

Comet's Tale

2019 - 2020



Vennela Siri Appari

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Max Shuster



Sanjana Chirravuri



Shayna Burke



Bram Loveman

Printmaking

Fine art printmaking involves the creation of a master plate from which multiple images are made. The artist chooses a surface to be the plate that could be linoleum, styrofoam, metal, cardboard or stone.

“I really love printmaking. It’s like a mystery and you’re trying to figure out how to rein it in.”

Kiki Smith, professional artist

The artist then prepares the printing plate by cutting, etching or drawing an image onto the plate. Ink is applied (in a variety of ways) and paper is pressed onto the plate either by hand or by way of a hand-run printing press.



Annie Hu



Sam Pece



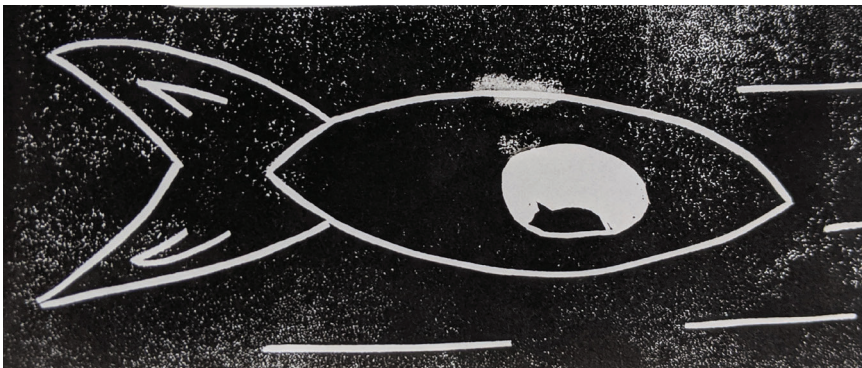
Lindsey Li



Tina Xin



Sofia Glazen



Cate Rukin



Bram Loveman



Myiesha Alam



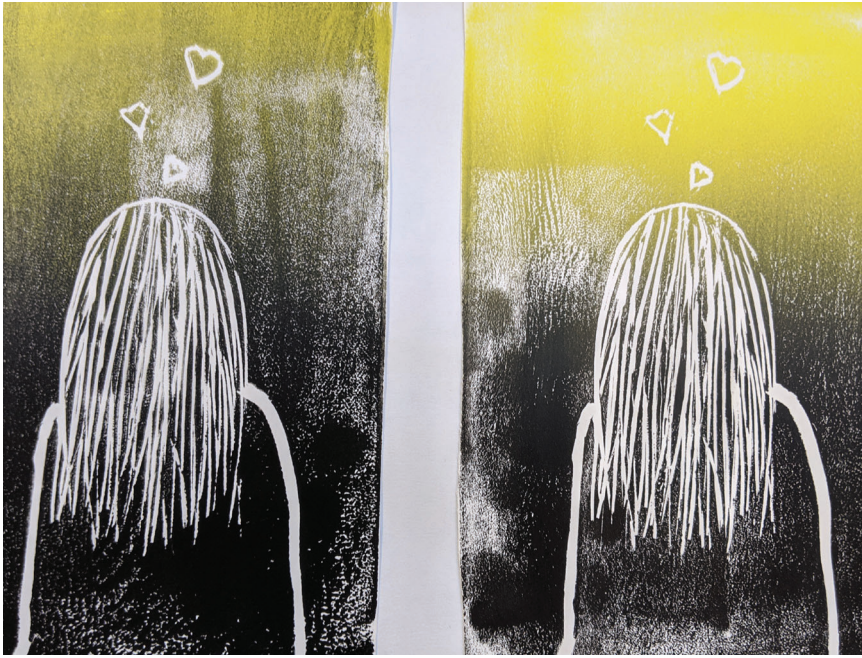
Yonglin Wu



Angelo DiMatteo



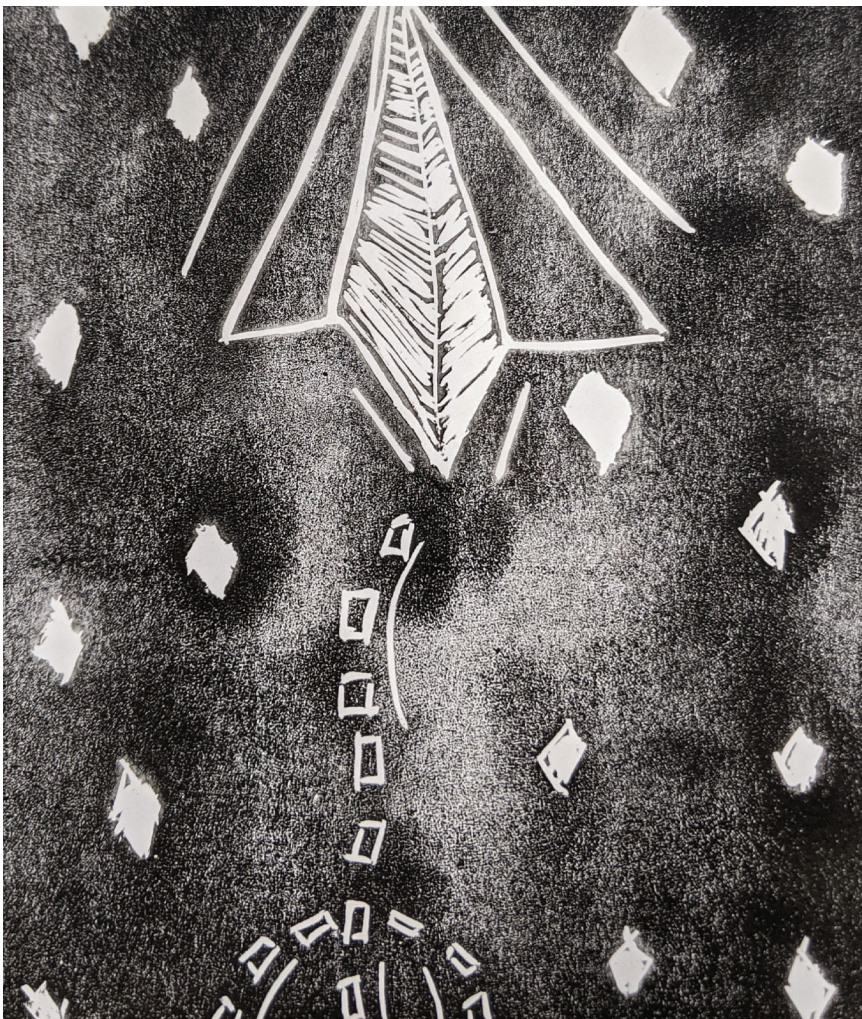
Grace Chen



Hannah Park



Ella Tomarchio



Mia Ray



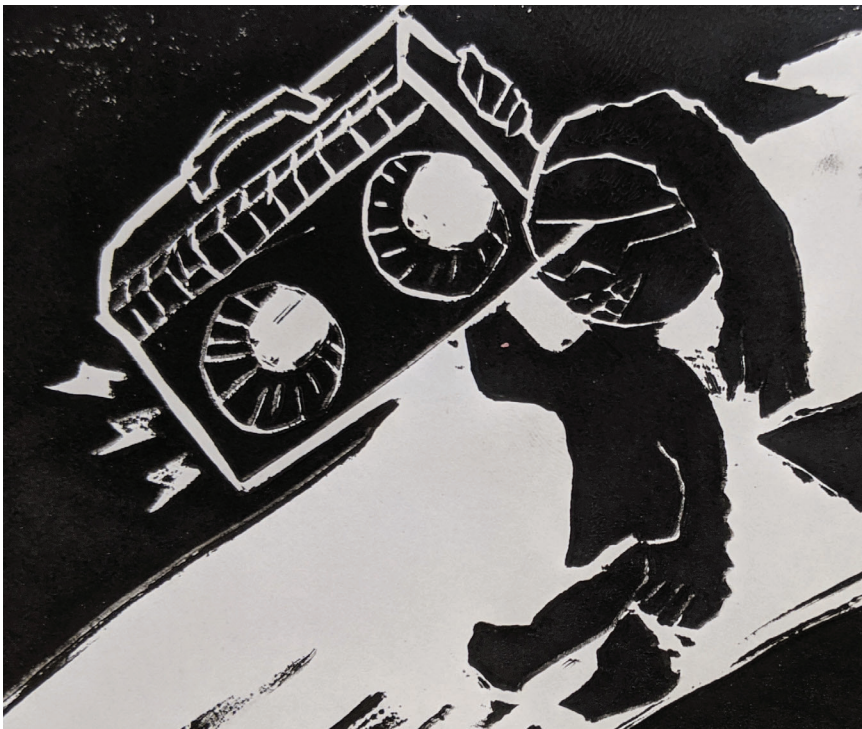
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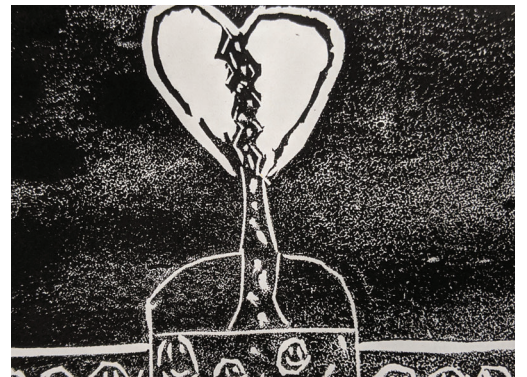
Kyla Williams



Tienna Zeng



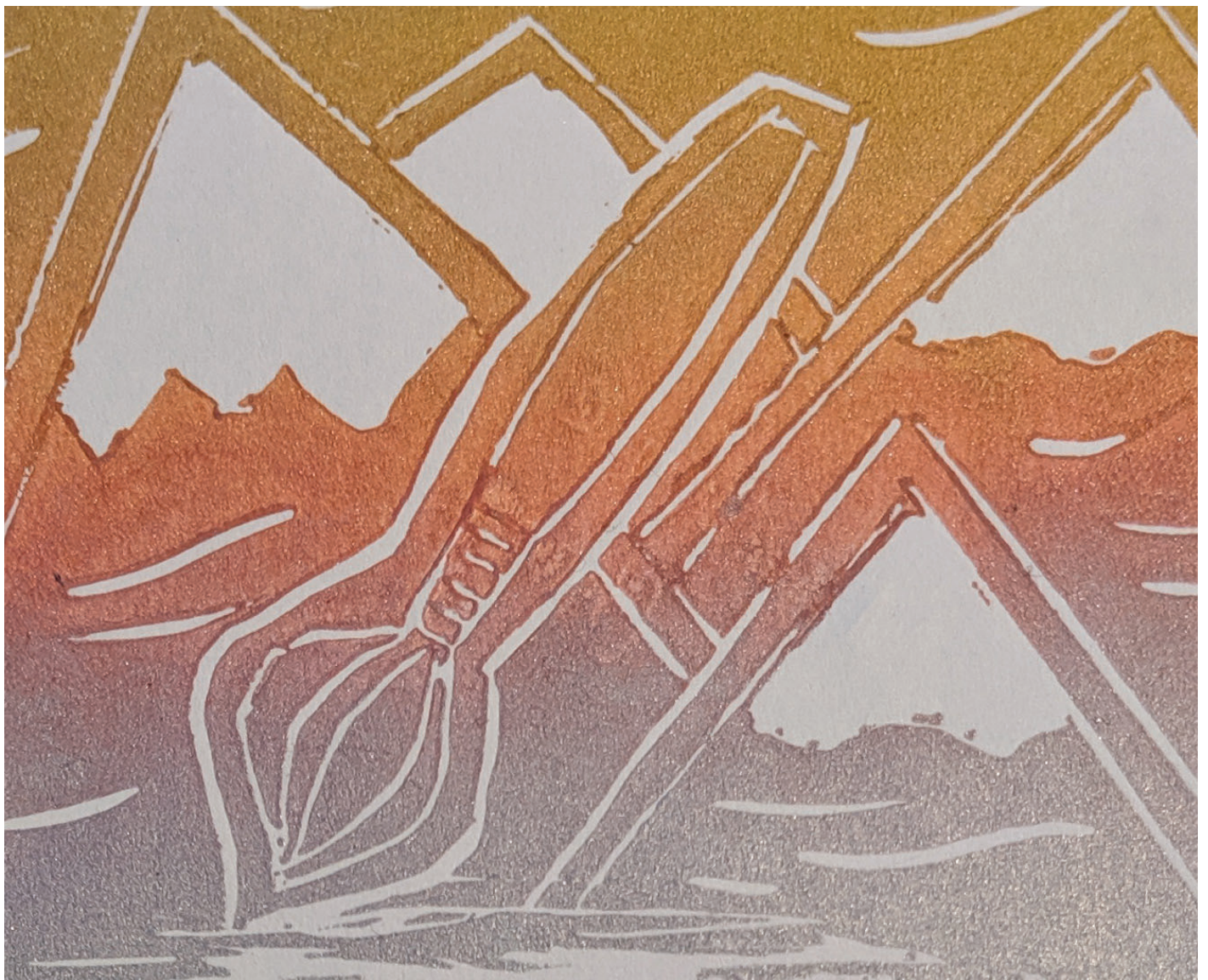
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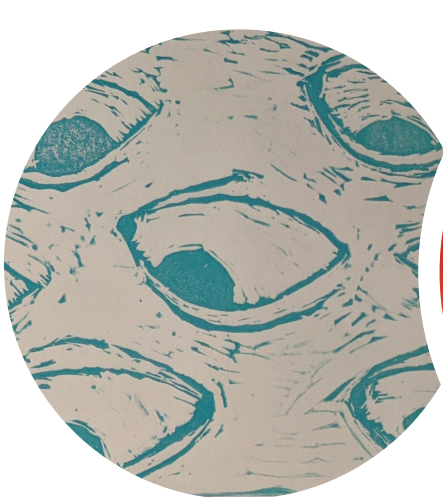
Melanie Cardwell



Ava Kanj



Marianne Chang



Sophia Polyakov



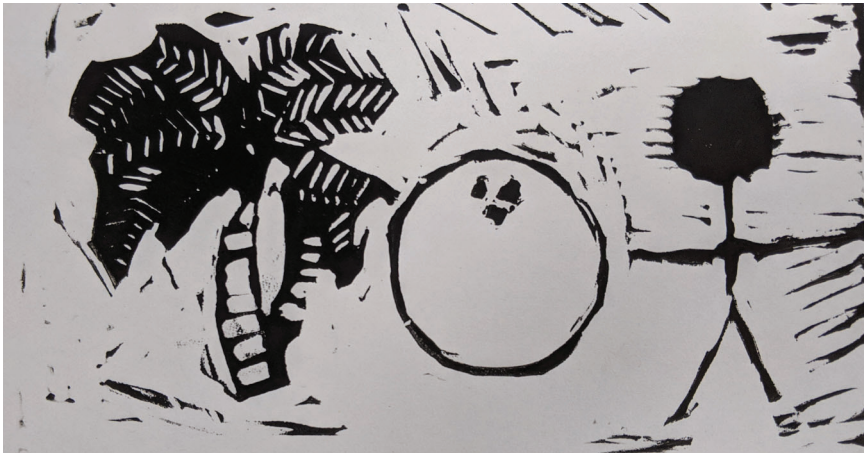
Mahita Somanchi



Charlie Stevens



Moyne Dalby



Qixin Zhang



Katie Westrich



Mazin Khuram



Elizabeth Bondarchuk



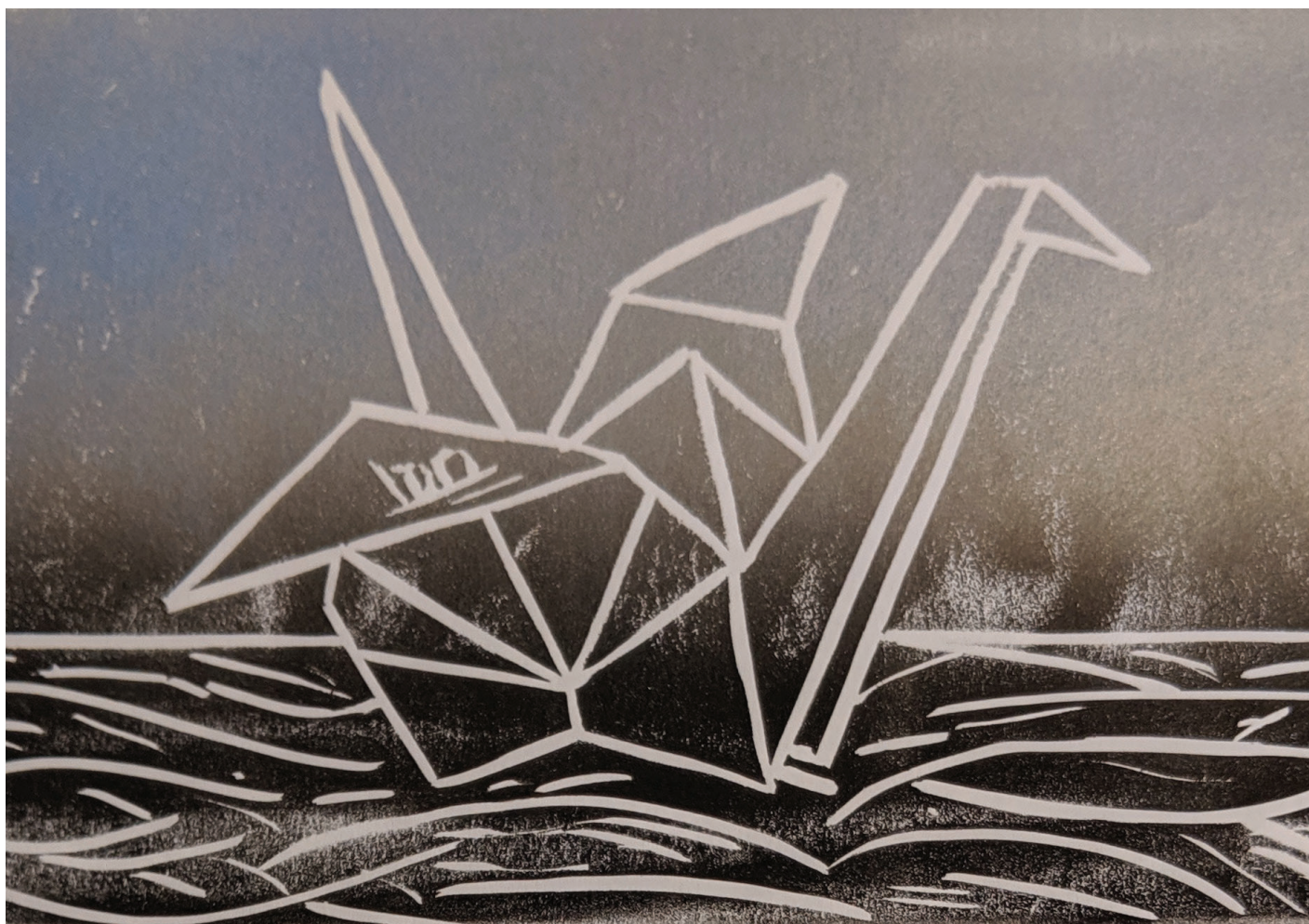
Cicelia Fiocco



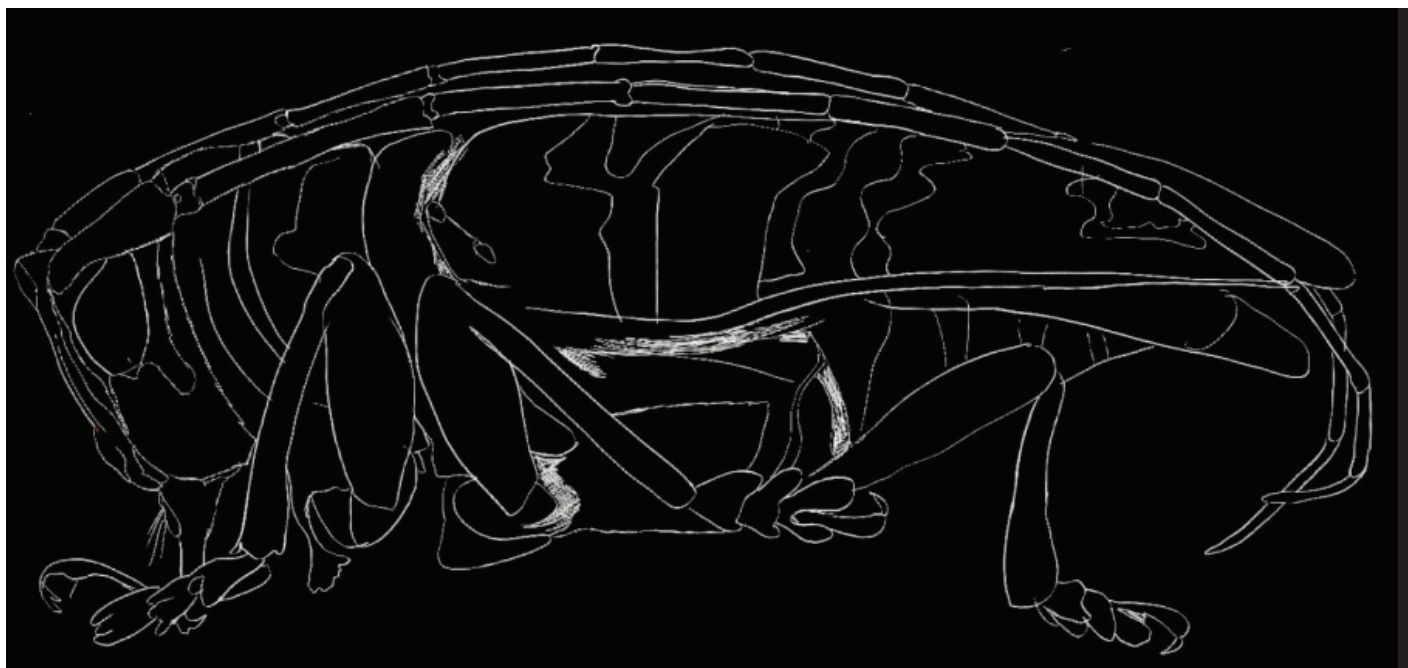
Abigail Hrich



Leah Smith



Lillian Newby



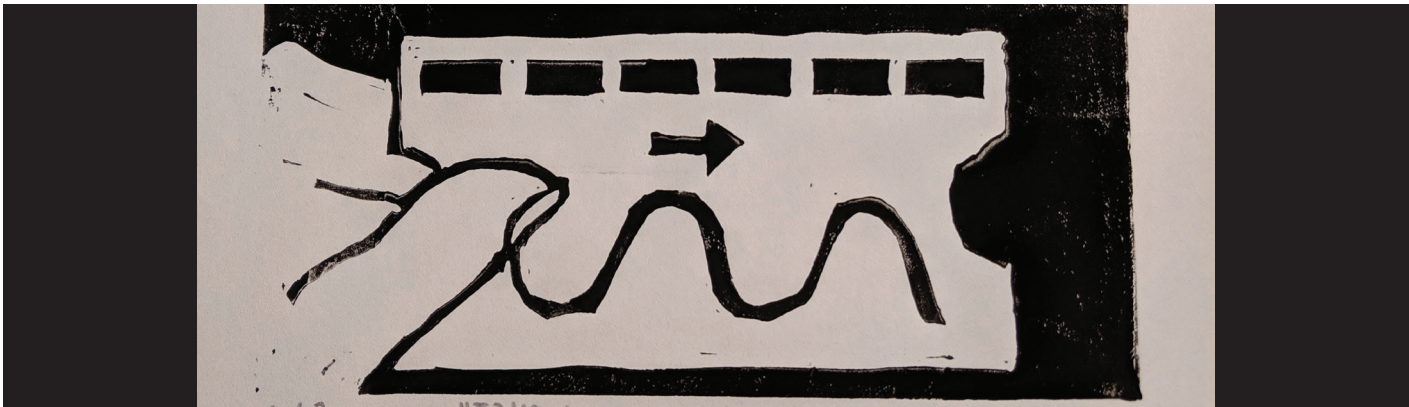
Diamond Gray



Ariel Hsieh



Lauren Hales



Eileen Miozzi



Ella Gallenza



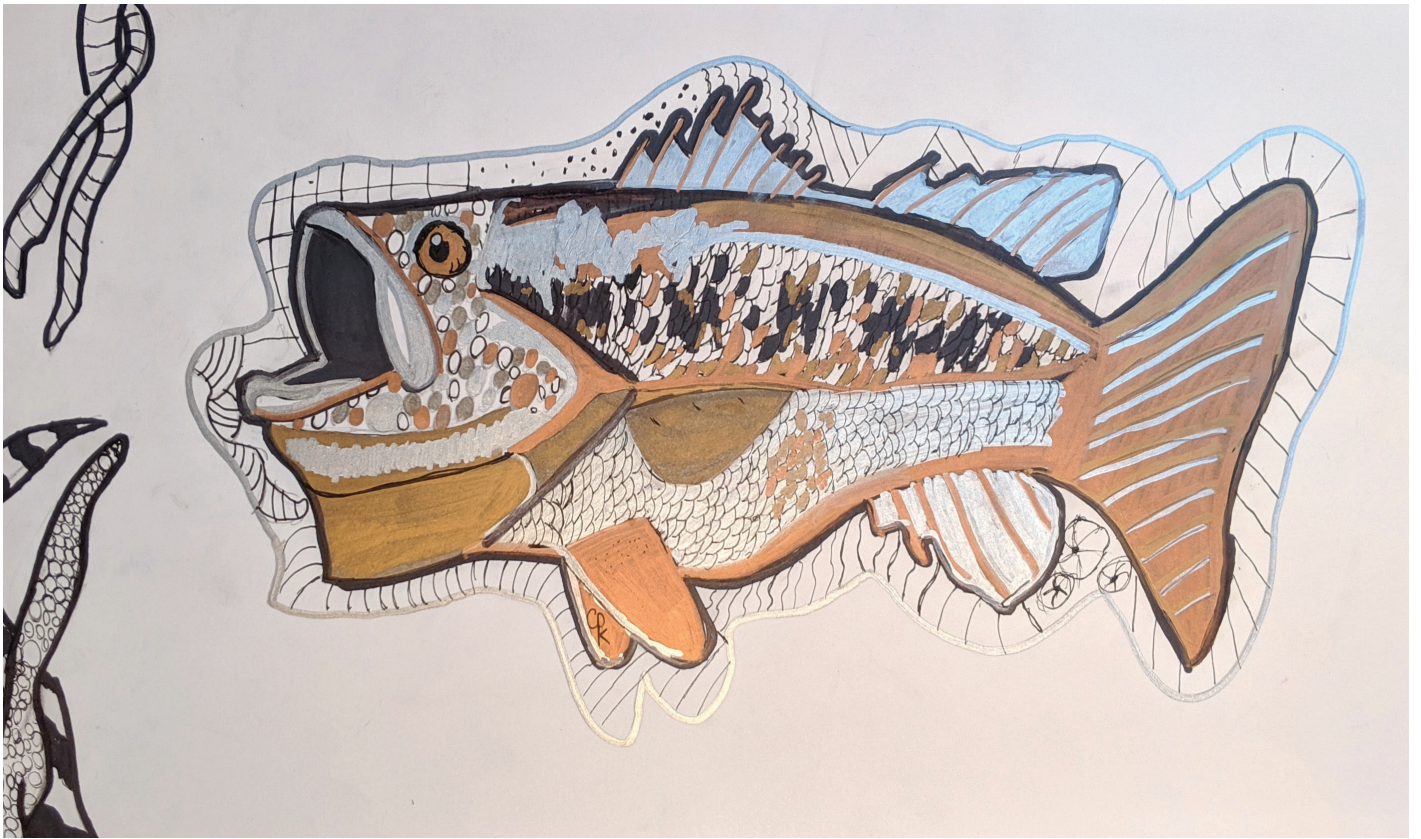
Helen Wang

“Drawing is the artist’s most direct and spontaneous expression, a species of writing: it reveals, better than does painting, their true personality.”

