

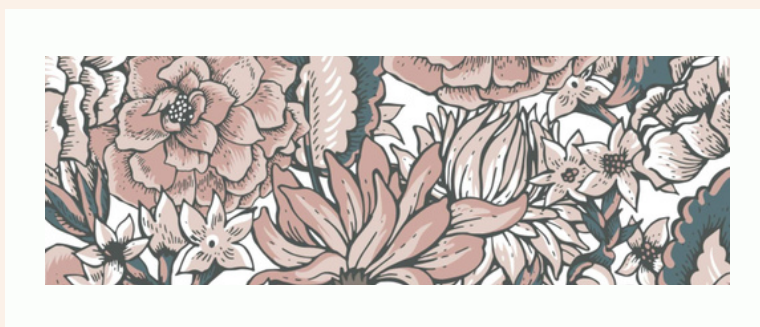
# NEWSLETTER



Hey everybody, thank you for another successful session with ~~WWW~~ <sup>2023 Thursday</sup>. We were so grateful to work with your children, they truly have talent!

Enjoy this selection of writing, picked by our students themselves! Be proud of their work and accomplishments - they deserve it!

- Eliana and Sidd



Where are you now?  
I can't find you anywhere.  
I already checked everywhere.  
Maybe in the trash can. Wow!

I found  
a golden cow  
reflecting all the light  
and blinding my sight.

I reached my hand  
to take the treasure  
And found a face  
full of pleasure  
And I realized  
that the cow in my hand  
was made of  
golden  
rubber  
bands.

- Harry Liu

Brush of paint splatter  
color dances through the night  
For the last ever night

Fallen trees scattered  
World breaking into two parts  
One world fire, one ice

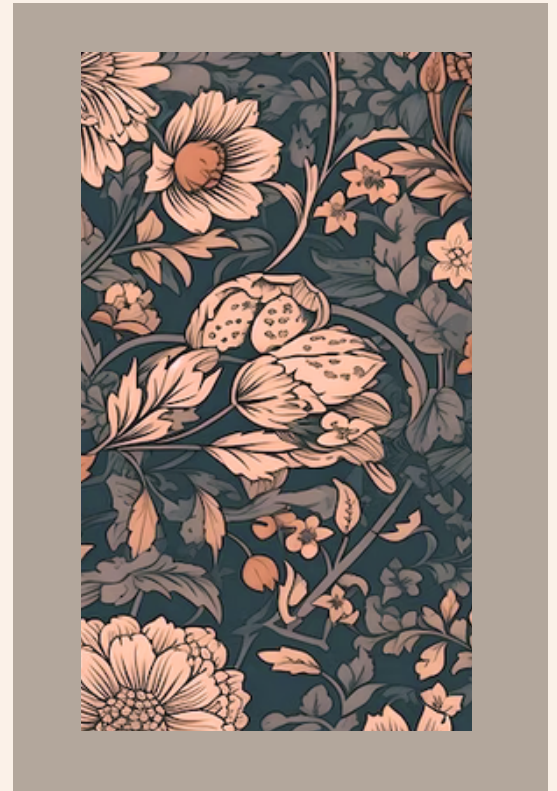
- Donna Benalan

Explain How getting a "B" in that one obscure subject will affect you for the rest of your life.

(Satire)

I just got a B in health. This will ruin my life forever like come on. I will never be healthy again NEVER. Why did this have to happen to me, please lord forgive me for my B in health forgive me please please! I will never be loved again nor will I be skinny again just why did this just have to happen! This has affected my life forever!! Well I guess I will have to leave my family and friends and start a new life that will be becoming homeless. Goodbye my house and my family but I failed you for getting a B in health goodbye.

- Jesse Gong



You are a fly trapped on a spider web. Describe how you feel being stuck on it.


I was trapped in a spiderweb. