES LEARNING FUN

By Srinidhi Dola - 5th grade

Teachers work hard to help kids learn so they have successful futures. Ms. Hart is one of these teachers. She is a fifth-grade teacher at Millstone River School. By looking at the poster by the sink that says, "Need a smile? You can borrow mine," students can tell that she likes to make kids smile.

Ms. Hart has wanted to become a teacher since she was a kid and knew she wanted to help children.

"I decided to be a teacher when I was in fourth grade. I had always liked helping other students and knew that I wanted to be able to do that when I got older as well," said Ms. Hart.

This year was her first year of teaching and students think she is a nice teacher that likes to help her students. For example, she tells students that if they are having trouble with a subject, they can stay on the rug so she can help them. She knows how hard it is to manage 26 kids and give them the attention that they need.

"I think the hardest part about teaching is meeting the needs of all students. When there is one teacher with 26 students, it can be difficult to find time to help everyone. It takes a lot of time management and planning in order to be able to work with every student in each subject," Ms.

Hart said.

Ms. Hart is a great teacher because she was inspired by her favorite teachers and she followed her dream. She said that one thing her teachers had in common is that they genuinely cared about her and the other students in class. She makes sure that everybody understands the topic and is confident with the tests. The way she does that is with her helpful study guides and she spends extra time with kids who need it.

"I was inspired by several of my teachers and knew that I wanted to be like them. For the past 12 years, I have worked toward the goal of becoming a teacher because I still have that same desire to help others and make a difference in students' lives," said Ms. Hart.

As a new teacher Ms. Hart has a lot of years of teaching left. During these years Ms. Hart will inspire a lot of children and the students of the past will always remember her. She shared some wisdom that other kids can take with them. She said, "I think the best advice I have gotten is to take things one day at a time. Everyone makes mistakes and has a bad day sometimes. It is important to remember to continue to try your best and stay positive."



This is an awesome tribute story.

## "Cats and Dogs" Movie Review

By Gowri Sanker Anish - 5th grade

"Cats and Dogs" is a movie about cats trying to stop a scientist from making a serum that cures people from dog allergies and dogs trying to stop the cats from doing so.

Buddy is a dog who is positioned at the scientist's house. He is driven into a mad (and hilarious) chase with a cat. However, he is shortly dognapped by more ferocious felines!

Meanwhile (well, probably shortly afterward), at an adoption center, one adventurous puppy tries to escape, but he misses by an inch. But right after he lands under a pail, out of sight, a small dog-sized section on the floor comes down and some dogs march out. They escort the other pups in and take their places, and the puppy comes out. A second later, the door opens to a man and a woman, and he gets adopted and named Lou. At his new home, Lou goes to get a falling biscuit, but another dog stops him about 5 seconds before it explodes! He gets introduced to a team of agents. Will the cats win? Or will the dogs? Will the scientist make the serum? Watch the movie to find out!

I give this movie 5 stars because it is a touching, exciting, and action-packed movie! Rated E for everybody.



Now we know whether to watch this movie!



# ALIEN ATTACK!

By Farhan Mohammad - 5th grade



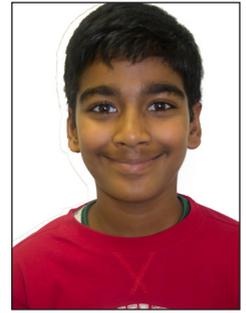
Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford

It was a dark and gloomy day in Philadelphia. It looked like it was going to rain in our area. I was playing soccer by myself outside. I lived in Westfield, Philadelphia, in a townhouse and we had some space in the backyard to play. However, my parents told me to never go in the woods behind the townhouse because there were animals and other scary and frightening things. Then, I heard a CRASH! near the woods. I wanted to go check out the woods but I knew that my mom would be suspicious if I was gone. If I really wanted to go into the woods, I knew I needed a plan. I kicked the soccer ball into the white net.

“Dinner,” my mom screamed. I walked to my house. I quickly devoured my dinner and ran upstairs. So, my plan was this: first, I would wait until everybody in our house was asleep. Then, I would quietly run down the stairs and start running toward the woods. I would then investigate what happened and run back into my bedroom and make sure that I leave no evidence of what happened during the night. I thought that it might be some kind of spaceship landing or some tree getting sawed. I then started my plan.

As soon as I heard my parents snoring, I knew that they were asleep. I quietly went down the stairs. I turned my security off and ran outside. I followed every step in my plan exactly. It worked like a charm! I stepped on the muddy grass and ran to the dark, gloomy, scary, woods. I felt like this would be my last day I was going to live. Then, I froze! I had just seen a UFO. THE UFO was white with a black outline. The antenna was bent and the devices looked like it was cracked. Beside it was a green, three-eyed, four-eared alien. It started to charge at me. I side stepped him and then I charged too!

It was a good and scary battle. I swung at him with a tree branch and knocked him out. Then, I frantically willed the branch to turn into a sword or javelin. 15 seconds later, I was holding a four-foot long sword. I swung the sword at the alien but he blocked it. The alien then knocked the sword out of my hand! When I was going to retrieve it, the alien got up and froze me with ice. I tried to break the ice but it was too strong. He made a mistake though, he swung at me and broke the ice. He swung at me again and BAM! I woke up with a start. I looked around and only saw a messy room. Whew! It was a dream!



UFO stories are always fantastic!

Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).

Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016



# GARDEN CRYSTALS

By Meenakshi Rama Subramanian - 5th grade

Planets are really interesting to study about. Last week my class and I studied planets for almost half of the day. I really liked it, but that night I dreamed about something awesome. There was a planet far away called "GARDEN CRYSTALS".

It was about 26 times bigger than Jupiter. It was enormous. Garden Crystals was a planet fully covered with a giant garden. Moreover crystals grew all over, in leaves, flowers, even on the ground. Who took care of this planet? There were a lot of butterflies. One colorful butterfly ruled

among the whole planet. The butterflies were very big. They were 11 ft. long and 10 ft. wide.

Also I dreamed that after a crystal is fully grown, butterflies take it and place it in the Milky Way. Those are the stars, but the stars are large. How do they get that large? Well they grow from the butterfly's heat.

Suddenly I woke up and I was shocked to see that I was in my room.



Dream stories are fun to read and creative! Try one!

## Happily Ever Never

By Kayla Durden - 6th grade

One day in a happy old village a baby girl, and boy were born. They were twins. They both loved their family and friends, a lot. They had a happy life. Until one day ... The day before the twins tenth birthday ... Their parents came down with a illness. An illness that could kill them, and soon, it did.

The next day was the twins tenth birthday. No one came. They had to spend their birthday with no friends, and now, no family either.

Years past and it was almost the twins 16th birthday. They were so excited. Mark, the twin brother, told his sister that he does not feel alone. Katy, the twin sister, said she felt the same way. They both felt that someone beside them was lurking in the house.

Katy said, "It might be the spirits of our parents trying to haunt us."

"No way, they loved us. Why would they try to haunt us?" Mark quickly responded.

It was almost time for the biggest celebration of

their lives, their 16th birthday. They invited all of their friends. There was only one problem. The cake. Katy went to bake one before the guests arrived. When she finished, about 12 people arrived. An hour later, everyone was having a good time. Until it was ruined. Katy and Mark heard footsteps and things falling throughout the house.

When the party was over, the twins went to go and look for the noise that was going throughout the house. Mark went to go look in the basement. When he went to go look in the boxes he turned around and saw something: A spirit - His mom's spirit.

He was scared to death. He prayed to the lords that everything was going to be all right, and soon it was. The lords brought down a gift and the spirits were gone. I guess this story is going to end in a happily ever after, after all. The twins, then, lived in harmony and peace.



A creative ghost story! Awesome.

Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).

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# GREAT TOWN: PLAINSBORO

By Keerthi Surisetty - 5th grade

Plainsboro is the best town ever! Moving to Plainsboro is a great idea. Plainsboro is one of the top school districts in New Jersey. Almost every week there are fun events in the Recreation Center, and best of all when someone is bored, they can go to fun places.

One reason Plainsboro is the best town to move to is because of the school district. It is one of the top schools in New Jersey. There are about four or five elementary schools, one or two upper elementary schools, one huge middle school, and finally a gigantic high school. All of these schools are really good and educated. Everyone who goes to these schools feel great because they get a good education. When there are field trips, we go to educational places and the field trips are really fun. An example of a field trip is the National Constitution. We learned about American history. Our teachers explained everything to us, but it was not boring. It was really fun. Teachers make the education sound interesting and fun.

The second reason Plainsboro is the best town is because almost every week there are fun events in the Recreation Center. The Recreation Center is where there are fun events you can participate in and there are important meetings

to help the community. Examples of fun events are hip-hop lessons, chess lessons, craft lessons, Zumba etc. Anyone can participate in these events. All ages are allowed. An example of an important meeting is when society members come together to make decisions. The last reason Plainsboro is the best town to move to is because whenever someone is bored, they can go to any fun places. There are many parks that have trails and playgrounds. They can go to a park each day. In Plainsboro or near Plainsboro there are attractive parks, aquariums, and museums. An example of this is Sesame Street. At Sesame Street there are arcade games, water rides, food, and dry rides. Anyone, even babies, could go here.

Moving to Plainsboro is a great idea because Plainsboro is one of the top school districts in New Jersey. There are many events in the Recreation Center and best of all, someone can go to fun places that are nearby if they are bored. Only Plainsboro is this awesome.



Everyone loves  
Plainsboro! Thanks  
Keerthi!

## Winter

By Keerthi Surisetty - 5th grade

*You come home from school*

*You see white dots falling to the ground*

*Everyone comes out and plays*

*While you are at home in your hallway*

*You run outside with your coat on*

*When you see that the ground is white*

*Then you realize that Winter is finally here!*

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# Scream Fair

By Ankitha Ungarala - 5th grade

Rachel was going through the mail. She sat on her bed staring at all the letters sent to her parents.

"Dad, Dad, Mom, Dad, ... Me?" Rachel gasped.

She looked at the blood-red envelope. She had an urge to tear the envelope right open. But, something in her said it was dangerous.

"Eh, who cares," Rachel ripped the envelope and stared at the black note.

"Hi," Rachel read out loud, "This is Mary -- your old friend in Wisconsin. There is a big fair where you live in Tennessee. If you say yes, circle the check below and mail it to Mary Lamb Rummage Town, Wisconsin. If you say no, throw this note away. I will maybe meet you at the fair."

Rachel never heard of a friend named Mary in Wisconsin. There was Cassy, Annabeth and Carol, but no Mary. Inside the envelope was also a flyer that read: Welcome to the Scream Fair! Please come and you will have fun till your death.

"Doesn't sound fun at all," Rachel tossed the note in her drawer and had a little fright about this Mary person.

She hopped out of bed and went to brush her teeth. She imagined what Mary would look like--blond, messy hair with a tall, black ball dress and her skin as pale as snow. She finished brushing and went straight downstairs. Her mom was obviously in her yoga class across the street. She goes there every Saturday. Rachel went to her brother's room downstairs in the basement.

"Sup little sis?" Rachel's brother, Max greeted as he was slowly getting up from his computer desk.

"I need an eensy, weensy favor," Rachel begged as she folded her legs on the dirty bed.

"Mm-hm," Max muttered under his breath.

"Take me to the Scream Fair today because Mom is probably going to say no!" Rachel practically yelled.

"Whoa, hoa! the Scream Fair! Even kids my grade are too scared to go because of the last ride they built," Max quivered.

"What was the last ride?" Rachel said all anxiously.

"Where's Mary's Lamb?" Max held on to Rachel.

"Wait, Mary?! \*gulp\* I think I have something to show you," Rachel confessed hugging herself.

When Max and Rachel went upstairs, Rachel showed Max the Mary's letter.

"I think I am about to faint," Max held his head. "So what I

am seeing here is a dead person giving you an invite to her home!" Max freaked.

"How is Mary dead? I mean she's just a ride," Rachel hugged her red bear.

"You know Mary had a little lamb? Well, after the lamb died Mary was saddened for years and she went out for revenge!" Max almost cried fear tears.

Five seconds later, loud thumps came from downstairs.

"Mom! are you home yet? Is it you?" Max panicked.

"Ha-ha-ha," laughs echoed from downstairs.

"Max, the fire-escape door, gooo!" Rachel hurried Max and herself in the fire-escape door.

There was a ramp leading down to the ground.

"Why are you kids there?" Rachel's mom, Mrs. Greenfield wiped sweat off her forehead.

Both kids ran down and hugged their mom. They all went inside and they saw red, wet footprints up the stairs.

"Max! Why did you put paint on your shoes again?" Mrs. Greenfield yelled.

"Oh, you got me," Max panicked and said sarcastically.

Next, the kids saw the kitchen knives on the countertop and then they saw sheep's fleece leading toward an open window.

"Um, Mom, Max and I are going to a fair at 7:00," Rachel grinned.

"Which fair?" Mrs.Greenfield asked, putting the knives back in place.

"The Happy Time Fair," Max added.

"Okay sounds good," Mrs. Greenfield exclaimed cleaning the red prints on the wooden floor.

After waiting and waiting, the time finally came. It was 6:45 p.m. and Rachel and Max were dying to find out who was this Mary. Max started the car, while Rachel got some useful ghostbuster equipment: water bottles, gooey sticky spiders, and one sharp, silver, plastic knife. They also got Mrs.Greenfields leftover lasagna just in case they don't come home by dinner or ever.

"Sis are you ready to fight some ghosts?" Max weakly



This has great compositional risk! Awesome.

Scream con't on page 34

# The Secret Passage

By Lavanya Khanna - 6th grade

"Why?" Lisa whispered to herself. It was a windy night and Lisa was sitting outside under a tree. Warm tears were flowing down her cheeks. Tomorrow was the day her parents were getting divorced. Lisa heard her parents talking last night about getting divorced. A strong breeze of wind hit Lisa in the face. When Lisa opened her eyes, she saw a piece of paper lying in front of her. "That's weird," Lisa thought. "Whatever. It is just a map to Busch Gardens." Suddenly Lisa noticed something unusual about the map. There was a secret passageway behind the ride Cup and Saucer. "Hmm, I wonder what it leads to?" Lisa thought. "I will pack up in the morning and check out the secret passageway." When Lisa woke up in the morning, it felt like it had been a few minutes. Then, Lisa was off to work. It was a sunny day, and it

reminded Lisa of how much their family used to spend time together before they got into a huge fight. While Lisa was walking down the sidewalk, she thought of the fun things she would do in the secret place, things like playing, getting on rides and just enjoying life.

"Hmm," Lisa thought. She was standing in front of Busch Gardens and was trying to think of a plan to enter the secret passageway. "What I am going to do is that I will run straight to the passageway and then enter the secret place." Looking left and then right, Lisa ran to the secret passageway. Then she saw the beautiful secret place she was wondering about.



This is an intriguing story!

Secret con't on page 35

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## Scream con't from page 33

smiled. "Hey, I thought it was a dead person," Rachel said getting in the front seat of the blue Toyota. Then all the way there Max talked about Mary and wondered if she was a ghost. "Here we are. The scariest fair in Tennessee," Max parked in the parking lot filled with popcorn kernels and some punch that look disturbingly like blood. "It smells like someone died in here!" Rachel screamed covering her nose. "Maybe, someone did die, Mwa ha ha!" Max joked. They both got out of the car and went to the gate. A woman with hair as green as evergreen trees was at the ticket booth. She had a big, silver nose peircing which looked fake. "\*giggle\* You're bringing a tiny little third-grader to the scariest fair of them all!" the woman laughed. "Listen up! I am in seventh grade," Rachel protested. "Whatever, I'm Ann your ticket booth girl. How many people?" Ann sneered. "Two please," Max said taking out his musty wallet. They exchanged money for tickets and went inside the fair. "Which ride first?" Max smiled. "We're here to go on Where's Mary's Lamb, remember?" Rachel put her hands on her hips. "Oh yeah," Max slapped his head.

