



A Celebration of Stories In the City of Literature

Feb. 23-25, 2018

Iowa City UNESCO City of Literature's

ONE BOOK
TWO BOOK

A Celebration of
Children's Literature
in the City of Literature



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Riona Ayers	Twain	5	
Landon Bell	Van Allen	4	
Evelyn Bergus	Grant Wood	6	
Josephine Bozarth (H)	Shimek	5	
Amarionna Butler	Hills	4	
Meghan Carlson (W)	Garner	6	
Claire Che (H)	Wickham	3	
Jonathan Chen (W)	Northwest Jr High	8	
Avery Cohen (H)	Willowwind	1	
Zuzu Coleman	Lemme	5	<i>Students with “W” after their name were recognized with the “Write Stuff” award, which is judged based on language, clarity, structure, and emotional impact. These students, as well as the honorable mention winners listed on the next page, will be recognized at the Feb. 25 “Write Out Loud” event.</i>
Gwen Dao (W)	North Bend	4	
Lainee Edwards (H)	West Branch	8	
Tessa Elkins	Horn	1	
Jordan Gamia	Kirkwood	5	
Samantha Glass	Regina	5	
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Linus Jesse	Penn	6	
Mira Johnson	Lucas	2	
Anora Klauke (W)	Lemme	5	
Mae Knights	Mann	4	<i>Students with no designation after their name were selected to represent their school at the kickoff “Once Upon a Time” banquet on Feb. 23.</i>
Bella Rose Liu	Longfellow	5	
Anthony Lumb	Hoover	3	
Abby McNeely (H)	North Central JH	7	
Ava Meidlinger	Garner	3	
Karen Meija-Mazariego (W)	Coralville Central	3	
Wyatt Minnie	Shimek	2	
Olivia Mitros (W)	Wickham	1	
Violet Mowrey (W)	South East Jr High	7	
Willa Ohlmann (H)	Lincoln	2	
Klara Racevskis (H)	Shimek	6	<i>Thank you to the more than 800 students who submitted work this year, and to our partners at ACT for evaluating that work and selecting our winning students.</i>
Olivia Rantanen	Lincoln	1	
Owen Scott	Coralville Central	4	
Taylor Smith (H)	Garner	4	
Rosie Terry	Willowwind	6	
Clara Visser	Weber	2	
Khalil Walker	Alexander	5	
Andreas Warren	Borlaug	6	

Honorable Mention

The following students received Honorable Mention in the 2018 One Book Two Book Children's Literature Festival writing competition. These are students whose work was deemed to be of excellent quality, and were selected from the more than 800 submissions to the festival.

Thank you to our partners at ACT for evaluating the student writing.

Zoe Addis, Lincoln, 2	Jayden Khamphilanouvong, Garner, 6
Reese Andersen, Van Allen, 5	Genevieve Lally, Lincoln, 2
Fiona Arnold, Longfellow, 6	Fin Lemke, Twain, 5
Cora Beland, Coralville Central, 1	Maryn Markle, Horn, 1
Sonja Bloeser, North Central, 8	Rachel Mundt, North Bend, 4
Marcus Brintle, North Central Jr High, 7	Adelaide Newton, Lincoln, 4
Wren Brodersen, Coralville Central, 1	Savannah Page, Garner, 4
Sylvia Broffitt, Horn, 4	Anaya Patil, Coralville Central, 2
Sophie Brown, Weber, 3	Harley Peck, Twain, 6
Mariah Bruening, Weber, 4	Owen Ruth, Twain, 5
Ava Bruxvoort, Wickham, 5	Shanza Sami, Borlaug, 4
Butali Butali, Kirkwood, 5	Kaily Tosino Lemme 4
Jessica Cline, Franklin Middle School, 8	Jen Tran, Lucas, 5
Eleanor Decker, Horace Mann, 5	Caroline Vander Weg, Wickham, 4
Charlotte Delowery, Willowwind, 5	Eviann Smith, Lemme, 6
Aiden Gillespie, Penn, 6	Zoe Smith, Horn, 6
Isaiah Haveman, Homeschool, 8	Abby Stableton, North Central Jr High, 7
Alaina Hoffman, Van Allen, 3	Leela Strand, Lincoln, 6
Hannah Holdaway, Coralville Central, 6	Luis Solano De Almedia, Willowwind, 5
Dania Hussein, Coralville Central, 5	Vera Tanas, Wickham, 5
Evaleena Jessica Kabarnacius, Van Allen, 4	Samuel Torkelson, West Branch Middle School, 8
Kushal Kanuparthi, Horn, 3	Ferguson Ward, Southeast Jr High, 8
Daniel Kenyon, Lucas, 4	Elie Wilson, Garner, 3

Jack's First Flight

It was Jack's first flight from London to Chicago on a Boeing-747-400. Jack was eating at a restaurant at London Heathrow Airport. While he ate, his stomach was full of lots of butterflies because he was really nervous about the flight. They waited about two hours for the aircraft to arrive from its previous flight. Jack slept on his mom's lap for about one hour and 45 minutes. In the remaining time, he went on his phone and watched videos with his ear buds on. Finally, the Boeing-747-400 arrived at the gate. Jack saw passengers from all over the world come out of the aircraft. They waited another 30 minutes before it was time to board. Jack felt sick to his stomach. The woman at the gate asked for their boarding passes and passports, which Jack's parents handed over. She said, "Thank you, and cheers."

Jack and his parents boarded. Jack said, "This is massive!"

They all laughed. They entered the aircraft and found their seats. Jack saw all the flight attendants and they seemed nice, so he started feeling less nervous. When everyone had boarded, the seatbelt sign appeared. The flight attendant announced, "Please fasten your seatbelts for taxi and takeoff."

The family put their seatbelts on. Jack said, "Dad, I'm still a bit nervous."

His dad replied, "It's alright. It's going to be great. Did you see the flight attendants? They were nice, right?"

Jack thought for a second, and replied, "Dad, you're right. I'm not scared."

The aircraft started pushback and taxied to the runway. It was ready to takeoff. The aircraft started shaking. Jack put his head on his dad's lap. They rolled quickly and took off into the sky. Jack felt nice and cozy. He went right to sleep for about six hours and twenty minutes. He heard a flight attendant talking to his mom and dad about their meals. Jack asked himself, "What's in that trolley?"

His mom said, "Oh, honey, you're awake. Here is your food. What drink do you want?"

"Coke, please," Jack answered.

Jack watched a movie on the screen. After 30 minutes, he paused it and checked how much time was remaining on the flight. It was one hour and 30 minutes. He went back to the movie and ate his chicken and rice. After the movie, he looked out the window and saw that they were really low. He looked at the flight map on the screen, and saw that there were only 10 more minutes until arrival. He was so excited! They touched down smoothly. His parents asked, "Did you like your first flight, Jack?"

He nodded a bunch of times, but said, "Tired."

Mom and dad both nodded with agreement. The captain said, "Welcome to Chicago O'Hare International Airport. Please keep your seatbelts fastened until we get to the gate."

They waited for the aircraft to stop at the gate. They finally stopped and got off the aircraft. Jack said, "That was so cool and amazing!"

He was no longer afraid of flying, and was happy that his first flight was on a beautiful historical aircraft that will soon be retired.

The NightBear By Riona Ayers

Part One: Aanya's Perspective

It was Nighttime in the forest, and Aanya was moving slowly through the trees. With night coming shorter and shorter now, these hours were precious. With her dirty cotton dress and tanned skin, Aanya blended into the shadows as if she was a shadow herself, barely making a sound. And then she heard it.

Pad. Pad. Pad.

Now on the alert, Aanya pricked up her ears, sat down, and listened.

Pad. A pause. Pad.

There it was. The NightBear. Now all she had to do was lure it into her trap.

Part Two: NightBear's Perspective

Following the smell of meat that tempted its nose, the NightBear shambled closer to the trap that was laid for it. It stopped for a moment, feeling the presence of another being, and dismissed it as another bear, but too small to be a bear, maybe a cub, yes, that must be it. *Nothing but bears, their cubs, and humans in these woods-*

Humans! The NightBear shuddered. But humans never came this far into the forest, so it couldn't be one of them.

He never thought that there would be a human child right there.

Part Three: Back to Aanya

Come on, Aanya thought. Just a few steps more.

Hoping that the NightBear would be as easy to tame as she had thought, she watched her prey coming ever closer to the net.

And...

And then it happened. The NightBear fell into the trap with a mighty roar, and Aanya nearly jumped for joy until she saw the state the NightBear was in. Slashing the air with his claws, getting more tangled in the net as he did so, and growling, Aanya couldn't help but doubt her hopes that he would be easy to be tame. When he stopped struggling, tired out, he roared again and sank to the ground as much as he could in his taut prison.