Edgar Degas,
impressionist artist

Drawing

Works created using pencil, pen, graphite, charcoal, chalk pastel, and oil pastel or other dry media are all classed as drawings, irrespective of the technique used to apply the material or the support to which the material is applied. Over the years, however, artists, art-lovers, and critics have adopted a wide range of definitions for the shape-shifting medium.



Angelo DiMatteo



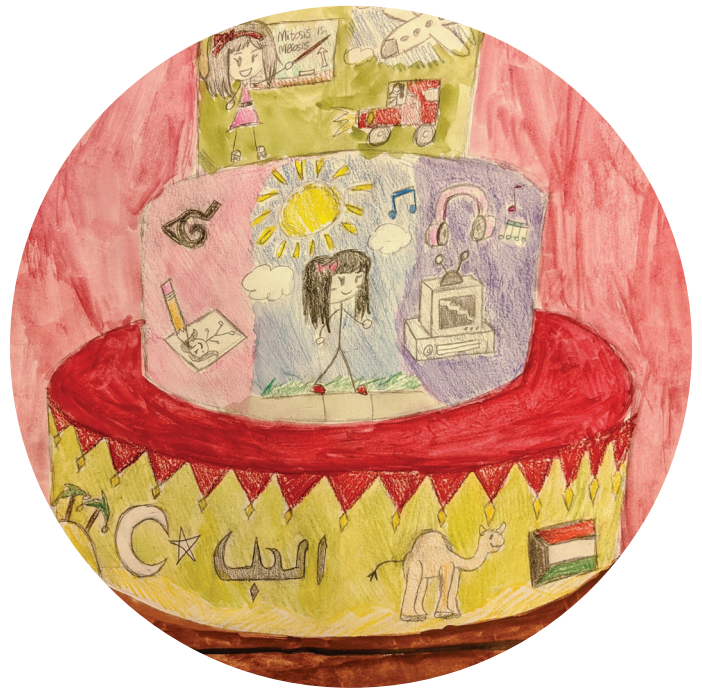
Christina Xin



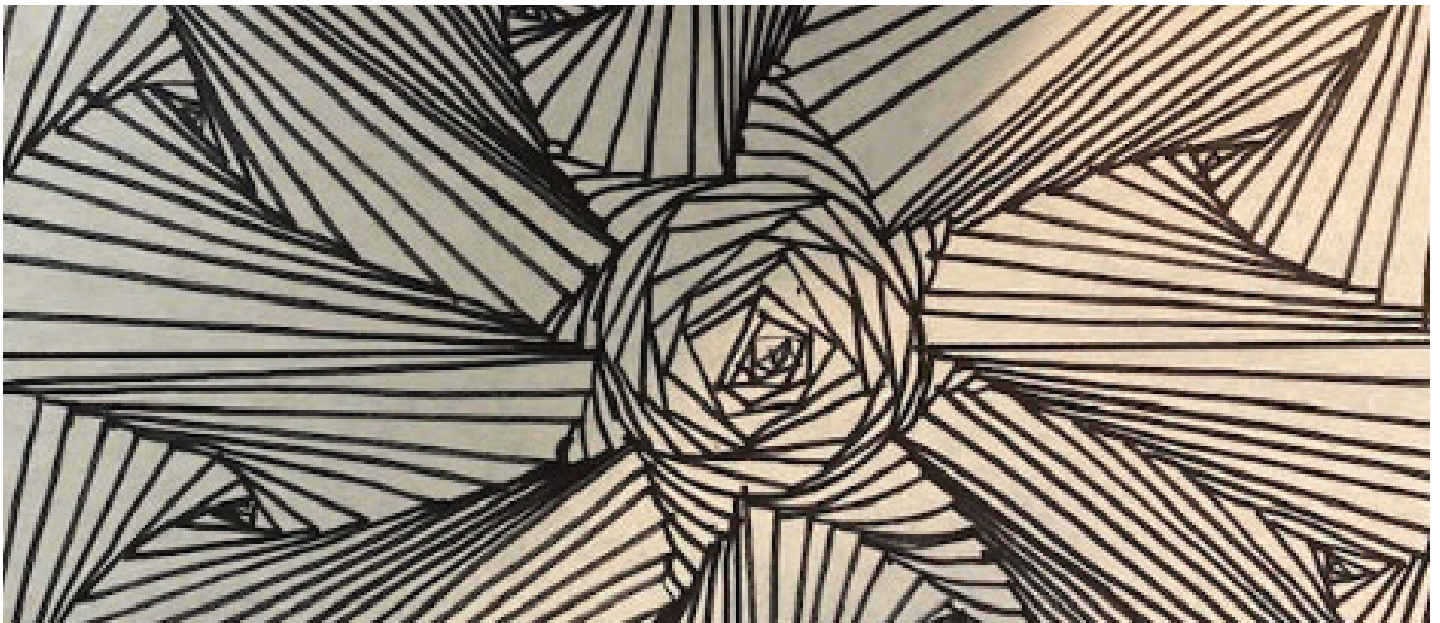
Lauren Hales



Ariel Hseih



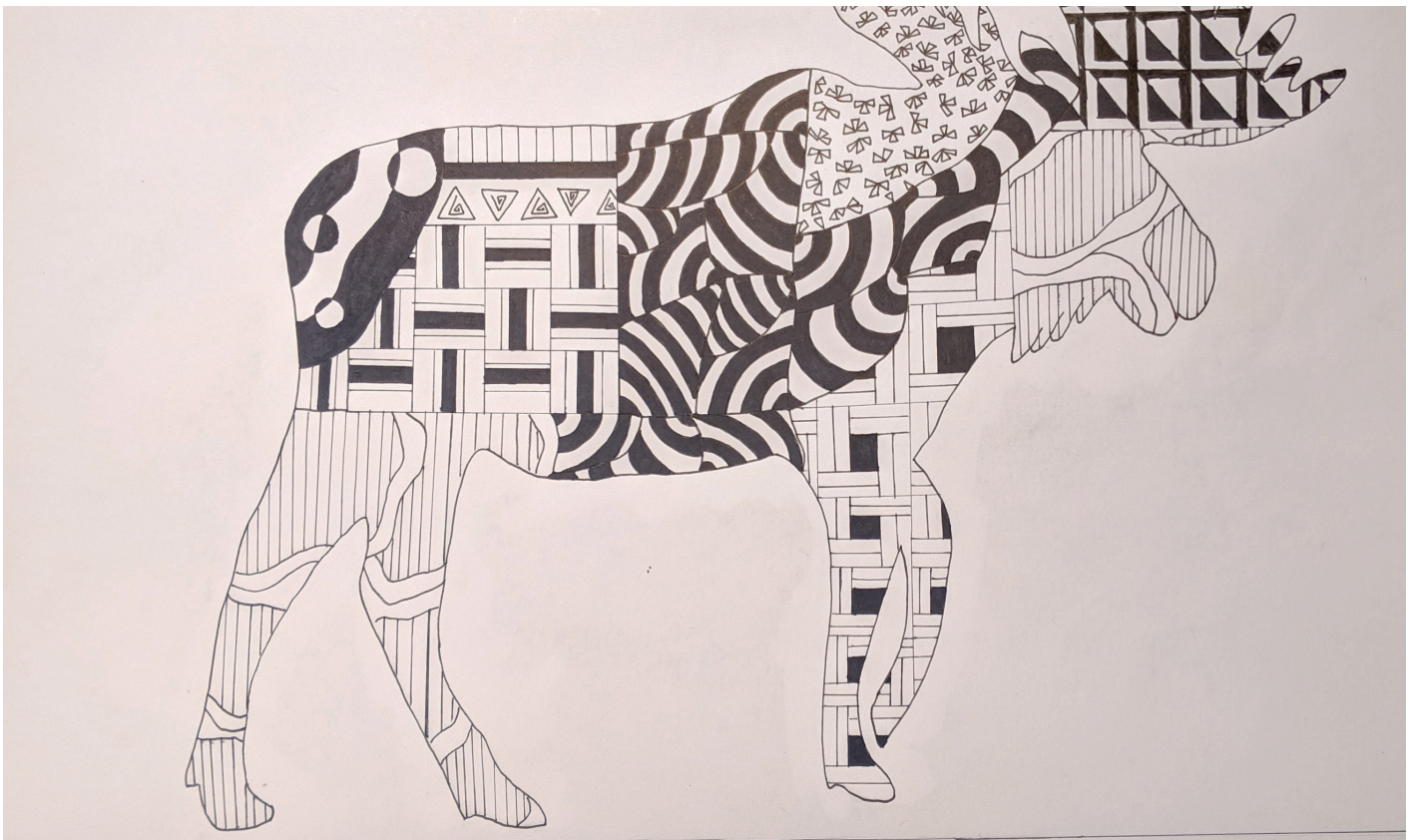
Miriam Albasi



Thatcher Gross



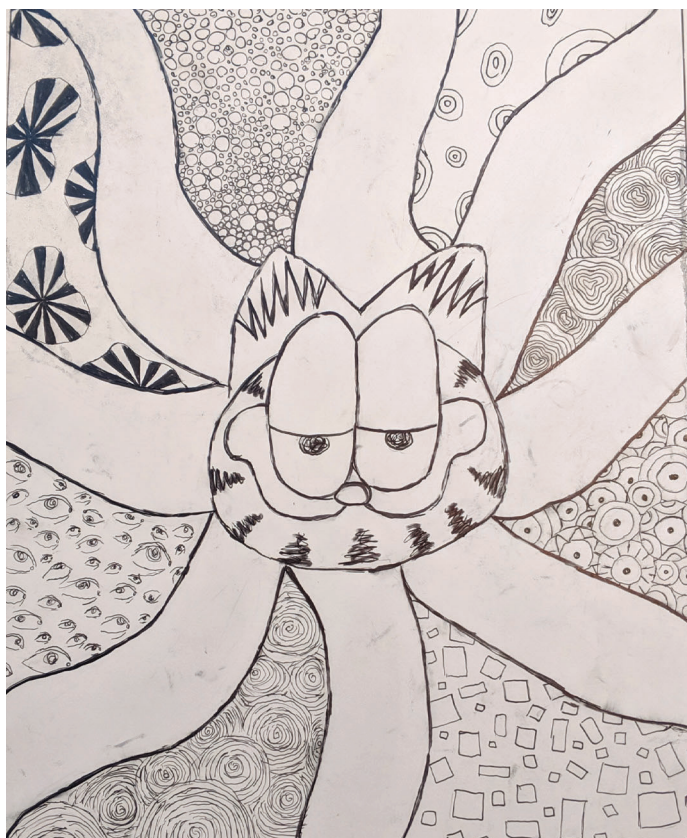
Lillian Newby



Ariel Hsieh



Lucas Shell



Sophia Polyakov



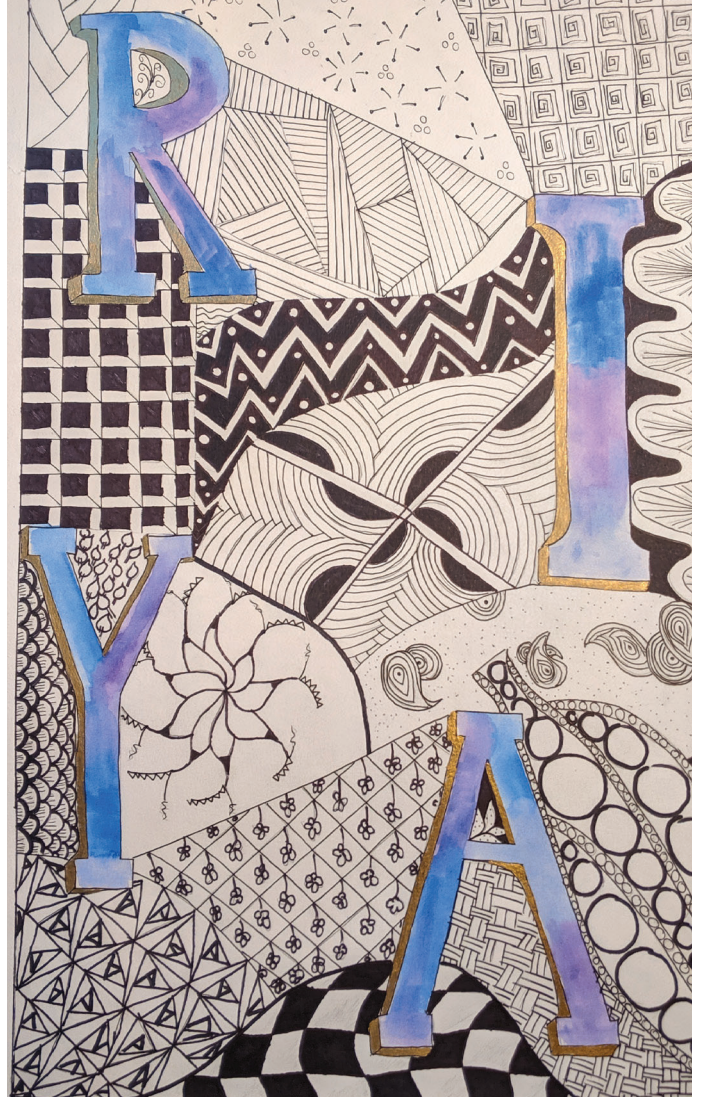
Moyne Dalby



Lillian Newby



Sanjana Chirravuri



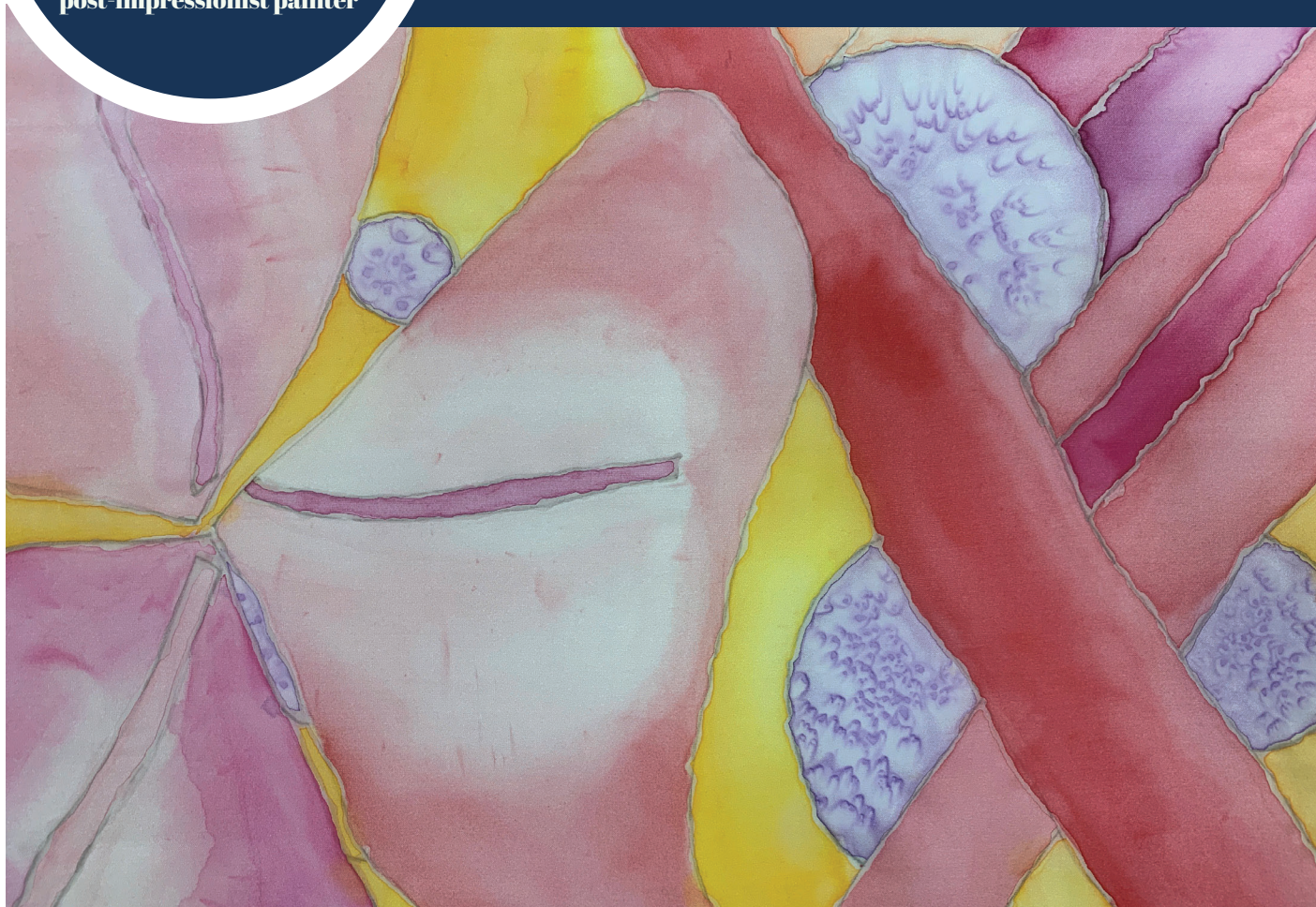
Riya Verma

Painting is the application of pigments to a support surface that establishes an image, design or decoration. In art the term “painting” describes both the act and the result. Most painting is created with pigment in liquid form and applied with a brush.

“I dream my painting, and then I paint my dream.”

Vincent van Gogh
post-impressionist painter

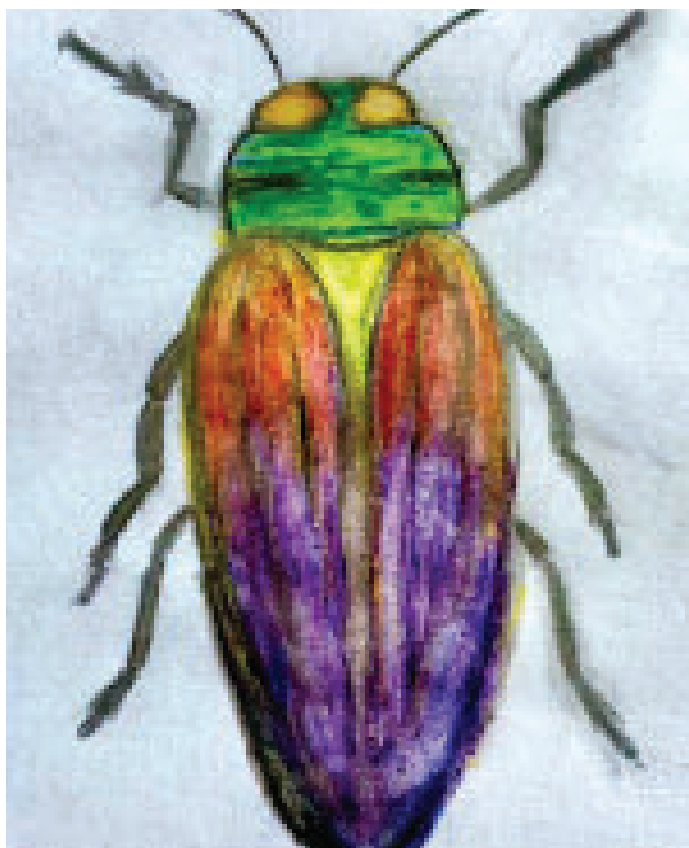
Painting



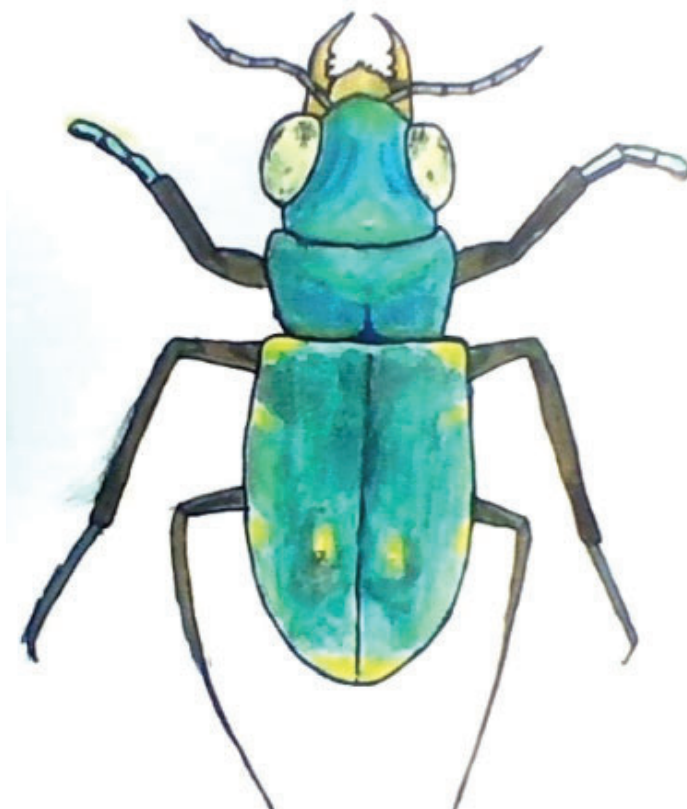
Manya Mehta



Bram Loveman



Josephyn Liao



Kailani Farivar



Grace Chen



Christina Xin



Lillian Newby



Angelo DiMatteo



Marianne Chang



Logan Chandler



Sophia Polyakov



Elizabeth Bondarchuk



Sophie Destanik



Sophia Makofsky



Mia Patriarco



Kayla Stroom



Sushmita Sudhan Supriya



Marianne Chang



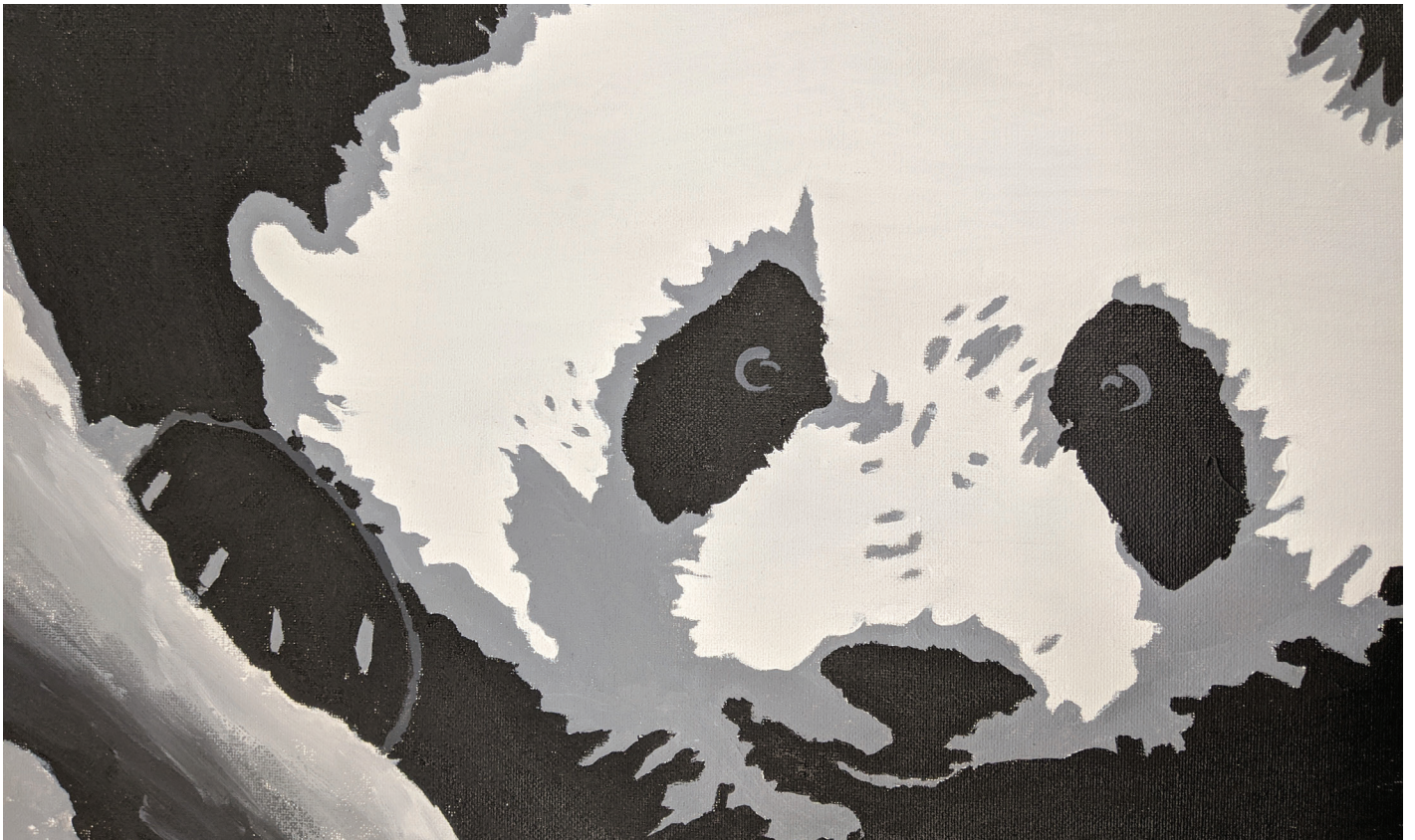
Grace Kremer




Moyne Dalby



Eileen Miozzi



Sophia Glazen



"Photography takes an instant out of time, altering life by holding it still."

