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Bad Baby Sister Turns Into Good Baby Sister

By Anya Sophia Zhang Leckerling
1st Grade

A long time ago, there was only me. One day, I suddenly realized that my mother was going to have a baby. That news made me sad and excited. I was sad because I would never get to only have my Mommy and Daddy to myself. Another reason is I would have to share my food, favorite toys and love with my baby sister, Mina.

“I was sad because I would never get to only have
my Mommy and Daddy to myself.”

But now, I appreciate her because she is not funny—I asked her how she would be described in a book. She answered by saying “I am not funny,” which is funny. I’ve been living with her for two years! Can you believe it?! If you can believe it, you’re right.

I know this is weird but I never actually saw Mina being born. When Mina was born I stayed with my Chinese grandmother at my old house. We needed to wait three days before Mina could come home. After my Mommy gave birth to Mina, she was weak for almost a week. Then, she recovered. Now, Mina is my favorite family member.

The Invisible Butterfly

By Zoe Sectzer-Rubin

4th Grade

There was once a butterfly who was invisible.

Anything she touched became invisible.

She couldn't show everyone her beautiful wings.

She couldn't ask people to help her with her garden.

She couldn't ask someone to get her vegetables if she didn't feel well.

She felt lonely.

She felt like she had no friends.

She felt as if the world was silent and small.

When she sent invitations for a big dinner in her garden...

No one came because everything she touched became invisible.

She decided to eat dinner by herself in the garden.

Other butterflies were afraid of her.

“The invisible butterfly became more invisible”

The invisible butterfly became more invisible and made more things become invisible as time went on.

Eventually the invisible butterfly thought she was...

...the worst, ugly, stupid and worst of all she felt...

...alone.

She felt sad and alone until one day a butterfly flew into her house.

“Hello?” called the butterfly. “Hello!” said the invisible butterfly.

The other butterfly got scared and started to fly away. “Wait!” the invisible butterfly screamed!

“I have no friends and no one will keep me company. No one will help me when I’m sick and no one thinks I am me,” cried the invisible butterfly.

“Everyone thinks of me as the invisible butterfly. Yes, I am invisible but does that mean I’m scary or not kind?”

“That must feel so upsetting,” said the other butterfly. “I would like to learn about you. What is your name? I want to know your real name. I don’t want anyone calling you the invisible butterfly anymore. I want people to call you your name.”



“My name is Angel,” the invisible butterfly said nervously.

“That is a beautiful name! My name is Rose. I want to be your friend and keep you company. You sound like a wonderful butterfly. I believe you are kind, generous, joyful, and most of all, special.”

Then something beautiful happened!

Rose showed Angel empathy. At that moment, Rose could see Angel! She could see Angel’s beautiful wings and her garden.

The invisible butterfly told Rose that everyone who shows her empathy and gets to know her, gets to see her!

The invisible butterfly was no longer the invisible butterfly!

The invisible butterfly was really and truly not the invisible butterfly. She was her unique self. Even though she was invisible, when butterflies got to know her and show her empathy, they could see her!

From then on Rose was always by Angel's side. Angel was kind, generous, loving, and joyful! While Rose helped Angel make new friends, Angel kept on being her unique self. She was still invisible but now she had more friends and more and more butterflies were able to see her.

Angel felt happy, amazing, generous, kind, loving, joyful, fun, funny and best of all...

...she felt seen and unique.

Now, night after night her garden was filled with all kinds of butterflies!



Now, all the butterflies felt like they could be their unique selves too!

Even though Angel was invisible, she now had lots of friends to play with. Rose changed Angel's life. Angel and Rose went on to become lifelong friends.

Angel taught us a lesson. She taught us that...

“YOU are your unique self and nothing can change who you are. No matter who you are or what you do, you are someone and that someone is YOU!”

It's Okay To Be Different

By Zoe Sectzer-Rubin

4th Grade

~ Dedicated to my brother who is perfectly him. ~

Hi I'm Andy!

People say I'm short for my age but I say, who cares! I'm just the way I'm supposed to be.

People say I don't have tippies on my toes. But I say, I do have them - they are just a little bit shorter than yours.

People measure and compare me to others and say that I'm not even up to their nose, but I say, well guess what, your nose is smaller than mine!

Meet my brother Luis!

People say Luis is too tall for his age but he says, "Well I'm perfect just the way I am!"

Luis is so tall that his head touches the ceiling of the bathroom!

"I'm tall because I am me and I'm proud to be myself!"

Sometimes Luis gets embarrassed by how tall he is.