Part Four: NightBear Again

Getting tangled in a net was not on the top of the NightBear's priority list, so when he fell into the trap, he did the thing that his instincts told him to do, and roared, slashing at the net and the air.

The next thing that he remembered was a warm fire, and a nice smell. His instincts telling him to run, he tried to get to his feet, but a dizzy, faint feeling filled his head, and he collapsed.

"Hush, you'll be alright."

At first, the NightBear thought it was the voice of his mother, but soon realized that it was the human language. Wondering who it might be, he lifted his head and looked around. And saw a human child. *But wait, she's not hurting me. She's helping me.*

The NightBear didn't know that he had fallen asleep, but he woke to the sun in his eyes. He saw no sign of the human child around the remains of the fire. Trying his ankle, he found that he could now walk. Limping away from the ashes of the fire, he looked back, almost not wanting to leave, and finally, breaking into a limping run, he left.

Pickup Basketball

I got Lightning
in my kicks
'Cause I'm too quick
I'll make you miss
I forgot I got
S
 W
 I
 S
 H
Buckets all day
Buckets all night
I'll make you pay
I'm always in
your way
My
T
 E
A
 M
has one big dream
For that trophy on Center Street
There's no one we can't
beat
I'll make you wish
you didn't see my
S
W
I
S
H
Splish, Splash, Swoosh
I bet I'll make nothing but
net
You said I was in your way
I say I just made you pay
I'm on a roll like
boulders on a mountain
Nothing can stop me
We won't stop until we get that trophy

Why?

Why is it that I as a woman only get paid
76 cents for every dollar a man makes?

Why is it that my non white friends get
bullied, harassed, discriminated against
just because of the color of their skin?

Why do the KKK still exist,
is it to cause fear, worry, and misery
to those who they believe shouldn't be here?

Why is it that because I'm white
I get more privilege, more opportunities
than any one person of color?

Why is it that because my family earns more than some
that I am better off, and closer to success
when I didn't even help earn that?

Why do I get more right to a college degree
than someone of the same qualifications
but with different colored skin?

Why is white the norm, the regular, the usual,
do we have to assume that we are all white?

Why is it that some white people are scared of people of color,
what makes an African American, an Asian, a Hispanic
any different?

Why is it that we fight wars
when we could just have peace
and equality for all?

Why do white people use their privilege for bad
and not to make the world a better place
for those around us?

If people need to put others down
to bring themselves up,
something is wrong.

If you feel like someone is threatening
just because they are a person of color,
you are wrong.

Use your privilege to improve the place we live in,
not to divide it.

Time Shifter

The world moves alongside equality and discrimination, moving rhythmically between them, trying to balance it all out. Many people ponder the melody of the universe, but do not interfere. Those who are brave enough to hope for a change, to step up, they tilt this music, questioning its heavy beat. Some tilt it without even knowing that somewhere out there, time had its eyes on them, waiting to implant their actions into stone, and forever sway the way people look at everything around them. Most people use many hard-working years to change the chime of the galaxy. Me, I use magic.

That's right, I'm a time shifter. A time shifter? You might be thinking. What on earth is a time shifter? Are you thinking of a shape shifter? No, I'm not a shape shifter. I'm a time shifter. I can speed up or reverse each and every little atom in the universe. I've had many different adventures before, bending time and sending a ripple out, like a stone thrown at a pond. Here's my most recent one.

Sometimes my shifting is uncontrollable, and I'll go places never intended. This is what happened: I was sitting in my baby blue painted room, staring at the white accents on my bedroom door, thinking hard. Thinking about all the things that are wrong in the world, and all the things that are right. Most of the time the line between them is unclear and foggy. But sometimes it's not. Suddenly the air around me began to steam and ripple. Too late I realized what was happening. The swaying air suddenly ripped like paper, and sucked me inside.

When I came back to my senses I was sitting slumped on a bus seat, feeling slightly nauseous. I focused on a big white sign hanging up from the ceiling. What did it say? Suddenly my vision sharpened. It said in big black letters: "Colored Only." All of my senses suddenly sharpened. I saw on the row across from me a middle aged black woman sitting down. Then I realized where I was! Rosa Parks' bus! Which meant... that was Rosa Parks! Suddenly the bus lurched to a stop and a white man got on. I looked over at the "whites only section" which was full. "Hey, you there!" the bus driver said, pointing to Rosa. "Let me have those seats!" I sucked in my breath. "I don't think I should," she said quietly. I turned around and saw the bus driver's face turn tomato red. "I'll call the police on you!" "Go ahead," she said, "you may." In only a little bit a police officer arrived, and the red-faced bus driver explained what had happened. The entire time I had been staring at Rosa. She looked tired and scared, but also radiated confidence and boldness. The officer shoved her up from off the seat, and said "You're under arrest. Come with me." She looked at me, and I saw in her eyes a great sadness, yet also something else. She looked almost happy, but in the most haunting way possible. I stood up, wanting to stop it. Rosa looked me square in the eyes and said to me, "There's gonna be a change in the world someday. There's gonna be a great change." Tears stung at my eyes. I wanted to stay here, to help this poor woman, but the air rippled in front of me, the vortex opened, and I was sucked in. Back in my room now, I thought about what had just happened. One word floated in my head: unfair.

If you listen to the sky at night, you can hear the stars singing. Soon all of space and beyond join in, perfectly in tune, harmonizing with each other. They sing of wonderful changes, but also of the great, great sorrows of the past.

The Pet War

Once, in a house on Apple Avenue, a pet war was being waged. Let me tell you the tale.

There was a family of dogs living in a house with their owners, Lily and Justin. In the family of dogs were three puppies and two parents: Lightning, a troublemaker; Rosabell, a sweet pup; and Ginger, the sassy one. Their parents were Butter and Waffles. Everything was perfect in their lives.

But one day, Lily brought home a family of cats! The dogs and cats instantly hated each other, just like that. Waffles barked, "You dare enter OUR house! I declare war on the cats!" The mother cat, Tara, hissed back. "We accept your war!"

They agreed to have the war out in the backyard, where Lily and Justin couldn't see them. While Butter spread the news around the neighborhood, Lightning set booby traps, Ginger built a fort, and Rosabell slept nervously.

The cats prepared as well. They were meeting secretly with the squirrels to form a distraction squad. Except for Tara's son's Paws and Luke, that is. He and his brother were exploring the dogs' battle ground, when they saw Rosabell sleeping. "How can she be sleeping at a time like this?" Luke meowed.

Soon, all the cats and dogs in the neighborhood chose their sides in the war. Then Tara commanded, "Let the war begin!" Food was thrown, booby traps sprang, forts crumbled, and squirrels zigzagged through it all. The war went on... for fifteen minutes. Only Rosabell and Tara's sons, Paws and Luke, made friends, while everybody was fighting in the war. But they had to end the war because Lily and Justin came out to the backyard. The cats and dogs still hate each other to this day, but they made peace, for now...

Maybe someday, I could see the night sky shining across the lake. The moon gleaming over the surface, ripples slowly gliding across the clear water. The grass rustling in the cool breeze. My papa standing next to me, gripping my shoulder. I could look into his eyes and say I'm home. Feel as though nothing ever happened, and everything could be the way it was. We could be happy again. I could dance along the bay, and sing my papa's favorite song. I could see myself in the mirror, see the freckles my papa talks about, the dimples along my mouth, and the chocolate hair laying on my shoulders. I think about that a lot, trying to find the way to grasp it. The distant stars are so close, I can almost reach. I can imagine everything I will do and see. I could travel the world, and see everything, just like it was when I was younger. That one day changed everything. I can remember the doctor, and the tears in my parents eyes. It's a blurry vision, but I can see it. I will never forget that day, and the day I can see again, because it WILL happen.

One day I could be able to see again, and I won't let anything get in my way.

A Trip to China

We will begin by telling you what it looks like in Beijing. Up the streets you can see a lot of apartments. There are lots of people so there is lots of traffic. Most people ride bikes or walk to get to near places. There are more taxis in Beijing than in Iowa because more people live in apartments and don't have their own cars.

Let's go to the Fragment Hill Park in suburban area of Beijing. Fragment Hill is so high that it might take an hour to climb up. Many people ride cable cars to get up. Near the foot of the hill there is a pond called Eyeglass Pond. It is called Eyeglass Pond because it is shaped like a pair of eyeglasses. When climbing up halfway you come to a little house. [I don't know what it's for.] At the top of the mountain there are lots of stores and places to buy food, water, and snacks.