Dorothea Lange
Photographer

In simple terms,

photography is quite simply the process of capturing light with a camera to create an image. Photography is incredible and it has many facets and types. The manner in which photography is used is even different, often from one person to the next.

Photography

Ava Kanj



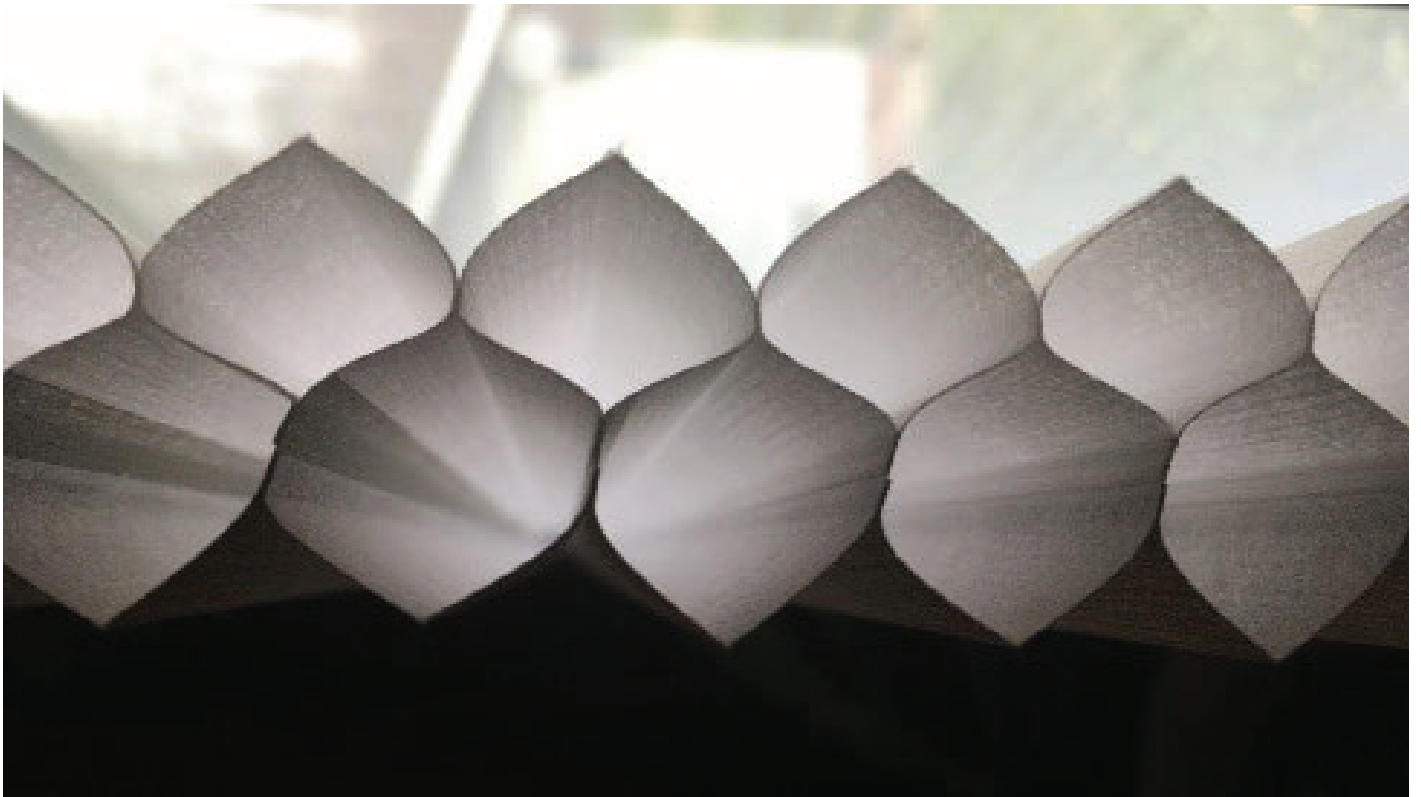
Selena Liao



Wyatt Johnson



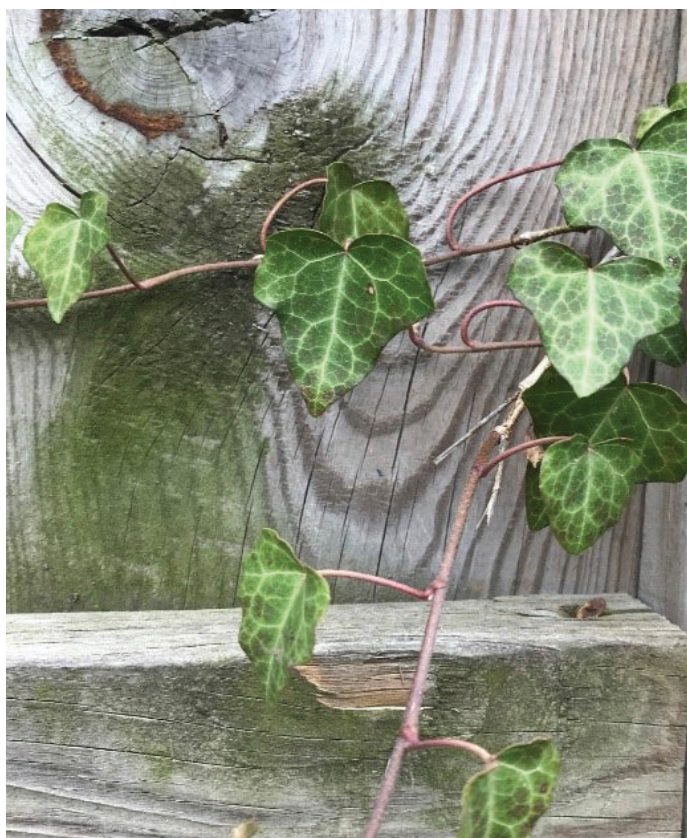
Eliana Greenberg



Eric Del Torto



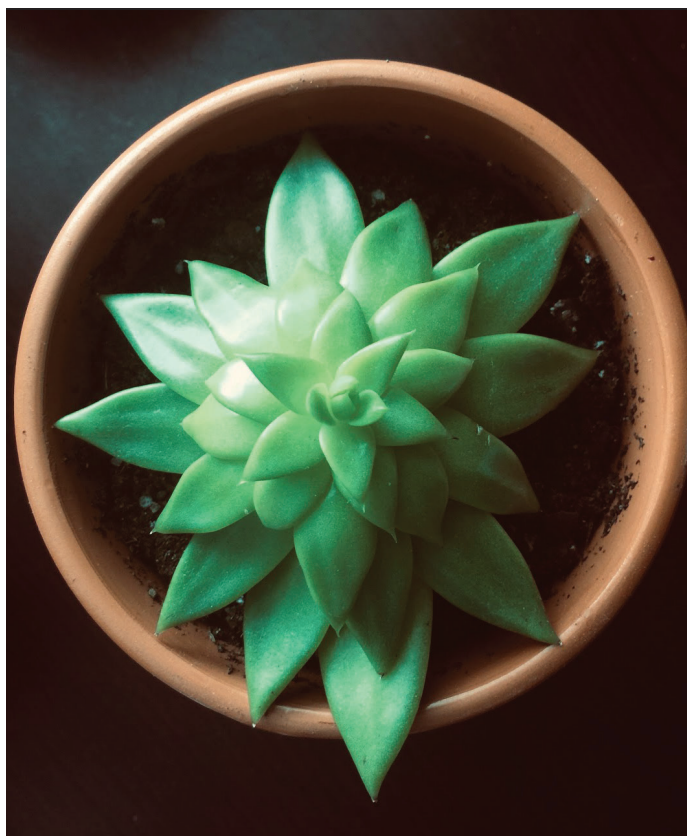
Cate Rukin



Aleksandra Demenkova



Leah Hulewat



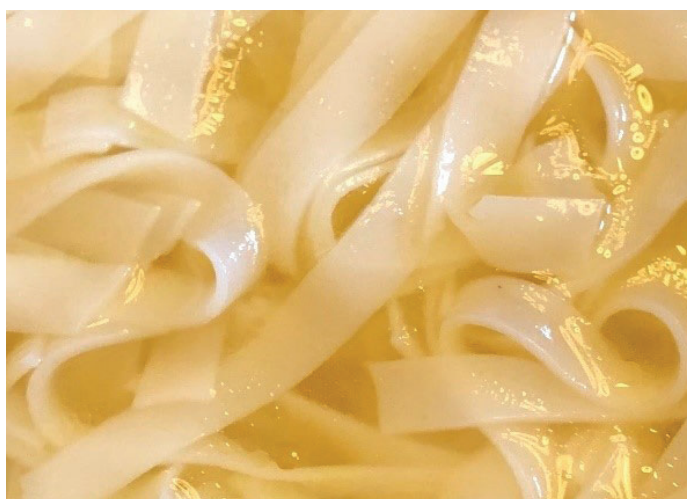
Laura Do



Leah Hulewat



Charlie Stevens



Charles Turcio



Moyne Dalby



Sopiha Corlett



Sopiha Corlett

"It's not what you look
at that matters, it's what
you see."

Henry David Thoreau
Poet and philosopher

Mixed media

Mixed media art involves mixing different creative mediums to create work that incorporates two or more art forms. For example, sculpture can be added to your painting, or draw on top of photography prints. Mixed media is all about breaking the boundaries between different art forms.



Marianne Chang



Angelina Velkov



Melanie Cardwell



Sophie Destanik



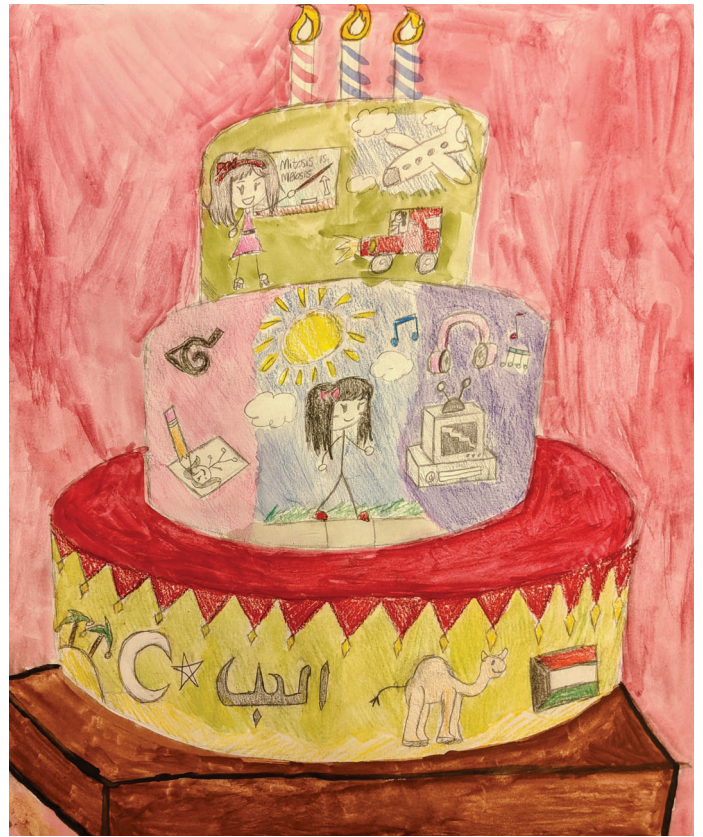
Ava Kanj



Mazin Kurin



Cori Armpol



Miriam Albasi



Siera Plank



Mrunmayi Warade



Mahita Somanchi



Marley Simms



Ella Ryan and Niki Nagy



Kathryn Lee



Bram Loveman



Ella Ryan and Nicki Nagy



Grace Chen



Michelle Grenburg



Myiesha Alam

The great fall at Great Wolf Lodge

By Delia k. Wallters

The bell started ringing and like many other kids, I rushed over to where the bucket was about to dump. This was my first time going under the bucket by myself.

I saw my sister standing ahead of me and called out to her "Hey Kira, over here!"

She ran over from the spot she was in. She too was going to be under the bucket, but unlike me this wasn't her first time. In fact she was under the bucket every time when it dumped.

As I looked around anxiously I noticed all the kids waiting for the bucket. I saw some little kids even younger than Kira. "Wow" I thought "they must be brave!". I was so excited but also scared at the same time, but I couldn't back out now. I could hear the water rushing down the wood roof of the play place. It was coming. Then it came. Down, down, down it came.

I got shoved to the ground by the force of the water. I could feel it pressing against me. It felt like it would never end. Then it stopped. I was crying. My body ached. As I lay on the ground I could see people leaving from where the bucket had just

dumped, and a boy walking by stepped on me. It felt like I layed there for years. I was in complete agony as I lay on the hard, wet ground.

Then I was taken to the little first aid room. I was crying so hard my vision blurred. They sat me down and cleaned up my wounds which were only scratches, but it felt like my leg was going to fall off.

Once they were done cleaning me up they gave me a stuffed animal from up on the wall. I held the toy as far away from me as possible so as not to get him wet. I looked at my covered up wounds and they were already bleeding through. They ended up having to change them and they gave us extra in case they bled through again.

As I came out of the first aid office I heard the bell ring and knew that I wouldn't be going under the bucket anytime soon.

The day my parents were almost wet

By William Wang

My brother and I were dead. We hadn't planned anything but the second my brother wanted to go to ... I knew I just knew we were dead.

At first when we arrived I didn't want to go but I toughened up and well you know the rest I went in. When we saw the rides I knew we were dead because the tallest one named gyro drop made you scared without even riding it, but we still decided to ride it.

When it was time for the ride my bladder started to twist and turn oh no, I needed to no.1 so badly! My face turned red I knew this was a mistake, there was no turning back, I felt like I was going to explode any second, but when we went up it was so slow and

beautiful I could see everything I knew this ride was going to be a breeze, I was wrong when we were coming down all I heard was this AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! My brother and I are almost no.1 ourselves.

We rushed to the bathroom I was gonna explode any second my stomach twisting and turning asking one employee after another, then finally we found the bathroom it shone golden to me it was a beauty after holding it for that long it just felt good and then we had lunch.

Posies, pain, and popsicles

Addy Porzuczek

I'm three years old. If I knew what was going to happen later, "Ring Around the Rosie" would've been out of the question.

My dad is working out and I'm staying in the little preschool the gym has to offer. The room is significantly small and it is plentiful with toys. I see the rest of the other kids playing "Ring Around the Rosie". Of course, I decide to play too.

"Ring around the rosie, pocketful of posies, ashes, ashes, we all fall do-"

The girl next to me jerked my arm a little too hard. Suddenly, I can't move it. Not. One. Bit. I think to myself. Am I going to die? Will I live? Will I get to see Momma again? I thought I was going to die.

I start screaming and wailing. The girl who is running that small, closet-sized room doesn't know what to do. I'm sitting there bawling and she's too dumbstruck to see that I've dislocated my arm! She goes and gets my dad and he looks at my arm. He carries me to the car. Buckles me up in my Graco car seat and we're outta there.

We get to the hospital and they take me into a room. I've seen a doctor before but this dude didn't look like a doctor. Compared to a regular doctor, this guy looked like the Michelin Man. My dad told me they were called scrubs but I think he looked kind

of like a marshmallow.

"What's wrong with her arm?" Dad. "Dislocated" Marshmallow Michelin Man.

"Jeez Louise" Dad. Marshmallow Michelin Man took my arm and pushed it. Instantly my arm went back to normal. I was so proud of myself. Marshmallow Michelin Man left the room. A few minutes later, he came back with something wrapped in a white paper towel. It was a popsicle. It was orange and gooey. It was delicious.

As my dad was talking to Marshmallow Michelin Man, I was sitting on the end of the hospital bed, happily eating my popsicle.

"I love you, Dada." "I love you too, Peanut."

I went home that day covered in orange popsicle, with the popsicle stick still in my hand, but it was worth it. All for a "friendly" and "harmless" game of "Ring Around the Rosie".

You don't have to outrun the bear

Adom Sharpley

Over the fence I saw a huge black and brown dog staring into my soul while My friend and I were playing outside. We heard dribbling two houses down "thump thump thump" it was my friends brother playing basketball. Then the doberman started barking at us through the fence then the dribbling stopped. My friend said "If the dog chases me I'm going inside."

Then the dog comes racing at us, I ran like the wind inside but my friend was too slow and I already locked the door on him. He turned the knob but it didn't budge, then it made a weird cartoonish noise like "uhhh uhhh." Then he ran to his house and the dog was right on his heels. He got two houses down but his brother already ran inside and locked the door before he got there. He stood on the porch with his back against the wall. While I was watching him I was thinking it was either me or you. The dog stood there harassing him for 25 seconds until the dog got caught by the owner. The very valuable lesson I learned was you don't have to outrun the bear you just have to outrun your scared friend.

The tears

By Aizah Shahbaz

I never thought this day would come. It was terrible sadness and fear. I felt so small. It was one of the worst days of my life. I thought he would have a longer life. I knew it. I felt it. But my dream never came true as that phone rang.

I was at Orchard Middle School in 3rd Rotation (7th Period). I knew it was most probably for a kid who needed to be called down to the office. But that one day it was me.

Mrs. Ansberry told me to go to my locker, pack all my stuff and go to the office immediately. As soon as I left the classroom and got all my things, I went to the office where my Dad stood talking to the security guard, Mr. Martin. He had to sign me out on the clipboard, which states the reason why a parent is picking their child up. As my dad wrote personal I knew something was wrong. Usually I would only get pulled out of school whenever I was sick or for doctor appointments.

Then I asked my dad "what's wrong, what's wrong!"

He wouldn't answer me until we reached the car where my mom was sitting.

As I was dashing out of the school, I was anxious about what happened. But then I saw my mom sitting in the car crying and my heart pounded. It screamed and told me to ask her what was wrong. But I was speechless. Then 10 seconds later I spoke but it felt like a million years. I wanted to ask her what happened I already knew. I didn't want to know. But I knew. The nightmare came true.

The night before my grandpa wasn't feeling well and was in the hospital. Then I asked my mom what happened and she wouldn't answer either.

I asked her, "Is it about grandpa?"

"Yes", she stated.

"Did he pass away?"

Praying at that moment that she would say no, was one of the worst and scariest nightmares of my life that came true. My skin got cold from the afternoon dew and my legs got wobbly. I didn't know how to feel as she nodded her head yes.

She told me how we had to drive to Canada since we didn't get any flights at the Cleveland Airport, and all my cousins were there so they wanted to see how everything was going. So then we picked up my sister from the high school and her reaction was the same worried expression I had. As the very sad, horrible car drive went by, we finally made it to the airport.

My mom was going to fly to Pakistan, (where my grandparents live and where my parents used to live) so she can take care of my grandma and go to my grandpa's funeral. Life at home was very chaotic and dramatic. I felt the pain in my heart.

When my mom was gone, I was devastated I couldn't come. We did the regular things we do but it felt odd. My dad had to go to work late so he could let my sister and I go to school. He did all the things my mom would do for us, like laundry, wash dishes, make dinner, e.t.c. My mom was the base of our lives who did everything for us. We couldn't survive without her. It felt like 5 years. I guess it was only 2 weeks.

But my mom came back soon. Everything went back to normal. My grandpa was the sun when I had my moon, the light when I felt darkness. I know deep down that there is some place that is better for him. But I thought he lived a great life. I knew it. I felt it. But it was just my grandpa's time to go.

Stopped breathing almost

Who Said Snails Can't Fly?

By Alyssa Feldman

Sunday afternoon. That slimy, snailly, gravity defying afternoon.

Now I don't have any problem with snails, don't get me wrong! Like they're cute outside or in a garden... But not in your produce!

It all started at Giant Eagle. I was there with my dad to get groceries and trust me I was really tired. I hate going grocery shopping, like with a burning passion, so you need to know that I was at a practically delirious stage of sleep deprivation in order for him to convince me to go on that cold, long, boring trip to the grocery store with him. If only I had put down that all too good book earlier this all could have been avoided.

Why didn't I just go to sleep?

My dad asked me to get a small box of raspberries.

Why couldn't it have been any other fruit?

I was supposed to check them to make sure they were good, but oh I was just so tired! All I wanted was to get home to my nice warm cushiony bed.

I just grabbed the first box I saw off the top. I placed it in the cart. There was no terrible gut feeling. No sudden realization. Nope. Grocery shopping just continued. Same as before. As if nothing had changed.

Why didn't I just put it back?

After a whole hour of shopping that felt like ages we were back at home. My mom and I decided to share a bowl of those delicious deep red berries.

Why couldn't we have eaten a different snack?

She opened up the package... "AHHHHHHHHH!!!" A shriek so loud that it would make howler monkeys proud! The whole house seemed to come to attention. I ran to her side while my dad tumbled down the stairs tripping over his own feet! My dog started barking his head off going crazy with excitement.

And then I saw it.

A small snail about the size of a quarter and white as snow in a sea of red. It's little slimy and pale head peeked out of its shell as it looked up at me and my mom.

Why couldn't it just have been some mold?

Our jaws dropped! A snail in our raspberries? That thing was out of there in less than a millisecond! My mom threw that snail far, farther than I think she's ever thrown anything before. An unceremonial PLOP following shortly after. In that moment I realized, and I'm about to get really deep here... Snails can most definitely fly!

I don't have a clue as to why that snail was in there, but I do know where we won't be buying raspberries from anymore!

Timber!

By Andrew Hanna

I was scared out of my life. I was surprised I was even still alive. If I had moved just a little less, I would have been crushed, I thought. But I had to think about something else, part of it hit my head. It felt like my head was cut open. It was throbbing and the pain didn't go away.

It was a smoldering hot July day. The sun was glaring at us. I was at Boy Scout summer camp. It was day 2 or 3 out of 7. I could feel the sweat bees fluttering around my neck, taking the cold, heavenly, sweat away from my scolding body. All my mosquito bites itch like poison ivy.

Me and my friend Elias were walking up to Ranger Rons area to work on lashings. It was a long walk, we had to walk uphill about 20 minutes just to get there. We had him for 4 periods until we went to do other merit badges, Combine that with a tiny breakfast, and we were really tired. That small of a breakfast didn't give us the energy we needed to barley run, combined with having to lug around heavy backpacks every day, so we could go no faster than a tortoise after a gourmet meal.

While we were talking we heard a cracking sound but didn't think much of it. Elias was complaining about all the bugs and how on family night he was going to tell his dad to bring him home, because of the bugs.

We were almost to the area, trying not to faint from exhaustion, when we heard the cracking sound again, this time, much louder than it was before. And before we knew it, a dark brown, half rotten tree came crashing down on us, going to squash us just like pancakes on a saturday morning. I had a shiver go up my spine as this happened. My mom said whenever this happened, someone was walking on your grave. I wasn't ready to be crushed! I still had my whole life ahead of me, and this is how I die! I wanted to have a super dramatic death, not just being flattened by a tree!

"RUN!" Elias screamed. Me and Elias sprinted out of the way, but I didn't go far enough. When we ran, the tree landed, and the branches hit my head. It felt like little knives cutting through my head, trying to get back to the dead tree. I felt my head and I could feel cool, wetness. I panicked because I

thought I had to go to the hospital because of this tree. Shaking, I bring my hand down to look at what the liquid was. It was clear. At first I thought I was an alien, but then realized it was just sweat. Then an older scout came over to see if we were ok.

"All you need is more water than usual, but otherwise, your fine." The scout said.

Then when we got to the area, we told everyone what had happened, but no one believed that a tree fell and almost killed us. It was just unheard of to them, even though it sounded like a cannon firing. So we went up and showed them the fallen, still intact, half rotten tree that almost killed us.

Hours later, my dad came for parent night, where you get to see your parents once a week. My mother couldn't come since she just had knee surgery. When I told my dad what happened, he said something I was confused about.

"Looks like you got the curse too" he said.

"What curse," I asked.

"When I had to take your sleeping bag to you after you forgot it on one campout, a tree fell. And if I didn't stop when I did, you might be attending a funeral."

My brain exploded from the thought we may be cursed. Since my dad said that, I will not trust another tree for the rest of my life.

Janova and my great grandmother

By Angela Crawford

Doubt was washing over me when I thought I heard what would be an animal.

One day in the summer of 2017, me and my sister were outside playing with friends. We were walking through my yard and we started hearing meowing. Loud cute meowing.

So me and my sister started looking around the yard. Me and my sister had started running around and trying to find people to help us find the cat. I look under the trailer next to us and there it is. A beautiful tabby and white cat. I scream "I FOUND THE CAT!" I start going under the trailer. Now for a 5,3 tall girl it was kind of hard to fit under the trailer. I yell and tell my sister to get cat food for the cat, So of course what do you think would happen to me? I got stuck.