They went across Kill a Clown and Make a Knife to go to Mary's ride. "Hello? No ticket taker or something?" Max quivered. Both of them went inside and the first thing they saw was red liquid running through the floor. They stared at each other and then they immediately knew they were in a maze. "Somebody help me!" a voice said to the right of the maze. "Who are you again?" Rachel screamed. "I'm Mary," Mary, the voice, giggled. "So, Rachel, you came anyway," Mary said. Footsteps were heard running down the dirt of the maze. "Max, run!" Rachel shooed him. While they were running, Rachel turned back and saw a girl in a black, ripped dress and a funeral hat with skin as pale as snow running after them. "Look!" Rachel pointed to Mary. "Manager, someone, help!" Max shouted. Rachel thought and had an idea, "Ann!" Unfortunately, Ann didn't hear them. "Aww you only lived for twelve years, Rachel!" Mary said. Mary caught up to speed and... you really think I'll tell you the most interesting part? Well I'll just say they all were trapped there forever. After my lamb died, I was lonely, so I did need some company.



# The Adventures in Dreamy Land

By Shrushti Chavan - 5th grade

"Wake up Mathew!" said a voice. "I'm going to burn you if you don't get up!" roared another voice. I opened my eyes and there stood a tall girl with blue hair and a blue dress. There was a boy who had flaming orange hair, literally, I can't see it! His pants were chunked into pieces like a volcano; through every gap you saw lava peeking at you.

"Mathew, don't you remember us; I'm Nadia, and that's Aiden," said the tall girl.

Didn't I dream about these guys? I went on adventures with them! I remembered everything. They were from Dreamy Land, the land of dreams!

I found myself staring at a huge volcano rocket, we sat inside, and Aiden yelled, "GO TO DREAMY LAND!" It happened. The ship blasted lava over the ground and we got lifted up. I felt like my dinner was going to come out to say, "Hi," as we blasted into space.

"The doctor is sick," said Aiden.

"Well let's go to the doctor," I said.

The doctor was like the man in Harry Potter, Dumbledore. The old man is called The Wise Man, but his real name is John. He lives in a cottage near Farmer Carter's peach farm. He is famous for his soup.

"YIKES!" I cried.

Nadia shrieked. A bright red dragon came in our way!

## Secret *con't* from page 34

While Lisa was roaming around, a humongous dragon appeared in front of her.

"Hello young lady. Are you trying to enter the secret land of Busch Gardens?" the dragon questioned.

"Yeah, and I found a map to it."

"But before that, you must answer my riddle."

"Sure, I guess."

"Ok so tell me who are the two people who are always there with you and will take care of you?"

"Friends," Lisa replied.

"No, no."

"Grandparents."

"Very close."

Tears rolled down Lisa's eyes.

"Parents," she replied in a croaked voice.

"You may enter young lady."

"Wow this place is amazing." Lisa saw fun rides up

"Roar!" it said.

"Wait a minute; I got this," Nadia said.

As the dragon tried to blow fire on us, Nadia sprayed out an icy water blast, which took the dragon down.

"Hurry let's go before it comes back!" cried Nadia.

So we rushed to the cottage and heard...

"Ow..." I took one look at the doctor and said, "Someone get his tomatoes. I'M MAKING SOUP!"

Then intensely, I made the soup. I was concentrating hard on pushing the buttons on the microwave, pouring the soup into a bowl. Finally, I gave the doctor the soup and YAY! He started jumping and dancing! Then we all started jumping and dancing.

"Thank You!" the doctor said humming a tune. Farmer Carter was there too so he gave us peaches from his peach trees. Mission One, done!

Finally, everything was back to normal. Now I can go home...

Huh? It was 7 in the morning. I was in New York City! I dreamed everything... Wow! Anything can happen In your dreams... so, I, Mathew Frangrove, tell you to believe!

ahead. Suddenly she saw a red, pepper-spray bottle rolled off to the side.

"Weird," Lisa thought picking up the red spray bottle.

"Let's explore the other side of the rides," Lisa thought.

"Help, somebody here?" Lisa heard a voice.

"Hello, who is it?"

"Hi can you help us?"

"Sure, but how did you end up being locked up in this cell?"

"It's a long story, but before that you must run away from here."

"But why?"

"Because the master will trap you too and the master



Another great dream story! Try one!

Secret *con't* on page 58



# The Monster at Whitetail Forest!

By Sainthavi Sivakumar & Ankitha Radhakrishnan - 5th & 6th grade

One hot, summer day, Laura went out to play in the Whitetail Forest. When she went a little deep into the forest, she couldn't believe what she saw. It was a massive, eerie monster with knife-like teeth lying in its nest. Laura's whole body shivered and she raced out of the forest without looking back.

When she got home, she ran straight to her room and started wondering if the monster was just an illusion. She was thinking a lot, but had no answer to her question. She went downstairs because her mom told her that it was time for dinner. Laura was in no mood to eat her pasta. She played around with her food wondering what the monster was doing in Whitetail Forest.

She quickly got up from the dinner table and she went straight to the phone to call her friend, Breeze. She told her all about what happened that day.

"I don't believe you. How could there be a monster in the forest? It's just not possible!" Breeze exclaimed.

Laura hung up the phone and went straight to bed. She quietly mumbled to herself, "No one is going to believe me about this monster."

Then, an idea struck her. Laura could just take a photo of the monster with her phone and show it to everybody!

The next morning, she took her phone and went to Whitetail Forest. She went to the nest, but the monster wasn't there. She searched all the possible spots where a monster might live, but she couldn't find the monster anywhere!

Then from a far distance she heard moaning. When she went to take a closer look, she saw that it was the monster. It was caught in a net by hunters. She quickly hid behind a bush because she thought the monster was going to attack.

"Excuse me, could you please help me out of this net?" the monster said gently.

Then after, she found out that the monster wasn't so dreadful. She slowly came out of the bush with her phone. "If I free you, may I take a picture of you Mr. Monster?" Laura stuttered.

"Of course! Just help me out of this net and you can call me John!"

Laura grabbed a sharp rock and carefully started cutting the net. As she got closer to freeing John, a group of tall, scary men towered over them and gruffly shouted, "You will come with us! No one will know about this monster!"

Laura blocked John to protect him from the scary men.

She shouted, "John is going nowhere without me!"

The men paid no attention to her and grabbed John. Laura tried to catch up to them, but they were already heading toward their jeep. Then she found a sharp rock and she threw it at John's net. It snapped open and John took it and captured the hunters with the net.

"Come on John! We have to hide!" Laura yelled as she disappeared into the dark woods.

The hunters pushed away the net, ran to their jeep and took out their guns. They were trying to find John but they couldn't find him.

Meanwhile, Laura and John had gone to a safe hiding place where Laura usually did homework.

"We can't hide forever. What are we going to do?" exclaimed Laura.

"If I can't get out of here, then I won't meet my family!" cried John.

"It's ok. I will promise you that we will find your family," whispered Laura.

"How? My family is through a portal somewhere in this forest!" John exclaimed worriedly.

They both heard a jeep that drove away from the forest.

"Yay!" they both screamed!

"Shhh!" Laura shushed as quietly as possible.

"Now let's go find that portal!" Laura exclaimed marching off into the forest.

Laura found out that day, that the forest was immense.

They found a little Whitetail bird on a tree.

"Look, a Whitetail bird!" John shouted loud enough that the whole world can hear.

"Calm down! It's just a Whitetail bird. There are billions of those in this forest!" Laura exclaimed.

"No not that. This bird can lead us to the portal because of its white tail."



This is a creative, fun collaboration! Everyone should try this! They do wonderful writing!

# The Crazy Day

By Srihitha Jagarlamudi -5th grade

“Fluffy,” I called. He was my dog. He barked and ran down stairs. He stopped where my feet stopped and looked up.

I said, “Let’s go eat breakfast.”

He wuffed happily. I have had Fluffy for about 2 months now.

I was eating my cereal and he was eating his doggy treats.

The doorbell rang. I got up and when I opened the door, there was a woman I had never seen before. She had a huge cage in her hands. I wondered what it was. She started talking, but the only thing I understood were the words Last Week, Lottery, and Gift, but I acted like I completely understood everything she had said. She suddenly put her hand out and pushed the cage inside my house. I knew it was a bad idea to keep the cage, especially since my parents went out and were coming back tomorrow. I carefully took out the blue cloth and at that time fluffy immediately jumped on the cage. The cage popped open and out came a huge chimpanzee. I screamed. Fluffy ran upstairs.

I knew that I was in huge trouble when my parents come back. I tried to get the chimpanzee back into the cage. When I was grabbing it, it flew and landed on my mom’s flower vase that she had bought two days ago and she was going to be furious when she came back. When I looked around, the chimpanzee was gone it

was eating my cereal and Fluffy’s dog biscuits, which we did not finish. Then I got an idea. I had a whole bunch of doggy treats in my pocket and decided to lead the chimpanzee back to the cage. When the chimpanzee first saw it, it almost bite me. “Ouch,” I said, outloud, thinking how painful that could have been. I was almost there. Then Fluffy had to come, but good thing he was just looking from the stairs. I thought he would jump on the chimpanzee. I finally caught the chimpanzee and slammed the door of his cage. I called the neighbors next door if they wanted a chimpanzee. They always wanted some sort of animal and they already had like 50 snakes 20 dogs and 5 cats, but they still wanted 1 chimpanzee. I sold it for \$2,000. I used it on the vase that the chimpanzee broke and still had extra cash. The day after, me and Fluffy were waiting for my parents and I showed them the cash. They both asked at the same time, “How did you get so much cash?” I said I found it. They had a confused look on their faces.

I decided I would never tell them what an amazing day I had with my sweet dog.



This story is entertaining.

---

**Monster** *con't* from page 36

“Really? Then let’s follow the bird!” Laura exclaimed with a positive attitude.

“Hi, my name is Clara and I will take you to the portal where John’s parents are!” Clara, the Whitetail bird, exclaimed.

“Awesome! Well what are we waiting for? Let’s go!” Laura exclaimed, following Clara, John right behind her.

Laura and John ran as fast as they could. Then suddenly, Laura and John needed to stop, but Clara kept on going, so they lost her. Meanwhile, Clara did not notice that she had lost Laura and John. They both ran and John realized something—the White-tail bird call! He instantly told Laura about this call. John did the call and waited for a reply.

In Clara’s voice they heard a reply, “I am near the big oak tree.”

They quickly ran to the big oak tree and caught up with Clara. The hunters had found Clara! They had put her in a cage and were about to kill her, when John jumped out from his hiding place.

“Stop! You have no right to kill this innocent bird!” yelled John.

It was too late for John to say that because Clara was in the van.

“Hey! Stop!” yelled John as he was running behind the van, but he couldn’t keep up with it. Laura had come out of the hiding spot and had a piece of paper in her hand.

“What is the paper for, Laura?” asked John.

“It looks like a map to somewhere--maybe to the headquarters!” Laura exclaimed.

“What headquarters? I never heard of it!” John exclaimed.

“It’s the place where they put all their hunting stuff and all their animals they’ve caught,” Laura explained.

“Then let’s get going to the headquarters and get Clara, so I can go to my family,” John exclaimed. Once they got inside the headquarters, they started looking around for Clara. They found her in a cage and quickly found the key to free Clara.

After they got out of headquarters, they went to the forest. Clara pointed at the portal that was there and John said bye to everyone and left. Then Clara led Laura back to her house.

“Bye Clara! Come visit me anytime you like!” shouted Laura as Clara disappeared into the forest. Clara, Laura and John all got what they wanted. Clara wanted to help someone. Laura wanted to go on an adventure in the Whitetail forest. Lastly, John wanted to go back to his family and he did too!





This is a touching story. Aadesh is our editor's choice this issue.

By Aadesh Anand - 5th grade

Parents. You might think they are a pain in the back, but they aren't. They are only looking out for you. You can also have really fun with them. So don't doubt them. Love them and have fun with them.

My dad and I were having a dodgeball competition. My mom didn't want to play so she was referee. We had nothing to do so we thought we could have a competition. It was no ordinary competition. There was a bet to it.

If I won, my dad has to dress and act like a clown. If my dad won, I have to dress and act like a clown. The time was winding by the minute. There was only five minutes left.

I had the ball. You will never beat me," I said, as I was going to peg the ball.

I threw it as fast as I could. It was about to hit his stomach, but he dodged it.

"Now I am about to be you," said my dad with a ball in his hands.

I was scared.

"Uh-Oh," I said anxiously.

I didn't want to lose.

I didn't want to dress like a clown.

But I had a lightbulb over my head.

I could wait until my dad throws the ball and at the last minute jump as high as I could to dodge the ball.

"Now let's see who is going to win," my dad hasn't thrown the ball yet. Then he faked to throw the ball.

"Me," he said loudly and forcefully. I jumped as high as I could.

"Oh- No," I said as I was in the air. After I reached the floor my dad actually threw the ball.

The ball hit me. I fell down. I saw happiness in my dad's eye.

"I can believe I fell for that," I said.

"I was so dumb to fall for that. No literally I can't believe I fell for that."

I congratulated my dad for his victory.

"The best man has lost," I said

"But I learned something, playing and having fun with

your parent is more important than winning," I said to my dad

He replied, "I am happy you learned that son. Even though you ended up wearing a clown costume."

When I am 20 and I look back at this, I will literally cry. Because this

was a happy moment for me and my parents. I hope my dad and I still

keep playing dodgeball and many other games. I will never break my

love and affection with my parents.

When I tell this to my kids, I hope they would want to play dodgeball with me.



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Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016



# THE STORY

By Daksha Nair - 5th grade

"Can you tell me a story?" asked my little sister Eve.  
"Ok," I told her. This story is from Ursula from Ariel. I am saying this story like she did.  
"Hello everyone. I am Ursula and don't believe all the nonsense that everyone is saying about me. Nobody asked what my version of the story is! So let me tell you. One day I was forced to move out of my family. Then I came to a place with mermaids near by. Uh! I did not want to live there, but I had to. Our family hates mermaids because of the stories that we have been told. We believed that some mermaids destroyed some of our ancestors. Legend says that the mermaid who was the cause this had red hair, blue eyes, and a wonderful voice. This mermaid sounds great, but she is evil according to our tradition. In the morning I would hear a beautiful voice as I get up from my bed. This made all of the creatures happy, which created more noise. Curse the person who is singing! This happened everyday, but one day it did not happen. In replacement I heard a knock at the door. Who dares to disturb Ursula the powerful!  
"Please let me in! I need some help!" a voice called.

Wait a minute. There is something very odd. This voice sounds like the one I here every morning. Forget it. It may be a coincidence. I opened the door sleepily and let her in. I went to my main room with a throne in it. I sat on it. Hold a just a minute. This was a mermaid! Then I was very shocked. Wait. Oh no. This is the mermaid from the legend. Let me do a quick check. Red hair, check, blue eyes, check, wonderful voice, check. This was it. Now I was frightened for the first time, ok the second or third, well you get the point! Surprisingly she just wanted legs. I knew it was time for revenge.  
I told her I will give her legs if she game me her voice. She hesitated, but she agreed. Now I have a great voice! Now I also figured she was the one singing too. That was the good part. Now comes the bad part. A few days later, she got her voice back and she had her legs! No fair! This is what really happened. See I told you she was evil. Well good bye for now, but I will be back!"  
"The end" I finished, but when I turned around I saw Eve sleeping soundly. So I turned out the lights and went to my room.