Now let's start a tour somewhere else. Our first stop is my mom's uncle's house. He lives in Yangzhong on an island in the middle of Long River on a country side. They live in a big house with two stories and lots of rooms [I never counted.] In front there is a small creek from the Long River. There are crabs, lobsters, and other living things. Some people wash their clothes in the creek. They have to light a fire to cook, not like in Iowa. My mom's uncle, my uncle, and aunt live there. There are pets too [my mom said they are not pets.] There are a few hens, one goose, one rooster, two dogs, and two big turtles. For breakfast I ate a sesame rice ball. It's round. The outside is made of sticky rice. The inside is sweet sesame filling. You eat it with a plain tasting soup. We also eat eggs. The eggs come from the hens. I was lucky to see how a hen laid an egg. She had a square bucket on top of a small shelf. She went up and down three times because we were around talking too loud. She must be scared. Finally, there was one egg and it was warm and light brown with dark brown spots. It was amazing! We gave it to my mom's uncle and ate it for breakfast the next day.

The trip to China was exiting. After the trip, my mom, I and my little brother made a scrapbook. We kept many photos in it. I and my brother helped by gluing photos and drawing pictures. I have been to many places in China and I hope I go to more next year!

The Water Impasse

Water. The irony of water is ever-persistent. Wars have been fought, lost, and won. Nations have risen. We, as humans, have become the most dominant life on the planet. Yet we still have such a thing like the Water Crisis. We are the most advanced beings on Earth, and we have the most primordial of crises. Thousands of years ago, not having enough water was probably the norm for the majority of people. It had to be accepted. A lot of animals die without water. Why should we have been any different? Now, in the present day, we should be different. We have reshaped the entire world. We are the most sophisticated and powerful of living beings. And yet, we are hindered by this water problem. On the blue planet. It's not so simple, though.

If we look back on history, we see significant development along places with rich resources. Places like China, Greece, and Mesopotamia. As we move forward in time, we see these places grow in development, and eventually their neighbors grow also. Mesopotamia gives rise to the Persian Empire. Greece gives rise to the immensely powerful European empires. The Xia of China give rise to the longest reigning ancient civilization of all time. What about the other places? Places like America, or Sub-Saharan Africa? Well, America gets colonized and developed. Africa, on the other hand, does eventually get colonized, but the availability of resources limits development. So Africa lags behind in global development. This is an example of many places that have lagged behind in development. Now, that might not sound major, but no development means no infrastructure. And we come back to our water problem. In developed regions, people make new technologies such as wells, pumps, and eventually water is cleaned through new treatment plants. Underdeveloped regions, however, don't get all the luxury equipment. They are stuck in time. And, as time goes on, the developed regions find out about the Water Crisis. And that is where we, as a developed group, must help.

Now, the first problem will always be, *How do we help in a region without resources?* Admittedly, it's always going to be a problem. Unless we can just constantly bring resources and infrastructure to places like Sub-Saharan Africa, the Water Crisis is just always going to be a thing. To explain this problem, think about this. Say that we give a lot of water pumps, wells, and other types of infrastructure. What happens when we leave? What happens if infrastructure breaks? It does take money to do all this. Now, it seems like there is a really simple solution. Just station a permanent workforce to help in Water Crisis regions. Well, this does not work. If they are sent over there, we still have to give them resources. This is because they simply do not have enough resources to work with in Water Crisis regions. They will also eventually run out of infrastructure. So, the root of all of this, is the fact that the people fighting the Water Crisis are not getting enough financial support. If we had nations focus on the Water Crisis, this could have been solved quicker. In fact, it was probably about to happen. Until new crises to the world showed up. New crises like terrorism and nuclear weaponry. These are now the priority. But the Water Crisis hasn't grown weaker. It's still as prevalent as before. Now, the new threats should be prioritized. But the support for fighting the Water Crisis shouldn't weaken. That's why we should keep fighting. We need to keep fighting this most primordial of threats. And that is the Water Crisis.

By: Avery Cohen

The Turkey Effect

One fall morning, we (me and my family) were turkeys. As we stood in my backyard, my sister (Eden) said that we should keep extreme caution of hunters otherwise we could die. No sooner were these words out of her mouth then they were proved true, I spied (or thought I did) a hunter his gun was aimed straight at my mom. "NOOOOOOOOOOO!" I yelled, but it was too late. But: the gun missed by thirty feet! YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY! I yelled, hugging my mom so hard she fell down! Then she got up. "Must have been aiming for another group" I said. And there was another group thirty feet away. I (and probably the rest of my family) felt relieved. The End!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Sand Dollar Beach

By: Zuzu Coleman

I remember it like yesterday, that sand dollar beach. The rocky shores and chilling waters still flash in my memory, like a video that goes on repeat. My sister and I found shells, aquatic snails, clams, and a few crab. The sky on that day was a vibrant blue, and there were not many clouds in the sky. The sea was like a vast plain, evergoing and glistening in the sunlight, forever to come. Cruisers sailed, for the world, splashing water everywhere.

On that day, I felt so free, I had no care in the world. The chilling water would have bothered me, but the experience was too thrilling for me to notice that I was drenched from knees down. I jumped the tide and scavenged for shells - big ones, small ones, shiny purple shells, any type of shell you could imagine!

My favorite, the sand dollar, is the one I found with wonder in my eyes. I was looking for the most beautiful shell I could find. Suddenly, I saw something. A small white shell, the kind you get in the gift shops on the beach, the ones that look absolutely perfect. I snatched it, faster than I did with any other shell, because I wanted it so badly. But to my surprise, it was different than I saw it as. It was almost like a button to me, I didn't know any better. As I held it in my hand I made a discovery, it was fragile, as if with a squeeze it would crumble to pieces. I dashed across the beach, flinging sand behind me as I ran.

When I reached my mom, she told me it was a sand dollar, and as of today, it sits at my bedside every night. I never wanted to leave the beach, I loved it there! But alas, I had to leave the blue skies and shells longing to be picked up, for I will never forget, that sand dollar beach.

Snowy Walk

Snow is falling in the night sky. “Let’s go for a walk,” says my dad. “Sure,” I answer. “No thanks,” says my brother. My dad snaps Abby’s pink glow collar on. “You can come too,” he says to the dog as he opens the door to let her out. I put on my snow gear hoping to keep warm in the below-freezing temperatures.

The snow fell slowly, softly, satisfying. As we walked by a street light I could see the snow better than ever. I looked behind me to see our freshly stamped footsteps in the snow. As we walked further and further away from the last step, I watched them being slowly covered up again as new snow fell from the sky. I stuck my tongue out to catch a flake or two. I closed my eyes, feeling it melt on my tongue as if someone was tickling my tongue with the most ticklish feather I had ever been tickled with.

When we walked by the frozen pond we took Abby off of her leash and let her explore. Then we continued our walk leaving Abby at the pond to run around and play in the snow.

I looked up at my dad who was looking out into the distance. Then he started walking slower and slower until he came to a stop. He got low enough that he was on his stomach. “Get down,” he whispered. I got down. “Look,” he whispered. I looked. There was an albino deer staring right at us. She came closer and closer. I slowly crept up to my knees. I took off my glove and reached out toward the deer. “Don’t-” my dad whispered. But it was too late. The deer was licking my hand. “Wow!” I whispered. I pulled my hand away as my dad reached out his hand for his turn. The deer took one sniff, paused, and then ran away. We laughed. Then both let out a sigh. “I don’t think she likes me very much,” my dad joked. “How do you know it’s a she?” I asked. “She’s a mother,” he answered. “I saw her fawn watching behind that tree.” We got up and walked to the frozen pond to check on Abby.

We laid down on the snow and closed our eyes. “Let’s pretend we’re sleeping, and see Abby’s reactions,” I said. We laid there silent and still. When Abby came over, she sniffed us then playfully hopped away joining in our game. We shot up the next time she came near. We scared her so much she jumped back. “I guess we better get heading back,” my dad said. And we headed for home. I couldn’t wait to tell my brother about the deer! He’s going to wish he would’ve come with us.

The End

“Hello...?” the banker asked Luke with a worried look on his face. “Hello...?” he asked once more. Although Luke heard the banker, he was experiencing another tingling throughout his whole body. His head was pounding, and he felt as if gravity was being forced upon him. His vision was blurry, and he wanted to pass out to get rid of the pain. Focusing only on the horrible sensation, he didn’t notice that the banker had passed out. A few seconds later, his eyesight started to come back, and his head was no longer pounding. Still feeling a bit dizzy, he looked around, noticing that the pale blue sky had turned to a charcoal grey. He noticed that there was no longer an old man standing before him. He peeked over the desk and saw him on the ground, unconscious. As he turned around, he observed that he was the only one standing: the only one who had survived. Although weird things had been happening to him all day, he had never experienced anything like this before. His first reaction was to run.