I can of wet cat food and 2 handfuls of dry later, we get the cat out. His beautiful white coat was covered in fleas and dirt. At this time I had 1 dog and 3 cats so I think he was scared of the scent because he was squirming all over.

I had said "This is Janova" because it was our old neighbors cat that they had left behind. I started tearing up, "oh my gosh what are we supposed to do this is not our cat I feel so bad for him." So we went up to my great grandma and she said that she was going to take care of him till we find him a home. So what did she do, she kept him. And she loved him, now he was an outdoor cat and he did not listen to anything and he ate so much. But she loved him.

My mom would take my great grandmother shopping for things and she would usually get just about nothing. She would get a thing of Breyers butter pecan ice cream, the fancy wet cat food (the chicken and salmon dinner with extra gravy), and a few other things.

Now when winter break had come around the cat had to stop going outside which was hard for him. He would get out from time to time but that was fine. Then Christmas came. Me and my sister sitting on the couch watching movies like "Nightmare Before Christmas" by Tim Burton. We loved his movies.

The day after christmas we were all curled up in blankets and eating sweets basically all day, and then we heard my mom and dad rush through the door. I thought they just forgot something or lost something at the house. We all lost something. My great grandmother.

We went over to her house the day before and she could not remember who was who and we thought it was just the medicine. Nope. She was passing away slowly, she was a stage 4 lung cancer patient, a diabetic, a mother, a grandmother, a great grandmother, but most importantly, a friend. She had given us so much before and that was not what mattered, it was the fact that we lost someone important to us and mostly my mother. She was the one that would spend the afternoons with her and play solitaire, go down in the morning and eat Great Value strawberry cereal bars and drink coffee. She was the one that would spend the afternoons with her and play solitaire, go down in the morning and eat Great Value strawberry cereal bars and drink coffee. Me and my sister would also go down to her house and eat hostess cupcakes and swiss rolls. My sister and my great grandmother would play solitaire because they liked to. I would play go fish. Every day my great grandma would try something new, like making tea, or cupcakes. When her birthday came, I had also made her a three tier cake. It was strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla. All Great Value because that was what we had. When I heard that she had passed away all I thought was, Stop.

Janova had gotten a new home about 2 months after, and we still miss him, he was so lovable. We had to have him with my great grandma because we could not take him because of our siberian husky Aria.

When we had given him to our grandma she had him for a while but he was not behaving. He would always scratch on the dark green sofa that my grandmother had and also the large wooden table that was in her kitchen. Janova would not get along with my grandma's cat noodles, which passed away 5/27/19. So what did my grandma have to do. Get rid of him. He was a good cat but he only was used to living with just himself. He would always bring us mice and then he would take it, run away, and then eat it. I know people think that "eww thats gross" and stuff like that but it was the thought that counted. We loved janova, we loved great grandma, we loved them all but they had to go at some point. Janova is still living and my great grandma passed away at the age of 86, and lived with 3 years of stage 4 lung cancer. When you have underestimated your family members and do not go around them because you don't want to or you can't, I wish I had been around her more like 1 year before this happened. You never realize how much you will miss them until they are gone.

Broken chins and seesaws

By Angela Sun

Blood dripped down my chin as hot tears spilled from my eyes. Just seconds earlier my chin had erupted in pain. What happened? I had thought then. Later, I realized that my chin was broken. And the cause of it, a seesaw.

We all make decisions when we're young that we later regret. Myself included. When I was in preschool I made probably one of the dumbest mistakes I've made in my entire lifetime. Here's what happened.

My preschool had a playground with a seesaw on it. It was a banana yellow seesaw with rose pink seats. About ten kids could go on it at a time. It was super fun to play on. One day, the playground was mostly empty. And with only a few other kids around, I was by myself. So I decided to go play with the seesaw.

I walked over to one side of the seesaw and started pushing down on it. Each time I pushed, it would spring back up. For some reason I thought that was fun (I was five, give me a break). And I continued pushing down on the seesaw. Up. Down. Up. Down. Faster and faster. Crack! The seesaw sprang back up so hard it smacked me in the chin and flung me backwards.

An explosion of pain washed over me. I started bawling my eyes out. Blood was gushing out of my chin and dripping down onto my shirt. My cries drew the attention of one of the other kids on the playground. She found me and took me to the caretaker, who's name was Mrs. Tiffany. Soon I was on my way to emergency care.

I remember sitting up in a hospital bed with a giant bandage plastered to my chin. I saw my dad with a nurse and doctor standing next to him. There was a nurse and doctor talking to me, asking if I would be willing to let them take the bandage off so they could show the damage done to my chin.

"Is it okay if your dad sees what happened to your chin?" The nurse asked.

"No! No, no, NO!" I cried, frightened at something I shouldn't have been scared at.

I ended up not showing my chin to anyone, much to my relief. After the hospital visit I was able to come home immediately. Days, weeks, and months passed and I eventually forgot about the incident. Soon it was a distant memory in my mind.

I didn't even realize that I had a scar from that experience. I realized I had one two years ago in 2017. It's a jagged line that goes across my chin, only visible when I tilt my head back. It's fine though, it doesn't affect me at all.

Oh, and the moral of this story? Don't play with seesaws.

Bird Poop

By Anna Li

We were almost done with the mile but then some blob of white and brown came dropping down from the sky, down right to where I was standing less than a second ago and down to where my friend was standing.

I didn't know what that blob was or why it was falling from the sky, I just knew it smelled awful, it smelled like a diaper that's been used for 5 years.

Let's start from the beginning, it was a hot scorching day, me and my friend were running the mile for the 3rd time hoping to get under 8 minutes. I was running in the inner track and my friend was on the 2nd inner ring but she looked like she needed a kind of mini break so for the last lap we switched places.

Not. Even. A. Moment.

After we switched places I saw something white brownish blob fell into her hair, we both thought it was some kind of bug. After a few seconds something started smelling like a waste treatment center before the waste was treated.

"What's that smell?" I questioned what that dreadful foul stench was. My friend just shrugged her shoulders and said "I don't know." The dreadful smell still hasn't gone away. I was questioning if the bug that flew into her hair was a stink bug. I felt lucky in that moment, lucky I didn't have something in my hair, lucky I didn't smell bad (if you're my friend and you're reading this,

sorry but it was true) and lucky I didn't have bird poop in my hair. I didn't want to be rude so I didn't mention anything and I'm pretty sure that was also the reason no one told her.

Then it hit me, the answer was as clear as a freshwater river on a nice spring day, (without kids playing in it of course, they would make the water their personal toilet.) The brownish whitish blob that came from the sky wasn't a bug (orPeopleThrowingDiapersOffanAirplane) it was bird poop! (no der einstein) How did I not realize this sooner?!

When I told her she was surprised then realized it would make sense, we went into the bathroom to see what it was and it was bird poop.

After a few days, maybe weeks kinda a month we laughed about it. I still couldn't believe my luck if we didn't switch at that moment I could have been the one stuck with bird poop in my hair.

You may be getting sick about me saying how lucky I am, and that's completely reasonable. Maybe I was just a bystander to my friend's terrible luck, maybe I brought bad mojo to my friend or maybe I'm overthinking this.

One of THOSE days

Anthony Carlozzi

"Ugh!" I said as soon as I woke up. "Another school day." Luckily, it was Friday. I got my tired self up and went to the bathroom. I looked in the mirror and thought, "AHH A UGLY GHOST!!" But really, it was just me. So I went through most of the school day as usual. Then, my favorite class: Science/Soc. Studies. The reason why I liked it was because of my teacher: Mr. Evans. Mr Evans was one of if not the funniest teachers I've ever had. And, we have this inside joke where if certain people knock on the door to come in, we would say "Don't let him/her in!" or "Everybody hide!" (Again, we aren't really being serious)

So, we were in the middle of a lesson when all of a sudden, KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Someone was at the door. As I usually do, I quickly went to the door and quietly whispered, "Everybody, hide!"

The second I said that, I knew I made a mistake saying that because I heard the person at the door yell "You don't have to hide this is your assistant principal!"

After I heard him say that, my heart DROPPED to my feet. I slowly, but carefully, opened the door, and there he was. Mr. Sciarabba himself, the ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL. I was scared to death. I thought to myself, "What if I get a detention?" "What if I get in huge trouble?" "WHAT IF I WAS SUSPENDED?" My heart was racing. My palms started sweating. I felt frozen like an icicle. I didn't know what to say. I was speechless. I wanted to open a hole in the ground and swallow me up.

I said innocently, "Sorry, I didn't--" But before I could finish, I thought he would say, "Your in BIG trouble" or "Come into my office NOW." But, all he said was "Don't say that! Now go to your seat!" He sounded calm, but disappointed and mad all at the same time.

He then came into the room, and told Mr. Evans whatever he wanted to say. I was shocked. I went back to my desk. Then, he came up to my desk and said calmly, "Don't ever say that because you can make people believe that it's a lockdown." I couldn't help it but cry silently at my desk. I was already so stressed and overwhelmed with school. This was a just build up of so many things; Homework, family, commitments, etc. I just barely whispered to him and said "O-ok."

For the rest of the year, things with me and him were SO awkward. I wanted nothing to do with him. It's not that I wasn't mad at him, it was just that he saw me cry. When I saw him in a hallway, I would take another one just to avoid him.

On Monday, I woke up and thought, "I really don't want to talk to Mr. Sciarabba."

This was two years ago in fifth grade, when I thought that crying in front of someone made their relationship awkward with me. But now, I don't really know why It was awkward, because it wasn't. Reflecting on this now, it is a learning experience that I'll never forget.

The drop tower

By Austin Shaner

It was a warm summer evening about 5 years ago. I was at an amusement park, just having fun like any other 6 or 7 year-old would do, going on a few average rides, when suddenly I saw a towering ride that I had never seen before called the drop tower. I starred as I saw people plummet at full speed, what looked to me as hundreds of feet!

My dad who was nearby noticed me. "The drop tower," He said menacingly. "You should go! It's not that bad, you'll have fun!" And with belief in what he was saying, I mustered up the courage to say "Sure... I'll go." Not sure what I had gotten myself into.

Next thing I know I'm waiting in the long line watching the ride go up and down countless times, each time moving slightly forward to watch it go down again.

And then, there I was, at the front of the line as I watched it plummet down one last time, blaring screams of its riders echoing through my head. I slowly walked up as my dad said "Your up, son." I nodded as I got into the chair of the ride that looked more like a cage then a chair.

And then with a jolt it the ride started moving up, up, and up. Click... Click... Click... Click... Click, For what seemed like too long. And with another jolt it stopped just as quickly as it had started.

My feet dangling, the ride creaking back and forth in the wind, I sat there preparing for it to go down, but it didn't. Waiting and waiting, When 5 seconds felt like 5 minutes, waitin- WHOOSH, sounding like a speeding train going past its tracks I was rushed down faster than I could even react. My body going down slower than the ride it felt like I was floating, wondering how the ride would even stop in time.

Then finally it stopped so fast that it jerked me far into my seat. As the worker finally unstrapped me from the seat I slowly trembled down the ramp while holding on to the wall of the ride, trying to regain my balance, then my dad asked me, "How was it?"

And then I replied with, "It was awesome!"

Three strikes

By Marco Hayek

It's a Saturday, there is a big game today. I woke up feeling ready for the game.

I went downstairs and scarfed down my breakfast and got my baseball stuff ready to go to the Game. Dy Dad drove to the baseball field and it was time to play ball.

We were the away team so we hit first. We made four runs then we got out. I sat out that inning we were down one.

Time flew by. Now at the top of the ninth inning the score is four to three we're down one run two outs. One guy is on first base. I'm up at-bat.

The pitcher lifts his foot and the ball towards me strike one. The pitcher winds up again but this time he throws it down the middle. I hit it hard towards shortstop the baseball flew past his

hands soaring into the outfield. I sprinted to second base he goes home the tying point. As I was on second base I was thinking of how I'm going to slide into home.

A teammate is up at bat he swung his bat and is barreling towards the outfield. I stride towards third base. Then I slide past the catcher into home and the runner steals home in a flash.

This was one of the best games i've ever played. i am proud because I can reflect on the mistakes I've made in other games.

Ready, set, now!

By Ava Esser

Trees! Nature! Heights! This will be fun! This will be awesome. This will be terrifying.

I was at a Metroparks camp in Hinckley, Ohio. It was the third, and final day of camp. We were all in the usual camp room, but today was different. We were going zip lining. We boarded the fancy bus to the ziplining place. The bus ride was an hour long, and full of anticipation. I rode the bus with A. C. and S. We were all excited, but I was the most nervous. I was terrified of heights. When we got there, we put on our harnesses, and gloves; then split up into two groups, girls and boys. We went through "training" first, and went on a mini zipline that was only about 5 feet off the ground. Then, it was time.

We went up to the first, easy zipline. The instructor said that this one's a breeze, but I wasn't sure I believed her. I could feel the zipline staring me down. It was 30 feet off of the ground, and about 15 feet across, but it made me uneasy. I was so petrified, I almost backed out. A. went first, she wasn't scared at all. Then S. went. She was nervous, but not like me. Then C. and I did rock paper scissors to decide who went first, and I won. I called last, and off C. went. Then, it was my turn.

I stood on the block to go, squeezed my eyes shut, and raised my feet. I'm not going to fall. I'm not going to fall. I'm going to fall. I'm going to fall!-That's what was going through my mind as I lifted my feet. I heard the zip as I went across, and when I reached the other side, I practically hugged the tree on the platform. Then, I peeked at the next zipline. I immediately called last again, noticing that the next one was about a gazillion times the length, and about a trillion times the height as the first small one.

After the others went first, I stepped forwards. I asked the zipline guide to push me when I said "now". I took a deep breath, and said the word. She pushed me off, and as soon as I started zipping through the trees, I relaxed a bit. As the wind hit my face, I smiled. When I reached the next platform, I was bewildered on how amazing that second zipline was. I was third on the next one, and by then, my fear was gone.

After the third one, we got to the platform, and there were rope stairs we had to climb. They were kind of frightening, but nothing compared to the ziplines. After that, we were even higher, because the rope stair/ladder was very steep. This zipline I called second, and it was awesome.

One of them we got to zip over a creek/river and we saw a turtle in it! Then, to get even higher, we had to climb up two spiral metal staircases. That made us extremely high. On the fifth, we took a few really cool pictures of us about to zip away, and in the middle of the zipline.

Then, it was time for the second to last zipline. It was the longest. This one, was the best one. I wasn't scared of this one, because by then my fear had vanished. I lifted up my feet, and zipped off. It felt like I was flying. I remember this one being about 10 seconds, which is long. Well, for a zipline. I felt like I was zipping through the trees for an eternity, but before I knew it, I had reached the other side, and was pulled on the platform. I waited for the others to get on, and then the end had come.

It was time for the last one. I was sad, I wanted to continue ziplining for so much longer, but this was it. I was the second to last person to go, trying to make the experience linger for as long as possible. Eventually, it was my time to go. Our guide raised my carabiner to the zipline, and hooked me on. I lifted my feet once more, and zipped across the last line.

I tried to soak up as much of the time I could, and took a mental picture. When I reached the final tree, it was time to descend. It was quite complicated, and required some bravery. But I descended just fine, and made it to the ground.

Then, they told me that three of the boys in the other group had gotten too scared on the first or second zipline, and had backed out. But not me.

I had cured my fear of heights. I learned that even when you have a fear that is so petrifying, the best thing to do is to face it; because it usually ends up making you happier in the long run. If I hadn't faced my fear, I wouldn't have experienced ziplining, one of the best things I have ever done. It was frightening, it was beautiful, it was amazing.

The BT of mines

By Brendan Dickens

6 minutes. 28 seconds. 14 players. 2 teams.
Only one person on one of the teams would be standing.
It was me.

13 charred, tank hulls strewn around the battlefield. All of this would happen in the longest 6 minutes and 28 seconds of my life.

The start timer for the battle to begin was counting down, I was playing World Of Tanks Blitz, and I was starting up my BT-2 light tank. It's a quaint, speedy russian light tank with a quick firing gun and good handling on terrain. It has a skinny, somewhat long hull because of the large engine, and has a small cylindrical turret with a box protruding through the back and the gun sticking out of the front, as if someone drilled a hole in the turret and stuck a tube in the hole. The area was a sunny, european, (looks a lot like a place that would be in France,) village called Mines. In the northwest corner there was the small town square of the village itself, while there was a huge, steep, hill in the center of the area with some mini hills formed of rock around the edges allowing some hiding spots for tanks on the hill. The southeast edge was home to a smaller, sloping hill with a lighthouse on top, because in between the two hills was a shallow dried-up river bed.

My team started on the southwest corner of Mines and I headed north to the village. A small firefight ensued between two enemies, versus one of my teammates and I. My teammate was destroyed, but I finished off the the two enemies, maneuvering my tank one fourth to the right, facing north. I had lost track of so much time that I didn't realize my team had been finished off by the enemy. It was an intense, 1 versus 5 game of cat and mouse; and I would become the cat. I'm not sure if it was dumb luck or pure skill, maybe a combination of both, but what happened next went very fast.

I headed north and then turned around the edge of the rock face of the hill so fast I drifted. There right in front of me on the hill was a D2, a french heavy. Fortunately, I was faster. The D2 is not a very fast or maneuverable tank with all of it's armor in the front, which played to my advantage that I was the opposite and I was at close range. I circled around him shooting his rear and side armor, his weakest spot. With three shots I finished him.

Time for more; when an armor piercing round hit my left side. Who was that? There were tanks hiding on the smaller hill! Rushing down the opposite side of the hill, ending right back at our spawn point. Not being able to see the tanks because I wasn't close enough to spot them, I risked it and moved in. I hit full speed (around 60 kph for the BT-2) and headed straight towards their position in a zigzag pattern. As I moved in I spotted maybe two tanks, a brit and a german stalling there. (probably a cruiser 3 and a panzer 3) Neither of them were as fast as me, as I was the fastest thing on this battlefield. I went right in between and past them, them circling around to confuse them. They both didn't last long against me. So far I had wiped out 5 out of 7 enemy tanks, BY MYSELF.

The odds were in my favor. I just needed to find the last two enemies. They were just where I had hoped, right at their starting point. One of them was inactive, making him an easy kill. The other one was waiting for me and put up a bit of a fight. Finally, all of the enemy team was all destroyed. I took a glance at the timer- 32 seconds left before it would have called it a draw. Doing the math in my head, the battles last for 7 minutes, and if there was 32 seconds left; then that meant the battle was 6 minutes and 28 seconds!

The battle ended, and even though it wasn't a free for all, I was the last one standing. That would earn me the hero of Raseiniai medal, a medal for destroying the entire enemy team by yourself. But this wasn't Raseiniai, this was Mines; and I wasn't using a KV-2*, I was using a BT-2. This wasn't the battle of the lone KV at Raseiniai**, it was the battle of the lone BT at Mines.

**The KV-2 is a russian heavy tank based on the chassis of the KV-1 heavy tank. It is distinguished by the large, refrigerator looking turret with a large low velocity 152.4mm M-10 howitzer.*

***The battle of the lone KV tank at Raseiniai happened June 24-June 25 1941 near the town of Raseiniai, Lithuania. A lone soviet KV tank (accounts differ between KV-1 and KV-2) halted the advance of the german 6th panzer division for an entire day, knocking out several anti-tank guns, tanks, and even attacking enemy infantry with machine guns when approached; before being knocked out by hand grenades and an 88mm anti-tank gun.*

Car problems

By Brianna Chin

It was a hot summer day in Solon, Ohio. It was a normal day, or so we thought... My family and I were going out to lunch after Parker's (my brother) soccer game. On our way, we noticed a red light saying there was a problem with the car. We thought nothing of it, we were almost there, so we thought we were fine.

About a few minutes went by and our car started making a noise. Again we thought we are practically at the restaurants so we were fine. Then the third wave hit. Our car slowed down. We pulled over. Why is our car acting so weird? We had gas in it. What could be the problem? We thought. We called my grandpa to help us, because he knows quite a bit about what to do in emergencies.

"We have a problem," said my mom.

"What is it??" he asked.

"Our car broke down," she said.

"Call a tow truck. I will be right there in a little bit"

A TOW TRUCK? I TOLD HER TO DO THAT FIRST BUT SHE DIDN'T LISTEN! SHE NEEDED SOMEONE ELSE TO STATE THE OBVIOUS INSTEAD OF HER 11 YEAR OLD DAUGHTER. I was screaming in my head, I was so mad. Anyway we called them.

"Sorry we are dealing with something else we will be there in about an hour or two " they said

An HOUR OR TWO!! An HOUR OR TWO!! What were we going to do? We were stuck on the side of the road, hungry, because we didn't get lunch and we were just supposed to WAIT until the truck had time for US. There are 3 kids, a mom who has no idea what to do in these situations, and a grandpa who is trying to figure out what is wrong with the car. But it wasn't all bad. One of my favorite memories with my brother came from that day, this story reminds me about how we can have fun even in the worst situations. The story goes a little like this.

We were bored out of our minds, children waiting with nothing to do. It didn't help that we were hungry . So me and my brother had to think of something to pass the time, we watched TV on my phone, we played hand games like chopsticks and slide. Nothing worked. Until we found something to entertain us. The one thing that has worked in the whole hour that we have been stranded on the side of the road. We danced. Yup, I said it, we danced. I turned on some music and we danced. Danced like there was no tomorrow, danced without a care in the world. Sure since we were on the side of the road people could see us, and some gave us weird looks. But we didn't care.

But my mom thought differently. You see, she is a teacher, for she knows lots of people from the years she has been teaching and lots of those people know us and know we are her children. She was embarrassed, she was embarrassed that we were not acting like good and calm children, she was embarrassed that we were acting like complete lunatics. She constantly told us to behave. Nothing we haven't heard before she told us multiple times to calm down that day but we didn't listen. Thankfully we calmed down and got no kind of trouble.

A few minutes went by and my brother had to go with my grandpa because he had to be somewhere a little bit, so I only had Piper (my sister) . We watched some videos and played some games.

Without my brother it wasn't as fun, with all 3 of us we can be entertained easily. But when one of us leaves we all get bored. Me and Piper did nothing much. We watched some netflix and some videos on youtube. We played some games and we listened to music. We later found out that the truck can only seat one of us so me and Piper had to go home.

My grandpa drove us home, he has a Mercedes that only seats one other person so Piper had to sit on my lap. It was pretty fun even though we fought a little, she couldn't sit still. She was squirming around like a worm and she was also turning my seat warmer all the way up. It got really hot, it felt like I was sitting in a fire.

I don't know what happened with the car after we left. All I know is that about 2-3 hours after we left my mom was home. Now when I look back at the situation, I see how much I have changed. Just 2 years ago I still haven't grown up. I acted like a little kid, I was still mature but I entertained myself in a different way. I just messed around, without caring about what anyone thought of me. Most of the time I still didn't care what others think about me for the most part, but then I see that i could do practically anything in front of a large group of people but now I only have the courage to talk in front of a large group of people instead of being able to do something like dance when I can't even dance.

When I look back, I also see how much me, Parker, and Piper's relationship is still strong. Even though we might fight, be mean, and say "I hate you" we don't mean it. We are still able to find the good or fun in a bad situation.

White Shards

By Benjamin J. Pino

Bam! Black. White. Black. Shards. Black. Pain. My front tooth was gone. Here I'll tell you the story.

So when I was in the fourth and fifth grade, I had to go to an after school program called Parks & Rec because my parents would work late.

On warm spring and hot summer days, we would go outside and play on the playground. I hated it. But on cold winter days we would go to the gym and play games like dodgeball or our version of capture the flag. I liked this. This is where our story starts.

One day in Parks & Rec, we were playing our version of capture the flag. It was a very simple version but still fun and I was chasing my younger brother, Nate, around. I couldn't see in front of him and then he jerked out of the way. I kept going and I ran into a hard, white, cinder block wall. I felt dizzy from running my head into a wall hard and when I touched my head it felt in a way sharp. I looked at my hand and sure enough, there were tiny white shards all over it. I reached up to my left front tooth, or rather where it should have been, and half of it was gone! Keep in mind that a jagged shard had cut my gum so I was

bleeding the entire time and my blood was all over the floor.

I went up to one of the counselors who just happened to know my dad because she worked at the gas station where he goes to get coffee every morning.

I said, "I think part of my tooth is gone".

It was kind of funny now that I think about it with half of a tooth missing and blood all over me just saying that I think something happened.

They rushed me to the bathroom right away and I didn't cry at all(I'm proud of this). This was in fourth grade. I was just sad that I wouldn't have half of a tooth anymore. I was in shock at that moment.

Of course I got an "implant" and was fine but still, I was little and it was a little traumatizing. The. Shock. Is. Always. Worse. Then. The. Pain.

The Lost Squirrel in My Room

By Esra Savran

This is how it went. This dark and gloomy day was about to live up to its name. Remember I was in first or second grade (Because I remember telling both of those teachers). I lived on a roundabout street as I was waiting for the bus.

This girl named Ni wasn't cautious-which was weird for her to be-and ran straight across the street.

Remember kids always look both ways before crossing the street. Ni of course didn't be YOU should But when she ran across the street.

CRASH!! She ran Straight CRACK Into a THUD CAR!!!

We gasped... The whole neighborhood just stopped. Then it erupted. "WAIT WHAT JUST HAPPENED"!! We all ran across to her too see what happen. I of course hadn't seen violence,

so I double took and thought I was dreaming one of my twisted dreams. But give me some credit I was a 9 so year old kid you don't normally see someone get hit by a car. That's not normal. The whole time people were calling the police and screaming. Her mom was saying something that sounded like a prayer. While this was happening, I don't remember the car being there so I think it was a hit and run.

My mom who was outside afterwards told me she thought it was a dead dog and the only reason she came was so I didn't touch it. Finally the bus arrived next to the fire trucks and police cars. It looked like all of Solon was coming to save Ni.

I remember telling everyone I knew. She was fine (In a she needs crutches to walk for a few months kind of fine) and unconscious(when she got hit) and I've seen her a few times ever since. That was how it went that gloomy day got way more dark.