This is a great fantasy story. You will love it.

## Snow

By Pranav Boddapati - 5th grade

*Snow is falling.  
School is out.  
Snowball fights are happening.  
Everyone is enjoying.  
Fires are starting.  
Decorations are happening for the many holidays ahead.  
Parents are relaxing while kids are playing.  
No more shorts no more sleeveless shirts.  
Ice skate rings start becoming popular.  
Families reuniting for the feast to come.  
Hot chocolate in their hands.  
Laughing and playing together.  
Going on vacations to enjoy.*



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# The Time My Soccer Team Never Lost A Game

By Praveen Vijayakumar - 5th grade

The time that my soccer team was undefeated is hard to forget because my team has never been defeated. It was the best thing that could happen to me. My team wouldn't have won, but I blocked a free kick with my stomach in the fourth quarter with a minute to go. We managed to kick the ball away and hang on for a win. I felt very happy, and so did my teammates. We finished the season 10 - 0 ( Meaning that we won 10 games and lost zero). The other team played very rough. They slide tackled and pushed, but the referee didn't call a foul. He called fouls on us. The referee was unfair, but we made it through. In the first quarter, my teammate scored a goal. Then in the second quarter I kicked the ball from far out, and almost made a goal. The ball did go into the back of the net, but I didn't get the credit for it. The other team herded the ball into their own net by accident for an own goal. It was hilarious. In the third quarter they got really, really rough. They were tackling, pushing, and even elbowing. Our players kept on getting hurt. First, I got hurt. They kicked my ankle. Then, they hurt Christopher (My teammate). They kicked his knee. In the fourth quarter, we started fouling...a lot. They got so many free kicks, they almost scored one, but I blocked it with my stomach. They almost got the counter attack goal, but the guy on the other team whiffed the kicked, which means he totally missed the ball. That was a time that was really hard for me to forget.



Sports story are a great read!

## Friendship

By Vedika Mayur - 5th grade

Millions of years ago there lived a dragon. The dragon was red and green. He had razor sharp teeth and enormous scales on its tale. His name was Christmas. He got that name because he has Christmas colors on his body. He was about 60 feet long and fifteen feet tall. He lived in a large cave. The cave was in New York City. It was located in the corner of NYC where nobody visited or even knew about. He called the cave Dragon Danger.

Christmas was the only dragon who did not like meat. Anyway, there were no juicy animals nearby, except rats or mice. Those were the animals he hated the most. He mostly ate plants or berries that grew nearby. His favorite dessert was peaches he ate from the peach tree. His favorite dinner meal was grass or leaf soup. His lunch meal was raspberry salad or strawberry salad. For dessert he had mash up (mashed up peaches). He got water from the lake for nine years. Then he decided to dig up a hole and let the rain fill up the hole. In emergencies he would go to the lake.

Winter began. Christmas began to hibernate. Meanwhile a cottage was being built next to the cave. The person living there was a doctor. Her name was Lia. One

day before winter ended, Lia settled in the cottage not knowing about Christmas. She went off to her job. Later that day, Christmas made soup. Lia came back and screamed to the top of her lungs when she saw the dragon. She ran in her cottage and locked all the doors and windows.

The next day Christmas woke up calm. Lia woke up scared. Lia thought today is a Saturday so I can stay in the house. Christmas made breakfast and was going to go say sorry to Lia for frightening her. He stepped on a wood chip and got a splinter. He hopped outside the cave on one foot. Lia ran outside.

"Stand still," she yelled.

She used a tweezer to take it out. She also found out that he was a friendly dragon. He invited her in. He gave her some Mash up. Then they were talking for a while. Christmas thanked her and gave her some fresh peaches. They lived happily ever after. The story was about friendship, friendship lasts forever!



Dragons are popular in literature. Read about this one!

# The Winter Miracle

By Hanvita Mutyala - 5th grade

Riiiiiiiiing...iiiiiiiiing! It was my alarm clock that always started me off for the day. I woke up to the sound and went straight to the bathroom. I brushed my teeth, combed my hair, took a shower, and combed my hair.

I went downstairs to eat breakfast and my mom said, "Surprised to see you up so early!"

I said, "Duh! Today is school!"

"No it isn't. Use your common sense; it is filled with snow outside!" Just then, my face started to brighten! I was so happy! I should've known this before so I could have slept in! Though, I could play outside in the snow!

I rushed to the coat closet and put on my warm winter apparel.

I shouted, "See ya' mom!"

Before she could even ask, "Where are you going?"

I zoomed out the door in a rush to play in the snow.

It was awesome! It was just like a Christmas miracle, even though it wasn't Christmas! The snow was like fluffy cot-

ton filling up the whole place! Not even a single car was visible! Right at that moment, I spotted my friends playing on the other side.

I waved my hand, "Hello!"

They saw me and ran closer toward my house. We were playing in the snow until we thought that we were going to get frostbites. We all went to each of our houses.

I took of my winter apparel, and plopped on the couch. My mom asked, "Do you want to sit near the fireplace and drink a cup of hot chocolate?"

Who wouldn't say yes to that!

"Of course!" I replied.

So, my mom and I were sitting in the two chairs on either side of the fireplace.

"Aaaaah, this is so much better than a day in school," I said relaxing, and making myself comfortable in the chair with a warm blanket covering me.



**A warm cozy story! Enjoy.**

## Night at Six Flags

By Krish Shah - 4th grade

"AHHH."

CRACK.

"I think I broke my arm."

"You're probably wondering who broke their arm and you're probably wondering who I am."

"Hi my name is Alex and I'm going to tell you a night where there are no lines at a busy place."

That place is Six Flags.

It had been a normal day. I was, as always, getting huge lectures about getting banned from Hershey Park after making a ride stop halfway at the top. I got grounded as usual. You might think this is a huge crime and I should go to jail, but to be honest, I should be banned from 20 places. The reason I wasn't was because I only got caught once! I don't do this all alone. I have my friends Jack, Taylor, and Carter; they help me.

I'm the mastermind; Taylor is the brains, Jack can hack very well and he gets us cool things because he is rich. I mean his parents are millionaires! Carter: he's like a ninja. He goes through everywhere unseen, even the bathroom in school. I told my parents that my friend Jack invited me to go to Six Flags. Since this was my first time doing a crime that I got caught for, I was able to go to Six Flags with

Jack. The next day was the day Jack got to take us to Six Flags. I quickly went to his house and we went to the bus stop. As soon as he and I went to the bus stop, I met my friends, Carter and Taylor. They started telling me about all the rides that they were going to go to. When the bus came, we got on. Then Jack says, "Since we're going to stay for two days, I can't get a flash pass so we have to wait the lines."

Lines, I thought. What time are there fewer lines, I thought to myself:

Five, six, or seven o'clock.

Then Taylor said, "I wish Six Flags was open till midnight." DING DING DING, I thought. What if we could get into Six Flags during the night. I thought about the security and everything we are probably going to need to get in. It took the whole bus ride, but I had figured it all out. As soon as we got a glimpse of the lines, I had almost fainted. There



**This a story full of mischief! Great style.**

**Night con't on page 42**



# Making the World a Better Place

By Neelesh Talasila - 5th grade

In poor areas, one can see one or two homeless people walking down a street. Some homeless people will resort to crime because they don't have enough money and they would need to steal it from somewhere else like the bank or other people. To achieve world peace everyone has to have everything they need like shelter, food, water and an education.

Everyone needs a house because if they don't have a house, then they don't have anything to protect them against thunderstorms and hurricanes or natural disasters. This helps with world peace because it saves a lot of lives, especially during natural disaster. Another reason people need housing is because this is where they clean themselves. If they don't have a bathroom or a shower, then they would not be able to clean themselves and they would get sick. Staying clean will help unemployed people get a job and working people help create more peaceful world.

People all over the world are dying because they don't have any food or water. People all over the world require food and water to create a peaceful world. To fix this, every country needs to have farms near the people who need them the most. Countries that have a lot of food

like the U.S. can share the food with countries that don't have a lot of food. Also, technology can help people turn ocean water into clean water. This is a problem that we can solve with countries helping each other to focus on what's important.

Everyone needs education because if they don't have education, then they won't be able to make the right choices. For example, if a bully asks another kid to join him and the kid is educated, then he or she would say no. Also, people who have an education will get better jobs and be peaceful because they are happy they can give their families what they need. Having an education will create a peaceful world where people will make the right choices.

In conclusion, people's basic needs are important to make the world a better place. These needs are shelter, food, water and education. The homeless people in poor areas would not be homeless anymore and instead would be peaceful. If everyone focuses on these issues, then we will achieve world peace and no one would have to fight for anything.



This essay covers a serious topic and has smart ideas. You will learn from this.

---

## Night con't from page 41

were lines stretching till the gate. Jack told us, "Maybe it is a better idea to go to the hotel before going in the park." We all agreed. "Bad news, my dad only booked three rooms so two people have to share a room," Jack said. "Since I got the rooms, I get my own," Jack said.

"Since I have a big plan about the lines, I get my own room," I said.

"Fine, I'll share a room with Taylor," said Carter.

I told everybody the plan when we got in.

They loved it. It was almost time for us to go. We had only six hours to do everything we wanted to do at Six Flags. We left the hotel. As soon as we got close to the gate, we saw there were no officers guarding the gates. From there, Jack hacked all the camera. Then we all went in.

"This may be the best thing we ever did," I said.

The second we got there, Carter asked, "What now?"

I glared at him; Was he stupid? We break into Six Flags. There were no lines all. We had the rides to ourselves and

he asks what now. I go to the ride called Nitro and start pressing buttons knowing something is going to happen. Finally I figure out how to work the rides and that's when the most epic night began. We went to every single ride in Six Flags, even the baby ones. But Jack didn't go on any of them. Finally, everybody started forcing him to go on one ride. In the end, after five slaps, (not telling how they stated), six insults (not telling either) Jack finally picked a ride. After he got on, he forgot to put on his belt. Since he didn't tell us, we did not know. We started up the ride and it went really fast then, "AHHH!" CRACK.

"I think I broke my arm."

We rushed over to him. He was numb and his arms could not move. We picked him up and ran to a place where it was believable that somebody could easily break their arm. We called an ambulance and told them a believable story about how he broke his arms. A few months later, he was fine.

That was the NIGHT AT SIX FLAGS.



# The Adventure in the Water Amusement Park

By Sainthavi Sivakumar - 5th grade

No one will ever know about the time I went to the water amusement park alone without my parents knowing it.

I did this by sneaking out of the house when my parents went to a trip to Boston to visit my sister at her college. They left me alone because I was thirteen. Without anyone knowing, I went out of the house as soon as they left.

First, I took my phone, swimsuit and all my swimming needs, including a change of clothes. I knew I was safe because my mom, dad, and sister didn't come till the next day. They wanted to spend time with my sister alone. That is so not fair to me because they didn't take me with them.

It would be nice to visit Boston, and also my sister.

They announced, "We are going to look around Boston so it would take a whole day."

In the phone, I heard mom saying to my sister, "I don't like how Stephanie is always around us and hearing all our personal things so I want some alone time with our first daughter."

Once they left, I packed all my belongings and rushed to

a cab. We live in New York City so there are a lot of cabs. I did have some money saved from my allowance, so I asked them to drop me at the water amusement park. It was Six Flags. I gave the cab person the money and went inside. There, I saw a line and I did have a season pass at Six Flags and thank god I took it with me. Then I saw my friend on a ride. I bravely went up to her and asked where her parents were. She said that they went to see her brother in Florida and just like me, she snuck out to Six flags.

We both went on every ride together. She was also 13. We were best friends at this second because our parents have their parties. We rarely talk to each other because our parents rarely have parties. We promised each other not to tell our parents that this happened. We went on a lot of rides like Kingda Ka and also Twister and we played in a lot of other rides especially the water rides. We saw a lot of people that we knew, so we hid when we saw people.

At 8 p.m., we changed and we left in the same cab because we lived near each other and also at night we had a little dinner at my house. This is a time that no one will ever know about.

# The Best State in the World, New Jersey!

By Aaravsinh Solanki - 6th grade

Many people say that they want to move to Florida, Texas, or maybe even Chicago, but where I think would be the best place to live is New Jersey. One reason is because in New Jersey it is not that cold, but not that hot. In the winter snow falls down so kids play and have fun. In the summer people relax in the pool and go camping. In the fall, you can make huge leaf piles to jump in. In the spring you can grow beautiful flowers. Isn't that why New Jersey is called The Garden State? Also New Jersey is safe in most areas. Did you know that there has never been a terrorist attack in New Jersey?

The first reason why New Jersey is the best place to live in is because of the weather. New Jersey is one of the states that has never had a tornado strike. Yes it has had a few hurricanes, but has that even affected a lot of New Jersey? It only affected people who lived close to the shore. New Jersey has a lot of camping sites. The highest temperature that ever struck New Jersey was 110 degrees fahrenheit in 1936. New Jersey is pretty warm so it is per-

fect to go camping in. In the winter, the lowest temperature was -37 degrees fahrenheit in 1904. That was more than a 100 years ago so no need to worry about the temperature. The overall average temperature of New Jersey is 54 degrees fahrenheit. Not too cold, not too hot -- Just right.

The second reason why New Jersey is the best place to live in is because of the safety. There has never been a terrorist attack in New Jersey. Anyway, it is not easy to carry out an attack in New Jersey as New Jersey is very small so there are not that many people. If there are not that many people, the police will find the person who carried out the attack pretty quickly. In New Jersey the police patrol day and night, 24/7 everywhere, so it is pretty safe. Not that



Everyone will want to move to New Jersey now!

Best con't on page 48

# My Trip To Montreal

By Aditi Anand - 5th grade

"Exit 24 to Sheraton" I read on the road sign, as my dad zipped by it. We'd only been driving for 10 minutes from the airport, but it felt forever. I zipped up my coat because I felt like I was sitting on an iceberg, even though the heater was as high as it could go. Going to Montreal was not the best idea, but I didn't have a choice. It was just my mom, dad and me.

We got to the hotel after a 15 minutes. When I got inside my hotel room, I unpacked my things and put on a sweatshirt. Everything here was freezing. The only good thing was the scenery. I sat beside the window and looked at the trees covered with snow. Kids were playing outside. How could they bare the cold while I can't stand the temperature in the room? My mom cooked some rice and curry and it was cold. After eating the cold food, I fell asleep on the futon.

I woke up the next day and I brushed my teeth and took a shower. My mom said we were going somewhere called the Botanical Gardens. I wasn't interested anyway. I was too busy eating a sandwich while solving my Rubik's Cube. We got in the car and my mom said the time depends on traffic. I did not care because I was too busy reading Harry Potter.

We finished the car ride pretty quickly. My dad was literally flying the car. I zipped up my North Face. I didn't want to be here.

When I went inside the garden, I, surprisingly, was impressed. I saw grass sculptures like frogs, elephants and many elegant flowers. I took a picture with all the sculptures there. It looked so beautiful to my eyes, and I hated to leave.

On the car ride home, my mom asked me how I felt. I said I liked it, but I still didn't enjoy this trip. I stopped at a Tim Hortons and picked up a doughnut. My parents and I stopped at an Indian Restaurant and ate dinner. During the ride back, I slept.

I woke up with a different feeling. I liked Montreal. I did not want to leave. At least I have another half-day. My mom made some pancakes and sandwiches for breakfast. The

smell made my mouth water.

I brushed and took a shower before eating my pancakes. We planned to go to Old Port.

We got in the car. Before we got there, I asked my mom gazillions of questions. When we reached Old Port, and I zipped up my North Face. I ran like thunder into the park. I saw so many interesting things to do. It felt like I was walking on the streets of Philly.