People ask him why he is so tall and he says, "I'm tall because I am me and I'm proud to be myself!"

Meet my sister Jenna!

People say Jenna is too big and large for her age but she says, "If I were a balloon I would puff up until I was just right and guess what?! I'm just the right amount of me!"

Jenna gets called names like, BIG PERSON, BIGGIE, GIANT, MRS. BIG PRICKLES and BIG FAT BALLOON FACE!

Jenna doesn't mind and says, "IT'S OKAY TO BE DIFFERENT!"

Meet my dog, Maven!

Nobody makes fun of Maven because she doesn't go to school and lives at our house, but the veterinarians are worried about her because of how skinny she is!

I feel bad this happens to me and my siblings, but guess what?

IT'S OKAY TO BE DIFFERENT!

The End

Now it's time for a group activity!

STEP 1: Make a circle around the room.

STEP 2: Share with each other why you stand out or share why you are different.

STEP 3: When you're done sharing, look around you and imagine every person in the room is you!

STEP 4: Imagine talking to yourself. Imagine you are your parents. Imagine you are all of your friends and family members! It wouldn't be fun talking to them because you would know everything about them and you wouldn't be able to tell anyone apart!

Now you know why IT'S OKAY TO BE DIFFERENT!

The Actual End

Dawn

By Eleanor Frazier

5th Grade

Chapter 1: Dawn

Hi! I'm Dawn Smith and I just moved to sunny California from Connecticut with my two BFFs, Maple and Jess. We all moved with my cool aunt to California for a big soccer opportunity. And we all got asked to play for the best team! *The Kicks!!*

The reason our parents could not come with us is because we all have younger siblings and my parents couldn't move because of work:(It has only been 5hrs since I got to me, Jess, and Maple's apartment, and I decorated my whole room. It is mostly white and I have a lot of windows. My bed is pretty simple, I have floating shelves and a treadmill with a space to do yoga next to it.

And if you were wondering here are some fun facts about me:

All about Dawn!

1. I play forward (soccer)
2. I am a health nut
3. I am pretty fit
4. I also run, ski, surf, and sail
5. I have long blond straight hair
6. I'm 18 years old and I go to a University called Ridge-View University
7. My fave color is light blue, and coral and my lucky number is 13
8. I run soccer clinics for little girls
9. I have a mini chocolate lab named Cal and a boyfriend who still lives in Connecticut, his name is Kyle
10. I am funny, confident, go with the flow, smart, and sometimes a little bossy

11. My fave food is healthy smoothies and vegan cheese burgers

After I decorated my room, I went on a run along the beach and the weirdest thing happened; I saw Ingrid Falls, a really good midfielder for the Northwestern team just casually jogging along the beach. How cool! Well that brightened my day! After my run, me, Jess and Maple all went to an all you can eat salad bar. As soon as I sat down Maple started attacking me. “Dawn, why are you so sweaty? We’re at a restaurant you know!”

Leave it to Maple to make the situation “Brighter.” So then I shot back, “I was working out, I need to grow these babies.” I said motioning to my biceps and flexing them. Maple rolled her eyes, “You need to chill out.”

The salad at the bar was soooo yummy. I think it tasted so good because I was SO hungry, and the line took forever. I got a fresh herb garden salad. (The healthiest option there).

“Play the best soccer humanly possible for me.”

After we got home and I got in bed, (Maple and Jess were watching a movie) I decided to make a dream board. The first thing I wrote on the board was (inspired by Ingrid): Play the best soccer humanly possible for me.

Chapter 2: Dawn

As soon as I woke up (5:30 am) I got ready for practice. I put on my jersey, shin guards, and my lucky pink headband. Once I was down stairs I drank a protein shake, chocolate flavor my fave! Then me, Jess and Maple hopped in Jess’s white Jeep. (With Jess driving)

As soon as we got there I saw my coach, Coach Mal, she is super cool. She has a pixie cut like Meagan Rapinoe but it is dyed purple! So fun!

As soon as all of the girls on my team got there, (there were a lot) we started drills. Then after what felt like eight million toe taps she told us about a challenge that might get some of us cut from the team. “First,” she said, “you are going to run around this field that we are practicing on five times.” There was a lot of whispering among the girls.

“Once you are done since I will have given y’all a stopwatch you will tell me your time. If

you get over 10 minutes then you are cut and if you are not honest I will find out, and you will get cut from the team.” More whispers.

“GO!” Mal yells!