The worst day of my life

By Brody Foreman

It was a rainy day in spring, in 6th grade and I was walking home because we lived so close to the school. I was walking with my brother Alex and his friend Will. So Alex and Will both crossed the street. then I was about to cross so I looked right then left and a second time, then a third time and then a fourth and it might sound crazy to look that many times but I wanted to make sure I was not hit by a car.

So I started walking near an intersection and I looked to my left and then I saw it. Out of no ware there was a car. But luckily it stopped right before it hit me, and inside my chest, my heart was pounding like the fizzing of a chemical reaction, inside my head I thought

"What just happened" and then I realized

"I almost got hit". Am I even alive? Because it was about 6 inches away from me. I Was so scared but I finished walking and my brother asked:

"Are you ok" my brother said and I responded. "yes i'm ok" but I was lying because I was almost hit by a car. "but it is my fault because I did not see the car coming." I said.

But my brother said "it was not your fault".

Then we went inside our house. I thought I had died so throughout the time I was home. I was so shocked that just happened and no matter how hard I tried, I could not get it off my mind.

At that time every day when I got home. I had to call my mom to make sure i get home safely and since I was so shocked so I didn't call her. At like 6 or 7 it was dinner time and during this time we had to tell our family what happened today at school. when my 2 other siblings were talking I thought to myself. "I don't want to tell them what happened but I have to" and out of no ware my mom said to me "Your turn" and I tell them about what happened at school and then it slipped out "I almost got ran over by a car",and I felt like I was going to cry.

They were really worried about me, and that night I thought of reasons how that car got there so fast because I did not see it at the intersection. But I just went with what my brother said what could have happened "the person just might have turned at the light and just didn't see me until the last second before he stopped" And for almost the entire night I couldn't sleep.

Even know it has been more than a year now I still think about it from time to time thinking to myself about how I was not run over that day.

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Getting lost at Kalahari

By Will Rockhold

We were at kalahari celebrating my 12th birthday Just woke up groggy from last night I probably got no more than 4 hours of sleep I went to my friends' rooms to wake them up even though it was 6 am and it was too early to go the water park we played video games until my parents woke up and gave us a delicious breakfast.

Little time after I woke up I decided we should go to the water park.

My parents said for us to meet them at the first staircase we bolted down the hallway 100 miles per hour to the staircase we went straight past the first staircase without realizing we waited at the second staircase for 5 minutes. 10 minutes. 20 minutes.

We thought to go look for them all around the building. We finally decided to wait in the room for them. We waited for 30 minutes for no one to come

We had my friend go to the arcade with his phone to look for our parents right after he left and my dad knocked at the door. The door told us to answer.

We all yelled "Hello!?"

Dad yelled "Its me!"

"Not ok guys, this all started when you sprinted down that hallway!" my dad yelled

"Where is zach?!" my dad yelled

"We told him to go to the arcade with his phone" I answered

We called him he answered all of his words were muffled because of the loud arcade. My dad instructed him to stay where he was finally we caught up to my friend, and we went to the waterpark for a little time because of the commotion.

Everyone was disappointed because this was our last day there.

The wave pool

By Shelby Berry

A couple of summers ago, Me and my family wanted to have some fun and take a trip to columbus. We all wanted to go to the waterpark and get away from the chaos going onIn our lives.

Once we all arrived allI can hear was the sound of the warm waves of the wave pool, and the scratchy whiny voice of little kids saying "mooooooom, I want Ice cream" I was thinking to myself thinking "I love the sound of summer". Me and my sisters were changed, for the first thirty minutes me and my sisters were on the slides, But then we decided to get trampled by waves.

We were In the wave pool minding our business having a good joking around saying "What If someone did the number twoIn the pool" Laughing so hard I thought my guts were going to explode Inside me. Five mintues after that, I heard people stomping out like a herd of elephants when a cheetah's trigger's them.

No. No. Please. No

Then I realized SOMEONE TOOK A TWO IN THE POOL.

At that momentI just wanted to rip out of my skin like It was a piece of clothing..... like every germ In the universe was on the border of my skin.....like I needed to go to a car wash just to get cleaned off properly.

On the car ride back home, thenI realized If I had a option to swim In a wave pool or jump Into a shark tank, my first pick would be the tank.

2 wheels is better than 4 wheels

By Ryder Beegun

My heart was beating so fast that it felt like jumping out of my body got this, I was breathing slower and then I was off...

"Ouch!" I yelled as I hit the ground hard and my bike looked like it took a harder fall than me. "This is dumb" I exclaimed. "Why do I even have to learn how to ride my bike".

"You'll get the hang of it," my dad said, trying to be encouraging. But I was mad and felt a little bit bad because I know my dad was trying to help. Instead of throwing my bike to the ground and having a fit about I hopped on and felt determined. I felt amazing, awesome and alive. But soon after.. CLANG...

I was on the ground holding my bruised up elbow while my dad quickly put his phone away because he was trying to video me get the hang of riding my bike.

I got this. I thought after my dad helped me up. And there were about 25 lines each approximately 5 feet apart in the empty parking lot. When I started I felt immadeliity at the 4th line. I was so mad that I left my bike on the ground, threw my

helmet to the ground and dashed to my dad's car and didn't know what to do after. Should I yell? Should I cry? Or should I keep falling and getting injured? What should I do?..... When my Dad was about to talk I sprinted to my bike and put on my helmet and got on.

"Are you okay?" My Dad questioned. "Yes and I am ready." I felt so eager to get going.

The first time, I got to the 4th again but I started off wobbly so I wouldn't count it. The next time, I got going for about 10 seconds then fell again. It would go like that until this time I felt beyond determined. I knew I could get it.

I started going and was very wobbly. I was past the 6th line until I was basically sliding on my bike and then after the 8th line I was fully straight and started riding. I was stunned. I thought my blue bike could just ride by itself but then I turned around the pole and nailed it.

Finally, I was riding like a pro. I fell at least 400 times after that and they made me want to be the best bike rider ever and keep trying.

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Untitled

By Reese Hoegler

At first, I was so excited to give my grandmother a gift, I thought I was being nice, I knew she would like it. I mean how could she not? My 5 year old brain was wrong. My 5 year old brain hadn't seen this coming.

I had just bought a netted bag full of small, smooth, plastic hearts with a light purple hint. I had an excellent idea of what to do with them. My mom and grandma were working in the office as I walked in excited to give the heart to my grandmother. I don't know why, and I definitely don't know how, but the next second the plastic heart was in my mouth and my 5 year old brain decided to swallow it. I then said, "Mommy, I swallowed the little heart." My mom couldn't hide her confusion as she said, "What?" In which I responded with "I'm sorry! I was just trying to give Mimi a gift!"

My mom and grandma rushed to me and were of course scared, but no not me, I wasn't scared at all. I was laughing about it. When my brother got home from elementary school I was so excited to tell him about swallowing this purple plastic heart.

After bottles and bottles of water went down my throat passed the plastic heart, we soon realized it was stuck. We drove to the ER where I was taken to get x-rays. All through this I was laughing at the fact that I had a plastic heart in my throat. I was completely in a zone of unicorns and happy 5 year old thoughts. I was then prepped for the operation. I was a 5 year old who was still oblivious about what was really happening or that having a plastic heart in my throat was even a problem.

The operation did not go as planned. They used a machine that was typically used for coins. The glass heart was slippery and wouldn't grip like coins usually would to the machine. They had to call in doctors from other hospitals to try to get this heart out of my throat. I woke up after 3 long hours. I don't remember much right after, but I do remember one thing: hospital food tasted horrid. It was the grossest thing my 5 year old mouth had ever tasted.

A few weeks later I went back to preschool. I was so happy when I went back because during snack time, all the other kids ate the same plain graham cracker that tasted like sand, whereas I got delicious, fruity, and soft jello that tasted like a fruity rainbow goodness. Before going back, I had gotten an immense number of cards from my classmates with the preschool type drawings and misspelled words, but it felt good to get all these cards. I was happy because my 5 year old brain thought that nothing even happened, and that I got to miss school and have fun, as well as get cards for it!

As I walked out of the preschool classroom after my first day back I could see that small, smooth, plastic heart, tinted light purple, and in my 5 year old mind I remembered all that had happened, and I smiled: even laughed a bit. I still smile and laugh a little bit all these years later.

A Goldfish That Evaded Death

By Bo Bui

Death is a dicey thing.

It was a typical weekend. Me and my mom were about to go to an outlet (shop). I thought everything would be okay. I thought everything would be fine. I thought it was going to be a boring day. I didn't know how wrong I was.

My goldfish at the time was about 7 years old. And he was gold. His scales gleamed in the sunlight, his tail drifting along in the water like silk, and when he was swimming, he swam gracefully without any sound or splash.

When me and my mom were about to go, my goldfish was upside down! At that point I wanted to go down like the Titanic. I thought, Why is he upside down? Eh, it doesn't matter. Wait. HE IS UPSIDE DOWN! HOW?! WHY?! WHAT?!
No.
No!
NO!

This can't be happening, I had fed him already and just before he was just FINE! I wanted to stay home and try to help him get back to swimming mode and get a fish doctor in and see what was going on.

But I had to go shopping with my mom. I was mad and sad at the same time. I thought, WHY! WHY! WHY! WHY NOW! THAT'S THE WORSE TIME TO DIE! Hmm. Now thinking back, I was a touch childish huh? Back to the story now.

So, my mom and I said our goodbyes and we got in the car. I looked out of the window. No thoughts, just nothing. I guess I looked pretty depressed so my mom said, "It's okay, we will get a new one."

On the outside, I felt tears welling up in my eyes as I tried to remember my last moments with him. On the inside, I tried to find out how and why he died, and at the same time trying to answer my mom's CONSTANT questions.

The trip was all a blur. I didn't remember what we bought. I didn't remember why we were there. I didn't remember what shops we went to. All I remember was that I was there. At least physically.

When we got home, I had my head down and expecting another dead fish waiting to be flushed down the toilet.

I never expected a living fish when I got home. Never. So, when I got home, I felt like my goldfish was trying to trick me. No, not trying, he did. I learned something I didn't expect that day. Death is dicey. Take it from me guys. Expect the unexpected.

The Pink Teddy Bear

By Callie Ament

"It's christmas, It's christmas!" toddler me belts as I sprint up the stairs. The sun wasn't even awake yet, but I sure was.

My sister and I bolted into our parents room, jumping on the bed, shaking them awake.

"Ok, ok" by dad chuckled as he slowly pulled out his camera.

Next was my grandparents, We zoomed into their room practically flying onto their bed.

But we just couldn't wait for them to get out of bed so we raced into the kitchen to check on the cookies.

"He ate the cookies AND the milk! The reindeer also ate our carrots!" My sister said excitedly.

Then, I noticed these brown reindeer footprints on a nearby white stool, "There are footprints on the stool" I shrieked.

But we both know what we woke up early for, we dashed to the tree to be greeted by big, bright, boxes with colorful wrapping paper, gorgeous, glistening, gifts, and so much more! We were in heaven. One by one we took turns ripping apart the carefully wrapped presents. First came "The Wizard of Oz" DVD!

Next came what I wanted more than anything, the number one toy on my list. Maddie tried to figure out what it was as I unwrapped it,

"Is it a pink bunny... or a pink teddy!"

I was ecstatic.

I started pounding feet on the ground and screaming with joy! It was my pink teddy bear! The teddy was light pink with a beautiful ribbon tied around it. I loved it so much, I immediately ran over to thank my parents.

Next came my sister's toy piano that she "played" on for the rest of the night. Literally.

Other knick knacks and toys came after.

But then a question came into my mind as I stared at my new toy.

"What is her name!?" I asked eagerly

"That's up to you honey" My mom responded.

I worked very hard to find the perfect name, my mind filled with possible contenders.

Suzie? No. Cherry? No. Beary? No.

Then it hit me. Like a strong wave on a beach, almost knocking me over.

"RASPBERRY!"

All I can remember after that is her soft, pink, delicate, fur on my new christmas pajamas and a stupid smile beaming across my face.

Anticipation

By Cassidy Johnson

I remember; you would too. That feeling. You know that feeling that eats you up inside. And you can't explain what's wrong, but you know something isn't right. Yeah, I know that feeling all too well. It happened that day. May 11th, the day where my whole life was practically ticking down the clock.

We've arrived.

I show a big grin. I look around. Look at this. Look at everything. So many pictures, fans, diversity; all for bts. I dig into my pocket and grab my ticket. I look over to my mom who is holding hers as well. "Well, what do you think mom?" I ask. She nods her head and smiles. "Yeah, yeah bts. I'm happy for you." I smile back. You're a bad liar mom, I know you don't want to be here. Trust me mom, I'd know if you were lying, I do it all the time. We start walking towards this lady. She has short brown hair, and a big neon jacket on. I smile at her but she doesn't smile back. I understand, this job must suck. Letting people go into their seats ready for the best concert ever. I would be dying. Just waiting and waiting. Must be terrible.

We hold out our tickets and she scans them. She then nods, letting us go inside. I look around. Everyone is laughing and holding something that almost looks like a microphone. It is black on the bottom, and then on the round part it is clear, with a little ball inside that turns different colors. In other words, everyone has an army bomb. It's a classic at a bts concert; and I don't have one.

"Mom." I say. "Yes." She says in a worn out voice. "Can we get an army bomb," I look around seeing somebody with a face mask with the name Jimin on it, one of the members of bts. You know, a face mask like what a doctor wears, except black and has the members of the groups name on it. I want one with Suga's name. My favorite member. One of the members of bts, "Oh and a face mask. Please. Everyone wears them to concerts." Mom just looks at me confused, because I have a feeling she has no idea what an army bomb, or face a face mask is. She looks around and catches on quickly; she just sighs and nods. We then start walking to my seat. I get a knot in my stomach but ignore it. Not letting anything get in the way of this perfect day.

"Stay in your seat, I'll go buy these things for you," she starts walking away, "an army bomb and a facemask, what is going on in this world." I laugh at my mom's confusion. I can tell that was supposed to be only for her to hear, and of course I heard it. I hear everything I'm not supposed to. Which isn't always the best thing.

I look around and start holding my stomach. I feel like a dog without a bone, aching for something to happen. What though? What's this feeling. I wait and wait and wait. I look down at my clothes. Bts shorts, and Suga (my favorite bts member of all time!) jacket. But the jacket is not zipped, because I'm showing off my J-hope shirt. I have bts socks on, and shoes that look similar to what Suga wears. I smile as my mom approaches me with an army bomb, and a shirt. "Facemask?"

"The line was too long." I just nod and hook my army bomb up to the stadium bluetooth. I tie the shirt around my waist, because it has long sleeves, and I'm ready. I look at the stage, There still setting up. And right as I thought this weird feeling was about to fade, it returns. This time I can't ignore it. I'm waiting. And waiting. I check the time. It's 7:20. I'm waiting. Waiting for it to be 7:30. I listen to their music in the background. I listened to the crowd singing along and chanting.

"Kim Namjoon! Kim Seokjin! Min Yoongi! Jung Hoseok! Park Jimin! Kim Taehyung! Jeon Jungkook! Bts!" They say their names over, and over, and over. I check the time. 7:22. Come on 7:30, 7:30 hurry up. I'm playing with my fingers. Waiting and waiting. Every second goes by. I can't take this. I see people on stage, the music gets louder. Lights on. Hurry up! I check the time. 7:23. 7:24. I'm waiting, and waiting. The crowd grows louder. I look around. Army bombs on all across the stadium. I walk back and forth in my small little area. Right in front of me was the stage. I feel like I can touch it. I look at the screen as the music turns off, fooling all the army as another music video comes on. 7:25. I bite my nails, and turn to look at the girls behind me. They are dancing to the music. But I can't dance. I'm going to see my idols. The people that inspired me, changed my life. I'm in the same room as them. Every slip up, every missed note, every perfect run, every dance move in perfect synchronization. I'm going to witness. The music is louder. It's 7:26. I start jumping. Music videos still playing, crowd still singing. crowd still cheering.

"Kim Namjoon!" The crowd cheers. 7:28. "Kim Seokjin!" And cheers. "Min Yoongi!" Only a few more seconds till 7:29. "Jung Hoseok!" I'm waiting. "Park Jimin!" And waiting. "Kim Taehyung!" Waiting. "Jeon Jungkook!" Hurry up. I'm being patient. I'm waiting, now hurry up! "Bts!" 7:29. Music videos still playing, the music is loud, and I'm waiting, I'm waiting here, waiting for my idols. The clock is ticking down, and so is my patience. So much anticipation. That's what the feeling is. Will it even start on time? Am I waiting for nothing? Do I have time to buy some food, or would I be too late? Look at the army bombs. Each glowing a different color to make a pattern. I wonder what bts sees when they look into the audience. I wonder if they can see me. Will they wave to me? Will they like my clothes? Am I somebody, or just another fan? Please tell me, I'm waiting! Music still playing. Crowd still chanting. Everything is spinning. Stage is covered. Lights still on. I'm waiting, waiting, and waiting! Stop. Look. Listen.

The lights go off, and the crowd is cheering louder. Music videos come to an end, and only the stage lights on. Instead of music videos playing, the background music turns on for their first song. I know it right away. Dionysus. This time I scream and cheer along with the crowd. Army bombs shining all different colors, forming a pattern. Seven men on stage. I check the time. 7:30. Let the show begin.

The flying kick

By Christiano Davili

The score was tied 2-2. Close match. It was raining so hard it felt like a tornado already hit and the game was delayed for half an hour. But then the game was back on. Five minutes left.

My friend Luke scored twice in 17 minutes and 29 minute into the game, then 1 min later it was half time.

Professional football players play 45 min each half. But I was only nine so 30 minutes is how long each half was what I played when I was nine years old . The teams both talked but then their team raced and won every ball it is like they just got super-powers or something and then they score in 40 minute and 50 minute thank god they didn't score more goals.

Then after it was coming to the fifty-three minutes and people saw a lightning shot so hard it felt like it hit the field but it was pretty far miles away. The game was delayed for half an hour. But then let us play it because there was 5 minutes left.

Yup there was 5 minutes left and It was raining still I slip and slid and went for the ball but I hit the guy's leg and the ref gave me a yellow card which means one more card like that and I would be out of the game.

The guy missed the shot then we were on a break away and one of my teammates got a foul. So we got a free kick my teammate crossed it in the box Luke and lobbed it to me and

"boooooooooommmmb" I backflip it literally felt like i was standing mid air just waiting. Then bicycle kick and I scored with 1 minutes left "GOALLLLL,GOALLLLL,GOALLLL" everyone chating. Game over 3-2.

After we won the game our soccer team and all the kids' parents went to have ice cream and i got mint chocolate chip flavor, so yummy. All the family's ate their ice cream and talked.

"Nice bicycle kick christiano" said Luke .

"Thanks, nice two goals also" I said .

After we had ice cream, my family went home and I went to do my homework. Then I watched Youtube.

Dad said "that bicycle kick should be on ESPN" he said and we both started laughing.

After the day I am probably going to see myself on ESPN I meant to say the guy that's named after me which is Cristiano Ronaldo will be on ESPN and I'm doing the same exact bicycle kick he did.

"Now time to go to sleep and go to school tomorrow." my Dad said, smirking.

BTS concert

By Danica Wood

I remember, it was a chilly March night, I was at my sister's house, scrolling through my phone, and I saw that my friend had tickets to go to a bts concert. I was jealous. But I didn't tell her that.

So I was at my sister's house, when I checked on her snapchat story and she said she got some, so I went online to look for tickets and i found ones that were right next to hers. So I texted my mom with a screenshot of the tickets here's what happened;

"Hey mom can u buy these tickets they are only like \$300 for two tickets" I typed

" who are we getting the money from?" she questioned

"Uhhh... you" I said

"No those tickets are super expensive" mom said

"Pleaseeeeeeeeeeeee mom" I begged

"Ugh! Fine but you don't get anything else expensive for the whole year!" she exclaimed

"OMG tysm ilyyyyyy!!" I typed back with excitement

And then from then I counted down the days till the concert. I was so excited for the day to come, the days went by quick, 60. 50. 40. 30. 20. 10. 5. 4. 3. 2. It was two days before the concert when we started driving down to chicago, it was a long, boring car ride, but it was so worth it.

The day of the concert; we took the subway into downtown Chicago, it started raining while we were walking so we went into a chicago pizza place and oh. my. gosh. The pizza was so delightful.

So we walked to the stadium, but when we tried to pair my army bomb... it was fake. So we had to buy a new one, which was only \$50 (cheaper than my other one which was \$75) and then we waited in line and met some new people, but we waited in line for about 10-20 minutes.

It was pretty cold. But we finally got up to the front and made our way in, we decided to stop and grab some popcorn and hot chocolate. And we sat and waited for a bit before going inside, and we went into the actual stadium. We were all the way at the top so we climbed, and climbed, and climbed until we got up there. By the time we were up there, our legs were so numb so we sat down, my friend was already up there.

So we waited and they showed music videos, and when they finally came out I started crying. Yes, crying. But it was such an amazing experience and I will definitely do it again (maybe not with my mom because she hated it).

A very awkward turn of events

By Daniela Benitez De Jesus

This is probably not the most awkward thing that has ever happened to me. I'm not going to lie, but it is one of the moments I can remember vividly.

Little Dani was around 6 and was going through the very "huggy" phase, and as you can probably imagine it was a very annoying phase. I was also very impatient and waiting in a long line... was not my cup of tea.

As we were VERY slowly moving along the very sloooooow security line, I suddenly had a sudden burst of happiness.... I can't really explain, I just got really happy. After that sudden burst of happiness I basically LUNGED to hug the person in front of me, who I THOUGHT was my brother.

Spoiler alert!!!

It wasn't.

I spread my tiny chubby little 6 year old arms and gave the random stranger the BIGGEST, TIGHTEST, most LOVE FILLED HUG EVER!!!!!!

In my head I thought my brother would turn around and hug me back, I was so happy ... and then he turned around... And then everything got real awkward real fast. The man in front of me turned around and looked very, very, very confused.

It took him awhile to figure out who the hugger was, he slowly looked down. He most likely looked down to see my face filled TERROR!!!!

I was so scared, the man who turned around looked at me seemed around his late 20's maybe 30, sharp facial features. He started laughing after I told him I thought I was hugging my brother.

"Ha ha ...he...ha..." I let out a small really shy chuckle

I was still really confused by what had just happened. From the back he looked just like my brother. My parents realized what I did seconds after it happened and they also started laughing. "Sorry" they said while still laughing. After that they made sure I didn't wander off.

We never really talked about it. I guess they thought it was normal for a small child to do that? And maybe it is, maybe it happens all the time. But for me..... It was probably the most awkward thing EVER.

Even to this day I still facepalm every time I remember it.

Cops on top

By Devin Buckner

I don't know why I did this but I did. It was night. My brother lost his key. In fact we were locked out of our house. I don't remember what grade I was in but I do remember the two cop cars driving towards us.

It all started when I was playing video games in the family room. My parents went out to eat at about 6. My brother and his friends came into my room and asked if I wanted to go hangout with them. My brother usually ignores me when his friends are over so of course I agreed.

We went to Roxbury where I used to go to school. They had a ladder because they were doing construction on the roof. We climbed up there and started running around we were up there for like 10 minutes then we tried to get on Orchard but it didn't work. I remember that it got dark fast so we started going over to Arthur Road pool.

My brother climbed on top of the roof and a little salty lady was looking out the window and called the cops. My brother saw the lady calling the cops so we were looking around to see if anyone else saw us and that's when we saw the cop on the bike dashing towards us we grabbed our bikes and my brother tire popped. I heard my brother yell, "My tire popped!" his tire I looked back just to see my brother holding his bike.

When we started riding down a hill, I started to get real nervous. The first thing I know about this hill is that it's narrow and there's lots of cracks so I had to go slow. And that's when I saw the two cop cars drive right past us. I saw the white stripe and the lights on the top, I could see the two officers as well. At that point I started riding as fast as I could.

I stopped at the corner down the street to make sure I was with everyone. My brother's friends were there but I didn't see my brother. Me and his friends were waiting to see where he was and then we saw him turn the corner holding his bike.

We started laughing forgetting that there were two cops and a cop on a bike. We waited for him to catch up and eventually made it back to the house. At that point we knew my brother dropped the key. I had to climb in the window and wait for him to come back. 5 minutes later my mom called me and said she was on her way home. I waited like 10 min and finally my brother was back with the key.

We waited and fortunately my parents got home 1 minute after. To this day my parents still don't know and I would like it if you don't tell them. I woke up the next day wondering if it was all a dream but it wasn't and I knew I would never forget.

Two bones at one time

By Dylan Hershey

All I could see was the green grass and I could only hear my arm screaming in pain. I looked up to see Louie and Matt's mouths open. I felt like I flew and I destroyed my arm. But for the rest of this story we have to go back about 20 minutes ago.

It was like every other time I went to my friend Louie's house. We would just ride scooters, eat buttered noodles and do other things 8 year olds did. This particular time we decided to go play with his neighbor Matt. Matt happened to own a few bikes and dirt bikes and stuff like that. He also happens to have a very long and steep driveway. So we were doing our thing riding down it on bikes and scooters.

Louie gets this idea to do this game called extreme stunts and what you do is you ride a scooter or bike and do something cool on it. Well to us 8 year olds we just thought jumping off a scooter onto the grass was extreme or making a small jump or something like that. Well, it was my first time playing this game and I thought it would be a good idea to just go flying off the scooter and hit the grass softly, I thought landing on the grass as I flew off the scooter would be a good idea. Like I thought that the grass was soft as a mattress and it wouldn't hurt at all. In my little eight year old mind I thought they were going to be so impressed by this.

So I got up on my scooter which happens to be really wobbly and hard to control. It had a skateboard as a stand for me but instead of having skateboard wheels it had giant scooter wheels.