My parents saw this nice, elegant carriage ride. They asked me if I wanted to go. I said yes, so I sat down for a nice carriage ride. Next, I met people who were dressed like original Montreal citizens from the olden days. It was really cool to closely see how people lived in the old Canada. Later, I watched a show about Canada and how people lived. Lastly, I bought a souvenir. The souvenir was a baby penguin holding hands with its mother. I sadly waved my goodbyes to Old port. After I went to my hotel room, I watched T.V. Sadly, I had to leave the next day. I slept with a broken heart.

The next day, I woke up very sadly. I had to leave at 4 p.m. that day. I did everything slowly and uninterestedly. I thought Montreal would be nothing but cold weather. I took a shower and brushed my teeth. I sat down next to the window and stared at the bare trees covered in snow. I thought about the first day here and how I underestimated this place. The hotel room was a mess. We packed. Before we left for home, we visited an art museum. There were many paintings and sculptures. I tried to smile for the pictures, but I couldn't. I was dragged to the car. I felt dreadful the rest of the car ride. I coaxed my parents to extended the stay, but they were strong on their decision.

After we dropped off our rental car, we got on the plane. My sweatshirt was wet because I had been crying. "Air Canada ready for departure," the air hostess commanded. "Let our voyage begin."

On the plane ride back home, I realized not to judge anything beforehand.



After reading this, you can decide your next trip!

Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).  
Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016

# POETICAL COLLECTION

## Back or Forward

By Hitesh Ale - 6th grade

*We always go forward, but we never go back  
For every step forward we need to take a step back  
You could go right, left, down, and up  
But every turn you take, you go forward  
Not back or behind  
But opposite of what you do  
You hurt, you heal  
You break you fix  
Time goes forward  
Age goes forward  
A bullet goes forward  
But do any of them go back  
If you go forward, you will always want to go back  
But think to yourself can you go back*

*So Are The Endless  
One road diverges into two  
One other path diverges into two  
One other, one other  
We all follow a path that never ends  
No matter how long no matter how fast  
It endless  
So are we  
So are the world  
So are the space  
So are the time  
So are the ideas  
So are the possibilities  
So are the problems*

Hitesh is an master poet and story-teller. Enjoy this latest piece.



*So are the ...  
Broken Family  
We all sit  
Together in at the table  
Sharing thoughts  
mind  
Begin with the end in mind  
Sharing joy  
Sharing family  
We stay together forever  
We do not separate  
Even in the hardest times  
If they do  
They are broken  
Broken from the bonds  
Be a broken person  
Life will be shamed to give you time  
To heal that bond that you have snapped  
End, Begin End, Begin  
To end you must begin  
Begin strong with the strength of a king  
Begin with the determination  
That pull you through the hardest situations  
Begin with talent  
Something unique  
End with result  
End with confidence  
End Strong  
End with the beginning in.*

Submit stories, pictures and materials to  
City Kidz World literary magazine at  
[editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).  
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# SUCKED INTO A VIDEOGAME

By Christina Simpson - 6th grade

Did you ever think you will get sucked into a video game? I guess you probably didn't. I didn't think I would get sucked into a video game either. In fact, I thought it wasn't possible, until now.

It all started on June 18th. That was the last day of school and the beginning of summer. I invited my friend Amy over so we could play Xbox one..

We were playing Minecraft. (A video game where there are two modes: Creative mode where you can build a lot of stuff and survival mode where you try to survive monsters). Suddenly, a blinding, purple light jumped out of the screen, grabbed us and before we knew it, we were in Minecraft.

"What is this place?" asked Amy.

"I have no idea," I replied.

"It looks...so unreal."

"And blocky!" I exclaimed.

"Doesn't this place look familiar to you, Anne?"

"It does," I replied.

She was right. This place looked very familiar. It looked like something from a video game. That's when I remembered something.

"Looks like Minecraft!" I said with excitement.

"Anne."

I was too busy looking around so I didn't hear Amy calling me.

It's when she stood in front of me and yelled, "ANNE!" in my face that I realized she was calling me.

"Where are we?"

"Minecraft," I replied.

I was just being silly. Little did I know that I was actually in Minecraft. I looked at Amy. She looked horrified and excited at the same time, as if she was seeing a dinosaur.

"Anne, do you know what this means?"

"No."

"We are in Minecraft."

"NO WAY!"

"It's real"

"No it's not"

I was sure this was a dream. I was sure I was going to wake up in a few minutes and get ready for school. I tried to feel the ground. It was real. I looked at Amy. She was real. '

"Wait, a minute. We really are in Minecraft. How

did we get here?" I asked.

"Did you see a purple light before we got here?"

"Yes I did"

And I actually did see a purple light. I was pretty sure it came from the T.V.

"I'm pretty sure it came from your T.V., Amy said, reading my mind. I looked up at the sun. That's how you tell time in Minecraft.

"Since, we're in survival, we need to build a shelter and find some wool so we can make a bed. (By the way, that's how you make a bed in Minecraft). This way we can avoid getting harmed by monsters! We also need to get moving because the sun is coming up," I said.

"Okay, let's find some wood," Amy said with excitement.

We found a forest and chopped down a bunch of trees. I looked at the sun. It was in the middle of the sky.. So it was afternoon, and that means we need to hurry up.

"How much wood have you got? We need to hurry!" I said urgently.

"I have 90+," she said.

"Me too. Let's start building a house."

I turned some of my wood into planks. And we started to build a house. The sun was about to set, which means monsters would come out soon. The good thing was we were almost done with our house. Finally, we were done. Then I remembered. We didn't have a bed. Now you would think that that's not a big deal, but in Minecraft, it is a big deal. If you don't find a bed, night will be much longer.

"We don't have a bed. We need to get one!" I urged. Immediately, we started looking for sheep to get wool from. But that took us far from our shelter. Soon it was night and we didn't have shelter. So we were vulnerable to all the Minecraft monsters. We had no armor to protect us or swords to attack back.

"Oh no!" I whispered.

"Whoops!" Amy whispered.

"Do we have anything?" I asked. Maybe Amy had an idea.

"Wood is the only thing I have," said Amy.

Then I got an idea. We could build a quick shelter that would protect us, but I thought of the idea too late. Before



Hi-tech fiction is the new trend in writing!

# The Days of Grounding

By Mohanasai Sumanravi - 5th grade

## Chapter 1

It was just a normal day. I was walking home from school when I saw my dad with his arms crossed holding a piece of paper with my name on it. I took a closer look at it and there was my report card. I knew I would fail all my classes, but when I looked at it more closely, I saw that there was an A+ near the Spanish section, but everything else were Fs or Ds.

"I thought you could do better Austin," said my dad.

I was afraid something bad was going to happen, but what dad did surprised me so much I think I dropped my mouth. He told me that I was grounded. No T.V - No video games - No going over friends' houses.

This meant I can't go over to my friend Dez's house.

"When will I be ungrounded?" I asked my dad

"You will be ungrounded when you get better grades next semester," my dad answered .

"But the next semester doesn't end until January twelfth and now it's only November," I told my dad .

"So?" Dad asked

"It's not fair," I tell him

"Life comes with inconveniences too. Sometimes, you have to accept it," Dad said.

I accepted. I could tell something bad would happen.

## Chapter 2

Day one has been so tempting. I heard a little voice telling me to follow the rules. At school, I had a math test. I took so much time that Mr. Richard gave me an F.

Dez looked at me and whispered, "Do your homework." Dezmond Ricardo is a straightA student. Dez is also very sensitive and doesn't like to be called a "nerd" even though he is. On the way back home on the bus, I took out my test and threw it away. When I got home my dad was waiting for me.

He told me, "You are officially grounded again."

I couldn't believe it. Apparently the school emailed my test results incase I decided to hide them. I have failed to successfully unground myself. However, I remained optimistic.

**To Be Continued in the Spring Issue!**



Realistic fiction writing takes talent and creativity.

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*Videogame con't from page 46*

I knew it, there was a zombie attacking me. I tried to think of what I could to. I just hid behind a tree. It did not occur to me that was the worst decision ever. Because behind that tree there was another zombie. Great! Now I have two zombies attacking me. I tried to attack the zombie with a block of wood. It worked, but it was not nearly as good as a sword. But still, it worked.

Very soon, I had defeated the two zombies. I looked for Amy. She had just defeated another zombie.

"Try building the shelter," I urged.

But she couldn't because very soon we both were attacked by zombies. And this time, spiders too. The advantage for us was that me and Amy were together. So we defeated the spiders first, then the zombies. I had made a bow and arrow out of the string that the spiders left after we defeated them..

I think the best word to describe that night was "scary". Then I saw a portal. It was blue and the swirly stuff in it was green.

"Maybe that's the portal to our world!" Amy said with excitement.

We went through the portal and sure enough, we were in our world.

I looked outside the window. This time not everything was just squares. And the good thing is that I didn't have to go to school because i was summer! There's a whole world of possibilities. Maybe I might get sucked up again.

**Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).  
Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016**



# The Artist

By Micah K. Soloman - 6th grade

It was 2 a.m. Orion just finished up his latest graffiti art of Vendetta. Then suddenly, red and blue lights flashed in his green and purple pupils. A bright light. A police officer was facing him.

"What are you doing here this late?" the officer asked.

He stutters, "Um ... um ... nothing."

"You know I will have to take you back to headquarters," said the officer.

He grabs him by the shoulder, and had placed him into the police car. Orion was driven to the police station. He had been in the station for some time now. Officer Rugby had asked him to take the payphone and call his guardians. He called, but no one answered. He later called him to Rugby's office. Rugby asked him to tell him the name of his birth parents. He said that he did not know them. Rugby felt bad, but asked him if he had adoptive parents.

"Yes, I do have adoptive parents," Orion said.

"What are their names?" Rugby asked.

"Samantha Jones and Ramen Jones," he starts to say.

"Any siblings that could bail you out of here?"

"Yes, my sister, April Jones," Orion says.

He calls his sister and explains to her what had happened. She starts to nag him and told him that he would never be

let out of the house again.

April came to pick Orion up from the headquarters.

"Why were you out so late? We thought you were asleep. You're lucky mom and dad left us home," April nags.

They got home and Orion sits

in his room on his computer. Later that morning he fell asleep. When he woke up from his slumber he smelled coffee brewing and ran downstairs to see no one home. He ran back upstairs, grabbed his hoodie, and graffiti supplies, and darted outside. Since it was Saturday and he didn't have a car, he walked to the abandoned train station and did his artwork on the disabled boxcars. He finally got to the location. He got his spray cans ready. He was about to spray, but he heard the voice of a girl.

"Did you do that Vendetta art?" she asked.

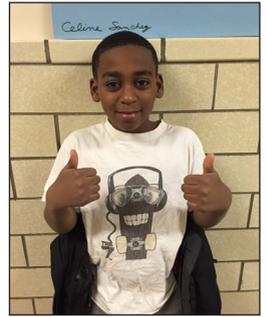
"Yes, it was my art."

The female then said, "With that kind of talent you can be famous."

"Trust me, you do," she said as she reached into her pocket. She pulls out a business card and hands it to him.

"I'll consider it," he says.

Then, he looks back and she's gone...



A daring story! We loved this!

## Best con't from page 43

many people are rich in New Jersey, so there won't be that much bribing the police. Of course there are very few people who are in poverty, technically. Nobody has to feel bad for anyone about how much money they have. There are police stations about every five miles so safety and timing should not be a problem. Also, there are no hate crimes. Hate crimes mean when people go against people for their caste and beliefs. Have you ever heard of caste crimes in New Jersey? I don't think so.

The last of many reasons for why you should live in New Jersey is because of the food supply. New Jersey is one of the best places to grow you food (That is why it is called the garden state obviously). There is no reason for you to stay hungry unless you are in poverty. The supermarkets are not that crowded as there are many of them. You don't have to stay in line for 1 hour to get a loaf of bread and some milk. It takes less than 10 minutes, depending on how much stuff you are buying and whatever you have to. New Jersey Is amazing for all these reasons.

As you can probably see, New Jersey is a really great place to live in. It is very safe. No need to worry about the food supply, and the weather is just perfect. I think that if anybody disagrees they should probably reread this essay and think for an hour about where they are going wrong. I hope you realize that New Jersey is the best place to live in and I hope you enjoyed this essay too!

Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).  
Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016

# NORTH POLE PART 1

By Ishan Kalra - 6th grade

Tadaashi woke up from bed and started looking disgustedly at my little brother.

He ran around the room screaming, "It's Christmas Eve! It's Christmas Eve!" Tadaashi bellowed.

"AJ, Christmas is a stupid holiday. There is no such thing as Santa. Mom and Dad put the presents under the Christmas tree every year. You're such a moron AJ."

"That's what you think, Tadaashi, but you aren't always correct you know," AJ complained.

Tadaashi rolled his eyes. "Whatever."

Just then, Mom came into the room and told the two boys to get dressed so the family could do shopping. As soon as you knew it, they got dressed and headed off to the mall. In the middle of the mall stood a green Christmas tree. It was about 50 feet tall and decorated with many ornaments. Under the tree stood a large velvet, golden chair with Santa Claus sitting on it taking pictures with kids.

"AJ, you said that Santa is real? Huh? Well I'm going to prove to you that he's not real," Tadaashi said confidently.

He raged all the way up to the chair and took off the man's beard! The man was a fraud!

"See, AJ? Not real," Tadaashi exclaimed proudly. AJ's mouth was wide open.

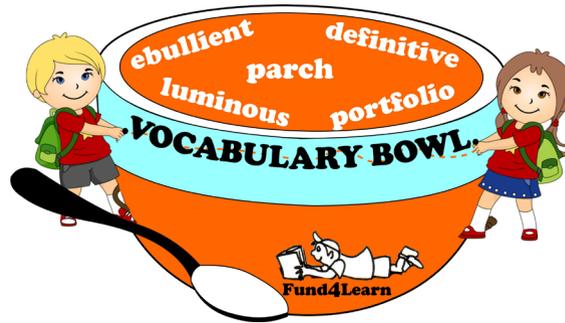
"Tadaashi! That's so rude of you!" Mom yelled at the top of her voice. "You're grounded a month and your punishment is to write about Santa and his workshop."

She was so mad that she ordered the family to head back to the car.

Tadaashi started blushing and then he felt very tense. How could he write about Santa and his workshop? He wasn't a moron and he didn't have a very vivid imagination. How would he write this piece of writing? Would he even get a Christmas gift because he did all of this?



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# Piano

By Kritika Nagappa - 6th grade

*Fingers at a Concert  
They press the cold keys  
And fly around  
continuing the music  
not stopping the sound  
It goes on like this  
until the time came  
righty hurries to flip the page  
as lefty receives the fame  
The song is over  
and the roses are coming  
and the audience is trying hard  
to stop their endless humming  
The fingers decide  
to take one last bow  
after all they have been through  
oh, what a show!*



Music and writing poetry go together!



# Tourists

By Viesta Ware - 6th Grade

*They say come tell you.  
Which means how are you  
Pantheon, Eiffel Tower, Omaha Beach  
Tourists like to visit each.*



This writer helps us travel the world.