He ran and ran, thinking that he was the only survivor, his feet taking him far, far away. Luke didn’t know where he would end up... maybe at home, maybe in the deserts of Arizona. He didn’t know, and was yet to find out. He ran and ran... up 7th Avenue, through Maple Street, passed Coral Court, down Stanford Drive, and straight to his house on Durango Road. He ran into his house with a panicked look on his face. Nobody was there. He ran to the kitchen where Ma would usually be cooking dinner, but she wasn’t there. Pa wasn’t sitting on the couch looking at the newspaper like he usually would be on a Tuesday evening. He sprinted up the stairs and through the hallway looking in every room he passed. When he reached the last room, his parents’ room, his brother Elijah, his mom Amalia, and his father Benjamin, where all passed out on the bed. Luke stopped in the doorway, afraid to enter the room. He took one step in and touched his hand to his mom’s forehead. She was warmer than usual. He looked at his young brother and father. They looked pale. He ran back down the stairs, hoping and hoping that everything was okay.

He ran out of the house and straight down the road to his grandparents’ cottage. His legs were weak. He had been running for the past hour. As he ran out of breath, he reached his hand in the pocket of his sweatpants and gripped his lucky cross. It had been his father’s, and when in a time of crisis, he always made sure it was there. He ran and ran, sweat dripping off of his hand to the small wooden cross. He began to hyperventilate. He didn’t usually run like this because of his asthma, but when he did, it never turned out good. He began to feel heavy... like someone was pushing forces onto him from every angle. He wanted to fall, he wanted the pain to go away. This is exactly what had happened an hour earlier at the bank. Across the street, a woman pushing her baby in a stroller fell to the ground. Luke looked straight ahead and saw his grandparents’ house approaching. He didn’t bother knocking on the door, and ran straight in. When he ran in, his grandpa was the first person he saw. His grandma wasn’t in sight. It appeared that his grandpa was in the chair, facing away from him. Luke walked to see his face... he was unconscious just like the rest of them. He sprinted up the stairs, looking for his grandma... she was on her bed, also passed out.

Luke was burnt out. He took his time walking down the stairs, and sat on the mustard yellow couch in the center of the living room. He felt defeated. There was no point in searching furthermore. Everyone was gone, and he was the last one standing.

The Mermaid Friends

Once upon a time there was a mermaid splashing all around the sea. Her other mermaid friends were calling, "it is time for supper!" She was having a play date with Pearl and Marta. The mermaid's name was Shimmer. "Hi Shimmer, we are having seaweed and sea carrots. For dessert were having mermaid cupcakes! Guess what! We're even having it outside."

"Hey Shimmer, is that a ship?"

"Oh no, yes it is!" Shimmer said. "Swim!" Pearl and Marta and Shimmer swam as fast and they could. But they found a new place.

"I think we are lost" said Pearl.

"Me too" said Marta.

"Me three" said Shimmer.

"Everything is just water" said Marta. "And there are no fish."

"What do you think about this place Shimmer?" said Pearl.

"I do not know. We have to find our family." Shimmer said.

"We swam too fast" said Marta. "Where do we start?" "The ocean is too big. How will we find the Mermaid Cove?"

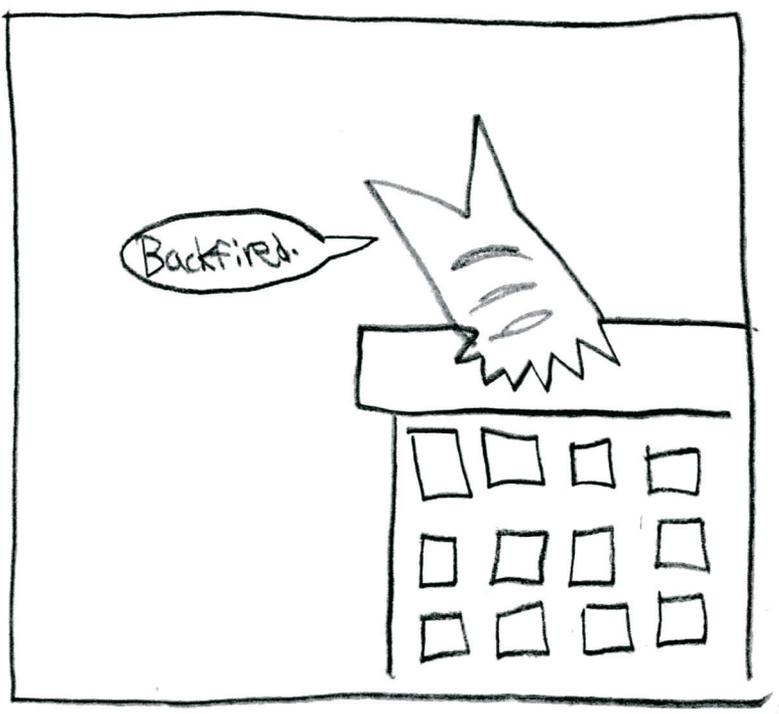
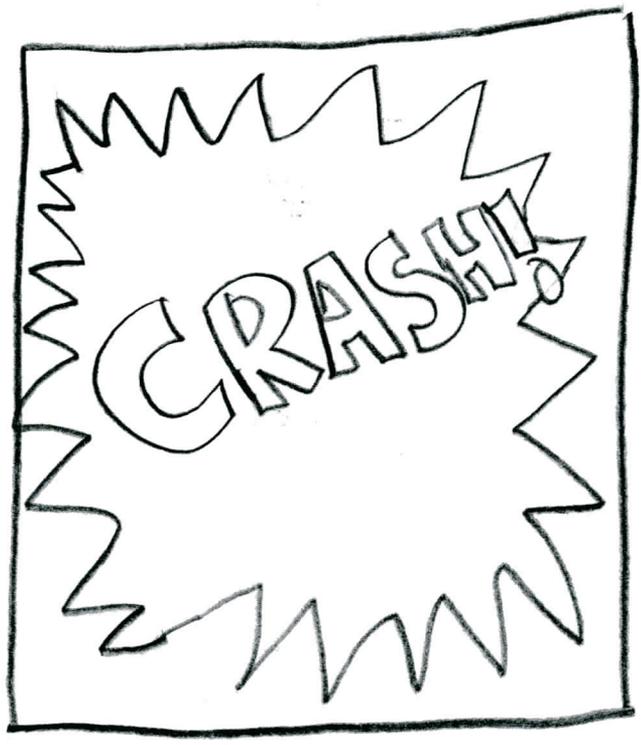
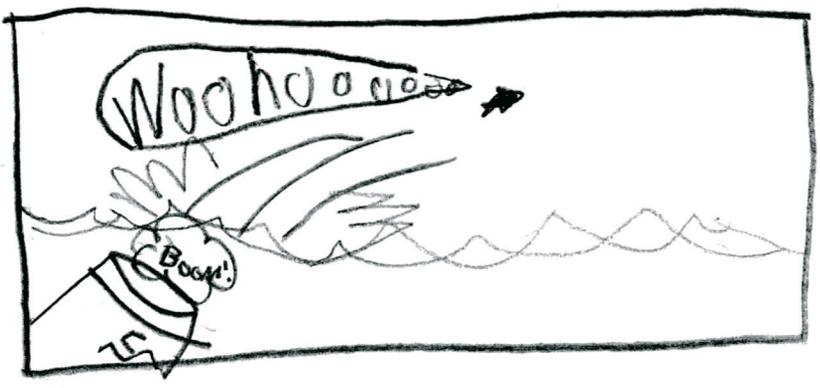
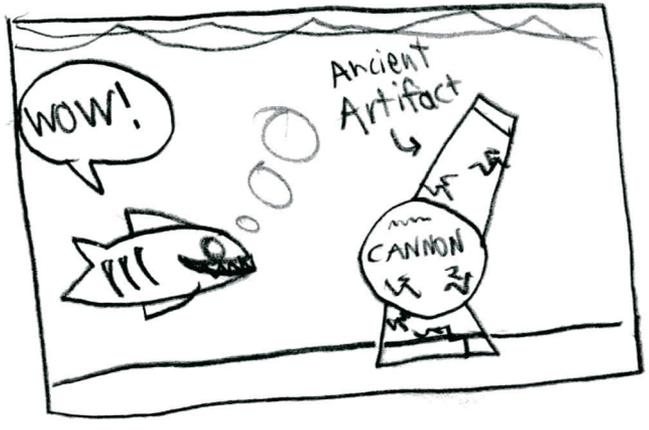
"If we need to find them then we have to start now." said Pearl. "Hey is Emily the Dolphin at Dolphin Rock? We are at Dolphin Rock. Hey Emily, can we have a ride to Mermaid Cove?"