So I started running. I am a pretty phenomenal runner, so I know I got this one in the bag. But all of the other girls are pretty fast too, so I start running faster, and faster, and faster, until I am running at my fastest speed, like the kind of speed you are chasing your dog at when it (your dog) runs away. (I speak from experience). And once I am done running I am drenched in sweat, but it feels good, like I accomplished something, and I did because I got second place in under 10 minutes! And I am not cut from the team!!!

As I got ready for bed I thought about how far I’ve come, even since living in Connecticut. I think that I’ve become a better soccer player, and a better friend/teammate. And I’m just getting started.



Name: Dawn Margaret Smith

Grade: Junior

Team: Varsity Rigeveiw

Position: Forward Number: 13

Facts:

- 13 is my lucky number
- My favorite Food is Vragon cheese burgers!

The View from the Summit

By Chelsea Galantowicz

5th Grade



The pressures on the goalie, the defender of the field, no one realizes the skill it takes. When the striker charges at them at full power leashing their foot back with their muddy cleats looking to completely crush that ball into the goal at least 25 miles per hour. That's where I come in. I am Emma Kelokita, the guardian of Korigo High School! No one notices that the goalie is the most important player on the field, except for me.

“All right Panthers, come in,” coach said.

“Right!” we all said.

“It's halftime and we're tied 2-2. Do you think we can come back?” he said.

“Yes, sir!” we all replied in unison.

Coach looked at me, “Okay, Kelokita, you're in.”

I gave him a nod with my blue—almost grey—eyes. I am ready to play. If I play well, I will be on the starting line up! I held up the number 16, Karinga's number. She was out now. Show time! I gave Karinga a high five and we switched positions. My padded goalie gloves had taken on so much they looked like they had gone through a hurricane.

“Okay Emma, be prepared. You’ve played the titans before, you know they are tough. But your job is to save the ball. So do it!” I thought.

“This game is kind of like chess, you always have to be three steps ahead”

The referee tweeted his whistle. Titans ball. Number 7 passed the ball to number 24 who immediately got past our right midfielder. She fell on the turf field on her knees. Wasn't a trip, the ref didn't call it. Whoever this number 24 was, they had strategy. She passed it all the way across the field horizontally to number 67. She ended up getting to our defenders and our left defender, I believe her name is Moringa, who held up a pretty dang good fight but ran out of stamina.

This game is kind of like chess, you always have to be three steps ahead and unfortunately Moringa wasn't.

67 passed it back to 24 who was close to the goalie box. She ran up and her leg swung back like one of those wind up toys and went forward at what seemed like the speed of light.

Sweat dripped down my forehead.

The ball went for the upper left corner. The defenders started to run for the ball. *No*, it was my turn.

“Keeper!!!!!!” I screamed as loud as I could and jumped up like a kangaroo to save the shot. I put my hands up to the left corner and slammed the ball down. I slid one more time to make sure I would catch the ball. I held it in my hands.

Close your eyes and think. Who should I pass to? I looked to my open defenders. Not center, you're basically giving the ball over to the other team. Not Moringa, she made us lose the ball and the right defender is covered by number 24. That leaves me one choice. The punt. Ugh, I better make up my mind quickly, 20 seconds left.

I held the ball in front of my foot as I leaned it back, back, back. *Now forward!*
Ahead! To the other side of the field! Could it be? No, it's not possible.

It could go in the goal? Goalies can't score goals? Can they?

10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2... It's in!

Sometimes, you can see an opening. It's the view from the highest point. It's so clear, almost as if it's fake. Not possible. It's the view from the summit. And I saw it. I saw the view from the summit.

Time to Give a Chance!

By Sophia Petri
5th Grade

“Knock knock. Racine Honey, are you alright? You haven’t come out of your room in days,” asks my mom.

“Yes, just leave me alone.”

“I know this is a hard transition with me and your dad separating and all. But I promise it’s for the greater good.”

“That’s your point of view, but think about your kids. Do you think I wanted you and dad to get divorced?”

“Racine, just listen. Your dad and I tried so hard to get along, and we tried so hard to wait as long as we could to separate. But things weren’t working out.”

“I know, but I have to be split away from my dad, and even worse, my siblings. Just because you and dad couldn’t find a way to get along.” There were a few seconds of silence.

“Well, dinner’s on the table. So you can either come down and have dinner, or you can just stay in your room.”

“Okay, I’ll stay in my room. I’d rather be here than sitting at a table with you.”

“Racine, this behavior is unacceptable.”

“My own mother has ruined my life!”

“JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!” I scream, then I slam the door hard in my mothers face. *I’m done worrying about her; I’m done with her. My own mother has ruined my life!*

The next morning I wake up to the sound of my mom cutting the lawn. Honestly, I feel bad for her. I guess it is also hard on her that she got divorced. Anyway, school starts today, and I need to be able to seem normal. I found a normal pair of jeans, a

normal shirt, socks, and made two normal braids. I just want to fit in. As I scurry downstairs I try not to make eye contact with my mom as she walks into the house, tired, and full of grass stains. I want to eat, but that means I would have to start a conversation with my mom. So, I grab some lunch money and my backpack and walk to the bus stop. I glance at my phone and see that I missed a call from my older sister Raegan. She is so lucky she gets to stay in New York with my dad. I quickly shot her a text saying “I miss you so much! Today is the first day of school... Wish me luck!” Then I put my phone into my backpack. I really hope today will be a great first day of school.

“I’m Racine, I just moved here from New York.”

I just arrived at Edge Ridge Middle School. It is made out of mostly glass, and the other parts are white brick. This school looks more like a fancy hotel in New York than a school. I walk into the front doors; there is a HUMONGOUS trophy case. There’s even a couple jerseys signed by famous singers. Like Taylor Swift and Jennifer Lopez. “How could my mom afford this?” I think to myself. I look at my schedule and I spot my homeroom. Room 204! As I walk in, everyone stares at me. I put my backpack behind me and start to fill out the sheet on my desk. Then a girl walks in. She has braids with blue and purple beads in her hair, she is wearing a really pretty jumper and looks like Beyoncé.

“Hello,” she says in a really friendly way. “I’m Aniyah.” Her mouth is gleaming and her eyes are sparkling.

“Hi,” I reply. “I’m Racine, I just moved here from New York.”

“Well Racine, it is nice to meet you. Would you like to eat lunch with me?”

“I’d love to!”

“Okay I’ll see you there, I should get back to my desk or Ms. Gonzalez will get mad at me.”

“Alright, thank you so much!”

“No problemo!” And with that Aniyah walks back to her desk. I think I just made a friend. Today is going to be a breeze.

School has been so easy today. I have been learning names, and in Latin we got to eat candy the whole time. I am loving it so far. As the bell rings my Reading teacher dismisses the class and tells us that we have to plan a book presentation for homework. I walk out of the room feeling like I have accomplished something super important. I grab my lunch money out of my bag and make my way to the cafeteria. Aniyah waves me down.

“Hi,” I say. “Do you know how you get your lunch?”

“Yes! I’ll show you. I’m buying as well.” We swerve around tables and make it to the lunch line. The menu reads, “Pesto Pasta with a piece of bread and a cookie, or Chicken wings with Barbecue chips and a brownie!” I go with the Pesto Pasta. After all, pasta is the best food in the world. Aniyah goes with the chicken wings though. We walk back to our table and sit down.

“What’s your favorite class so far?” asks Aniyah, munching on her wings.

“Honestly, Latin. The teacher Magistra is so nice.”

“Same,” Aniyah replies.

We only have ten more minutes, so Aniyah and I scarf down our food. I tell her about my family and how my parents are divorced. She says her dad works for the army so she rarely gets to see him. It makes me feel better that she is in the same boat as me. As we throw our lunches away I ask if we could hang out once.

“OF COURSE!” Aniyah yells. “Honestly, I don’t have many friends.”

“Me too!” Aniyah and I walk to Math together. School is the best!

As everyone walks out of school, Aniyah whispers to me, “Hey Racine, give your mom a chance. She’s just doing what is best for you.”

As I walk to the bus I think to myself, *I’m going to give my mom a chance. And no one is going to stop me from doing it!*

The House on Maple

By Benjamin Sutphen

5th Grade

“Vroom vroom,” our car groaned on the way to Leo’s house.

“I am so excited for our sleepover!” I said to my mom,

“Hope you have fun, hun,” she said back. I roll my eyes at the fact she still calls me hun. Just then we come to a screeching stop in front of Leo’s house.

“Bye, mom,” I mumble. “Bye, sweetie,” she says. I dart up Leo’s steps and knock on the door. The door flings open with Leo on the other side. “Hey Elijah!” he half yells. “What’s up, man?” I responded.

“The Cobras are still on the loose”

“Come in, come in” he says. I walked in and like it was my own house, I threw myself on his couch. He sat down next to me and said, “How have you been?”

“Meh,” I say. Just as we are about to get up, I hear the TV exclaim something.