*Bienvenue en france  
Welcome to France  
People like to shop  
Those fashions make people hop.*

*Most people like to dine.  
Try some brie cheese and wine  
Also try some pizza  
Let's go see the French Polynesia*

*Forest covers a quarter of the land  
It's so big and grand  
So many sites to see  
Close to the Mediterranean sea*

*There 100,000 cheeses  
Go enjoy the French breeze  
With a average 75 million tourists  
Let's enjoy the French florists*

*I hope you enjoyed France  
Paris is the city of Romance  
Visit and take a chance  
I'm sure you will love it at first glance.*



# Fall

By Tanvi Sivakumar - 6th grade

*The wind pushes against me,  
I stop and shudder, then move on.  
Leaves crackle as I step on them.  
The wind comes back once again,  
This time it's howling.*

*I hunch and walk harder,  
The wind almost knocks me down  
The leaves fall gently like snow.  
Red, Orange, and Yellow leaves fall slowly,  
The wind calms down,  
And I relaxed my shoulders.*

*As I pass a farm,  
There are many apples that have fallen,  
I then remember it's harvest season,  
I run home to go pick our fruits.  
This is fall,  
During fall the wind howls,  
Apples are picked,  
There is Thanksgiving,  
And there is HAPPINESS.*



Tanvi is a great poet!



*We want your poetry!  
Submit Your poem  
to  
editor@citykidzworld.com  
Summer/Spring issue deadline:  
March 20.*

# Rite of Passage

By Shrey Aggarwal - 6th grade

I really hated that day. Oh, sorry. I'm the king of Sparta (a city-state of Greece) and I was thinking about the day that I passed my rite of passage. Do you want to hear about it? OK, then. Here it is.

I woke up completely stressed out. Today was my 15th birthday, which meant I had to either pass my rite of passage or live my life considered a kid. Unfortunately, I had been chosen for the most dangerous challenge there was, a gladiator fight. Fortunately, I had been practicing. I got out of bed, ate a quick breakfast, put on my armor, and headed out to the stadium.

The crowds booed as I entered the stadium. I agreed with them: I was a dead man, sorry, kid. My opponent was my 16-year-old neighbor. "Begin!" the announcer yelled, and my 16-year-old neighbor/friend, charged at me. I managed to dodge his first swing and tried to hit back. He just dodged and slashed, making a dent in my armor. The guy was pushing me with everything he had, and all I got to do was dodge.

At one point, I fell. The pain didn't stop me from blocking his next strike, which is what I began to do from now on. I managed to get back up, but apparently still had the ability to fall down again immediately, which is exactly what I did. This time, though, I had an amazing idea. I kicked his legs sideways, making him fall. His sword fell out of his hand, giving me time to get back up (again) and point the sword at his throat, forcing him to surrender. I did it. I had officially become a man.

So, that is what happened on part of my 15th birthday. Does your culture have a rite of passage as well (it doesn't have to be a challenge or something dangerous to be a rite of passage).



## Wind

By Ananya Ananth - 6th grade

*The wind is blowing in,  
Fall is coming in.  
Leaves yellow, red, orange and more...  
LEAVES GALORE!*

*The wind blows on my face,  
Pouring through is the autumn sunlight.  
The big, beautiful sun touches the crisp, autumn leaves  
Giving the leaves a glow,  
Autumn is in.  
Summer is out.  
Wait till the goodness comes out!*



Enjoy the a fall poem! It will bring back memories.

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# Holding On

By Shriya Sharma - 6th grade

It was the summer of 2013 and it was hot, humid, and gloomy. The sun beat down on the heads of us four children as we hung by the tree all gloomy and dispirited. A cloud of sadness had hung high above us for a few days now. The news we received from our uncle was just heart breaking. The news was that my cousins were moving to India. We both were stunned that she was moving. The days after that sagged for the longest time ever. The only words that I really heard in the summer days were "Good bye, I will miss you!" which were said by my cousins.

The evening sunset glistened in the sunlight that was disappearing by the minute as the day was ending. My cousin came up to me. As I was watching the sun sink into the sky, crying she told me, "Shriya, this might be the last sunset we see together here. Always remember though there will never be anything that can break what we have as a sister bond. Love is stronger than any distance, and especially the love we hold actually and we possess for each other. I won't forget you, and you won't forget me. Even though we've had topsy-turvies we will be sisters forever!"

Those last words she said made her tremble and cry. I couldn't hold it in me anymore. All the tears started to roll down my red, plump, and chubby face. I stopped myself, so that it wouldn't all come out in front of Biya. I didn't want her to see me cry.

We climbed down the stairs the next day with the many suitcases behind her. She slowly got in the car taking all of it in—every moment that she had felt in her home. As the car started and it went rolling down the street, I thought I saw the car was trying to make me jealous by smirking and laughing at me while it was taking my cousin-sister away. As soon as the car was out of sight I felt a shiver of loneliness roll down every little bone on my spine, stopping along the way to gather all my other concerns until it reached the top.

My heart raced as it went 100 beats per second. My stomach was churning inside. The tears were trickling down my cheek one by one making a wet, thin line running down my

face. I slammed the door behind me and locked it as I heard my brother exclaim, "What in the world are you doing and thinking? With that attitude you're gonna wreck the house, especially by slamming your door!" I couldn't take it anymore. What he said was the last straw. The feelings I was holding in just unlocked themselves from the locked door in

which I kept them. I cried, and cried, and cried until I ran out of energy to cry. During the crying I felt like a knife cut out half of my soul, and then shredded it in a shredder. Then there was the time in that cage of crying when all of my feelings kind of made a swirl of confusion in my head. Slowly, I came out my room. My eyes were deep-red, and swelled up underneath a little.

My mom was full of concern as soon as she saw me. My head was hidden in the hoodie. She asked me, "What happen to you in there?"

"Nothing," I replied with the last bit of energy I had. I ate dinner and retreated to my room. I sat at my bed, and thought It will be all right. Biya's words kept on ringing in my head. "Remember," I told myself. "Always remember though there will never be anything that can break what we have as a sister bond. Any distance it might be, love is stronger than that, and especially the love we hold actually and we possess for each other!"

Then suddenly it came spiraling at me all of the sudden. I felt like a lightning bolt just struck me with an idea. That idea was that there is nothing that will ever be more valuable to me than my sister.

As the a few weeks passed the absence of my cousin sister was getting easier to deal with. Although, there was always a missing piece from my heart, because of the most heart-breaking event. My heart was still wounded by the most sorrowful event that could ever happen, but the love we posses for each other is too powerful. It cannot be broken over any distance.



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Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016**



# WHAT FREEDOM MEANS TO ME



By Meghana Reddy - 6th grade

Have you ever thought of the word freedom? To me, freedom means to be free from injustice. Martin Luther King Jr. once said, "Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere."

This quote means whenever there is inequality somewhere, the people who have a nice life and the people not treated as badly as those treated with disrespect, are going to be afraid that the disrespect is going to spread to everyone. In order for people to be free from injustice, people should fight for their freedom.

Do you know who patriots are? Patriots are people who fight for their country because of love for their country. The patriots of America fought for the US to become an independent nation. They used weapons to battle against the British and finally became an independent nation on July, 4, 1776. Patriots symbolize freedom because they fought for one reason -- to make the US free!

Remember the quote by Martin Luther King?

Dr. King was an African American leader who spoke out to change the laws for people of every color to have the same rights. His fight began when he went to Alabama for his first job at a church where blacks were separated from

whites. Also, in 1955, Rosa Parks refused to give up her bus seat to a white man. That's when Martin Luther King decided to act. He led a march and told blacks not to ride the bus. Finally, in 1964, after all his hard work, the United States passed a law ending the separation of blacks and whites.

One of the quotes he said was, "If you can't fly then run, if you can't run then walk, if you can't walk then crawl, but whatever you do you have to keep moving forward." This quote shows that you never give up until you reach justice.

I think the way Martin Luther King fought for freedom was effective because the patriots used weapons and left behind destruction. Even though they both did the same thing, Dr. King didn't use violence. He just spoke from his heart. These two examples symbolize freedom because they both were fighting for their own country that they loved. Have you ever thought of what it is like to fight for freedom?

Learn more about freedom from Meghana!

## Birthday

By Sreya Boddapati - 8th grade

*Birthdays parties are amazing!  
Children playing together and having fun.  
Little kids playing games.  
Older children talking to each other and laughing.*

*Parents talking to each other and learning more about each other.*

*Children giving their presents to the birthday girl/boy.*

*The birthday girl/boy greeting them and giving them hugs.  
After some time the best part happens.*

*The cake cutting.*

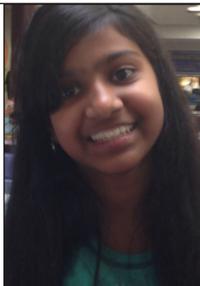
*Everyone standing behind the birthday girl/boy wishing them a happy birthday.*

*Everyone taking a piece of cake and smashing it on the birthday girl/boy.*

*Everyone laughing and giggling.*

*After everyone ate their cake, everyone sits down to watch a movie.*

*After everything, everyone leaves and wishes a happy birthday*



Sreya makes birthdays seem glorious

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# Conscience vs. Power/ Money/ Ego/ Greed/ Desire/ Fame

By Aayush Gandhi - 7th grade

The love of money, goes the old adage, is the root of all evil. Money, as well as desire for fame and power, are powerful facilitators. These elements are found throughout literature and history. They have caused many things to happen in our world that could have been prevented if people had less ego, voracity, fame, or authority. Power, greed, desire, and fame caused many things to happen, like the Trojan War (Achaean burning and pillaging Troy when they could have just retrieved Helen) and the Great Depression (Companies neglecting thought of America's future because of greed). Ultimately, conscience can help, but it is not as powerful as money, authority, fame, longing, or greediness.

Conscience has the power to make a man know right from wrong. Whether he follows his own advice is up to him. He may not follow his advice due to fear or need for revenge. Conscience can identify virtuous and corrupt. However, in many cases our money/fame/power/desire/ego persuades us to do the wrong thing. These evil facilitators can compel people from all walks of life to make particular decisions, right or wrong. The love of money and the desire for fame and power are more powerful motivators than conscience itself. This principle, while cynical, is exemplified in literature (The epic saga "The Iliad" by the bard, Homer) centered on the Achaeans' attempts to retrieve the beautiful queen of King Menelaus, Helen, from the Trojans. The Trojan War, which recounts the Achaeans' skirmishes, becomes much more than a battle over a human female. It becomes a supremacy struggle between two steely realms of the antediluvian world. Ultimately, each side (the Achaeans and the Trojans) fights not so much as to keep Queen Helen than to prove its superiority over the other side. At the Iliad's conclusion, the Achaeans infiltrate the Trojan stronghold. Rather than simply retrieve Helen, the Achaeans burn and pillage the city, eliminating a powerful

rival. They could have just retrieved Helen. However, due to their desire for fame and power, they burnt and looted the city. Since the Achaeans won, they would have more power over the Trojans. They would also be famous as songs would be sung about their victory.

Our continuing theme that money, fame, and power are more powerful motivators than conscience can also be seen with the Stock Market Crash of 1929 and the subsequent Great Depression. The Roaring Twenties was an era of individualism and consumerism. Consequently, the economy boomed as Americans purchased great deals of goods. However, due to generous credit, the consumers often spent more than they could afford. Wealth began concentrated in the hands of a small elite, and combined with the aftereffects of WWI, the economy went spiraling down and the US sunk into the Great Depression. The greed of corporations led to the Great Depression, neglecting any thought of America's future. This showed that the corporations were greedy for money, so they tried to get all the money, leaving none for the consumers. Subsequently, it led to the Great Depression.

As seen with these examples from literature and history, money, fame, and power are more powerful motivators than conscience. That is not to say that morality cannot be a great motivator as well. However, the desire for "more" is an innate human inclination. The desire for more for ourselves often clouds our forethought, our conscience. Whether our actions lead to the worsening of others' conditions, at the time we make certain decisions, we are focused on the prospect of gaining money, power, or fame for ourselves.



Takes notes on  
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# THE TALKING BANYAN TREE

By Neeharika Gorti - 7th grade

Once upon a time, there was a man walking through the thick woods to look for wood he could chop. His shiny, sharp axe accompanied him on his walk. He chopped wood for a living, and used the money to support his family. On a casual day, he came across a huge banyan tree that had a thick trunk. The man could only imagine how much wood he would have if he chopped it down. Pushing through the leaves and branches, he began cutting the tree. He was humming a slight tune. Then suddenly --

“STOP! You're hurting me!” a low, but strong voice startled the busy man and he fell back. The shocked man looked around to see if anyone was there. No one was there. He was sure. Who just spoke? The man gathered his courage and tried to reply back.

“W-who is it? Uh... show yourself!”

The man held up his axe to show that he had some sort of protection with him. The voice came back, but it was chuckling.

“You silly man! I'm in front of you! It is I, the banyan tree who has scared you so!”

The man couldn't believe what he just heard. A tree? Speaking?

“How could you... a tree... speak to me?” the man questioned the tree.

“I prefer not to tell you that, but I could tell you my life story, if you promise not to cut me,” the tree replied to him, sounding a little bit stern. The man immediately thought about his job.

“How will I get the wood I need? You're the only tree with this abundant amount of wood!”

The tree replied, “I promise I will help you. Can I begin?” The man thought for a while. Could he trust this tree? The man reluctantly agreed and sat down on one of the roots. The vines and branches shook on the tree, as if it was getting ready. Then the tree started to speak.

“Since I was a sapling, I experienced many dangers: threats to my life. I encountered rodents, storms, and even men like you! When my leaves just started to appear on my stem, a squirrel happened to pass by me, looking for a little snack. The moment it saw me, the little beast lunged at me with its sharp claws, and shook my weak stem. I was of course, terrified! I put all my strength into my roots, and gripped the soil. The squirrel wouldn't give up! It kept on clawing at me. Pretty soon, a few of my baby leaves were starting

to fall off. This was a matter of life or death. With my last leaf, I hit the squirrel in its face! It was surprised all right! The squirrel shook itself, and gave up the fight. It scurried away through the woods, and I never saw that little monster again! I later found out that it was because of these animals that only a few of my kind survived through that stage.

I'm glad to be one of those few! Soon, my leaves grew back, and I continued to battle the obstacles that came near me.” The tree ended part of its lifetime story with a hushing voice for an “effect.” Then, using its vines and branches, the tree hoisted the man up into the air. Rays of purple, orange, pink and yellow danced in the sky. It was time to go home. The tree set the man back on the ground gently.

“I believe it is time for you to go home. Here take this...” the tree pulled out a few dead branches from itself and presented it to the man.

“When will I see you again?” the man asked as he turned to leave.

“Tomorrow, at the same time. Bye now...” and with that, the tree turned as still as a statue again. The man gazed at the tree once more before leaving. He held the wood on his shoulders, and with his other hand he held the axe. He ran home, and was greeted graciously by his wife and children. After eating a hearty meal, he slept in his simple bed, dreaming about the banyan tree. The next day, he returned to the same spot, and was delighted to see the tree waiting for him. He called out

“Banyan tree! It is I, the man you saw yesterday! I have come to hear your story!”

He sat on a nearby log, and waited for the tree to begin his next story.

“Years rolled by after my encounter with the squirrel. Soon, I was a young, healthy tree with a few strong branches. I was getting a few figs on my tree too, thanks to those bees. A bee hive formed and got honey too. After a few seasons, figs grew ripe enough for people to eat, and children used to come from all over the place, trying to grab the figs from high up in the branches. My life was going just swell, until



This is a marvelous, descriptive myth. You will love this.

Banyan *con't* on page 56



I came across what you people call now a Tsunami. I knew something was wrong because the birds on me were flying away, and the deer perked up their ears and they too, ran away. The kids that would usually come were absent that day. My sensors on the roots picked up a slight rumble. I immediately knew it was an earthquake. Shortly after followed a huge wave of ocean water. The water rushed through the forest, knocking down anything in its way... and headed right toward me! I braced myself for yet another attack. The water rose way above my highest branches, and fell down on me with a loud crash! The water broke a few of my branches, and it swept through all of my vines and leaves. For a long while, I was completely underwater. I tried to suck up some water through my roots. After some hours, the water level lowered, and was lower than my trunk. Soon, the whole forest was wiped out, except for the lucky survivors. I wondered if the forest would ever come back to life after that incident. After a few decades, the forest regained everything it had lost, and everything was normal again."