"Sure, hop on." Woosh.

"This is fun! Hey, that's Mermaid Cove! Hey Mom and Dad, we are home!" they screamed.

CRAZY SHARK TRYS A CANNON

One day, this happened...



Soldier and Daughter

She thought the world was over
Him gone so far away
She cried and cried till quiet
Swept her away

She remembered those wonderful moments
Him and her together
Always knowing the solid truth
He'd keep loving her forever.

She tried to go on without him
Though she knew it would be hard
Until she realized she could stay with him
Forever in her heart

Then one day she looked out her window
Still deep in her misery
She saw a car returning
Could it truly be?

He got out, his eyes shining
His smile brought back her blurred memories
Of all the time they'd spent together
Warm and smiling, happy

She ran to him
Tears and laughter brimming
There was one sweet moment
Father and daughter reunited!

She had thought the world was over
With him gone so far away
Now she finally felt
The crack in her heart had mended

Love and hope can ease your heart
In a time of sadness
No matter how hard it is,
Hope can be found in many ways

10 Seeds

Once upon a time, there were three friends named Isabella, Sam, and Miles. They all liked nature; every part of it. Everyday, they would meet to go outside and play. One day, they got a call on their phones. It was a botanist. His name was Alex. He was calling them for a very important project on nature. He asked them to collect 10 types of seeds for him to plant. The seeds he requested were tulips, roses, morning glories, daisies, blanket flowers, marigolds, cup plants, peonies, bee balm, and, last but not least, Coreopsis!

He said, "I need these seeds by Saturday so I can plant them in my greenhouse." He hung up.

"Saturday?!", said Sam, "It's Sunday now. We have just one week!"

Day 1

They packed up their clothes, tent, food, and water to prepare for their journey the next day.

Day 2

Their parents drove them to a special field called "The Field of Flowers."

"Wow," said Miles, "This is amazing!"

"It's beautiful!" exclaimed Isabella.

"Come on guys, let's start this already," said Sam, "We gotta go." They ran across the field with excitement and quickly found a daisy seed. Another 2 hours later, they found a Coreopsis seed. They looked up in the sky and noticed the moon was rising. So, they went back to their tent to go to sleep.

Day 3

The next day, when they woke up, they dressed and started their collecting. They ran through the field and found the rose seed. All of a sudden, they saw a big hornet! It was trying to sting them so they ran away. As they were running, Miles found the peony and morning glory seeds they needed. Sam said, "I'll put a big stick there to mark the spot so later we can find them." After the hornet flew away, they found the stick and got the seeds.

Day 4

After the sun rose, they ran and found the rose and tulip seeds right away. They used the rest of the day to rest.

Day 5

The birds woke them up with their morning song, so they decided to get ready. Sam said, "We need to do all the work today!" Isabella said, "Yeah guys, we totally do. Let's go!" The three of them ran off to get their seeds. Every 3 hours, they found one seed.

Last day

Their parents picked them up and drove them to the Alex's lab. He rewarded them all with a piece of gold to share. He said, "Thank you." The kids and their parents drove home happy. THE END!!!!

Just to Live

My life is hard,
Just to function,
I have to push myself
Past my normal limit.

Just to talk
I have to tell myself,
That I'm ok.

These are just,
Two of the things,
that I face.

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS by Mita Johnson

I love books!

Books make me happy

Books make me sad

Books make me angry

Books make me mad

I read in a tree and the library

I like easy books

I like hard

I like chapter books too

reading books is my favorite thing to do

It should be one of your favorites too!

Lizzie Gorman lived next to the basement of her apartment. Lizzie has explored every part of the apartment, however, her parents forbid her to go through Door 013. However, on her birthday, Lizzie snuck out and opened the ancient door supporting those rusting numbers. She stepped onto the rotting floorboards and cringed as a creaking noise filled her ears. She scowled at the molding wallpaper flaking to the ground. She ran her fingers across the cracked railing laced with sticky spiderweb. Halfway down the steps, the door slammed behind her with so much force Lizzie swore it could have been pushed. Lizzie froze. Her heart was pounding so hard she thought it was going to burst from her chest any second now. She ran back up the steps and pushed against the door. It would not budge. One thing was clear. She was stuck on the other side of door 013. She turned back to the stairs. The air was dry on her tongue as she slowly scanned the musty darkness that seemed to stretch out on for an eternity.

Slowly she walked back down the stairs, hoping for some way out. The only noise was her sneakers creaking on the staircase. She counted each step as she went. 1... 2...3...4... When she reached 30, her feet hit hard stone. A light flickered on. Moths fluttered around, attracted to it as bees are to pollen. Lizzie found herself in the middle of a large room, but the only thing in there was a large ancient chest. Lizzie stepped closer cautiously. She ran her quivering fingers over the engraved marking. *Click*. Lizzie lept backwards and watched in amazement as the lock *slowly* opened. All the sudden, a sound rang through room. However, it was a peaceful sound, like a music box. Lizzie looked around, but again, the only thing in the basement was the chest. Lizzie carefully pulled open the lid, and to her shock, *dozens* of dolls were laying in the chest. Lizzie picked up one of the sleeping ragdolls, and looked at it carefully. It had short, matted hair and a light blue ripped dress. It was missing a button eye, and one shoulder was losing its stuffing. Red stains covered the doll from head to toe. Lizzie's eyes widened as she realized, *those stains were blood*. She gasped as she noticed what the doll was holding. It was a dagger. She looked at a nametag on the doll. **Coraline**.

All the sudden the Coraline leaped from her hand. Lizzie's eyes stretched back as the dolls in the chest climbed out, orbiting her. They looked as though they were dangling from a puppet's string. They were all different, some male and some female. Lizzie looked back up to the chest. The lid was now closed, and Coraline was standing on top, with a miraculously evil grin spreading across her face. She twirled around on the chest, and the rest of the dolls linked hands. All the sudden, the dolls began to sing.

"Ring around the rosy, Pocket full of posy, Ashes, Ashes, we all fall DOWN."

At these words were a blinding flash and Lizzie was on the floor with Coraline on her chest. Anger seemed to come in waves of Coraline's body, each one stronger than the last, each one drowning Lizzie in a sea of emotions. Coraline twirled the dagger in her hands and raised it above her head. Coraline looked at Lizzie and whispered, "We all fall down." Coraline swung the dagger, and Lizzie's vision went black.

How I Feel About Food

Food is complicated.

We all have opinions about food, and we don't always agree.

My opinion?

If I could, I'd eat a strict diet of mac and cheese, tortellini,

(no sauce)

and mandarin oranges.

I don't like mushrooms, asparagus and especially not pickled herring.

I don't like pickled ... anything.

I like peppers, but not when they're raw.

Small carrots, but not big carrots.

I love to eat Nutella sandwiches.

I love sweet peppers--but not if they're cooked.

Pepperoni pizza is good, but only if it doesn't have pepperoni.

I absolutely love milk.

I'd say that out of my whole family I drink the most milk, and I am the smallest.

I like sugar. I'm not at all picky about that.

I will eat brown sugar, granulated sugar, and especially powdered sugar

Did I mention, I eat these sugars straight?

Well, I do, even though I'm not allowed.

My mom and I have different opinions about that.

If I could invent a food, I would invent a sugar that is healthy for you, so that everyone could be satisfied.

It would come in all of the sugar flavors, brown healthy sugar, granulated healthy sugar and my favorite, powdered healthy sugar.

Then my mom and I would let me eat straight sugar, I hope.

In The Amazon

Ella listened to the twigs crunch under her feet. She could taste her sweat as she walked. She could hear the hiss of the snakes and the buzz of the bugs. Ella stiffened her shoulders. She feared the diseases, the lack of food and water, and the animals that could harm her. But then, her shoulders dropped when she heard the whistling of the birds. She looked up and saw only sparks of sunlight through the leaves and branches. Ella enjoyed the earthy smell of the trees. She longed to touch the flowers that grew on the tree trunks but pulled back her hand because they might be poisonous. She sat down on a log and wished to stay a little longer.

Anthony Lumb

Hoover Elementary – 3rd grade

Dear Farmer Bob,

I think you should not eat turkey on Thanksgiving. Turkeys don't taste as good as chicken. Turkey can be bitter. Chicken tastes like marshmallows. Chicken is juicy and turkey is dry.