So I got on. I pushed myself to the top of the driveway. Leg up. Hard push off the ground. Off I went. Picking up speed. Picking up speed. Wobble wobble wobble the scooter says. I almost lost control. I picked it back into my control. In my head I thought, 1...2.....3. I flew. It felt like I was flying like a bird. I saw Matt and Louie's face in amazement as they watched me float through the air like I was a balloon filled with helium, before I totally destroyed my arm.

"This is so cool i'm gonna be the most popular kid in school on monday." Boy was I wrong.

"I've never been happier." I thought. and then I hit the ground. and we're back to where we started. The first thing I heard was my mouth screaming in pain then my arm screaming in pain. All I could see was the green of the grass, all I could hear was my arm screaming in pain.

OWWWWWWWWW!!!!

I felt a sting in my arm and ran back up to them. Matt said

"where did you get that from",

"I don't know I just thought it would be cool"

I said in a whimper. This wasn't the first time I had felt this pain I broke my wrist in pre school. But this was nothing like it. I went back inside and told louie's mom she looked at my arm and said "I don't think it's broken, if it is broken you would have been crying a lot more." that made me feel a little better even though she wasn't a doctor but my arm still hurt. It felt like lead.

So me and Louie went down into the basement and watched tv with his dad. Louie gave me a small piece of chocolate and I couldn't open the wrapper so I kept it in my pocket.

By the time my mom came to pick me up we went straight to the hospital. I got x rays in the little room with the big machine in it. While waiting in the little room for the doctor to come I thought,

"Hopefully I just did a small thing, I should only have hurt my arm. SHOULD, SHOULD I thought."

The doctor finally came in which felt like an eternity of waiting in agonizing pain. She came in to BRAKE, the news to us. She pulled up her computer to show the x rays which I really couldn't understand. It just looked like an elbow except without an end piece, then she went on to the wrist and I really didn't understand that one. So after waiting too long to tell I had a broken wrist and elbow. yaaay. Basically I broke 2 bones at one time. I didn't even know it was possible. I had to stay in a cast for I don't know how long but it felt like an eternity. But two things I did learn, was that never jump off a scooter and don't expect grass to be a good pillow.

Breakaway

By Evan Tercek

I woke up to the sound of my Dad's deep voice, "Hey Bud are you ready for the big Game?"

I shot out of bed, and I took a shower, got my jersey on, and filled up my water bottle. We got on the road, my Mom and my Sister were coming with my Dad and I.

My Grandma and Grandpa were also coming but in a separate car. We had a ways to go, the game was located in an indoor facility in North Ridgeville. We finally arrived, the drive seemed to be endless, my Dad dropped me off to go into the facility while he went to go find a parking spot.

About ten minutes into warm-ups we started to get focused, about 5 minutes before the game we gathered in a huddle, Vince are goalkeeper at the time and was in the middle of all of us.

He said "I Believe!"

We repeated after him "I Believe"...

"I Believe That We Will"...

"I Believe That We Will"...

"I Believe That We Will Win"

We chanted "I believe that we will win!"

Now we felt electric, the game was about to start and I was playing striker with my friend Landon. 1 hour and 15 minutes of non stop hard work. We were playing a team from Olmstead falls, they were really good, in the first five minutes they had already scored a goal.

They scored again, and again, and again, and again at this point we felt very down. The score was 6 to 2 them, with 5 minutes to go in the first half. Finally I made a move and took a shot... goal, then the other team scored again!

My friend Landon had a breakaway and scored a very nice goal. There was 1 minute left to go in the half, sadly the other team scored, and they managed to make the 2 goals that we scored look silly.

It was halftime and our coach (Landon's Dad) gave us a good speech, which gave us hope. The score was 8 to 2 at halftime, the ref blew the whistle to start the second half, we came out strong scoring 3 goals in the first 10 minutes!

It was 8 to 5 with 15 minutes left to go, I scored again making it a 2 goal game, Landon scored, now the game was close. We finally scored a tying goal, we stuffed the soccer ball into the back of the net for our 6th goal in the second half.

The ref blew the whistle and the game was tied, we asked the ref what was going to break the tie, and he said sudden death. Our coach chose Landon and I to play on the field, our goalie vince was playing in goal.

They got the ball first because they won the coin toss. The other team had an amazing shot but thankfully Vince had a great save. He rolled it to Landon, and Landon passed the ball to me. I made a marvelous move on the other kid and had a breakaway, I was dribbling down the field, and I saw that the goalkeeper was slowly coming at me trying to see if I took a bad touch.

But I wasn't going to let that happen, I jerked to the left side, the goalie almost got the ball, I took a shot, it seemed as if the ball was slowly getting closer to the goal.

I could see the pattern of the ball and everything on it, going, going, going "Swoosh"

I heard the ball hit the net, and the fans erupted at the exact same time. I could hear my Dad's deep voice out of all the fans.

The coach gave us a speech and then we went to go get our trophies, it was a very cool ceremony. After the ceremony, my dad, mom, sister, Grandma, and Grandpa all gave me a hug and said great job.

When we were walking to the car, I asked my Dad with pride, "Can I be a professional soccer player when I get older?"

He responded with joy, "E, you can be anything, as long as you work as hard as you possibly can, and you never give up! No matter what the circumstances are."

The most unlucky day of my life

By George Libecco

Bikes. Pain. Being unlucky. A tree. Lunch. All in the story of how I broke my arm.

One Saturday afternoon I was just sitting at home doing who knows what, I think I might have been getting a snack when my dad walked through the door and suggested we go mountain biking.

A little bit of background info, my dad has been OBSESSED with bike riding since he was a kid. He always told me about the times in his youth when he would ride his bike everyday, and if you broke a bone it was a common occurrence. My dad even has his own equation for how many bikes you need, it is $N+1$. N means the number of bikes you have.

Anyway, me and my brother started packing bikes and gloves and stuff. I planned on going to my favorite spot to bike in, North Royalton. But then my Dad asked me and my brother if we wanted to go to his favorite spot. I agreed, now thinking back on it I probably should have asked what the trail was like before I agreed.

On the way there, my dad was telling me all about the trail, he described it as "old school" which basically meant a whole bunch of rocks and dust. When we got there I was feeling pretty nervous, my dad sensed it and said, "Don't worry you will be fine"

Oh how I wish that was true. We agreed that we would do 4 loops of the trail before we would stop. For the first 2 loops I was fine, there were just a lot of trees. On the third loop I started out as normal weaving my way through rocks and trees. Then, when I was going through a straight part of the trail, a rock shot up into my gears. I looked down to see what happened, and that is when it happened. When I looked down I somehow completely forgot that there was a tree right in front of me, I slammed into the tree and my arm whacked against the tree, when I looked at my arm, I noticed a big bump on my arm. I got my bike and sat down on the side of the trail. That's when my dad came along looked at my arm once and said,

"It's broken!"

After a while of sitting down in pain my dad told me to get out of the trail and go back, that was fine until I realized the only way out was going up a ditch with a bunch of twigs. I struggled on that hill for so long, but of course, when I finally got out of the hill with a broken arm I had to ride my way back a mile to the car.

Then I had to wait a while for my brother to finish his final lap, yes, my dad let my brother do another lap without taking me to the E.R. Then, finally we started getting ready to leave, so I asked my dad, "How far is the hospital from here" he looked at me and said, "Oh, you don't want to go home and eat lunch first?"

I could not believe it! He wanted to go home and relax before he took me to the E.R! I said no way, but of course my brother got his way.

We went home, ate lunch, then finally went to the E.R. Now, it could not get worse right? Well, it did, it got a lot worse actually. My Mom is a doctor, so she wanted to take me to her hospital where she could get a discount for the fee.

So we went to her hospital that she works at which is half an hour away! And then it got even worse! My mom forgot her medical certificate that gives her discounts, which means we went all this way for nothing. So finally my mom took me downstairs and had to pay full price for the fee of the E.R visit.

After what seemed like hours of waiting I finally got called into the exam room, they took an X-ray and found that my arm was in fact, broken. That was also the day that I learned that the E.R does not administer casts. That's right, I had to come back the next day for a cast. They gave me a splint for my arm to make it through the next day of school.

When the next day came I went to school as I normally would. I went to class, talked to friends, and went to recess. It was a pretty normal day. Then finally, for the last time, I went to the doctors where they administered the cast and sent me on my merry way.

185 days later

By Hanna Kreimer

It was a normal day for people. My friends, my family. But for me and friend Morgan it was one of the biggest days that we have had so far. Except for the day that we were born. We waited 185 days. That's six months. 24 weeks. 4,440 hours. 266,400 minutes. That's a long time.

Well at least for me, I surprised Morgan on her birthday. With VIP tickets to meet Why Don't We, our favorite band. When we met them I felt like I was looking at my phone screen and those boys were talking to me. And this is how it went.

Morgan and I waited in line for 30 minutes, But we had to wait another 30 minutes because of another VIP pack, that took more time. So Morgan, her mom, my mom and I were standing outside for 1 hour. When it was finally Morgans and my turn to meeting the band I spent 3 years of waiting so long to meet them.

Then we went in.

I saw 5 of the guys that I've been looking at for 3 years on my screen. I saw their whole management team. I saw the same boys that my mom screamed at me (and still tells me every day) "STOP BEING SO OBSESSED WITH THEM."

Yes. Those same boys I saw.

I saw other fans in front of me, hugging the band. I couldn't stop thinking, Stop touching my boyfriend ...STOP TOUCHING DANIEL! That's MY DANIEL !!

There were other fans behind me who were really chill. Not compared to me. I was two seconds away from hugging them. IT WAS MY TURN!

When you have a dream It means that you have to do everything to achieve that dream. My dream was to meet Why Don't We. And on August 28 2019 that dream finally came true. And I got to do it with my best friend. Even though it meant standing in line for 1 hour in the heat. Then 1 hour later Morgan and I walked into the room. And then there was standing Why Don't We.

My first time playing basketball

By Devin Hewston

So this was the era of me being trash at basketball.

I was about 8 or 9 at the time and I was in fourth grade and it was gym time.

All the kids had to stand 2 or 3 feet by the rim and all we had to do was make a layup, one of the easiest moves in basketball. Most kids made it on their 3rd and 4th try but when it was my turn I stopped and looked at the hoop and I just couldn't do it just couldn't do it. So I gave up.

Later on when it was recess I grabbed a ball and then headed off to the basketball court. Then after so many tries and SWOOSH I made my first layup.

Now It's a year later and I'm In 5th grade and I tried out for the basketball team and didn't make It. So then I joined the rec league and the rec league wasn't that hard.

Playoff time comes and DING DING DING we didn't even make it to the second round so our last game a whole team just done. We were really bummed out about that. I think the reason we lost was because we were up by 18 in the first half and we just got comfortable with the lead and then they just kept scoring and scoring and then we lost by 2. We were pretty bummed out that we didn't make It. So we got ice cream and we were all happy.

But for all the basketball players out there never get comfortable with a lead and always try your best. This was the story of my first time ever playing basketball.

The tumbling pass that ruined my life

By Heather Cook

The girl in front of me just landed her tumbling pass so now it was my turn. New skill, little practice, I'll be fine I thought. I never connected with the floor like I did the other events. My new coach Aly even agreed on spotting me, but that still didn't take away my fear.

"Are you sure I can do it? I've never done it before and what if I fall? What if I get an injury and can't compete the rest of the season?"

All the possible mis-haps were running through my head. Fast. "You'll be fine, just go, I'm spotting you too, and I'll make sure nothing happens," she said, not sounding so sure. Oh boy. This is gonna be a long season with this new coach, I thought. It didn't end up happening how any of us thought it would. I started running, as fast as I could, faster than I even knew I could, pushing against the spring floor to pick up speed. And then I went. It was supposed to be a roundoff back-handspring back-tuck, but, oh, it was far from that.

As I began my roundoff, I had barely noticed in the very corner of my eye that my coach had been telling another kid to get out of the way. All I could think was I am not gonna be ok, you should just stop going and redo it once they move. After that, she noticed I had started the tumbling pass and quickly gotten ready to spot me, and make sure I would be okay and complete it with no injuries. But even though my body told me to go, my brain held out a huge stop sign, right in front of my eyes. And then the worst thing happened.

I thought I was about 50 feet in the air, flying smoothly like a hummingbird on a warm, sunny spring day. I was only about 5 feet up though. My coach was supposed to catch me, I mean, that's her job. She gets paid to help people get new skills and make sure they don't get hurt. But instead of doing what she gets PAID TO DO, she backed away, not wanting to get kicked from my flailing body, high in the sky.

It felt as though the whole world had slowed down, like my life turned into a slow motion video, like I was defying the laws of gravity! But then I, at last, felt something hit my neck. Hard. At first I thought I had died.

Baam!

A sudden ringing in my ears and a pounding headache began. It felt as if someone had hit the top of my spine with a hammer, leaving me stuck on the floor for a couple minutes. Paralyzed. But that sound that turned everyone around to see what happened. The big thud was my head hitting the hard, blue spring floor.

The best, and fluffiest christmas gift ever

By James Strawser

Ah yes, christmas eve. I love Christmas eve. It's a lovely time! The anticipation fills the air! And, if your family is anything like mine, you'll get some early christmas gifts!

I was 8 at the time. I was at my father's house in Columbus. My mom moved to Cleveland shortly after my parents split up for a better job.

My Aunt Stancie had brought me around to have fun. I don't really remember what we did, but I only NOW know why.

We arrived at the house.

Anticipation rose, I was excited to see my father after the day.

What's that sound?

Is that... barking?

Why?

I quickly threw open the car door, I wanted to see my dad after so long. The barking seemed to grow louder with each step, as if I were turning up the volume on an Ipod. Even though I told myself not to hope for much, or I'd be disappointed, deep down, I did. I hoped with all my heart.

I cracked the door open, and little did I know, my life was about to get better forever.

As I stepped in, my heart lit up like a star in the beautiful night sky, for leaping, running, and hopping around before me was a shy, but joyful, apricot colored, curly haired, Puppy! I turned to my father and asked joyfully

"is he mine?" my dad then responded "he sure is!", and to that, my face glowed as I went to pet my new dog.

As I pet my new dog, all the stress and worry I had ever dealt with seemed to melt away, like snow when the sun finally arrives. As I felt his silky, delicate fur, I never wanted to stop petting him. I looked into his brown, chocolatey eyes, and truly realized that he became not just my friend, but my family. I named him Bubby after the two (there were actually three, I just thought it was two at the time) Bubbies before him.

That Christmas was the best day of my life. I knew from the day I met him that nothing will or can ever replace him.

Bubby became my best friend! I loved him more than anything. And I still do. Now, my grandparents keep him at their condo in South Carolina, but any time I get with him is cherished deeply, because he is the most precious thing I could ever ask for. He was truly a star that lit away the darkness I had in my heart.

Bubby has now lived with me for 4 years, and it's getting close to 5! He's grown from an anxious, disobedient runner, to a dog who obeys my every command (considering that command is something he knows). Bubby is still my best friend to this day.

If there's anything to take from my story, it's that you should cherish and love your pets, because all they want is for you to be happy. Make sure to love them while you can.

The day when blood spills

By Jason Chen

I thought I would die. I thought that my mom wouldn't see me again. I thought I couldn't think anymore. I'm dying.

"Steven wait up for me" I yelled at him when he was riding away on his bike like the wind.

"No you're too slow i'm going to just meet you there bye" he yelled back.

Now I was thinking in my head by now that he was a jerk for leaving and I was like oh well.

He left me behind so I will go alone but that made me want to kick harder on my bike for it to go faster and that was the mistake I made.

BANG I fell sideways and I heard a loud screeching noise and I felt that I was bleeding and I was having a major headache.

When I jerked my head up trying to fight the scream and pain that was in me I saw something that was not going through my mind and it was like I hit my head. I was dizzy but it took the whole three minute to absorb all the things that have happened to me all at once

When I opened my eyes I saw myself and my bike slammed to the ground. I took a look around the area so I know where I am. It took like three full seconds to absorb all the things that have been happening to me all at once and that when it hit me when I looked down.

"AAAAHH" I scream on top of my lungs so that my brother can hear me screaming.

He quickly came as quick as he could and that's when he stopped talking and just looked at what had happened to me and where it hurts.

"What has happened here" my brother said to me.

"I WAS RIDING AND III FELL" I said while crying a stream of river out of my eyes.

It took half an hour to get myself cleaned up because I was bleeding like a blood bath from both out of my hand and my knees. I have to explain to my mom over and over and over again to get her to understand what has happened to me.

That was the most horrible day of my life. Two or three days back I can just remember the pain that was in me when I had blood all over my knees and my hand that made me have a chill down my spine.

A forest game

By Jayden Watts

I thought I was the one hiding, turns out it was just the opposite. Now I was bored and scared, and to mention freezing to death! I never liked the cold. To be honest I probably never will. I mean think about it, would you rather get lost in a store or a forest?

Jayla's voice was fading as I was running to find a place to hide. "STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!" As my feet were crashing onto the snow making this crunchy sound. There was a somewhat forest right behind our old house that me and Jayla would explore a lot. As an adult, you would think it was a very small forest since you could see the back of the other houses if you come out the back door, but being a seven-year-old it seems enormous. Since it was big to us, we decided to play hide-and-seek and it was the biggest mistake of our lives.

Remember that term an adult would say to you when you were younger? Something like, "don't go too far" or "don't wander off" or something? I think I went too far. Now again, as a seven-year-old you have a big imagination, so I thought if I went to a hiding spot far away from Jayla's counting spot I would win the game.

"Ready or Not Here I Come!" Jayla said as her voice was splitting through the cold air.

I had hidden under a fallen tree and could hear her steps getting louder and louder as she came. "Stomp, Step, Silence." She had gone a different direction, and in about five minutes of hiding in the cold I was getting kinda bored and she was not near me.

About another five minutes or so I got bored and shouted "I Give Up Now!" Silence. "Jayla?!" Nothing. "Hello!" No response as my breath created a cloud bigger than the last.

I didn't know where she was, or even where I was. The freezing wind was swarming in my face like a bunch of wasps attacking me with their stingers, and of course tiny frozen drops of death were coming down from the clouds. Snow. I was thinking of many bad things that could happen to Jayla, and those bad things were in the forest with me. Being seven I had a huge imagination, and to mention huge fears! I was terrified, not just for my life but for my sister's too, at least a thousand thoughts were pouring all over my mind.

"Was she ok? Did she get attacked by a bear? Has she fallen through the ground? Was she looking for me for days and I haven't noticed? Has she given up and went back home? Was there

some killer in the forest?!" My head was swarmed with horrible thoughts and I couldn't think of anything.

So I just told myself to stay where I was until someone found me. Sitting in the cold snow was not a fun thing, but that's what my mind thought I needed to do to survive.

In what seemed to be thirty minutes or so, I had seen Jayla wondering behind some trees. So I ran to her, well I toppled over her. And soon my horrible thoughts became questions I would ask her.

"Where were you? Why were you gone for so long? What happened?" I was practically screeching these questions.

"Oh, I was just wondering and climbing trees." she said in a calm voice.

"...What?"

"I was climbing a few trees."

I was standing there with disbelief splattered all over my face. My scrunched up face.

"Sooooo... Do you want to go home now, or play another round?"

I, still standing with disbelief, started shaking my head as slow as a turtle walks. So we went back inside, sat on the couch, and watched T.V. After the dramatic experience I don't think I've told anyone, even my mom. But that didn't mean I wouldn't still go out there. Because still I did. I don't find snow that amusing, I do find it pretty, until a bunch of weird shapes come deforming it, then it's all messed up and everything.

I still don't like the cold, but the forest is still there and if we still lived in that house I would most likely go back there. Sometimes, there are bugs and I hate bugs more than I hate the cold. Thinking back... my younger self would have probably rather get lost in a random store, where there are no bugs and it's actually warmer than getting lost in a forest with freezing, somewhat pretty, deadly snow, including the bugs. Me now would actually rather get lost in a forest, mostly because I like being scared, and probably because I don't get scared easily.

The best parts of a cruise

By Jayesh Agarwal

I walked onto the Harmony of the Sea and WOAH! My senses were overwhelmed by it all. The smells almost like a new car, the sights red, green, blue and so many colors I couldn't think of. I could have stood there all day just taking it in but there was just so much more. I could have stayed there all day, every day in my entire life but, there was just so much more to do!

Me and my family stride in like we're famous (because we are). The second we walked in we decided to do one of two things: eat or explore. The reason we got to eat was because I am very convincing. Definitely not because we were all hungry, yup, uh huh.

OH. MY. GOD. it's. AMAZING. The first thing I do is I go to the table and I put my awesome looking red jacket on my chair because I am a very polite person and I put my iphone four with a red case and on the red case it had a homemade, awesome looking, blue pikachu made out of vinyl. We had to have someone watch over my awesome iphone four so because I am kind and loving I went first. To get food. We let my sister sit at the table alone to watch our stuff while we all got food.

I rushed over to the first out of six food stations with my plate but ugh the first station was salad and i'm like pfft who eats salad and i'm ready to move on. Then my dad stops me and i'm like what did I do and then my dad says I need to have at least a few fruits and veggies so I grab a spoonful of salad leaves and a little bit of ranch and one apple. I go back to the table and quickly eat it and I realize I kinda maybe sorta like it, but not too much then I realize I'm insane because who likes salad.

Then I gett fries and I wanted to get pizza but it was still cooking so I went back to the table because I was too impatient to wait for the pizza to cook. I get back to the table then I piled up the ketchup and I started devouring the curly fries there were countless fries and they tasted seasoned then I finished the fries and got the cheese pizza and ate that too. I think in my head, i'm going to gain like 20 pounds on this ship and I hate it but also love it god dang it.

In the evening for dinner I do the same thing but in smaller quantities because now there is a new fantastic factor of food, there is a free soft serve machine with build your own cones. It was with the desert station with these little disgusting jelly looking things that looked like jello in cups but was actually something else and it didn't taste too good.

Then I recognized what I was looking at, the untold astounding element of (dramatic pause), COOKiES. There were 4 types of cookies frosted, oatmeal raisin, sugar, chocolate chip. Then my sister saw them and she got the idea before me (UGH) we put vanilla ice cream on a chocolate chip cookie then put a chocolate chip cookie on top of that, so it was an epic chocolate chip cookie and vanilla ice cream sandwich and before I put the second cookie on I put chocolate chips in the vanilla ice cream.

Again im thinking, i'm gonna gain 1,000,000 pounds (not literally) but then again, no one cares. That's how the best parts of the cruise (lunch and dinner) went.

Time for a Goodbye

By Jalaya Sinclair

7 years is a long time to discipline someone on every single thing they knew, But that's what she did. My Aunt Cee. Ever since the beginning of time, my bond with my Aunt Cee Cee had always been as close as a millimeter. Just as simple as watching dancing with the stars, going out to eat, and having our stomachs churning after chomping on a chunky monkey cake in the lower crain of the train.

"Another time round laya?" she smiled.
"Your on," and the day went long.

I thought it would last forever, but it didn't because I never knew that she had been sick. Until the call. She still played with me and showed attention, but the spirit wasn't there. After a while she had been admitted into Cleveland Clinic Hospital, my grandmother sat there in her room almost every day, but me and my mom came at least once a week. All the way up until my birthday, she stayed there. No spirit in the room.

The next day, April 26th we went to the hospital to check up. My grandma was there, but blocked the doorway. I pushed and squirmed and squeezed, eager to play more memory cards, eat Goldfish, and drink apple juice. When I squeezed through a small space, I ran in to say hi, but she lay there. Lifeless. There was no Spirit, no dancing, no singing, no talking. No. No. No. Just...silence.

My dad jetted out the room but I stood there, parylyzed in shock. What will I do? What happened? Will I see her again? What will change? Will it ever be the same again? God only gave us 7 years. 84 months, 365 weeks. 2,556 days. 3,681,641 minutes.... 220,898,482 seconds. God let her go too fast.

"Is Aunt Cee sleeping Nana?" I looked up for an answer.
"A Long, Long rest baby." Tears fell down her face silently.

At her funeral, my cousin Isaiah and I went to her casket not once. But twice. It indicated that we would see her again in the afterlife. After the linguist , and friends/family talked, they picked up her casket. She was carried out the room Into the black limo and driven to the graveyard. As they lowered her, my grandma cried. Cried like a whimpering dog. We wouldn't see her for a long, long time.

A week later.

The sorrow just hit. I cried. Cried until it was physically impossible to continue. All I wanted was to hear her voice walking throughout my eardrums. But I knew what I was going to do. Sing, sing, and sing. Sing so she could hear it, a million miles away.

Orange

By Jessica White

Stomach turning. Heart pounding. I can't do this.

I was waiting in line next to Ava, my stepsister, and some of our friends. I was waiting to ride the biggest roller coaster at Kalahari. As I was waiting in line, I started telling Ava that I wanted to back out.

"I don't think I can do this." I had said.

"Sure you can." Was her response.

She wouldn't let me turn around and go back down the stairs and wait at the end of the roller coaster for her so I stayed in line. It was a bright orange roller coaster, with cars that sat 2 people. The cars looked kind of like little boats, except they had cushioning on the inside. The cars sat two people, one in the front, and one in the back.

"I'm riding in the back." I said to her. I thought I wouldn't fly out if I sat in the back.

"Ok." Was all she said.

It was like waiting in line for something you knew you were going to regret. It felt like torture. When it was our turn I wanted

to back down but Ava wouldn't let me. "Your coming on this ride and that's that." she shoved me in front of her.

"I don't wanna!!!" I wailed.

I knew I sounded like a baby even though I was 11, but I couldn't help it. She got me on the ride.

I asked the person working, "Has anyone had ever fallen off?" His response was, "Just hold on." while laughing.

I was so scared. So, so, so scared. I could feel butterflies flying around in my stomach. I sat down in the back and jammed my feet on either side of the seat in front of me. I was holding on for dear life. And then we went.

We went speeding up a hill. Then we went around a bend and through a tunnel. Then down, and down some more. Up. down. Up some more. Another bend. Up a hill. And then down again, and we came to a lurching stop.

I had survived.