“The Cobras are still on the loose,” said the announcer. I felt like I was super glued to the couch. “Keep your eye out for four teenage boys in black hoodies.” Leo must see the fear in my eyes because he says, “Bro it’s fine.”

I get up and we go outside. The fall breeze runs down my back. We walked over to his trampoline. We hop on the trampoline and Leo says,

“You wanna play Ga-Ga Ball?”

“Sure,” I say.

“Ga-Ga ball,” we say in unison. He served and I hit a strong hit right at his face. He caught the ball. “BOOM” the ball screamed as it went into his hands.

“Pepsi!” he exclaims. He won the first round. We decided that was boring so we went ding-dong ditching people.

We started with the Cano's house. We ran up to the door, our footsteps echoing through the night sky.

"Let's ring it, then hop into the bushes!" Leo whispers.

"Ok," I whisper back. Leo rings it and we make a break for the bushes, I jumped in and landed on a stick. "CRACK!" the stick grunted. Leo jumped back, fear in his eyes. Just then the Cano's door shot wide open. Mr. Cano was in the doorway wearing a robe. Mr. Cano tiredly said, "What?"

Leo was about to tell him the truth but he bit his lip. Leo being Leo, just walked away and said nothing, he just walked away. I waited for Mr. Cano to go back inside then I hopped out of the bushes. I darted over to Leo and we started cracking up. But we stopped when we walked by The House on Maple. Leo whispered,

"You want to ding dong ditch The House?"

"Heck no! I don't want to be killed!"

"Fine, I'll go and you stay back," he said.

"Sure, but if you get kidnapped, don't blame me."

I stand in front of the house on the sidewalk while Leo goes up the steps. With every step his footsteps seem to get louder, and louder and louder. Finally he gets up to the top of the steps. Leo hesitates then rings the doorbell. "Ding Dong!" The doorbell echoed throughout the house. Leo jumps over the stairs and into the bushes. He waited in those bushes for what seemed like forever. But as soon as he got out of the bushes, the door slowly creaked open. He froze. Didn't move a muscle.

"The Cobras turned their heads in unison."

"What do you want?" an old man whispered. Leo didn't respond, he turned around and bolted back to me. He said once he got closer, "GET OUT OF HERE!" We ran back towards Leo's house. We turned a corner and we stopped dead in our tracks. We saw four teenagers. Wearing black hoodies. I looked at Leo and we had to make a decision. Go back to the House on Maple, or try and sneak past the Cobras.

"Leo, what do we do!?"

“Let’s sneak by them.”

“Ok, bet.” We tiptoed into the bushes. We snuck through the bushes but right as we had a lane to run, “CRACK!” Leo stepped on a stick. The Cobras turned their heads in unison. They came closer but luckily they didn’t look in the bushes. I knew this spot. 127 steps to Leo’s house. I started counting my steps. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. My feet ached, my heart was jumping out of my chest. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Leo started panting like a tired dog. 27, 28, 29. After what felt like a minute, Leo started to slow down. Then suddenly stopped. His hands were on his knees, sweat running down his forehead. 40, 41, 42, 43. I turned around and whispered,

“Leo lets go, come on!”

“Fine,” he mumbles.

50, 51, 52, 53. Leo started to sprint and I had to catch up, just because. 60, 61, 62, 63.

“Halfway...” I thought to myself. 67, 68, 69.

“I can see your porch in the distance,” I said to Leo, but he didn’t respond. 88, 89, 90. “37 more!” I imagined getting back inside and laying on Leo’s nice warm couch.

“100!” I almost yelled. Leo said, “Come on just a little bit more!!”

120, 121, 122. We were almost at his steps. 125, 126, 127. “Finally, home”

We rang the doorbell, “Ding Dong, ding dong, ding dong.” The old bell groaned. I started hearing footsteps, “Step, step, step, step. I got a chill down my back like a cold fall breeze. I heard Leo’s old stairs creek. I flipped around but by that point it was too late... because when I looked behind me for Leo, he wasn’t there. Leo was missing.

Seeking the Gems of Life

By Andrea Uzelac

5th Grade

“Everyone knew about the six gems of life. The protector of the gems would give the chosen one the power of life on the day of his death. Children would lay in their bed and dream about becoming the chosen one, and adults would fight for the role. School children would be taught about the powers of these gems and what they were like, keeping the dark truth of what happened to the gems. Adults didn’t like the idea of keeping secrets from their children, so parents would gather the children after school and tell them everything the school refused to teach them. This led to multiple punishments to the parents that were involved. A few days later, the last gem went missing...”