It's even better to have a vegetarian Thanksgiving. You can have more guests at your party. It tastes better, it is healthier, and you would get more vitamins.

You could get hurt! Your tooth could fall out! You could swallow a bone! An angry flock of jennies could attack you!

I don't want to die! My mom would miss me. I have not learned my math facts, and I am not finished reading my Garfield book. I think you should follow my advice.

Sincerely,

The Random Turkey

A Simple Act of Kindness

George looked out the hospital window at the snow falling. He watched a family stumble towards the doors, bundled up for the cold weather and laden with gifts, laughing as they slipped and slid on the ice. He gazed at them wistfully for a few moments, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth, then set his jaw and turned away.

He pushed some of the wires lying on his bed aside, cursing his old, wrinkled hands, and pulled the plain white hospital blanket up to his chin. George was drifting into a fitful sleep when he heard the door to his room open and caught a snatch of holiday music playing in the hall. He opened his eyes and saw a nurse walk in, wearing bright red shoes that looked like reindeers.

"Hi George," she said, smiling and setting a cup of water down on the small bedside table. "Are you feeling alright?" George scowled and looked at the floor.

"Never better," he grumbled. In truth, he was not feeling alright. But it wasn't as though today was anything different. Sure, the pain had grown today, but he could handle it, he told himself.

"I just thought you might like some company," The nurse told him, sitting down in one of the chairs by his bed.

"Well, you thought wrong," He snapped, losing his patience. A pained expression crossed the nurse's face.

"George, please. I know you hate being here, and I understand how you feel, but-

"How can you understand what it feels like to be dying?" George felt a tear run down his cheek and angrily brushed it away. The nurse's eyes widened and her face turned as red as her shoes.

"I... I just... I didn't mean... I have to go," She hurried to the door and left. George crossed his arms over his chest. He didn't need her. He didn't need anyone. Deciding to finally get some rest, George closed his eyes. Almost immediately, sleep overtook him and he found himself back in the hospital bed. He felt a wave of fury course through his body. He couldn't even escape the hospital in his dreams!

Then he saw a group of boys huddled in the far corner of the room, laughing and pushing each other around. George blinked and rubbed his eyes. His childhood friends! One of the boys called out to him. "Come on George, let's get out of here. We're gonna go down to the old ballpark. Want to come?" George just stared. It couldn't be! His friends were long gone, and he believed their souls were resting now.

They beckoned to him, and George tried frantically to rise, wanting to go with them, but couldn't. Suddenly his eyes flew open. He opened his mouth to scold whoever had awoken him yet again, but stopped short at the sight of a handmade card sitting on his bedside table. He glimpsed the back of a bright red shoe disappear out the door. As he picked it up and looked at it, George felt his eyes get wet.

Then something beeped, long and loud. He heard the doctors rushing to his room. He heard people shouting. But none of that mattered to him anymore. He closed his eyes, and despite the fact that he had lost everyone he loved, despite that he was dying, despite it all, he smiled, and he let his soul rest.

The Ocean

The ocean is a beautiful sight
The water is blue and bright
The waves go high, the waves go low
The sun on the beach makes the sand glow

The creatures in the sea are big and small
The dolphin leaps and jumps so tall
The crab creeps slowly across the sand
More crabs join they look like they're in a marching band

The seahorse has a curly tail
The angel fish has fins like a sail
The puffer fish pops out so wide
The tentacles of the jellyfish flow side to side

The shells can be all different shapes
The seaweed is greener than grapes
The starfish has five arms
The coral looks like beautiful charms

The ocean is a place I would love to see
I hope you would come with me
The ocean is a wonderful place
It brings a smile to my face!

"I can't wait for my birthday party tomorrow!" said Carla.

"Me too," groaned Mama. She was resting on a soft chair. "I want some of that delicious birthday cake I smell!"

"Me three," joked Papa as he untied his apron. He had just finished baking Carla's cake.

"Tomorrow will come soon enough if you go to bed," Mama promised. Carla kissed Mama and Papa goodnight. Then she looked at her mother's belly.

"Goodnight baby," she said softly.

Carla lay in bed thinking about her birthday party. Her Aunt Julia was coming. Carla couldn't wait to see her. She imagined her family, the cake, and all the party decorations. Soon, she fell fast asleep.

The next morning, Papa woke up Carla early. "We have a change of plans," he said. "Get dressed quickly!"

"What about my birthday party?" Carla asked. But Papa was already gone.

Carla felt angry. She didn't want a new plan. She wanted to have her birthday party.

In the car, Carla asked Papa where they were going. "Don't you like surprises?" Papa asked.

"Not today," Carla grumbled.

Papa parked the car and led Carla into a big building. He covered her eyes as they walked. Carla didn't think that this busy place was a good surprise at all.

Finally, Papa stopped walking and uncovered Carla's eyes. "Surprise!" everyone yelled. There was Mama! And Aunt Julia! And a new baby brother!

"Look!" Papa said, pointing to one corner of the room.

Carla smiled when she saw two cakes--one for her and one for the new baby.

"Maybe I do like surprises after all!" Carla laughed.

Evaporation

By: Wyatt Minnie



The Rainbow

Once upon a time there was a rainbow that was 7 years old because it had 7 colors. Each year represented a color. In the **red** year it was apple-picking year. The rainbow picked 7 apples. In the **orange** year it was leaf year. In leaf year the rainbow jumped in a leaf pile 7 times. In the **yellow** year, it was sunny everyday. The rainbow played. The sun had 7 rays. In the **green** year there was green grass everyday. There were 7 yards of grass. In the **blue** year, the rainbow jumped 7 waves in the ocean. In the **indigo** year, the rainbow slept 7 months of that year. In the **violet** year, there was a picnic party with only grape items. The 7 foods were grape fruit snacks, grapes, grape juice, grape jelly, a grape salad, grape lollipops, and raisins. One day, a leprechaun named Greeny came and every 7 years she brought a pot of gold. The rainbow and the leprechaun ran and ran and ran!! The rainbow decided that every time the leprechaun came it would be called St. Patrick's Day!!!

The end.

Blind Colors

I stumble down the steps of my new school. It was the first day, and it was awful. Everyone acted like I was a baby. They spoke to me loudly and clearly and in a sweet voice, like I was stupid. I hate being judged. Just because I'm blind doesn't mean I'm dumb.

And anyway, during the crash my sight wasn't the only thing I lost. I lost my dad. Isn't that more important than one of my senses will ever be to me?

"I'll be right there, Abi!" Mom calls when sees me staring straight ahead, blankly, at nothing in particular. I know my stare creeps people out. That's all they see when they meet me, I guess. That's why whispers trail me through the hall and the voice people use when speaking to me is all fakey fakey nice.

I guess I wanted people to look past my milky, sightless eyes and into the rest of me. To see that maybe once I was truly happy, and maybe once I had tons of friends and a dad and a home in a town far away from here. And I guess today, maybe I just wanted people to see me as what they would have seen me as a year ago, before everything had shifted my orbit and tore my carefully constructed life into little pieces. Maybe I wanted to feel welcome, to fit in.

But that's not how life works.

Mom guided me over to her truck. She didn't say anything. She didn't even ask me how my day went. She just lifted one of her hands from the wheel and rested it on my leg. That was enough for me.

When I get home, I went straight to my bedroom. And I think about that feeling stirring inside me. It's something other than sadness, frustration, and anger. It's a longing. A longing for colors. A longing for sight and for vision and for art and for painting.

I wish I could let loose all those colors trapped in my mind, blind to the world. I wish I could let go of all those blind colors.

I take a sheet of paper. I dip my brush in one of the jars, not caring what color it is, imagining it's some sort of aqua, and touch my brush to the paper. I start out timidly, making a few cautious strokes, and then begin to get faster and more confident and happier as I go on. I never actually switch colors, but in my head each stroke is in another vibrant shade. I add purples and teals and greens and yellows and scarlets and turquoises and oranges. When I'm done, I probably have a mess, in a dark shade of green or maybe a jet black, but to me, it's a vivid masterpiece. Something only I understand. Some sort of special secret.

I stick the painting under my bed. I've forgotten, for the moment, about the crash and Dad and school and my blindness. I've finally found a way to free my feelings. And let my blind colors out into the world.