The great crash of..I really don't know

By Gavin Kirksey

This is how it went. This dark and gloomy day was about to live up to its name. Remember I was in first or second grade (Because I remember telling both of those teachers). I lived on a roundabout street as I was waiting for the bus.

This girl named Ni wasn't cautious-which was weird for her to be-and ran straight across the street.

Remember kids always look both ways before crossing the street. Ni of course didn't be YOU should But when she ran across the street CRASH!! She ran Straight CRACK Into a THUD CAR!!!

We gasped... The whole neighborhood just stopped. Then it erupted. "WAIT WHAT JUST HAPPENED"!! We all ran across to her too see what happened. I of course hadn't seen violence, so I double took and thought I was dreaming one of my twisted

dreams. But give me some credit I was a 9 so year old kid you don't normally see someone get hit by a car. That's not normal.

The whole time people were calling the police and screaming. Her mom was saying something that sounded like a prayer. While this was happening, I don't remember the car being there so I think it was a hit and run.

My mom who was outside afterwards told me she thought it was a dead dog and the only reason she came was so I didn't touch it. Finally the bus arrived next to the fire trucks and police cars. It looked like all of Solon was coming to save Ni.

I remember telling everyone I knew. She was fine (In a she needs crutches to walk for a few months kind of fine) and unconscious (when she got hit) and I've seen her a few times ever since. That was how it went that gloomy day got way more dark.

The honeybear

By Julia Shao

Siblings. Siblings are terrifying. They steal your food, they hog TV's, they trick other people into thinking you've done things you haven't done. And worst of all, they tattletale on you and get you in trouble.

I, Julia Shao, was 11. I loved bees, and I loved their honey. I would always eat little spoonfuls of honey when no one was watching. One day, I was craving honey. I desperately needed it. The sweet, sticky golden liquid that tasted good on anything. From bread to bagels to mashed potatoes. I decided to venture all the way down the long stairwell, down to the kitchen.

In order to get that golden liquid, I would need to be cautious -- I would get in trouble if caught. I couldn't get caught. But there it was. The cabinet that contained all the sauces, including that sweet, sticky golden liquid. I opened the tiny door, and saw it -- the ultimate bear of honey.

I took the bear, ran up the staircase, and to my room, with my computer right there, waiting for me to watch some anime.

But then I heard something...
I stopped dead in my tracks. I heard footsteps that could only belong to one person.
The older brother.

The older brother, knowing how much I loved honey, went downstairs and checked the holy cabinet.

He noticed.

I had been discovered.

And I panicked.

I ran into my closet and shut the door.

"Julia took the honey again," I heard.

No.

I couldn't get caught.

No anime

no TV

no phone.

I could lose everything.

But being the naive child I was, I stepped out of the closet and started to confess.

"I--"

"No computers for a week," my mom called.

I froze.

I processed what my mom had just said and sulked back to my room, leaving the bear with the golden liquid next to my door.

That beloved golden liquid.

After that scarring experience, I made sure that everyone was out of the house before I ever took the bear out of the holy cabinet.

And I never got caught again.

Mmmmmmmmm

By Julian Garfield

Sharp slices of death thrashing before my eyes on the outside of this life threatening maze. The soft inside looked friendly, or was it a trap, but Mmmm, oh yeah it was good.

My Granny's French toast was the best thing anyone had ever put in their mouth. From the crunchy crust, to the eggy middle. It was like wonderland in your mouth.

It was back in the day when the weather was cool, and the sun was nowhere to be found, where I was sitting there with my cup of hot cocoa. My Grandma made the best hot cocoa the world has ever seen.

I was sitting there wondering what the amazing smell of the kitchen was so I asked my Grandma,

"Grandma what's the amazing smell."

And she responds, "That would be my classic french toast."

When it was ready I was curious to wonder what it was?

What did it taste like?

It just looked like bread.

When my grandma put it on my plate I didn't know what to do.

She told me to put syrup on it.

What the heck was that?

The look of it was like a burnt piece of bread with scrambled eggs inside of it.

I sat there for about 10 minutes just looking at it before I had enough courage to take a bite.

When I took my first bite it changed my life.

It made me ask myself why this food had never been in my mouth before?

Imagine all your questions in the world were answered by putting a piece of cooked bread in your mouth, that is what happened to me when I took my first ever bite of this scary, but amazing food.

It was hard and crunchy on the outside like a gram cracker on a cooked smore, and soft and eggy on the inside like a creamy chocolate for valentines day.

It was like heaven in my mouth, but only it had syrup on it.

When I finished I was stuffed with happiness, and calories

My life was different now.

That french toast changed my life for the good.

I thank that french toast for teaching me to eat better food.

A lesson to everyone would be never pass up french toast.

Now I am always looking forward to go to Grandma's house in the morning.

Although you may think that you would gain too much weight from eating too much french toast.

You have to always remember, Mmmm. Oh yeah. It was good!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mama Rhino

By Kartika Mohta

CRUNCH!

My parents were too scared to open their eyes.

But me being me, laughed as loud as my little voice could go...

It was a jet black jeep.

I was only 6, what did I know? It was my first time in a safari.

I was so excited, some might say TOO EXCITED.

A lion!

A Giraffe!

A RHINO!

There were so many animals. But when I saw that baby rhino, I jumped out of my own skin from excitement. It was like a group of butterflies just entered my body without an invitation. Our guide had different food for different animals. I took a hand full of food for the baby rhino, and stuck out my hand, as far as it could go. My heart was beating faster than it ever had. It smelled my hand and licked all the food out of my hand. That's when we heard something.

Thomp!

Thomp!

THOMP!

It was a mama rhino coming to guard her little baby. She was running towards me!

Thomp!

Thomp!

THOMP!

It got Louder, and Louder, and Louder! The closer she came, the more my fear grew. Our guide, who was terrified knowing this rarely happens, was about to drive away until....
The mama rhino came to an abrupt stop. She just sat there.

With a little tilt in her head.

Then, being the little kid that I am, took another handful of food in my hand, and stuck it out in front of the rhino. My parents were petrified that they tried stopping me but they just couldn't. The rhino came closer, the stomps got louder, and the nightmare was closer to reality than it ever had been. But something magical happened.

The rhino opened its mouth.

My parents eyes were closed. As though they knew that this was the end for their daughter's hand. The guide was saying something, but I was so astonished by the rhino, I wasn't listening. CcccRrrrUuuuNnnnCcccHhhh!

My parents were too scared to open their eyes. I knew what they were thinking. Why did we come here? What's going to happen when she loses her arms? What are - wait what was that?

It was me, a little girl laughing out loud at how ticklish the rhino's tongue felt on my hand. They slowly opened their eyes, and what they saw was unbelievable. They saw a little girl feeding a massive adult rhino by hand.

Now every time I look at my stuffed rhino, Sophie. I think of the Rhino that I named it after, because of how much I will cherish that moment with that rhino.

Trick or Treat...the scariest night of my life

By Kassidy Samuelraj

Mom?! Adrianna?! Kaylinn?! Vick?! OMG am I lost?! What if they left me?! WHAT SHOULD I DOOOO?!

Lost. Scared. Totally hopeless.

Finally, It was halloween! My favorite holiday, EVER! This year I was going to be a zombie prom queen. I loved that costume so much. I wanted to do it every halloween. Unfortunately this was my last halloween before I went to Kindergarten.

We were in New York because we were going trick or treating with my cousins who lived in New York.

"You guys ready to go?!" Mom shouts.

Oopsie! I grab my costume, threw it on and ran to my mom at the front door. I grabbed my Uggs and put them on over my fluffy socks. Then we were out.

We walked for about 10 minutes and already had so much candy. Now we were right in the city. There was a big crowd of people, and it was sorta scary considering the fact that it was really dark outside other than the city lights.

"Guys hold hands, K?" My mom said. My cousin grabbed my sister's hand and my older cousin grabbed my hand and my mom's.

"HMPH," I sighed way too loudly.

"GUYS HOLD KASSIDYS HAD TOO!" My mom said loudly.

My cousin ran to me and held my hand. Then we went on through the crowd. My cousin let go of my hand to take some Kit-Kats, so I followed my mom.

After about 5 minutes, I realized that that woman in front of me, who I had been following was NOT my mom. OH NOOOOOO! OH NOOOOOOOO!!

"Mom?! Adrianna?! Kaylinn?!Vick?!" I yelled. OMG am I lost? What if they left me? WHAT SHOULD I DOOOO? I thought. Alright Kassidy, you are fine just take a deep breath and look. I looked and looked and could not find them anywhere.

At last, I decided the best thing to do was sit and wait for an adult to help me, or at least try to make a plan. I sat down on a nearby bench and watched people pass. A group of kids. A little baby. Tall teenagers. I sat and waited and waited while I listened to the roar of the traffic, until finally someone started walking toward me. I wiped my tears away and smudged my makeup in the process.

"KASS?!" a familiar voice yelled.

"Mom?" I asked. I then looked up and saw my mom.

I got up and dropped all my candy and ran to my mom.

"Kass, where were you sweetie?" My mom asked.

"WHERE WERE YOU?!" I yelled. I was suddenly furious. "HOW COULD YOU GUYS LEAVE ME FOR 15 HOURS?!" I yelled again. Did they even know I was gone? Did they wonder where I was? Did they care? Thoughts ran through my mind like a they were running a race.

"Kassy it's minutes, you were only gone for 10 minutes" my sister sighed, breaking my train of thoughts.

"Oh," I said. My cousins went to pick up all my candies while I hugged my mom. "I want to go home," I said.

"NO THAT'S NOT FAIR!!" My sister said.

"Okay let's go home then." My mom said, ignoring my sister's rude comment.

When we finally got home, I went to take a shower and got my pajamas on.

Then me and my cousins counted our candies and drank Capri Sun when my cousin Victoria said, "No one realized you were gone. Your mom and I thought you were with Adriana and Kaylinn, and they thought you were with us."

At that moment I knew. They did know that I was gone. They did wonder where I was. They did care.

Throw it out

By Kayla Stroom

Shortly after I got ready for the big competition in my black leotard and shorts with my stage makeup on, hair slicked back, and tummy filled with nutella on toast, my mom and I jumped into the car and drove off to the Stocker Arts Center.

We walked inside and started getting ready. I competed in a couple of my dances. Since my dances were split up between the two days of the weekend, I was pretty much done performing. My mom had a Gatorade for me so that I didn't get dehydrated. I sipped my artificial, cherry-flavored sugary drink.

Mmmmm.

Now, you may think that this is just a regular old dance competition and you can basically do whatever you want. That is wrong. At this certain place, the building did not let you have any food or drink in the dressing room. If they caught you, you had to throw it out. A worker would come in what seemed like every 10 minutes to check the room for edible objects. Me being me, I had the Gatorade inside the dressing room because no one followed the rules. There was an extra dressing room that no one was using, so my friends and I all had candy or drinks in there. I had put my Gatorade across the room because I wasn't drinking it.

We all jumped when one of the workers came into the dressing room. "Who's drink is this?" she bellowed.

My friend next to me quickly hid her Skittles, but I obviously couldn't get to my Gatorade in time.

"It's mine," I answered.

"Ok then, you need to get out and throw it out, because we can't have that in here," she yelled. I walked out of the dressing room, embarrassed.

What was I going to do? The drink was basically full, and I wasn't going to waste all of it. I knew for a fact I would want to drink it later. When I walked far away enough from the mean old lady, it was like I could feel her watching my every step.

I tried ignoring the sensation and walked to the front of the building and sank down the hard brick wall and thought. The rule was so stupid. Why did it even matter? She had no right to make me, a child, get rid of my drink. Besides, why would I waste my food anyway? I tried to think of an alternative to getting rid of my Gatorade. I thought and thought and thought for what seemed like ten extremely long minutes.

Then an idea popped into my head. I looked down at what I was wearing. Sweatpants and boots. Sweatpants and boots. Sweatpants and...

I knew what I could do.

First, I made sure no one was looking. Especially not any of the workers. I stuck my Gatorade inside my right purple boot and covered the top of the boot with my long black sweatpants. There was a small bump on the side, but it didn't matter. Ahead

I saw that same worker, right outside the doors of the dressing room. That was the goal. I would have to sneak in without having her question me. Act normal, I thought in my head. I walked towards the dressing room door. I tried to look as cool and calm as a cucumber.

She was watching me.

I was not going to throw it out.

I quickly thrust my entire body inside the dressing room and slammed the door shut.

"Mom," I said. "You'll never believe what just happened." I smiled and realized how clever I actually was.

Beat that, you mean old lady worker.

The blanket and the lunchbox

By Manya Mehta

I pulled out my blanket, and my mom was staring at me. I was only eight years old, when the most embarrassing thing ever occurred on a short plane ride.

It all happened when my mother announced that we were going on a plane. I was so excited I didn't even know what to pack for this trip. I would have to pack t-shirts, jeans, leggings, my favorite pink skirt, and of course white blanket.

It was the next day and we were going to leave tomorrow, and I had to make a plan to sneak my favorite blanket onto the plane. As I tried to stuff my huge blanket into my little purple lunchbox, it looked like a potato threatening to explode in front of my face. I wondered if I could eat it if it exploded. I have my snack ready for the plane! I needed help. I went out and ran to my brother, convincing him to stuff my blanket into my lunchbox.

Finally, after many minutes, it was done. But one problem I needed that blanket to sleep with! I asked my brother to open up my lunchbox very carefully. As he opened up the lunch-

box, the potato exploded. Huh, I guess I won't have a snack for the plane. Oh well, I have my banana prepared.

The next morning me and my brother had to go through the whole process again making sure the potato wouldn't slip out of our hands. I hope the potato still explodes. I ☐m hungry.

It was time to put on a show. A time that I would convince my family that I was crazy. The plane had a weird smell that made my nose tingle, and when we got to our seats, there were cushions on the chairs, and seatbelts for protection.

When we got on the plane and we were all comfortable, I whined to my mom that I was cold. She informed me that this was a short plane ride and we would be at our destination in two hours.

But I couldn't wait any longer. So I took out my lunchbox, and told my mom to wait while I struggled opening up my stuffed lunchbox. As soon as I took out my blanket my mom stared at me in disbelief. I don't know why I even thought of bringing my blanket onto a plane in a lunchbox, but at least I got my snack for later.

Science olympiad

By Kartik Bhat

Crowded, loud, trapped. A full auditorium with at least 100 people, What am I doing here, I Thought, Why are there so many people here? Then the roar of the auditorium was killed. Everybody looked up to a coach yelling,

"Your time starts... NOW!" What were these words and what did they mean? Then I saw a test and an answer sheet. I'm dead I thought. I looked at the first question, done,

That was easy, I thought, second question, done, third question, done. This repeated on and on until the dreaded 68th question, "Tom is spinning in a chair with his arms and legs out, if he were to pull his hands and legs together, would the chair spin faster or slower?"

A. Faster B. Slower C. Depends D. None of the Above. My heart started racing and my stomach clenched, my mind just went

blank. Then the coach yelled, "30 seconds left!" I'm dead. I thought. My brain was flashing back to all the Khan Academy videos about physics and inertia.

Out of sheer desperation I chose the best answer I could find, A. I got lucky. When I got out of the lecture hall a friend asked, "What'd you get for the 68th question" "A." "Lucky" my friend said.

I walked to the crowded parking lot. My dad was waiting in the car. It was a silent drive home for it was 8:36 and we hadn't had dinner when we left. I thought back to the 68th question and the test.

Was all this studying really worth it? Then my dad looked at me and said, "How was the test?" I looked at him and said, "It's in the bag."

A shampoo filled summer

By Kyle Dong

I think that all of us here have seen a bottle of shampoo before, right? Yeah, first grade me had also seen a bottle of shampoo before. One thing first grade me hadn't seen before was a shampoo bottle that had said, 'tear free.' Why hasn't anyone ever thought of a shampoo that didn't sting when it got into your eyes?

I remember that I was going to first grade and it was summer break. I had just gotten back from the neighborhood swimming pool. I had to shower because the chlorine smell was horrible, and I think someone peed in the pool as well.

When I arrived home and was in the bathroom, I decided to look at all of the bathroom products we had, for whatever motivations a first grader would have. I don't remember. After a quick search, I found lotion, lip balm, makeup, and a shampoo bottle.

I wasn't interested in the lip balm and makeup, because my sister would kill me if I touched her stuff, but the shampoo bottle had a picture of Batman on it. I was intrigued. I read the front label, and the scent was 'Dark Knight Berry'. As I looked on the back label, it said 'Kids 4-12'. The most interesting part, it also said 'Tear Free'.

Back then, I thought it meant tear free, like crying, but now I know it means tear free, like ripping. I wanted to try out a 'tear free shampoo', because the shampoo I used always got in my eyes. It stung and it sucked.

I walked in the shower, and dumped the shampoo in my face. The shampoo felt like a sticky, stingy, slimy slug was slowly crawling across both of my eyeballs. As the slug dragged its' sticky, berry-scented slime across my face, my eyes responded by erupting in the second most pain I had ever experienced, first place being the time I committed scooter-ankle

Because I poured an entire gallon of it into my eyes, it lasted for an agonizingly long five minutes. After my mom came into the bathroom because of all the high pitched screaming, she washed it out of my eyes. As she did, many thoughts were banging and bouncing around my head, ranging from, Man this really hurts to What a scam! The bottle said tear free! And finally, I really hate Batman now.

When she explained that it was a gentle shampoo that wouldn't rip your hair, I felt kind of dumb, but I just blamed it on the people who marketed the shampoo. How can you put the words 'tear free' on a bottle of shampoo for kids who have all probably had shampoo get in their eyes before. I hoped no one else would ever fall victim for their appalling crime.

Looking back, first grade me was just stupid. The sellers didn't market anything wrong, I was just about as dumb as a headless chicken. But to this day, I still vow never to use shampoo with the words 'tear free'.

The wrong way today

By Luka Kniahynyckyj

UUUUUUUGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH.

It felt like a little leprechaun was pinching my eyes shut. I could not open my eyes, nor could I believe I had to run a race at this time of day. My dad came in to my room and flicked the light switch on. UUUUUUGGGGGGGGGHHHH. It felt like the sun came down from space to say hello to me. UUUUUUUUGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH. I remembered it was Sunday. Why can't I sleep in?

I lumbered downstairs, scarfed down my breakfast, and hopped in the car. I shut my eyes. When I opened them we were at our destination. Rocky River High School, or more specifically the highschool's track.

I got out, and lumbered to the sign in table.
"Luka?" The woman said.
"That's me." I mumbled, still not really woken up.
My sister, dad and I put our race chips on and went to the starting line. As much as I was still asleep, my brain was sleepier and it definitely showed during the race.

"3..2...1 GOOOO!" A man shouted and a whistle blew.

As soon as I heard that whistle I finally woke up. I took off and ran like an angry donkey. My dad and sister though, let's just say not so much. I was running through the course when I came upon a 1 mile marker.

I thought to myself, Alright! One mile already?

MIInd you, the race was a two mile race so I was halfway done. Was.

After I came across that one mile marker, I switched my brain to autopilot.

What was I going to do after this? Will I be the first person at the finish line? Where are my dad and sister? What is my first mile time?

That's when it all came down like a badly engineered plane.

Up ahead I saw a hill. On that hill was a parked police car. Bright blue and red lights flashed.

I thought to myself, Oh that police car is blocking that hill. That means that I should not go up there. I'll just turn right here.

This was completely, utterly, absolutely wrong. Sigh.

I continued on the wrong path.

Then I heard someone say, "Yeah, my partner left me behind all the way back here!"

I froze in my tracks. All the way back here! I thought I was heading to the finish line! Up ahead of me I saw a volunteer and more people walking. All the volunteers were wearing white shirts so they were easily visible.

I ran ahead to the volunteer and mumbled in a high scratchy voice, "Hey can you help me, I think I ran the wrong way."

Which the volunteer responded with, "Yeah sure, let me pull up my map. Sorry, this might ruin your pace."

Which it did. She had to pull out her phone, type in her passcode, open her email app, scroll down until she found the email of the map, open it and....Well, you get the idea right.

After I finished talking to the volunteer, and basically ruining my pace I started running in the right direction. By now I had run close to three miles, so my legs felt as if a doctor had given me a numbing shot and was about to operate on me. I ran along the right path and finally came to that big, dumb, menacing hill. I jogged up it.

I saw the highschool, where the race started and ended. I ran through the gates that enclosed the highschool track. When

I finally crossed the finish line I felt like the human embodiment of a sigh. My sister and dad were there waving at me. A timer blinks red numbers. 24 minutes later, the little red lights shouted at me.

If I had not turned off my brain and been a brainless running zombie for half the race, they would have been singing 16 minutes as a beautiful chorus together.

UUUUUUUGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH.

Flying To The Sky

By Mallory Kavanagh

We were climbing higher nearly reaching the top, you could almost feel the air getting thinner. Then we fell. We were no longer in control over our body anymore, we felt like we were flying to a death. But first this happened.

I slowly climbed out of bed, it was 9:00 AM way too early for me. I got up but the lights would not turn on. Ok I thought they must have just not replaced the light from when my brother Keaton and my friend David shattered it with a mattress.

Glass flew everywhere. Good times. I thought We went downstairs but I couldn't help but notice that none of the lights were on. I went down to the kitchen where the lights were usually on.

Mom said "We can't go to Kennywood anymore because the power is out.

"What!" I said.

"I'm just kidding." She said then her and her friend, Claudia laughed.

I felt relieved. Luckily they had a gas stove so they just heated up pancakes. They were really bad because they were kinda cold.

We all got changed then went into the car. When we got to Kennywood. Mom, David, Claudia and I were all going to go on a huge roller coaster. Rowan and Carrie, Keaton really did not want to go so they went to kiddie land.

We got in line for the roller coaster and waited for 2 hours. Me and David played random games, and other stuff. We finally were next but I was really scared. I thought I might not do it, but then I decided that I should do it anyway

I got onto the coaster, my mom by my side. It started to move very slowly up. I could see the airplane warning lights from up ahead. They blinked like an eye with something stuck in it. On again then off, on, then off. I look down to see if I could see Rowan, Keaton, and Carrie. I could not. We got a little less than half way. I looked at my mom, she looked scared. I was scared but excited.

All of a sudden it started going faster, we were still going up though. It was very fast for going uphill. I could see the whole park. I looked at one of the other coasters in the distance. They were not as high.

We finally reached the top for what seemed like hours. Then we did a half circle around and went straight down. Yes, I mean straight down. All the screams sounded like a giant roar. Then we went upside down.

I thought i was gonna throw up, then we took a sharp turn then we went up again, then straight down again. Then upside down again. Then we jerked around to get out.

After I got out I could not walk, I was so dizzy I thought I was going to throw up.

"Are you okay?" Mom said

"Yeah." I barely managed to say

"Really? Mom said and crossed her arms

My mom guided me out of the gate and we saw they were giving out free water. I took some. Still feeling sick.

After a few minutes, I felt better. So we went to go see the other kids. They were just finishing up the little kid rides. Rowan forgot to take her motion sickness medicine, so she felt very sick. Then threw up. But, we got her medicine then she felt better after a while, and we had a great day.

First time on stage

By Masha Chernychka

I thought it would go well. I thought everything was going to be fine. I thought nothing would go wrong.

"WE'RE HERE!" hollars mom.

As I put my boots and jacket on. I breathe out. There's no going back. 11 months of practice, and here it is. As me and my mom got out of the car and walked towards the entrance, my dad carries my stuff. I see a lot of girls with pretty buns on their head with beautiful makeup on their faces.

As we sign in, I spot Sofia, with her mom, Elena. I walk into the gym while level 3 is performing group routines. I grab a drink of water, and go to find my coach. As I grab my dark blue rope, I start jumping. I jump, and jump, and jump some more. I try my best, as the older girls watch me. As of course I mess up. Later I go on splits and take a break. An hour goes by and level 5 starts. I am 2nd to go on stage.

As I get ready, I know I'm gonna nail it, As I walk on stage, I see rows and rows of people. The terrifying glances of the judges. The little kids running around behind the carpet.

The girl before me sobbing, after her tragic performance. I closed my eyes and saw me in the first place.

I took a breath and as the judge called my name, I walked on stage with a big beautiful smile across my face. I get into position and the music starts playing. Everything is going great until it's not. I drop my hoop on the 3rd toss. As I pick it up, I forget what to do. But then. I remember. I keep smiling and finish. I spot my coach walking behind me smiling.

"You did great!" she said.

"

Thanks. I could have done better. But, it is what it is."

"Yeah, I guess"

As I get to the deadly scary placing ceremony, I'm scared for my life. Then. I smell it, the delicious, fresh out of the oven, vanilla, cupcakes. They bring up a smile on my face.

As I think of the ceremony. I hear loud, squeaky, footsteps. It's here. And no one knows if I'll survive.

Stranded (sort of)

By Max Goldberg

And as he left me there, I wondered, will this end well?

I had been canoeing at summer camp, my partner, Oscar was very impatient. We had been canoeing for quite sometime and Oscar, impatient and bored, wanted to go back. Before we went back, I wanted to go to an island by the side of the lake, we went to the island, and I got off and started walking around.

"Come on!" said Oscar after about 30 seconds. "I don't want to" I replied. Oscar was mad so he then threatened to leave me on the island to which I replied, "Do it"

"Have it your way" He said as he left. So there I was. Stranded. Dirty brown water soaking into my shoes. I looked around and saw... nothing. I mean, there wasn't nothing, I saw some sticks but, as interesting as they are, they get boring pretty fast. Minutes later, I decided I was bored. I dug holes with my paddle,

talked to other kids canoeing, and buried sticks until there were about 20 sticking out of the ground. I would say I was there for half an hour but being as bored as I was, it was probably less.

Finally, after the thought started to set in that I might be there for a while, they sent someone else to get me and I canoed with them for the rest of the time. Soon after that, it was time to go back to shore. To which I was greeted with an angry Oscar. I asked why he was mad, but I'm pretty sure he was going to tell me anyway. I soon figured out that he couldn't canoe for the rest of the session.