The tree ended its story for the day. The man, however, had one question to ask the old banyan tree.

"O banyan tree, why do tell me tales of your hardships?"

The tree chuckled and responded, "You will know in good time, don't worry."

As usual, the old banyan tree plucked some more dead branches and vines and gave them to the man. The man took them and returned home. The next day he returned home to hear another fascinating tale about the old banyan tree's life. He called out once again-

"O banyan tree! Please continue your story, I want to know more!" The man waited until he heard the rustling of the branches and vines before he sat down on the mossy ground.

"After I faced the danger of the tsunami, I was determined to stay safe from that day on, and to do my best to fight off any threat. There was one more threat I faced, but it was the time when I was a full-grown tree. This time, the danger I faced was men, just like you. They too wanted my wood for their houses and family. A man with simple clothes came walking in the woods with an axe swung around his shoulder. He was whistling some sort of a tune. The moment he saw me, his eyes widened, and he was pulling out the axe. I knew that look on his face, and I was scared right at that moment. Would he cut down my only trunk? Just as he was about to make his first cut into my trunk, I finally decided

give him the scare of his life. I was going to speak to him, something you humans would believe was impossible. Now, weren't you startled when I spoke to you for the first time? So, with a low and scary voice, I spoke to him, saying ' Hey, you there! You better watch where you're swinging that axe because the moment that axe hits my trunk, I'll release the spirits of my followers, and believe me, they'll hunt you down to the bone!' That was certainly enough to scare that man away. Why, he dropped that axe of his and ran for his life! His axe still remains here, and no other man actually ever came back. You surprised me the most. I was expecting you to hear the rumors about 'The Haunted Banyan Tree', or something similar."

The tree stopped speaking for a moment. He asked - "Now tell me, how did you feel about my life? What do you think of it?"

The man answered with no hesitation, "I, for one think your life is very scary, and I would not want to be in your situations!"

The tree replied confidently, as if he planned this whole question out.

"How would you feel if we switched places? You, the tree, and I, the man?"

"I would want very much for trees to have less dangers. But, that would be hard, because most of your hardships were natural, like the squirrel and the tsunami. The man though..."the man trailed off. The man finally understood why the banyan tree had told him his hardships. It was for him to realize how tough a tree's life could be. It was also supposed to convince him to stop cutting down trees. The banyan tree read the man's mind, and softly asked -

"Will you stop cutting down trees?"

The man whispered back, "Where...how will I ever live, or at least support my family?"

The tree replied back with a gentle voice, "I grow figs on my leaves and vines. You may collect a few of my figs, and sell them to make a living. You can plant my seeds like any other plant and grow more figs. The beehives formed will give honey and you can make a home near to me. Your kids can play and swing under my shadow, protected by sun and there are many other benefits I could tell you. Just promise me you won't cut down or harm any trees."

The man agreed after a long thought. He would go home and tell his wife and children about his new job... but not about the magical banyan tree. It was a miracle that it could speak. It would be better if he kept the tree...a secret.

# Amusement Park

By Saniya Pande - 8th grade

One day, in the warmth of summer, my family and I went on what felt like an incredibly far drive to Pennsylvania. It almost took a whole day to reach, and we were so bored sitting in the car. I am entirely grateful that we got to take a few bathroom breaks. Throughout the drive, we saw many different types of scenery, such as the colorful leaves on the trees, the lush green grass, and many birds migrating to a warmer place to survive, as we were crossing through highways and tolls.

Once we reached Pennsylvania, it was dark and we were looking for our hotel that we will be staying in for a few days. The hotel's name is Double Tree; It was so massive and tall. Once I saw the hotel, I could not believe my eyes. We got out of the car, walked in and headed to our room. We were on the second highest floor with a balcony to view the area. The whole place was so trendy and unique. After taking a glance over the balcony, we went to sleep

so we could get up early and go to Hershey Park.

The very next day, we got up at 9:00 a.m., got dressed, ate a delicious breakfast, and drove to Hershey Park. The drive was not too long; It was approximately 15 minutes to reach the entrance. Once we got out of the car, the area was too crowded with people walking and waiting to go on the rides. The lines were as long as a ray that you use for geometry. My sister and I went on Bumper Cars, Moby Dick, roller coasters, Wave Swinger, which you sit on and you need to hold the two bars that are next to you while the seat takes you up in the sky and it spins around like an oval shape, fun slide, and some arcade games. After riding all of the rides, the daylight sunshine started to fade, and the day was ending. Our trip to Hershey Park ended, and it was a day I will never forget.

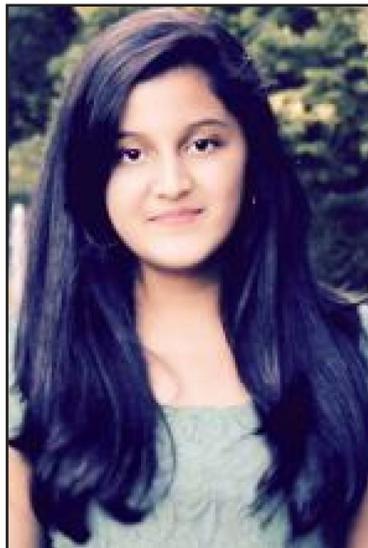


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**Local New Jersey High School Student:**

**Rishitha Thambireddy**

is the national award winner for the 2016 National Center for Women and Information Technology (NCWIT) Award for Aspirations in Computing.



# THE TEST

By Srived Yellapantula - 7th grade

Once upon a time, there were two princes living in a large castle, living the dream. They got everything they wanted, and also, their parents, Charles and Elizabeth were the most important people of the kingdom that they lived in, they were the King and the Queen.

One fine summer day, when the princes had reached the age of 3, King Charles enrolled the princes in sword-training classes, and school. George was always reckless and quick to charge, while Henry was swift with technique and elegance. The vast difference between them was beginning to show.

At the age of 7, Prince Henry was slightly curious, and started to ask questions. After running back from tutoring in the Study Hall, he asked another great question, "Father, how does a king become a king?"

"Good question son. The king's son becomes the next king," replied King Charles.

"Who will become the next king, George or I?" pondered Henry.

"Ha Ha Ha," the king laughed. "Your mother and I will put a test to see who will become king," he walked away, laughing.

One fine day, when the king and queen were becoming old, they summoned the 25-year old princes to the throne room.

There was a glittering diamond in the center of the carpet, and Queen Elise said, "I want you to get the diamond at the center, without touching the top of the carpet. This is your

test to become king."

Prince George went first. He leaned far, as far as he could, but when he was about to reach it, he toppled over.

But Prince Henry had another plan. He slowly and carefully slid his fingers under the carpet, and then started to roll it. Prince George was amazed at his stupidity as he watched in awe. King Charles and Queen Elise grinned as he picked up the diamond.

"Well done Henry. You are the true heir to my throne!" he bellowed.

"You are the true king of this Kingdom!"

That night there was a great feast, and everyone lived happily ever after.



*fiverr.com commissioned*

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## Secret *con't* from page 34

is coming so you better run."

"I will not leave you guys here," Lisa said firmly.

"Just go," everyone said in unison.

"Keep running," Lisa thought.

She stumbled and fell.

"Ouch," Lisa said getting up.

"Hello young lady, where do you think you are going?" said the dragon.

"Well, um..."

"Go ahead tell me."

"Well I have a gift for you."

"Oh goody," said the dragon with excitement.

Lisa reached into her pocket and pulled out the red pepper spray and sprayed it at the dragon.

Run. Run. That's all what Lisa had in mind. As she was running she spotted an alley.

"Good place to hide," Lisa thought. She ran into the alley and then rested her back on the wall. With her eyes closed, she could hear her mother's voice booming across her ears.

"Lisa, wake up."

"Huh," said Lisa opening her eyes.

She was in her bedroom tucked into her blanket.

"Lisa, I hope you are not upset that we are having problems."

Lisa frowned and said, "Well I am but anything is better than being chased by a dragon.

# COMPROMISING LEADERS

By Uzair Ahmed - 8th grade

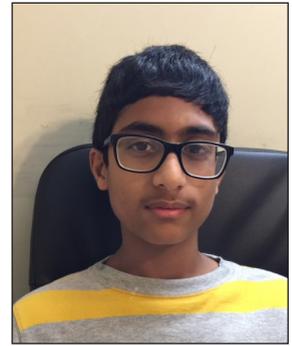
Becoming a leader requires strength, determination and intelligence. Leaders not willing to compromise are more effective. If they are not willing to compromise, then they won't get easily persuaded. They will show strength by not compromising and they will also gain respect. One leader known for his unwillingness to compromise was Julius Caesar. He strongly believed in what he thought even though it may not have been right.

First of all, a leader won't get persuaded if he or she is egotistical with their ideas. He or she as a leader can try to persuade other people to believe the same way as he or she does. People will be assured of a leader's confidence if he or she doesn't get persuaded. For example, if a group had different opinions, then the leader would have a hard time if he or she is easily persuaded. This is because the leader wouldn't know which idea to choose, which in turn would slow down his or her decision. However, if a leader wasn't easily persuaded, then he or she would make a decision quickly. Not willing to compromise helps the leader not get persuaded and it shows the strength and confidence the leader has.

Next, they show strength by not compromising. Many leaders believe in what they think so much that they won't compromise no matter what or who tries to persuade them. One example is Julius Caesar. He had a lot of opposition, but he still did what he believed and it was a success. Through his strength, people started following his beliefs. His lack of compromising was evident on the day he got killed. His wife had a dream in which he was going to get

killed during his meeting. She advised Julius Caesar in the early morning before he went to his meeting. Julius Caesar was ultimately killed, but his strength influenced many people in Rome as well as his adopted son, Octavian, who inherited the throne after him. Sometimes a great leader should just trust his or her own judgement. Lastly, leaders will gain respect for not compromising. Not compromising shows how strong you are which will gain you the respect of your group. For example, if a child repeatedly asks for something and the parents keep on saying no, then the child will start respecting their parents more because of their strictness. The child will then stop asking because then they will anticipate that they will say no. On the other hand, if a parent isn't as strict, then the child will take advantage and won't respect the parents as much. Then the child could take advantage of his or her lenient parents by asking for so many items. Unwillingness to compromise will make more people respect their leader.

In conclusion, leaders who are unwilling to compromise are more effective because they show strength; they won't get persuaded and they will gain respect by not compromising. There are many different styles of leaders. The tough and headstrong leaders turn out to be the best because it gains them a ton of respect and they gain respect from their supporters. These qualities make a great leader.



This essay is serious and well supported.

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# THE ULTIMATE THRILL

By Joseph Mathew Kottoor - 6th grade

It felt like I would be waiting a whole day as I stood in line of the California Screamin, an ultimate roller coaster at Disney World. I was with my mom, dad, and brother. As the line inched forward, I tried coming up with some ideas of how to make time pass faster.

"Hey Dad, do you want to play some tic-tac-toe?" I challenged my dad.

"Well, why not? I am up for the challenge," he responded. After I lost the devastating challenge, I became lonely again.

My eyes wandered at the sight of the roller coaster. It was at least one mile long. Then I caught the sight of the giant loop, that looked like a doughnut, and it could be seen from at least a mile away. I had been waiting for days to be on this ride since I arrived at California. I became pretty sick of seeing those people going on the ride that I just wanted to go on with them. The time came for me to board the roller coaster and at first I felt so brave. I thought it was not going to be all that fast, but once I saw the drop, I knew I was going to be dead meat. I was feeling so jumpy inside,

but scared from what I saw.

"Mom I feel really scared," I confessed to my mom.

The person behind me jumped in and said, "Don't be afraid. Everything is cool."

Ten seconds later, that guy was screaming to death, along with everyone else. I mean, the ride actually felt kind of awesome with all the swivels and fast turns. I felt like the ride was a hurricane. After that, came that doughnut. It was so awesome. I was screaming like hell, since the roller coaster felt like a raging beast trying to throw the passengers from the ride. It was going so fast, at least 80 mph. My eyes were tearing up. Fifteen seconds later, the ride was over. Wow, that was the best time of my life. I want to go again.

"You are crazy Joseph. I am not going again," my mom complained.

"Okay, but it was still a memorable experience," I responded.

"Hey dad do you want to go again?" my question was answered, since my dad was already in the ride screaming, "Yeaahh!"

I felt really brave that I just went on California's fastest roller coaster.



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# 60

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# Mission Accomplished

By Viswa Honrao

Illustrated by Daameon Stradford

Everyday was perfect until I messed up a mission. It was because I didn't take the taser and tase the leader, so that's how I messed up my mission. All the other guys were mad at me for failing my mission because they were a part of it too. Oh, I forgot to tell you I love my job! People were always saying that I was the best spy, but now everyone is saying that I'm the worst spy, but my partner Jake.

My boss Bob gave me the speech that I probably will be fired. As you know, I need my job for money. I needed to show progress and I needed to show it quickly.

This is when I kept on looking for things that the bad guys were going to do by putting a camera in the hideout of one of the most dangerous' gangsters in the world's hideout. I know that it would be hard to put in the camera in their hideout and so I took my buddy Jake with me.

This is when we got back to the base and I heard them say that they were going to rob the biggest bank in Canada. My partner Jake and I needed to stop them in secret. We took our spy mobile over to the bank, both wearing disguises as normal people. We saw them break through the window

covering all the cameras. There was a bad storm outside so no one was on the streets. It was the perfect crime, and we were going to stop them.

We changed our clothes to all black in public, and got into position. We followed their muddy footsteps to the entrance of the bank vault. They got inside the bank vault. I got inside. I got out my taser gun. I was ready to do this. I ran straight for the leader. I tased him down. Then I got out quickly and my partner, Jake, closed the vault. We had them captured!

Back at the base, our boss heard all about our successful mission and called our team.

"You, Viktor and Jake, are now the leaders of the team," my boss Bob said.  
Mission accomplished!



## Writing Challenge

Write a *Summer Themed* story using the following words:

1. cheese
2. plough
3. alien
4. progress
5. island
6. tank top
7. ocean
8. horse
9. sacred
10. parch

All Ages...

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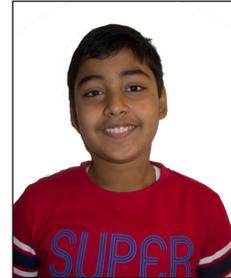
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# Art Gallery



By D.Naga Shashank - 5th grade

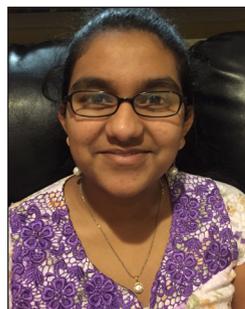
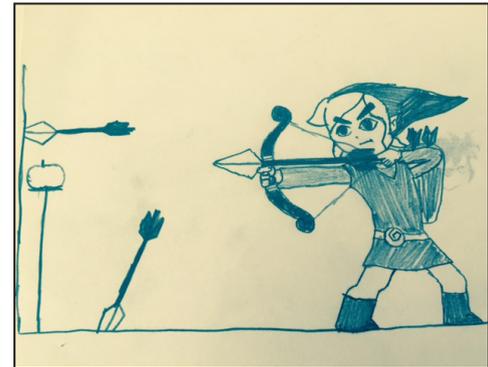
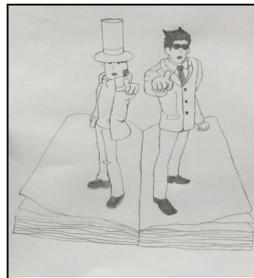


These scenes are beautiful.