Once upon a cloudy time, there was a girl named Willa. She always daydreamed in school, especially during math. One day her teacher assigned her to work on her math facts, but she started daydreaming. Mrs. Clements stopped by Willa's desk and gently said with a smile, "Willa, are you daydreaming again? Your head is always in the clouds." Little did Mrs. Clements know that Willa really did have her head in the clouds! Willa glanced down again at her math facts page and as the numbers squished together, she was swept away to Cloudopolis. But it wasn't just her head in the clouds; her whole body was there!

Willa was lying on a cloudy bed when a cloud lady greeted her, "Hi, Willa! My name is Candy Cloudy, and this is my daughter, Clara Cloudy. Welcome to Cloudopolis."

Clara had long, poofy white hair, eyes that swirled like a thunderstorm, and a floofy pale, pink dress. It flounced as she glided along the cloud toward Willa.

"Would you like to come see all of the cloudy sights in Cloudopolis?" Clara Cloudy asked, her voice sounding like wind swishing through a field of tall grass. Willa's head was feeling a bit cloudy, but she nodded.

The first stop along the journey was the beauty shop Cumulus Cuts. The motto was "We're a cut above the rest." Clara chuckled, "I thought you might want to get fluffified!" Being fluffified meant three things: Willa had to wash her hair under the small thunderclouds in the shampooing area, walk through tornado alley to add "poof", and end by being pummeled with white powder and wrapped in a pink, wispy dress. "That was fun," Willa giggled as she twirled around in her poofiness.

Next, Clara whisked Willa away to the Cloudy Cups Café. "You should try the thunder cakes," Clara exclaimed. Willa had a lightning bolt latte and they were on their way again. "Next stop, the library," Clara said with a wink.

Clara and Willa floated over soft clouds, bouncing on them like billowy trampolines. When they bounced into the library, Willa gasped as books gently floated by – this library had no shelves! Willa smiled ear-to-ear and plucked a book out of the air. Clara smiled at her, "You look like you are on Cloud 9." Willa had never heard that expression, but she certainly was happy – she loved books.

Suddenly there was a lightning crash and a thunderclap, followed by a distant whisper, "Willa, Willa," the far-off voice said. All of a sudden, Willa popped her head up, and her addition and subtraction problems stared back at her. Willa hung her guilty head. "I am so sorry that I was daydreaming. I will finish my math." The next problem on the sheet was 42 minus 33. Willa stared at it for a second and then exclaimed, "9! Cloud 9!"

Mrs. Clements shot Willa a puzzled look. "Mrs. Clements," Willa said, "Don't you think it is okay sometimes to have our heads in the clouds?"

She winked, "Yes, Willa."

Clay

By Klara Racevskis

Plastic.

Cold. Shiny. Lifeless.

Forced into shape by society,

To be similar to all the other pieces.

very hard to recreate

once it has been hardened.

Disrespecting and destroying the environment

And most of the Earth.

A large amount of the population has a personality like plastic.

Trying to be someone they're not, just so they can fit in.

Now,

Imagine how beautiful the Earth would be

if all of our personalities were like pieces of clay.

Different textures, colors, sizes.

Different strengths, different flaws.

Each one a unique masterpiece.

Moldable to our own whims,

Free to be whatever they want.

Respectful of the Earth.

As long as clay is always changing

At the world's warm hands,

It will never harden.

Katiya the Kitten Fairy

Clara and her best friend Lily went in the pet store. There were lots of pets. Their favorite was the sparkling kitten. It was so pretty. It had fairy dust on it. Then a fairy came out. "Hello girls," she said in a sweet voice. They were so excited. It was a fairy.

Katiya the kitten fairy had to find a golden feather. It had purple and silver stripes on it. They were made with fairy dust. The ice castle had a glass container that held the golden feather with purple and silver stripes that was sparkly and pretty. The sparkles were fairy dust. They had purple, gold, and silver dots on the fairy dust. The stripes were gold and silver with purple dots.

She turned Lily and Clara into fairies with her wand. They didn't have wands because they weren't real fairies. They were helping them. They looked for the feather.

When they got there, Katiya told them that there is danger. The people that lived there had magic ice power. So they had to be careful. They flew over their heads. They got to the glass cage. They were so excited. They tried to get it out, but it was too heavy. So Lily and her best friend Clara told Katiya a good idea. They weren't big enough to lift it so they asked Katiya if she could turn Lily and Clara back into humans so that they could lift it. So Katiya did. Lily distracted the people while Clara got the feather and when they were done Katiya turned them back into fairies.

They went to Katiya's sisters and they brought Clara and Lily with Katiya. They got a great necklace that had baby animals with their fairy. Each one had a heart shaped in the animal's face and swirls for the fairy dust.

The End.

A Day of Idioms

By Owen Scott

A boy named Sam was walking home when he tripped over a rock and fell in the grass and after that he spoke in idioms. When he got home his mom asked how he did on his test. Sam said, "I hit the nail on the head."

His mom started to laugh. "What's so funny?" asked Sam. "Nothing," said Sam's mom. When his dad came home from work, Sam asked, "Did you bring home the bacon so we can go to the movie theater?"

"No," said dad.

At that second Sam's little brother came in the room and jumped on him. "You're driving me up the wall!" said Sam.

"I'm not driving you up the wall."

"Ok, this is getting annoying," said dad. "I don't know if I should send you to your room or put you on the steps."

"The ball's in your court!" said Sam.

"That does it!" said mom. "Up to your bed!"

Sam responded, "Geez, you guys are like two peas in a pod. You two should hit the hay. You're grumpy today."

"If you stop speaking in idioms you can stay for dinner," said Sam's mom.

"Good, because I'm starving to death. Oops sorry."

"Good, don't let it happen again."

When Sam was eating he was doing his homework too. "It's like hitting two birds with one stone!"

"BED NOW!!!!"

The next morning Sam was walking to school but forgot his home work, he turned around to get it and smacked into the stop sign. When he got home everyone was happy to see he didn't speak in idioms anymore. **The end.**

Home for the holidays

It was October 18, 1939. It was already snowing in Oswiecim, Poland, and everyone was already getting ready for the holidays. But no one knew what was about happen. In a small house there lived Lena and Filip Nowak. They were very poor.

The next day, Lena felt sick. When Filip got back from work he took her to the doctor right away. The doctor told them that Lena was pregnant! A few days later, no one knew what was happening! Lena was making breakfast, but suddenly the house shook. It shook again and again, stronger each time. Filip heard someone cry outside, "The Germans are attacking!" He grabbed Lena by the arm and led her down to the tiny cellar. "Stay here", he ordered, "I will return soon."

Lena waited and waited, but Filip did not return. She slowly climbed out of the cellar. There was no more booming. She waited a few days. Then there she got a letter. A letter from Filip! She tore open the envelope. Inside it said, Dear Lena, I have to fight in the war. Hopefully I will be home for the holidays. Sincerely, Filip.

Chapter 2 ~ The baby is born

Weeks passed, and there was still no word from Filip. Lena walked around sadly, thinking of him. Then she felt a sharp pain in her stomach. "Owww!" she groaned. Luckily, the neighbors heard her and rushed her to the doctor. Lena was in labor!

5 hours later...

"Lena wake up." She slowly opened her eyes. Then she gasped. The doctor was holding a baby out to her! The doctor asked, "What will you name her?" She thought about it for a moment. "Cecylia Anna Nowak," she announced. She even forgot about Filip. For the second. "What am I going to do without Filip! " What if he isn't home for her first Christmas!" She started to cry. Then the Door opened. Lena looked to see who it was. It was Filip! "Filip!" she cried. He walked towards her covered in dirt and blood. Calmly he said, "The baby was born." "Yes she was." answered Lena. "What did you name her?" "Cecylia Anna Nowak." Filip turned to the doctor. "How long will it be until she can come home?" The doctor replied, "She seems ready now." So Lena and Filip headed home.

Chapter 3 ~ Christmas Time

The new family woke up on December 5th in a very happy mood. For it was Christmas Eve! But they had to get to work. Lena and Filip Boiled the red borscht, cooked the carp, prepared the herring, and boiled the pierogi. And last, Cecylia got to make her first oplatek. They set out a plate of it for Mikolaj. After setting the table they invited the neighbors over for the Christmas Eve feast. And everyone had to admit it was the best Christmas ever.