"And it's all your fault" He said to me, as if he just hurt my feelings. "That's tough" I replied to him as I walked away, hearing his rage grow.

And in that moment, I felt glad knowing he learned his lesson. Or at least, I think he did.

Blind

By Maxim Towers

CRASH! Was the last sound I heard. TREE was the last thing I saw. AHHH! Was the last sound I made. Before I went Blind for an hour and 30 minutes

I was sledding down a mountain which was covered in snow whiter than white, it was very steep and felt like going about 38 miles per hour with more trees than can meet the eye. One of the worst Ideas I've had. Will probably will do it again.

I crashed into a tree (once I crashed I couldn't see anything but could feel everything I ran into)
Rolled off into about 5 more trees and got stuck in a river.

Was fun.

Suddenly I woke up and couldn't see anything, I thought it had been about 30 minutes...

I tried to get up and think about what happened. All I remember was a crash sound right after crashing into a tree and ending up in a river, at least I think it was a river. Then it struck me like lightning. HOW COLD I WAS. It was in the middle of winter on a mountain. And I was soaking wet. I thought "Ok I need to get back home."

So there I was swinging my arms around everywhere trying to climb up a mountain. While blind
I fell a couple times, got back up and tried again. Because I knew I wouldn't last long. I got up to the front door with my wet jacket, wet pants and wet gloves. I was so cold. And could almost feel the warmth from the house.

I reach for the doorknob.

Imagining relief and that my parents would fix my eyes. But the door was locked (and no one was home). So I was forced to go back down the mountain. I thought of another way to get into the house. I knew no one was home. I kept on thinking.

Then I got it. I was going to climb from the basement to the first floor to the second floor. My vision was starting to return. I thought I could do it. I had to climb the balcony to the second floor. I had to feel my way around. I climb to the basement... Then the first floor... Got to the second floor and I slipped off the railing second balcony and fell about 24 feet.

I went fully blind again...I layed there colder than icy water, as wet as a lake and as blind as a bat.

I could feel the snow starting to freeze my blood. But I told myself I will come home.

All that worked has my hands and feet and that's all that I needed to go home. The sweat on my face was starting to freeze. But I didn't care, I was determined to go home.

I tried again.

I climb past the basement. To the first floor. Then last to the second. I remember to not make the same mistake. I hold on tight even though it's slippery from my wet gloves.

I climb past the rail. And reach for the door. It's open. I'm so relieved. I come in and lay on the couch for about 30 minutes resting and warming up. "Horrible", I said "Just Horrible". And while I lay there on the couch waiting for my parents to come and vision starting to return. I learned to always keep the door unlocked.

Creaking and peeking

By Max Berke

The wind whipping at my body, ever so slowly pushing me back towards the railing, the tower made one bone chilling noise. CREAK. But before I tell you that story, I have to start with this one.

I was at Holden Arboretum walking the trails and admiring the beauty of it all. You could see the squirrels bouncing from tree limb to tree limb, swaying in the wind and you could almost hear the squirrels shriek from both fear and delight. I saw water snakes slither slowly and swim in the lake, and also reflected the light of the shining fall afternoon sun off their shiny scales. You could see patches of pink and purple wildflowers, seeming that they almost stretched their stems towards the sun.

But that wasn't why I was there. There was a new one hundred and twenty foot tall observation tower and I had a ticket. I waited in line with my dad to go up the stairs, the milling hordes of people drowning out our conversation. I thought, "I think I don't have a fear of heights, but it runs in the family." You see, I love heights, but I hate the idea of falling from

them. The stairs groaned and seemed to complain with the massive weight of people getting on and exiting the tower. I held the railing tight and looked down at the ground, seeing these little ant sized humans below. Hoping if I ignored the fear of falling off of the massive 120 ft tall tower, it would go away, like my sister.

The tower shook in the cold, sharp wind whipping my face. CREEAAK. Suddenly the whole structure leaned to the right and then with a bone chilling CREEAAK leaned to the left throwing me off balance. After I valiantly fought the wind and inch by inch, I scrambled towards the stairs.

I scrambled up the last few steps closest to the top of the tower, and the view wouldn't even be compared to the wonder and imagination of DaVinci. The trees slowly swaying in the breeze, birds taking flight, the sun starting to creep behind the trees facing westward and, peeking behind several grey rain clouds creeping up, and the sweet scent of cool fresh air brushing against my face. I closed my eyes, and in that moment, I really felt that the risk of getting up there was worth the spectacular reward. But that wasn't why I was there.

Thirty seconds

By Sonia Lamarre

The once red jersey hung loosely around my body. Sweat running down my face until my vision blurred to almost nothing. Raw, red, skin appearing on almost every surface of my body. Thirty seconds earlier, the dirt and blood attached to my body would never have arrived. Thirty seconds earlier, not a single ear could hear the scrape as the grass and dirt connected with my body. But that was. Thirty. Seconds. Ago.

The blow of the whistle and the roar of the crowd came soon after the foul was committed. With me on the ground with only my blood, mud, and grass, while the figure wearing the ever so vivid blue jersey stood above me, with a look of sheer fear and regret, as the call was made. Penalty kick.

As the ball was placed gently in my hands, the chaos already starting to form in my mind erupted, the sweat still pouring down my face, thickened. Along with my raw knees that

continued to elevate in color and pain, but none of that mattered. The only thing that mattered was the ball. The net. And me.

As the ball was placed on the green grass before me, I noticed the shine and reflection of the gleaming sun as it bounced off the ball and the surrounding green grass, that has at least fifty shades of its ever vivid color. But, the roar of the crowd brings me back to reality, as I face facts, if I score, if we win, and if this ball never ends up in our goal, then the smile on my face will remain. But those are all ifs and I have thirty seconds to seize. This. Moment.

My moment came in a matter of thirty seconds, even though I seized it in almost two. The glistening red shoe, that I wore ever so proudly connected with the gleaming ball that spontaneously sailed into the air, though in my mind it didn't hit the net for at least another hour, though in reality it took only. Thirty. Seconds. Goal.

The one where we thought it was over

By Mia Patriarco

We were all dying inside. It was the end. It was over. It wouldn't work out.

It was the championship game of the tournament. My team Solon Lightning against a team I can't remember. It was so hot out that day - 91 degrees. It felt like the sun was one inch away from our faces. Not a good day to play soccer, that's for sure. We were still in the first half, yet it seemed like we lost.

The halftime whistle blew and we jogged over to the bench (if that's what you call jogging) and sat down with frustration on ALL of our faces. I remember what our coach said that day because it inspired all of us.

She said, "I see the look of frustration on all of your faces. You guys just look like you don't want to be here, playing this game that all you guys worked so hard to get to. Marcie and I have faith in you guys. We believe you can do this. But in order for that, you guys have to have faith in yourselves if you want to turn this game around. You guys are only down by 1 goal."

Faith ringed in my ear. We walked onto the field. Our uniforms sticking to our skin like lint stuck on a cashmere sweater. The sun is as bright as a little kid on Christmas morning. But of course, as I was walking out I tripped over my feet and took a tiny stumble. Just as I was trying to keep my game face I tripped and started laughing. That's really intimidating. After that inconvenient fall, we were ready to play the best game of our life.

This girl on my team McKenna Bauza went for a goal and kicked it, it deflected off of the opponent and landed right in front of my feet. I took a touch and hit it and it sailed right over the goalies head. It was such an amazing feeling but we couldn't get too excited because we still had one goal to take the lead with 5 minutes left. Before you knew it, overtime.

Two minute halves. First half no one scored.

But in the second it was like fate was on our side. One of our players tried to get a through ball (in a gap between the two defenders) and it rolled, wobbled, and stumbled at the other team's goalies feet. She smashed it right into Maggie Cruickshanks shoulder. It sounded like a person slapping someone's face. Not the best sound or feeling in the world. Then it rolled ever so gracefully in the goal. It felt as great as getting your dog to do a trick after the amount of time spent on it. That was the best feeling in the world.

One minute left and the other team was mad and was throwing elbows and everything. But this time we didn't let it affect our mental game. We stayed on top of our game. We were kicking the ball out of bounds to waste time on the clock. But they got a corner because one of our players kicked it where the out of bounds area results in a corner. Everyone lined up. Hearts pounding. Muscles aching. They kicked it and it ricocheted a couple times and then landed in our goalies hands.

Then you hear, "Tweet. Tweet. Tweet." The 3 sounds any soccer team that was winning loves to hear. We WON! At last, we were in front of a goal holding our trophies that showed proudly 2018-2019 Dublin cup champions. With our fingers holding up a one along with our smiles showing for 2 minutes to get just the right picture. Even though it already felt right. Just right.

Mission: pop tart

By Michael Flonnoy

"Mission Pop tart is a go." I spot the target in a grocery bag and the enemy in the kitchen. I had to get to the bag and save it before it was devoured by the "Dad" and sneak out before the "Lady" spotted me with the cargo. I had to get to the package. There was no stopping now. Just have to get past the lady and I it is mission complete just like Agent Oso says.

The lady. Goes by Mom. Interest: Keeping kids from eating sugar.

The lady says "When little kids eat them they get sugar high." But I am 5 now so I'm not a little kid. I will not get sugar high because I am 5 not little like a 4 year old.

All I had to do was sit patiently on the couch and pretend to watch T.V. instead of fantasizing about the taste of a Pop Tart. That was hard. Oooooo I can't wait.....

Thud

Thud

Thud.

CLANG.

The sound of the air being pushed out of the door lets me know she's in. The lady is in the designated area. My mom is in her room far away from the living room, and the pop tarts are right there in the chair ready for me to gobble them up. I go in for the tasting.

Click,Click,Click.

The Dad comes boasting through the door and stomps over to me.

The Dad. Goes by Dad. Interest creating wrestling moves and ridiculously naming them.

"Hey lil Mike". He picks me up over his shoulder and slams me down on the couch and says, "I call that one the Big Boom", and he booms me again.

Noooooooooooooooooo.

"Dad there is no time to wrestle and create ridiculous moves named after explosion sounds cause I am not dynamite that goes KA-BOOM when put in contact with something. You were supposed to be home at 6. You're 5 minutes early." This is an infiltration in my plans. I need those POP TARTS." I mumble so my dad can't hear and infiltrate my MISSION although I think he heard me say Pop Tarts because that is what he's eyeing.

Mission: Pop Tart must be aborted.

Noooooooooooooo.

"Oh so you're mom bought home pop tarts."

Oh no. Oh no. OH NO. Will he take my precious pop tarts? Will he devour such a beautiful creation in front of me. Will he take such a magnificent box containing precious cargo and hide them. Will....

"Want one."

Is he really sharing such a joyous creation. Is he really willing to disobey the LADY'S rules? The sacred rules of the Lady we're not to be broken. Is this a trap? Should I accept? What do I do??

I nod my head up and down.

He hands me the pop tart. It's wrapped in shiny foil to me which looks like silver to me. I unwrap the package which reveals not one but two glorious delicious looking pop tarts. I feel giddy and bubbly like a woman who has just been proposed to.

I stare at the brown rectangle with purple frosting and a light blue drizzle of icing. I take a bite and what I taste is a fruity deliciousness sweet but tart and so mmmmm and tasty and so mouth watering and appetizing and scrumptious... and...

"Can I have another one?" I ask even though I still have to finish the one I got.

"No."

I speak into my toy walkie talkie (because the bosses won't buy me a real one) Mission: Pop tart complete. Agent Oso would be proud.

A crack in my head

By Steven Wang

The blood was leaking from my head, as I was rushed to the hospital. It was the second time I had cracked my head open. I was in first grade, during kung-fu class when this happened.

We were playing some game like keep away or something, I yeeted the ball and started running. I was going soooooo fast, that I tripped and slid on my knees. My head stopped barely a foot away from the metal frame around the glass of the library's wall

Wow, I thought, that was a close one-----
-----BAM!

Suddenly someone flies into me, and my head goes straight into the corner of the frame. At first, I was just mad, I didn't even feel the pain blooming in my skull. I started yelling at him because he ran into me, he was just staring at my head and completely ignoring me the whole time. This made me even more mad, and I asked him why he was ignoring me.

That is when I feel something warm and moist roll down my forehead, my hand instinctively moves up to my head it comes back covered in bright red metallic blood!

Then I start screaming!
And Screaming!!
And SCREAMING!!

The teacher runs over here and asks what is going on, by now, my head is gushing blood like a fountain, he lays me down as the blood sprays all over his clothes, and tries to put a band-aid on my head. It just slips and slides off my head.

He calls my parents, and they rush over to see me lying there with blood spurting out of my head. My dad puts me in the car, and drives me to the E-R. Luckily, the doctor said I didn't need stitches/staples, or sewing because the injury was vertical, the doctor puts some weird liquid into my wound, and then puts this special high-tech medical tape on my forehead. I was really tired when we got home and I slept till the sun was melting the walls in my room. It was the second time I had cracked my head open, and wished it was the last time.

Ziplining

By Livia Mascinkas

My heart pounded with excitement. I was a very curious and adventurous child. This was gonna be my second time ziplining and it was very one of a kind not because it was just the second time it was just that it was 300 feet in the air! And I was going all by myself, no mom, no dad. But I didn't care.

The harness felt heavier and heavier as I climbed up the 10 story staircase. My body was shaking from both excitement and nervousness. The hairy worker gave a unsimpathical "ready to go" signal to the other worker and gave me a good shove. The moment my feet lifted off the platform all my worries were shoved aside. I gleaned the nature and surroundings I was zooming right above.

By the time I had gone through most of the ziplines and at least closer to the ground I noticed something terrible! The last zipline I was about to go on glides into water! And all I had on was some denim shorts and my favorite shirt with sparkles on it. My dad was waiting at the bottom of the last zipline" laughing" as he noticed that I didn't have my bathing suit on. As the lady attached my trolley to the zipline I knew I was going to be soaking wet after this. She gave me a big shove as i was heading closer and closer to the water soon enough my shoes and socks were fully dipped into the water then my shorts, then my whole body.

I dragged myself out of the water. The clothes doubled my weight, i felt as if i was giving a piggyback ride to myself. My brother and my dad laughed when I got out of the water. I was indeed a soaking rag.

Plastic, pain, and panic

By Sophia Makofsky

They put the mask over my mouth. Everything is spinning and I try to fight back.

But they're too strong for me. I don't think I will ever wake up and I'm going to die!

One evening after school, I sprint to the fridge and grab a bowl of cottage cheese and started eating. I'm not really paying attention to what i'm doing as I'm devouring my food but all of a sudden, I feel a pinching, painful feeling in the back of my throat.

"Oh no." I said as I looked back at my bowl.

My mom rushes over and sees me panicking.

"What happened! What's wrong!" she says.

I point to my throat, afraid to say anything because it hurt too much to talk. My mom and my neighbor, who is a doctor, tried to do everything they could to help to try to figure out how to pull the "thing" out. My mom finally decided to take me to the hospital.

The doctors figured out what was stuck in my throat and it left my mom and I speechless. It was a piece of plastic from the bowl that got stuck in the back of my tongue. The doctors did everything they could too but they couldn't get the plastic out either with me awake. The doctors sent my mom and I home to see what would happen overnight but I don't really know why they decided that. The next morning, I didn't feel anything in my throat this time. Not any stabbing pain.

Nothing at all.

My mom and I drive to the hospital again, terrified of where the plastic went overnight. Many x-rays and tubes with cameras attached going through my nose later, the doctors couldn't find the plastic anywhere in me. Now I was scared for my life. The doctors finally decided to resort to their last idea, to put me on anesthesia and try to dig the plastic out. When the doctors told my mom and I, I was about to cry and beg my mom for the doctors to change their minds. Unfortunately, the decision was already made and I would be on my way "under" very soon.

I was prepped and wheeled into the surgical room in my bed as the doctors were trying to calm me down and explain everything that was going to happen but I wouldn't listen at all. Now I was laying under a beaming, bright light and surrounded by doctors.

"Are you ready to go to Disneyland? 10...9...8...7..." one of the lady doctors says while slowly putting the mask over my mouth.

"No! I can't do this! I have to get out of here!" I think in my head.

All of a sudden, I lash out. I grabbed the doctor's arm and threw it away from me. I tried to leap out of bed and sprint out of the room. But the doctors held me down and shoved me back in the bed. The doctor tries to push the mask on my face again. No. I can't. I won't ever wake back up! I'm going to die! I thought. Then everything went black... 3...2...1... .

Fun, dark side, long trip

By Sushmita Sudhan Supriya

I came home knowing that I would finally meet my old friend. And that I would get to sleep and watch my iPad the whole way to North Carolina. I was really excited that I didn't know what to do. It was going to be heaven the whole way! Or is it? This could happen, my mom would either want me to do my homework or she would want me to read for my brother. That is not heaven. But, positive thoughts. So, I literally just came from school and dropped my backpack on the ground and ran to my closet to put on some comfy clothes for the long, long, long road trip. We ate, then immediately went on to the car for the road trip.

When I got in the car all ready to go, I felt some happiness filling up inside my heart. Knowing that I was going to meet my old friend who has lived here before. Between the hours, we stopped for evening snacks, bathroom breaks and dinner. At those times, I kind of felt mad because we were supposed to be going on a road trip and meeting my friend. I really don't want to waste my time on eating and long bathroom breaks (we had 7 people in our family). All I really want to do is get in the car, go to the hotel and meet my friend.

And so after a long road trip to North Carolina, we finally reached our destination. When we got there, the other family had already reached. They greeted us and by that time, I had already dozed off. Sun rose off from the east and it was time to get up and get ready. If you would ask my opinion of how good the hotel room is, then here is what I would tell you. The hotel room was neat, but stinky and so my dad had to spray perfume.

Ugh, don't even talk about the bathrooms. The bathroom was so small that it wasn't able to hold at least 2 people, the shower was really small and low quality water was coming out of it. Anyway, after taking a shower and getting ready after putting on a floral shirt, bermuda pants, cap and shoes, I went down to get breakfast. And to meet my old friend. Ohhhh my gosh! How cute they look!! Ahhhhhh!! I literally hopped up to the baby and gave her a big bear hug so hard that she wasn't able to breath.

"How are you Harshini?!" I asked the 2 year old. She got cuter from the last time I talked to her.

"Hey! Na nalla irukka," she said.

Now, she is talking in my language so what she said was, I am good. The hey was stretched so long that I just swept her up and kissed her rosy cheeks in a split second. Normally she wouldn't let other people pick her up because it takes a little long for a baby to process who the person is.

She slithered out of my hands and ran away to my brother because he had a chocolate in his hands. My brother, Akshith ran away with the chocolate and the 2 year old got mad and showed me her dark side by sitting there right on the ground and wearing her angry face. If you know anything about babies, when you try to pick them up, they put all their weight down and not enable you to pick them up. After a long time of childish humour(made by a baby)I went over to get some breakfast, just the sight of those mountains of donuts and lakes of healthy juice, my tummy was grumbling a lot harder. Then I realized that I hadn't talked to an important person yet.

Her big sister who was eagerly waiting to get my attention was finally noticed, she was wearing a short dress with delicate butterflies on her hair bow. And as always, she wore her charming smile to everyone she saw.

I asked, "How are you? Hey, you and Harshini got taller and skinnier. Kaviya, which grade are you going to?"

"I am fine and I am going to 4th grade! I am so excited to see you!" she said.

We screamed that we were going to have a lot of fun during these 3 days that we are visiting each other. But, we were embarrassed in front of many people who were there for breakfast. I picked up Harshini again and we were right.

And that's when I thought to myself, I bet this trip is the most adventurous one that I will want to go again with my friends and yes, this trip is going to be really fun. It was true, the trip was a lot of fun! And I did get to see my old friend. And the dark side of the 2 year old baby, Harshini!

Monkeys can't fly

By Taryn Robinson

I was 2 when the horrible event happened. Blood everywhere, screaming, crying. Ok, maybe it wasn't that bad. Unless you count cracking your head open and singing about it traumatizing.

It was a really long time ago, when I was feeling energetic. I was bouncing up and down, up and down on my mom's bed. I may have been dizzy, but I didn't care. I just kept jumping, jumping, jumping. My parents had just gotten divorced, and as far as I was concerned, as long as the bed was free for me to jump on I was ok with it.

"5 little monkeys, jumpin' on the bed. One fell off and bumped his head. Mama called the doctor and the doctor said, no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed!" I jumped higher, pumping my little legs as far as they would go, moving closer and closer to the edge.

"4 little monkeys, jumpin' on the bed. One fell off and bumped his head. Mama called the doctor and the doctor said, no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed!" My feet began to slip as I got closer to the velvet edge.

"3 little monkeys jumpin' on the bed! One fell off and bumped his head! Mama called the doctor and the doctor said, no more monkeys jumpin' on the bed!" My chubby legs sprang off the large bed, floating in the air. The floating didn't last that long. Suddenly my arms were flailing, and I was plummeting towards the course, wooden dresser.

I don't remember much, but I do remember a flash of white and a warm, red, sticky liquid all over me. I remember crying, screaming, and shouting, none of which was coming from me.

I was not put to sleep during the surgery, so I just layed there the entire time. Talk about painful. I didn't cry, I just stared at the doctor.

The doctor held his tongue in between his teeth, concentrating. The tension in the room was thick. Well, who other than me, Taryn Robinson to relieve it? I smiled at the thought and blurted out the first thing that came into mind.

"OLD MAC DONALD HAD A FARM! EI-I-EI-I-O!" I sang at the top of my lungs.

The doctor chuckled and glanced over at my mother. "Where'd you get this one?" He asked.

My mom laughed awkwardly and went back to staring at me.

The doctor brushed off his hands and said, "She looks good. She can go home, just make sure you watch her, and call me if you notice anything."

I was tempted to reach up and touch the huge spot on my forehead, but I kept my hands by my sides.

As we left the hospital, my mom kept looking at me nervously through the rearview mirror, but I barely noticed.

You may be wondering what I was thinking at that point. Maybe worrying about the spot on my forehead, or if it was going to hurt. But the thing I was thinking about was 1 thing...

What's for dinner?

Ride, fall, and learn two things

By Vennela Siri Appari

For some reason I knew that the smile on my face wouldn't last that long on the awful day I still remember riding my bike when I was 5 years. That day turned my life upside down with my dad.

It was those days when we moved to America and my Mom was practicing for the driving test while I was learning how to ride my bike without training wheels.

I always start myself easy then hard unlike my Dad who starts himself hard and then quits itself. I was happily riding my bike in the parking lot of a church until my Dad came up to me, persuaded me to go up a big hill, and then go down with my bike which has breaks that were terrible and so hard to press in order to stop. I was literally a foolish little kindergartener who doesn't know the outcome could be dangerous so I said "yes", the word I still regret for saying today.

"Three, two, one, GO!" my Dad who hollered or maybe even screamed with excitement.

Since the "velocity" was too much, I realized I couldn't stop. My bike ran faster and faster and faster than ever.

Blank.

I like that word whenever I fall. At that time I felt blank but unfortunately it didn't stay that long. Pain pushed right in like a flood when it rains so hard. I crashed hard. Really hard. I wanted to scream "Ow!" as loud as I can, but I was still in shock. I

I couldn't move my mouth. I could tell that my bicycle's tire was crying with its wheel spinning in the air with a creaking sound. I had a feeling that I just jumped off Mt. Everest and survived with broken body parts that I can't move. My Mom was pouncing toward me from the car while my Dad picked up the bicycle. My right elbow and both of my knees were scraped and I could see a lake of blood pouring out.

On my trip home my ears were tired of listening to the scoldings that my Mom kept yelling at my Dad furiously. My body parts were still bubbling up with heat and pain. It was like a volcano ready to explode but, instead of magma it would be blood and tears of pain. That minute I just thought "I shouldn't have done this in the first place!"

After I went home, my mom first washed me up and then applied bandages and creams almost all over my body. It took me two whole weeks for me to heal, which was terrible and now I wish no one should have to face such a pain in their life ever.

Two wonderful bike lessons and life lessons that I learned from that very day was to never go on a steep hill with a ridiculous small bike and the main "important" basic lesson for me was never, ever, in my life, go with my Dad for bike riding (especially on a beautiful day).

Calling the cops on my brother

By Zain Anwar

I don't know why I called the cops for no reason. I don't know why I actually wasted their time. I don't know why they I thought hanging up on them would fix everything. I don't know why I would be so crazy, but I do know that it was a one in a lifetime experience.

My brother and I were sitting together in the dining room next to my mom. I was 6 years old and my brother was 4 years old. My mom was trying to feed my brother. He was very picky and hated to eat. My mom said to call the police if he doesn't eat. He still wasn't not eating.

I actually dialed the police and hung up really quickly. They called back 30 seconds later and my mom answered the phone. She told them that it was an accident and that she was sorry. A few minutes later we heard a knock, knock, knock

My mom went to open our glossy white front door. We saw that there were two police officers wearing their black uniforms with gold badges. One was very tall and one was just a little bit shorter. The officers came to check if everything was ok. They asked my mom if everything was, and she said that it was an accident.

When my brother and I heard the knocks we were scared. We ran to our room. We opened our door and then shut it. We hid beside our bed under a very thick, bright blue blanket. We were scared and were crying because we thought that they were going to arrest us.

We had our ipad and we were playing on it. We heard the two cops coming into our room. We quickly shut off our ipad and pretended we were not there. My heart was pounding. I shut my eyes. I held my breath. Then I hoped they wouldn't notice me. They stopped a few feet behind our blanket. We thought they were leaving but they knew we were there. They told us not to be scared.

The taller cop said "Hey kiddo make sure you listen to your mom" to my brother. The cop didn't say anything to me thankfully. They left our room and were getting ready to leave. I was so glad that we were not getting arrested. When they left my mom told me not to call the police for no reason.

I learned a really important lesson that day: don't call the cops on your four year old brother. Though it may have been kind of worth it because I missed some.

The ocean

By Kailani Farivar

The ocean
Is eternal and deep
Its water
The lifeblood of the Universe
That lays all troubles
To sleep
In its eternal depths,
And evil
Mired in the brine
below.