By Anirudh Jasti - 5th grade

Ani is an accomplished, self-taught artist!



This picture is inspirational.

By Laasyasri Vaddepalli - 8th grade

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# How to Catch a Werewolf

By Meghan Gajula - 6th grade

Something was definitely wrong, for the fiery coal beneath them radiated cold. Phyre(Fire-ay), Aegle(Ea-gla), and Cora slowly stumbled across the mysterious land. The black hole that had sucked them up at the haunted house had dropped them at the edge of the island, where waves lashed out at them, covering their feet with blistering, stinging brine. It was like liquified nettles surrounded them up to their ankles. The trees were

crooked, black and burnt in the pale moonlight that shone on them. They looked like the tree in A Starry Night, a painting painted by Picasso. The wind chilled Phyre's bones, and she could sense a dark presence under the shadows. She should know, for she came from a half phoenix family. It didn't mean she was literally part phoenix, but her family had the "powers" of a phoenix, meaning that she could call fire to her hand, and could sense things in shadows and darkness, which makes no sense because Phoenix's aren't connected to the shadows at all.

"The Phoenix species are a mysterious, well, species. Don't try an question it," her mother had said when she asked her.

Cora and Aegle had a similar background, where Aegle was from a griffon family, and Cora from a mermaid family. Each had a different power(s) to go with their background. Cora looked around, her keen senses searching every nook and cranny for a clue that would lead them to an explanation on why they were there, or more importantly, where 'there' was. Cora was a mermaid, at least almost. Cora's family could transform between their mermaid and human form. The normal boring humans were fascinated by this. It was nothing compared to their useless 'smart phones' and 'laptops'. They would search for the family's reef, where they live, and destroy the place. They would happily kill all of the mermen (mermaids and human) if it meant having one to study and test so that they could do some engineering with more useless tools and find a way to let everyone transform. Cora and her relatives had to



Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford



Meghan is master storytell. Read this story and enjoy!

fight off heavy stream of invaders and as a result, she picked up the skills of a soldier.

The clouds in the sky were ominous and gave Aegle the shivers. The air was chilled, as if getting ready for a big storm, thunder and all. She was right, for soon after lightning cracked the sky while thunder shook the ground like a salt shaker. Every 2 minutes and about 41 seconds, 42 in some cases, a clap of lightning was so big, it split the entire sky and struck an unlucky tree that immediately burst into flame. Aegle glanced at Phyre worriedly every time this occurred. Fire had a colossal effect on Phyre, but she just gazed into the distance, as if staring at the poor tree wasn't worth her time. Aegla's specialty was wind, air and all things in the sky, so she knew the island was the last place she wanted to be at that exact moment. Technically, Phyre had a faint controll on this king of nature as well, but her powers focused more on fire and darkness. Anyway, The entire realm felt cold, dark, and forgotten. Aegla wished she could go home.

The friends rushed off of the water onto the sand as bats swarmed the skies. They were tiny, no bigger than a grown man's hand but were multitudinal. It was as if all the bats in the world swooped in sync to cover the island with a monstrous shadow. Unluckily, that wasn't the only shadow that fell upon the isle. The shadows and souls of all those who died there roamed around the island, hoping to put its occupants into the same misery they had faced long ago. Wolves howled in the distance and sent both shivers and hairy goosebumps crawling down girls spine.

Werewolf con't on page 64



A screeching cackle split through the air. Among the bats was a green witch. She had black eyes that were beedy yet empty and pitiful. Her face was swamp green and was masked with warts. She had the wrinkles of a kind grandmother, but combined with her ugly face they only made her look mischievous. The witch wore a long black robe that was teared at the end. It was cut in a steep zig-zag pattern. Thread trailed behind her and seemed to fly in the wind. She rode a sleek ebony broom. There were ivory embellishments with blood red accents. It looked like the broom of every witch's dream.

"Hahaha. You wished you could go home? Never. Hahaha," The witch cackled, "Don't you know? No one ever leaves The Phantom Isle. No one ever passes the test. No one is going to allow you to be the first ones. Oops, I've said too much." As she spoke the last line, she smiled maliciously, as if she meant to say that. Cora didn't put it past her. After all, she was a witch. Wait, how did she now what one of us probably wished? No one said anything out loud. Cora realized. "That's because I can hear your thoughts. None of your secrets are safe from me. Even your deepest silence won't stop me, for there is always something coursing through your shriveled brain." Phyre shivered, as if wondering what else the witch can do.

"You said something about an impossible task. What is it? Why do the people that came before us try and complete it? I want answers, and I want them right now." Aegla ordered.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Ordering me around isn't going to get you anywhere. Didn't your useless teacher teach you that?" the witch held up her hand when Aegla opened her mouth, obviously going to say some comment that would get some information out of the witch's hideous mouth, "As for the impossible task, you have to catch a tribe of werewolves that have been pestering us forever. And you really want to know why don't you?" Phyre shook her head in disgust. Aegla stayed still and gazed coldly at the witch. Cora was busy thinking up a strategy for how they were going to catch the werewolves. They were definitely going to do it. "I don't care if you want to or not, I'm going to tell you anyway. Everyone tries, and fails, to complete this 'impossible' task," The witch snorted, "...because it's the only way to leave this island." Cora thought that the idea that it was impossible amused her greatly.

"Why did you snort? You said yourself that it's impossible. Are you saying that you now how to do it?" Cora speculated.

"Right you are, you worthless little sea scum. I know exactly how to complete the Impossible task. All you have to do is play this little flute I have, but you have to play the official Phantom Isle anthem, and those little dogies will do whatever you say."

Cora, Phyre, and Aegla growled at the witches description of Cora, but as she kept talking, they smiled gregariously, for the watch had gifted them the plan to use. When the witch realized what she had just said, she clamped a hand over her mouth and this time she was truly horrified.

"Well, you will never figure out the national anthem, so it won't work," she added haughtily, and then she sped off into the distance.

"Guys, we have to figure out the national anthem quickly so we can use it against the v-wolves. By the way v-wolf is my nickname for the werewolf," Fyre declared.

"You're right, but how do we do that?" Cora pondered.

"I could help," an anonymous voice muttered loud enough for only the girls to hear,

"Come here. I'm in the bushes. I promise I won't hurt you."

Cora stepped forward cautiously. She parted the branches and peered into the darkness. Covered in shadows was a beautiful face. The girl had long, flowing black hair with purple and silver natural highlights that curled at the end. Her face was like a princess's, perfect in every way. Tiny black horns curled on top of her head. She was wearing a robe similar to the witches, but had silver embellishments and purple accents. Another difference was that the girl's wasn't teared and it trailed behind her. After looking around to check for spies, the girl stepped out of the bushes to her full height. She was as tall as Aegla, which was average for her age, and looked about as old as any of them.

"My name is Lace Shadowhead. As you probably guessed from my horns, I'm a devil. I know the national anthem and I can play it on the flute. I've been stuck here my entire life, watching my ancestors terrify children who are brought here. They are supposed to be the bravest of them all, but every single one of them became a soul that still roams the island. Frankly, they're quite scary, even to me. I'm ecstatic at the thought there's a way to get out of here, ebullient Evan."

"You'll help us," Phyre said eagerly.

"Yes, but we have to be careful. I'm the only one who will help you. Everyone else will be focused on keeping you away. We are going to have to be sneaky. Right now, we need to get to a safe area to discuss."

Without waiting for any questions, Lace crept through

bushes until they reached the woods. Then she sprinted across the crowded thicket. They went through the bulky banana leaves, over the twisted trees, behind the black brine waterfall, and into a crystallized cave.

"I used to come here all the time. It was my hideout. No one knows it exists and I can be left alone in peace. This is where I like to hide away from all of the onierodynias that cover this island/realm. Silvaria Black, the witch, is the worst," Lace reported once they reached the cave.

"That's really nice, but it's not really important right now," Cora replied.

"Agreed. Let's work on the plan," Aegla agreed.

"We need to find away to get the entire pack in one place. Why don't we just find them, and then find a way to make sure that they are focused on us," Phyre decided.

"I have a light stick in my pocket, I can use that," Aegla added.

"Good, we are making some progress. We have already decided that after Aegla does her job, I'll play the flute," Lace announced.

"We have a plan, so lets go catch those v-wolves," Phyre ended. The girls packed the necessities and left for the dangerous trip. Within minutes the girls were in the dead forest that served as the werewolves home. They raced through the broken trees. Lace led the way, her handbag in one polished hand and her flute in the other. They ran for miles and miles, and every few minutes, they would hear a wolf howl in the distance. No matter how much they ran though, they howling never got any louder or seemed any closer.

As another wolf howled in the distance, Annabeth and her friends stopped and listened intently. It seemed to be coming from a few yards ahead of them, but Annabeth wasn't sure. By now, they should have found the werewolves, even with it running at full speed. Like a cheetah, werewolves can run short fleet sprints, but they needed about a half hour break before they could start up again. With all that being said, the werewolf should be behind the three girls. Mallory heard a soft rustling around them, and spun around. Her two friends turned as well, and before

them stood...the great alpha of the werewolves.

The leader of the pack was standing right in front of them, teeth bared and growling low, but loud. Slowly, pairs of yellow eyes blinked open around him, and the rest of the pack stepped out. They had circled the four girls and were closing in. Quickly, Aegla took an iridescent light stick and waved it around. The wolves locked their eyes on it like they were stalking prey. She kept it in her hand, and kept swirling and waving it in sardonic motions.

Lace brandished her flute like a sword and held it gently up to her lips. She played a ominous, yet sweet song. It was like syrup, sticky and smooth, and it dragged out all of the friends' best memories. The times they spent together laughing on Aegla's bed, favorite holidays with their families, and more. It was homesickness and sorrow twined together with happiness and joy until it was mixed so much that you couldn't possibly pick them apart. Cora picked up the song and started singing the lyrics. Soon after, Aegla joined in. After a few moments, the eyes of the pack were gazed on the girls as they swayed in a rhythmic motion.

"Leave and never return. You are banished from the Phantom Isle until you learn to be civilized. When you return you will be the leaders of justice, and may you always roam free on this island. You must see the wrong ways of the people here and fix them," Phyre condemned in a solemn voice while Lace played the last note on her flute. The pack followed her orders just as the sun shined it's first rays on the relm. They gave one last howl and then raced out into the sun light.

"We did it!" Lane exclaimed.

"Wohoo!" Aegla shouted in return. Suddenly another vacuum appeared and sucked the girls in. This time, Lane Shadowhead accompanied them. It dropped them in another island. A mermaid that was basking on a rock welcomed them to the even more mysterious land.

"Welcome to Misty Moonlit Sea. You are going to enjoy it here, for you can never going to leave," The mermaid bubbled wickedly. Oh no. Something tells me we are up for another adventure, Phyre thought.

**Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).  
Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016**



# THE SURGERY

By Showrya Bandi - 6th grade

It was a Friday; I was in my friend's house playing some type of Wii game. It was called Super Smash Bros.

My mom was there talking to my friend's mom. My friend's mom offered an abundant amount of chocolate. I took one and so did my friend. The chocolate was splendid, but at the same time, after I ate the chocolate, I felt like I was stabbed in the stomach by a lightsaber wielded by Jedi Sigf Lord. Since this happened to me after 5 minutes of eating the chocolate, I knew this wasn't *because* of the chocolate.

I told my mom I was going to my other friend's house, on the top and to the left of the house where my mom was. When I went to my friend's house, we played Super Smash Bros again, (it was the best game), but my stomach pain really started to kick in even harder. I told my friend I had to go home. When I went to my mom and told her I wasn't feeling well, my mom took me home. It was a Friday, so I thought my stomach pain would probably go away on Saturday or Sunday. I knew, from that time, the squalor was coming to catch me like a pro hunter.

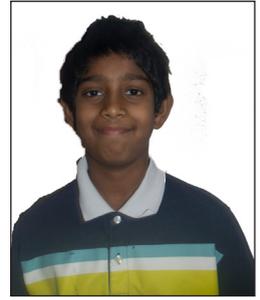
By the time I went home, my stomach really hurt and so I went on my parent's bed, since it was flat. I had to be delicate with my body. Friday and Saturday were bummer. My pain got worse by the second and my parents got even more terrified, but not as terrified as myself. Because of this, my parents booked a doctor's appointment on Sunday. The climax was that it was super hard for me to walk

or take a step or do anything with my body.

When we went to the doctor, she had a sad look on her face when I described what was happening to me for these two days. She asked what grade and age I was in. I said I was a 4th grader and I was 9 years old. She had an even sadder look on her face. She said that at this grade and age is very delicate for me to get surgery, but the doctors can handle it. The second I heard the word surgery, I was panicking about what she was talking about. It was like my heart was just shattered into a million pieces.

She said that my stomach was hurting because of my appendix. The appendix is where there is an extra tube growing from the start of my life and others too. It is located in the bottom left of your stomach. If it is time to get out, you will get a painful reaction like I did. If you let it continue, the tubes process then eventually the tube will burst, and you will die because of the explosion. Luckily, the whole process of the tube always completes in a week time. For me, I had it for 2 days. I already realized it was going to be a painful ride.

After the surgery, I was better. I was still recovering from the painful death-like ride, but eventually it healed.



The details included in this personal narrative are excellent.

## My Favorite Place

By Maheedhar Anand

Do you have a favorite place? Everyone has a favorite place to visit. My favorite place is Newark Liberty International Airport because it has eating places, stores, and airplanes.

One eating place in Newark Liberty International Airport is Burger King. My favorite dish in Burger King is french fries with ranch. Another eating place is Starbucks Coffee. Starbucks Coffee has plain milk, vanilla milk, and chocolate milk available. I love plain milk. A third eating place is Dunkin Donuts. Dunkin Donuts has donuts, coffee, ice coffee, and munchkins. My favorite dish in Dunkin Donuts is vanilla frosted donut with rainbow sprinkles and glazed

munchkins. There are more eating places in Newark Liberty International Airport.

Newark Liberty International Airport also has stores. One kind of store is jewelry stores. In jewelry stores, you can get necklaces, bracelets, and earrings. Another kind of store is a book store. A book store is a very good place. You can take one book and read it on the airplane. I love chapter books. There is a Rite aid pharmacy in Newark Liberty International Airport. They sell band aids. When you are hurt, you can purchase a band-aid pack.

Favorite *con't* on page 67

# The Breaking News

By Ridhima Dasari - 6th grade

I walked into my house like normal person would do and put my keys on a boring little hook.

"I should make this house a little more decorative by changing some boring dull objects into beautiful, colorful objects," I said to myself.

I ran to my computer, searched YouTube, and eventually found, "Life hacks everyone should know".

I found a really cute one that is to use a tennis ball as a key holder so that's exactly what I did. I grabbed a tennis ball from the garage and made a little slit for it so I can put my keys in and it also looks like a smile. I added two eyes and stuck it by the door.

I thought it was so cute that I put a cookie in its mouth. I was cracking up because it was adorable.

"Hey Isabella! Come look at this," I bellowed. I turned back to the tennis ball to make sure the cookie didn't fall, but it was gone. There were chocolate stains on the sides of the slit. I checked the floor to see if it dropped, but there was nothing to see.

Isabella put her finger inside the tennis ball to see where it went and all of a sudden she was screaming for help. The tennis ball was attacking her! She pulled her finger out just in time.

"What the heck just happened?" Isabella screamed.

"Maybe it's just a prank," I informed Isabella.

Little did we know this was a... TENNIS- BALL- THAT- HAS- A- SLIT- TO- MAKE- A- MOUTH- ATTACK!