“Life is full of silly people. Don’t let them get in your way.”

That was the tale told to millions of children throughout the town. These days, the children don’t believe any of the nonsense that they read in books. As their teachers say, *“Life is full of silly people. Don’t let them get in your way.”*

Ding-Dong

As the last school bell rings at Fontaine Academy, all the boys and girls pack up and head home.

“Lily,” says Mrs. Declan, “I don’t want to see another spit ball thrown across the room. Clear?”

“Agh. Fine,” groaned Lily.

Lily was a troubled child. At least that’s what her teachers said. Her mother saw her as misunderstood, but not troubled. When Lily was three years old, her father decided that he would fight other men and women for the role of the Chosen One. He climbed his way up to victory, but met eyes with The Gem Protector. The Gem Protector was disturbed by Lily’s father, so he had to pay for his impatience and selfishness to his

peers. The Gem Protector said the only reasonable payment was death, and he died that evening.

“Mother,” asked Lily, “what was father like?”

“He was a lovely man. All he wanted was the best for us, and he loved you more than anything in the world,” lied Lily’s mother. “He would cuddle you and kiss you to pieces. You were his whole world.”

“Aww. If I only got to know him a little better,” whimpered Lily.

After this conversation with her mom, Lily came to think that she never really remembered her father. Strangely enough, it bothered her all day. Lily didn’t pay any attention to her teachers, only to her thoughts. She was a group worker, but this day just changed her thinking.

A few days passed, which for Lily, felt like hours of wasted time thinking about a man that she never got to know. But nothing stopped Lily from thinking, *maybe some research wouldn’t hurt!*

“What have I just witnessed?”

So there Lily was, running back home. Then she had an idea: *mother always keeps my baby stuff in the attic, maybe fathers old stuff will be there too!* She searched and dug, till she found six rusty looking gemstones. They smelt horrible and looked even worse than her worst nightmare. As Lily picked each stone up, they started to tingle her hands. After a minute or two, she put them down. *What have I just witnessed?*

Lily decided that keeping this from her Mother would be the best thing for her. After a few hours of scrubbing the gems, they were very clean. She could see every individual color of the gems. They lit up the whole loft. The loft was a small room on the very top of their cottage. It had some emergency haystacks and some old, rusty crates full of Lily’s past.

Weeks passed without Lily’s mother knowing about her finding. Lily wanted to know how to “activate” the gems. She got bored *wondering* what the gem’s purpose was. She wanted to know for sure. After some research, Lily found her favorite childhood book. It was brown with a maroon title. “*The six gemstones,*” she read. “*Everyone knew about*

the six gems of life...” After a few hours, the book was finished. Lily flipped to the back of the book, finding a guide: *“If you ever encounter the six gems here’s how to unlock them. Step 1 - Scrub them clean,”* Lily nodded. *“Step 2 - Place them in this specific order: Green, Red, Blue, Yellow, Purple and Pink,”* Lily did so. *“Step 3 - Pick up the Red gem and rub it in your hands until it’s shiny. When it’s shiny, point it at all the other gems, to activate them all. There you have 6 gems. Use them for the good.”*

Lily was excited.

“Mother! Come up to the attic.”

She rushed up. “Good heavens, dear, what is this?”

Lily slowly grabbed the book and sat on it. She was too late. Her mother had already seen.

“I... had no idea that you were this interested in this,” claimed Lily’s mom.

“I think I’m the chosen one. What is going to happen?” worried Lily.

“I think if you keep it hidden, it’ll be the best,” said Lily’s mother.

Lily did exactly that. A few days later, the local newspaper reported the robbery of a kind old lady’s house. This news didn’t affect Lily at all. Yet, she should’ve been more cautious. It was a normal rest of the day, but when Lily came home, her house had been robbed. She rushed upstairs.

The gems were missing.

The Day
By Harriet Otto
6th Grade

I long for the day
When my friends aren't
away
And the covers for faces
Are gone

I long for the day
Where a vaccine is "yay!"
And love isn't on pause

I long for the day
Where being sick is ok
And time
Doesn't
Drag on



Upcoming Issue

Submissions are now accepted for CYWR's upcoming issue.

We're very excited to see all of your short stories of any genre, personal narratives, poems, song lyrics, as well as screenplays, scripts, and book excerpts. To read the submission guidelines and submit your writing for publication, go to:

cywr.org/submit.html

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IMAGINE

CREATE

PUBLISH