The End

Rosie Terry

Don't tell me that sticks and stones will
break my bones but words can never hurt me
when words hurt more than a fracture made with a stone,
the physical pain will be nothing compared to the injuries in my brain
that make me insane.
Can you feel the weight in my chest
when I take my first breath after being thrown down
in an endless cycle with wheels that are running around and around,
I will never be able to explain
how being hit by stones
will never be the same as the pain
of the names that you get called
that make you appalled
but you start believing
that they aren't just words but sticks and stones
in the form of a code
that only some people will be able to unravel.
With a thread and a needle,
I try to sew my heart up
it tries to break open again
but there is no way to get more thread
unless you've thought ahead.
This time I have to use glue,
but before that can dry you have to rely
that it will stick together because
if you use your finger to hold it,
it will never be able to stand on its own and
it ends up being like a baby bird trying to fly right after
it's born and getting pushed out of the nest after
it's just experienced its first breath
it can't rely on anything but
the hope that the ground won't hurt too much when you get thrown down.
You try to lift your wings so you can have the feeling
that you are not going to die but instead fly.
But there's no escaping that all you are doing is going down,
plummeting to the ground.
You can't get enough air as you're falling
so you feel like you're going to drown.
You try to cry for help
But there is no one around
Will anyone even hear the sound when you hit the ground?
The sound of silence surrounds.
Sticks and stones fall down,
right next to the bird on the ground.

Evil Farmer

Far far away lived an evil farmer. He was evil. He planned to take over all farms. His brother was so nice. He also lived on a farm. The evil farmer did not want to take over his brother's farm. He still had love in his heart for his brother even though he broke his favorite toy when they were little. What should he do? Then the evil farmer figured out that he could take over all farms but his brother's farm. Then the evil farmer remembered that he had a cat, an evil cat. The cat was named Tricks. "What will I do for the plan?" Tricks said. "You will brainwash all the animals at all the farms," the evil farmer said. "Ha, ha, ha! Maniacal laugh, maniacal laugh," they said together.

To get ready Tricks made a contraption that can brainwash all the animals on a farm. At the first farm, Tricks presses a button on the contraption and zaps the farm. All the animals are brainwashed. The evil farmer told the chickens to lay eggs. The chickens started laying eggs slowly, but suddenly, the eggs came out faster and faster! The evil farmer and his cat were so surprised! "How did it do that, Tricks?" said the evil farmer. "I don't know. I just made it to brainwash them," replied Tricks.

Tricks and the evil farmer went to another farm. At this farm, they had cows. Tricks presses the button and zaps the cows. "Cows! Start making milk!" commanded the evil farmer. Tricks noticed suddenly that the cows were making chocolate milk instead of white milk! The evil farmer and Tricks were confused by what was happening, but they thought it was pretty cool! "I love this," said the evil farmer. "Me too!" said Tricks.

They went to many, many farms. All the animals went crazy at the farms! The plan was working out exactly as they wanted. The evil farmer and Tricks arrived at the last farm. Tricks is about to zap the farm when the evil farmer's brother came out of his barn. They didn't realize they were at his brother's farm. "Hi bro! How are you doing?" said the evil farmer. Then bro says, "I knew you were evil all along." The good farmer went inside the garage to get something. When the farmer came back out, the contraption was suddenly kicked by a horse! "Oh no! Tricks' brainwashing machine got kicked by a horse!" said the evil farmer. He began to cry. "Wait! I have something to give you," said the good farmer. "It's my old toy! You fixed it! Thank you!" said the evil farmer. Then they hug. "I'm going to be good now. Do you want to eat lunch with me tomorrow?" said the evil farmer. "Sure!" said the good farmer. "See you tomorrow!" said the evil, now good, farmer. They went home and Tricks sang a song all the way home. The end

The Grit interview

My teacher Ms.Hester had my class do a grit project. According to Angela Duckworth, grit is having perseverance and stamina over a long period of time. We had to pick someone who had a grit goal and ask them questions about their life. This is a story about someone having and showing grit. **First Quarter:**

I was warming up to have an interview with Ms.Farrey. Ms.Farrey was an amazing fourth grade teacher! Ms.Farrey's real name is Maddie. I chose Ms.Farrey because she is a really nice teacher and she was my fourth grade teacher last year. **Second quarter:**

She came to get me from Ms.Hester's room. When I saw her through the window of Ms.Hester's room I stopped what I was doing immediately. When she came in the door I felt like my heart stopped beating for eleven seconds. I stood up and walked with her. When we left the room she asked me, "Where do you wanna go?" So I just shrugged like normally. Let's go to my room." She beamed. So we went in there and I was so nervous but, not that nervous. **Halftime:**

I started to Interview her. I asked her the first question, "During your life so far, what has been one of the biggest goals you were able to achieve?" Then she asked me, "Well, I have two. Do you want me to talk about basketball or becoming a teacher?" Of course I responded with "basketball". So she started explaining, "I loved basketball so I thought I wanted to be in the WNBA." I listened carefully so I could write down almost everything. So, now I felt less nervous. I asked the next question. "What did you have to do to accomplish that goal?" She answered,"I had to join different teams, go to the court everyday, and make 600 shots, and 100 free throws." I looked shocked as ever. So I wrote it down. Halftime was almost over so I had to hurry. Next question. "Where did you get your inspiration?" "At first I wanted to be a cheerleader but I was too tall. My mom started taking me to basketball games. So I got it from the women's basketball games." she explained I kinda zoned out but I got most of it, she asked me is she saying too much. So I replied with a "No." So I asked the next question. "Were there any obstacles in your way?" She answered, "Yes! I thought I wasn't fast enough and I started to want to quit." I was confused because I knew that Ms.Farrey was really fast. It was 3 minutes until halftime was over. "Did you ever think about giving up?" "Yes, I thought I was not fast enough to play my position." she said.It was down to the last question, I just had to say but I was a little scared but, I was alright. **Third quarter time!**

"When you achieved that goal how did it help you in life?" I finally asked. She thought for a moment. "I felt proud that I was able to play basketball and help other students learn how to play basketball." I finished with a thank you. **Fourth quarter:** We shook hands and We walked back to Ms.Hester's room and she told me, "I'm gonna get you to talk to me someday." I just laughed. And that's the end of the game. It was a hard game but I won it.That's how my interview went with the amazing Ms.Farrey. Now I think I can achieve any goal I set.

Andreas Warren

“Could you tell me about your grave?” A small boy about the age of eleven stared up at me with calm inquisitive eyes. He was the youngest one in the graveyard, everyone had said. I looked back at my grave. It was covered in jewels. Those were my family members. Their ashes compressed into pretty little things. Now they were bound here to this land. Around the headstone stood a lavish bed of roses. Some obscuring the view of my epitaph: (*Rob Roy 1918-1990 Wrote His Life Away*). Next to the unkempt roses was a small peach tree. There was no need for this tree because the dead needn’t eat and all those who mattered most to me were dead. “I don’t think so, young man.” I put my hands on my hips, but the boy persisted with pleading eyes and deep intonation in his voice, mightily distorting it into a whiny plead.

“Please! You are the greatest writer alive!” The boy’s latter statement was untrue, for neither of us were alive. But he didn’t catch himself in his twisted usage of words.

“No, I think you have yourself mistaken. Perhaps you are talking of the great Lewis Carroll, or some other legendary poet. Edgar Allen Poe?” I tried to avoid talking of my career with other ghosts of the graveyard who had been alive during my great writing excursions. What they didn’t know was of the excruciating pain that had laced my living years. What they didn’t know was that my life was far from perfect. I had millions of fans and groupies, but they could never make up for the missing increments of my life. Of my picture. Like when you try to put together a puzzle but you can never find the center piece. That frustrating feeling of incompleteness. That was what I had experienced for what felt like forever. I had found the perfect angel of a girl, but alas that didn’t turn out. I got in a lifetime fight with my parents, and my grandparents (who had always been there for me) were gone with the wings of time. My siblings and I almost never got along. With no one to turn to, I headed straight toward the only thing in my life that wasn’t a crumbling heap of dust and sorrow. Literature.

“No sir, I am not mistaken. I want to talk to *you*, Rob Roy.” A glimmer in his eyes. In that instant, I vaguely remembered being a boy. The memories were suppressed under layers and tests of time. Now I understood what *this* boy was feeling.

“I want to know about your grave,” he repeated.

“My grave, eh? Ever notice how it’s the loneliest one out here? About a good twelve feet away from the other graves.” At this, the small child looked around and nodded.

“That’s because you’re special and you stand out.” I grimaced and slowly nodded.

“And you see those gems on the front of my stone?” I pointed, continuing. He inspected closely. “Those are my family. Pretty, huh?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What’s your name?” I asked bending down to be more at his height level.

“Will. My name is Will.” Will puffed out his chest, obviously proud that his hero had just asked his name. I sighed. Was I going to keep telling the same lies in death that I had in life? I hadn’t wanted any of this. I watched with a sultry glance as Will bounded off to tell the other boys of the graveyard about his encounter with Rob Roy, the greatest writer of all time.

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