Later that day, I was really in the mood to listen to some music. I placed my headphones over my ears and cranked

up the volume through my phone. I began listening to some of my favorite songs. I sang and danced my heart out. I got so into the music that I zoned everything and everyone out.

Out of nowhere, a big bright green circular blob attacked my face. It was a big tennis ball. His face looked angry and he had fangs. I began screaming and screaming and screaming.

"THIS ISN'T A PRANK! THIS IS REAL. WE ARE UNDER ATTACK! THIS IS A TENNIS- BALL- THAT- HAS- A- SLIT- TO- MAKE- A- MOUTH- ATTACK!" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

All of a sudden, the tennis ball disappeared into thin air. I quickly began making posters about the TENNIS- BALL THAT- HAS- A- SLIT- TO- MAKE- A- MOUTH- ATTACK.

I showed them to Isabella and she thought it was a perfect idea. Isabella and I put these papers all around town.

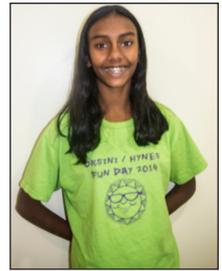
A week later, we stumbled upon this subject on the news.

"WE HAVE SOME BREAKING NEWS. TENNIS BALLS ARE TAKING OVER THE WORLD AND THEY ARE MULTIPLYING. THERE IS A 100% GUARANTEE THAT WE ALL WILL DIE," said the news reporter. At that exact moment, a tennis ball attacked him and he instantly fell.

"There is always a happy ending, right?" Isabella questioned.

"Wrong. Look behind you. We are being attacked!" I yelled.

We both looked into the tennis ball's black colored-in eyes and everything went black.



This is a zany, hilarious story.

## **Favorite** *con't from page 66*

airplanes belonging to many airlines. One airline is Lufthansa. Lufthansa airplanes can go to Frankfurt. The second airline is British Airways, which can go to London. There are many more airlines like Air Canada, American Airlines, Air India and so on. Newark Liberty International Airport has 3 terminals A, B, and C. To get to different airlines, you need to pick the right terminal.

I love to visit Newark Liberty International Airport. Tell me your favorite place. I will be happy to hear it!

**Submit your story to [editor@citykidzworld.com](mailto:editor@citykidzworld.com).  
Spring/Summer magazine deadline: March 20, 2016**



# The Gym Class

By Rithika Thambireddy - 4th grade

"Noooooo it is gym again!" Stella whined. She never liked gym she is more of a person that would be inside doing her nails. This year Stella was in 4th grade and gym got worst. They had to do two big laps and do more exercises. Stella went walking to the dining area in her house. She was thinking, I do not want to go to school!

When Stacy entered the class, she went to her best friend's desk Stacy. Stella and Stacy are best friends. They always helped each other out, but they did not have anything in common! They did not care. Stacy was a type of person who would be outside running a lot.

"It is gym again!" Stella told Stacy.

"That is awesome!" Stacy replied.

"Seriously," Stella said, with a sassy look on her face.

Stella went to her desk and thought, why does she like gym so much?

Next period it was gym. Stella was loping along to gym, while Stacy was walking as fast as she could. When they entered the gym, they first started with Stella's least favorite exercise push-ups. Stella thought to herself, what are we doing today? Coach Darren our gym teacher said we will be playing soccer against the 5th graders. Stella thought to herself not against the 5th graders!

When the game started, Stacy started with the

ball. She kicked the ball with a mighty kick and she made in the goal.

"You are amazing at soccer!" everyone in the class told her.

Then next, Stella started with the ball two times. She did not make it and the 5th graders stole the ball and made the goal two times. Everyone in the class was shouting and saying, "You have to do better!"

"The 5th graders are in the lead just because you do not like gym does not mean you should make the team lose!" Stacy frowned and said.

Stella felt really disappointed at herself for making the 5th graders win. She also felt sad that Stacy was mad at her. So after a few rounds, the 4th and the 5th graders were tied by seven and seven. It was the last round Stella started with the ball she saying to herself make it in for the team. So, she she kicked the ball as far and hard as she could and everyone was astonished. Stella actually made a goal! Everyone was running up to her and saying, "You made us win thank you!"

"You are awesome and the best friend I could ever have!" exclaimed Stacy. Even Coach Darren said, "Awesome you are a soccer superstar!"

So from that day onwards, Stella loved gym and did better and better every week!



Dialogue, Interesting, Fun! You'll love it!



## Space Writing Contest!

### Space Adventure!

Write story about humans living in outer space!

**Your characters may live on a ship, on a moon, or even on another planet!**

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# Rosette's Adventure ON Foody!

By Ankitha Radhakrishnan - 5th grade

"3,2,1, Blast off!" My spaceship was being launched to land on Foody. My sister Jubilee, Mom, Dad and I were all going to be the first Robot family in space! In just a few minutes, I quietly drifted off to sleep.

"Rosette! Rosette! Wake up! We're here!" Jubilee yells.

"Huh? What?" I say confused.

Then I realize that we're at Foody! I get up like I was never asleep and jump out of the spaceship.

I grab Jubilee's arm and say, "Come on! Let's go explore!" But Mom and Dad stop us cold.

"If you're going to go explore, wear these. So if you ever get lost, you can find your way back to the spaceship," Mom suggested.

"Ok, thanks Mom. Thanks Dad! Bye! See you Soon!" I yell over my shoulder as I run, still holding onto Jubilee's arm. We both run up a steep hill and once we get to the top, we overlook a huge forest filled with creatures we've never seen before. There are flamangos, tacodiles, shrimpanzees and even a rock candy mountain! Then I realize that all the animals are food-based! We decide to take as many pictures as we can and try not to get lost! We run down to the lush, green forest and take pictures of the environment.

"Sis, sis!" Jubilee fusses, tugging on my arm.

"What?" I reacted, taking my eyes off of the mango-orange flamango.

"I think we're lost!" she stammers.

"No, we aren't. And If we are, we have this locator thingy to take us home anyway," I assure.

But then I notice we're at the foot of the rock candy mountain.

"Jubilee! Let's grab some candy!" I squealed excitedly.

"Sure! It's been a long time since I ate rock candy anyway," Jubilee yaps even more excited.

So we both take a plastic bag and start ripping candy of the mountain till our bags are full.

"That should be enough to last us forever, since we have duplicator machines," I recomended.

"Let's go home now," Jubilee says, eyeing the evening sky.

I grab Jubilee's arm and drag her along with me back to the spaceship.

"Well girls, did you have fun?" mom inquired, eyeing the candy.

"Yup," we say giggling.

"Well hop on board!" my dad says, motioning to the spaceship.

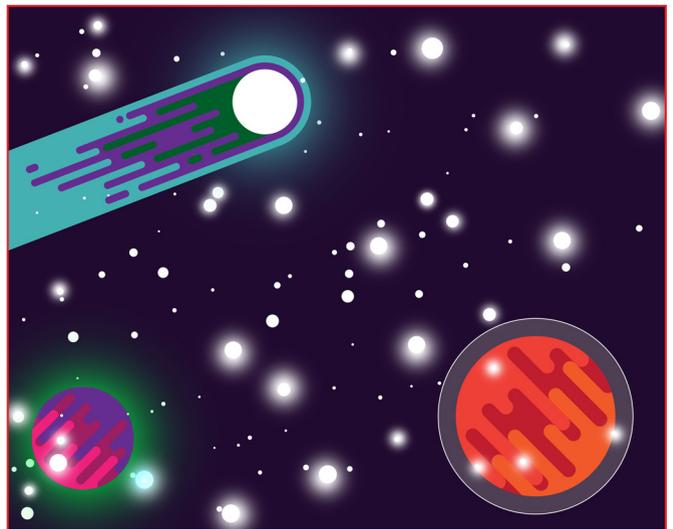
"Aww..." we complain because we don't want to leave Foody.

"We have to go sooner or later so get in!" my mom calls.

I hop in, but I know that I'll be back someday.



Another great space story!



Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford

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# Capitalism Allegory

By Atirath Dhara - 9th grade

The dog woke up to the sound of his master's voice. The dog had been loyal to his master since he was a pup. Every time his master's voice came resonating down the halls, whatever he was doing, the dog stopped and obeyed his master.

"Get me my notebook Duke. I have to plan my party with absolute preciseness. My friends are coming over! Oh what do you know, you're a dog. Go get my notebook Dukie!" came out the master's shrill voice. Duke willfully obeyed his master's command, and nestled nearby to watch him plan the party. The master was putting a get-together for all of his colleagues. They all had a raffle every Friday to determine who would hold the next party the following week. Who ever wins the raffle must host the party, and gets to keep their colleagues' "small" gesture of appreciation. Much to the master's consternation, he had never won, except for now. He wanted everything to be absolutely perfect.

Duke was a golden retriever, in his third year since birth. Ever since he was born, he had known no one else other than his master. The master was Duke's only parent, his only family. Duke, being a smart dog, adopted quickly to the likes of the master.

The master himself was a balding, stout man. He was about fifty years old, and lived in a comfortable house. There was a big front, as well as a larger back yard attached to the house. He was a man of preciseness. The grass was cut every Saturday morning at 9:00 sharp, the fence painted when even the slightest signs of chipping showed. Two BMW sedans, jet black and well maintained, were parked on the driveway, just outside the garage door.

On the front yard, toward the inner boundary of the fence was Duke's kennel. It was freshly painted, but was often the last of the household's ornaments to be so. The fence and the house itself were considered to be of higher priority. The master, living alone, could not carry out his daily chores by himself. He often requires the assistance of Duke in order to properly carry them out. He was a reasonable man though, the master. For each chore Duke completes, he would receive a piece of apple pie. Duke absolutely adores the pie, but ironically, so does the master. He can be a little hesitant at times, but the master eventually always rewards Duke for his work.

On this particular day, the master was especially busy for the party, giving a new set of directions every five minutes. Poor Duke ran around the house like mad. Before long, the dog became far too fatigued to continue on, and logical thought would have long before stopped him. What logical thought failed to take into account was the pie. Adding the pie to the equation gave the dog extra incentive to carry out his duty for the master.

At last, the final three hours before the party had run by, and the house was spick and span. The fence re-painted, the grass cut. The kennel however was omitted as it had been recently painted, and there was not enough time. The master sat down after a long day's work, but a thought came to his mind that seemed to agitate him a lot. "The dog is a faithful creature, but a dog nonetheless. His intentions may be noble, and his actions, well intentioned, but he is an animal. I trust him, but not is instinct. No, he cannot be around when they come over. It is only a matter of time before his instinct takes over his rationale, and my reputation could be at stake if that does happen. No, he needs to go to his kennel and pass the time there," thought the master. He mustered the dog, and issued his decree. Duke was a little annoyed at this, as he was the reason the master could host the party, but obliged at the order nonetheless. Before he left the house for the kennel, Duke received his treat. A sliver of freshly baked apple pie.

In a matter of minutes, the guests arrived one by one, all in sleek, jet black sedans. The men wore cashmere sweaters, and freshly laundered pants. The women wore light and fashionable dresses with fancy high heels. About an hour later, Duke came out of his kennel to check up on his master. He could see the silhouettes of the guests and the master, eating, drinking and having fun. He heard a lot of laughter, and wished only that he could join them. As the party came to an end, Duke saw the sedans pull out of the driveway one by one, making their way to the end of the street in a perfectly straight line. The master opened the door, and motioned for the dog to come back inside. Duke happily obliged and ran inside the house. He was instructed by the master to go into the bathroom to wash-up. On the way there, on the kitchen counter, he saw a huge pie platter with only a small slice of pie left. "Don't worry Dukie. I saved some for you."





By June D. Ellington

### *Artist-in-Residence*

The city baseball try-outs were coming soon. The problem was that John was not allowed to practice, or rather, his complicated 4th grade-

life made it nearly impossible to practice. He was trying out for the 4th Grade Bombers. This was the 4th grade team for all of the 4th graders in three cities. This meant that all of the students in the 4th grade, no matter what school, could make the same team.

Back to the problem - this year John was attending a "special school". This school was trying to prep the students to be engineers, doctors, scientists, etc. As a result, they gave three times the amount of home of any school in the three surrounding areas. On John's way from school on the bus, he would see many children practicing in their backyards. There were practically "playing catch clinics" going on. John's bus ride was 2 hours long. He would sit on the bus dreaming he was practicing.

"What are you thinking about?" Tom said. Tom was John's best friend. He was a thin, bespectacled boy who would rather calculate the speed of a curve ball than touch a real ball.

"Tom, I have to make the team! I need to practice!" John said.

"John, what about the science fair in a week? Don't you want to get a good showing?"

John thought. The science fair was coming up. All of the other subjects also had tests and homework. His parents would not let him remain at the special school if he didn't keep his grades up.

"What am I going to do?" thought John.

Making the baseball team would mean baseball games every week at the baseball field this summer. He imagined walking around in his baseball uniform, hat, and special shoes. He would have buddies on the team. They would sit in the dugout!

"Hey batter, batter, batter! Hey batter, batter, batter. Strike! Then, there were those great concessions: Laffy Taffy, Now or Later. He would see people from town. There was a whole baseball universe to live in during the summers.

"Tom, what am I going to do? I haven't throw a ball since last summer. My parents say I have to finish my homework before I can go outside. I finish at 9 p.m. every night! It's too dark then."

Tom pondered.

"What about my miner's hat?" he asked.

This was his hat with a light on top. You can borrow it and use it to help you see to throw the ball around. Will that help?"

John slapped his friend on the back. "I knew you were brilliant!" he said.

On his John's way home from the bus stop, he quickly dodged into Tom's house, got the hat, and ran home. That night, after he finished his homework, he made a show of stretching.

"Wow, I sure am beat. I'm ready for bed."

His parents exchanged looks. It was unusual for John to go to bed without a complaint. Sometimes he tried to stay up watching television or listening to his parents' conversations.

## BASEBALL DREAMS

He ran up the stairs. After a few minutes, he turned off the light and yelled, "Good night!"

He was already standing at the window when he did it. He crawled out of the window with his miner's hat, his baseball glove, the bat, and his baseball. Outside, he quickly switched on the hat's light. He got really comfortable throwing the ball around; It felt good. Just a little more and I am golden, he thought. He wondered if he dared throw the ball some distance. He stood close to the house and threw the ball as far away toward the back of his yard as he could. Suddenly, he heard glass shattering.

The neighbor's house? John thought. John had never been able to make it to the neighbor's house in the past. This was amazing, but as he was thinking that, he was already climbing into the bedroom window. The light in the neighbor's house was now on behind him. A dog started barking. John was pretending to be sound asleep. Soon he was sleep for real. When he woke up the next morning, he went to breakfast just like he did usually. His mother was in the kitchen washing some dishes.

"John, you know, the strangest thing happened last night. Joan from behind us came by and said that someone threw a ball into her kitchen window.

John squirmed a little.

"What a pity. The good news is that they found the ball. It has a name on it," John's mother said.

John realized that he was cornered. In some ways he was relieved because he wanted to talk about his problem.

"Mom, it was me. I tried to practice at night because I really want to make the team. I don't want to miss out on an entire summer of baseball so I can be an engineer when I grow up."

There, is was out. John's mother sighed.

"John, first, thank you for telling the truth. What you should have done is talk to us and we could have helped you arrange your study schedule better so you would have time to put in some practice. Remember how you watch about 30 minutes of television most nights. Maybe we could substitute that for baseball for a few weeks."

John had not thought about it, but the more he thought about it, the better is sounded. Baseball team, here I come, thought John!

## Writing Challenge!

Write a story about a time management challenge you have faced!

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# Congratulations Writing Rockstars!

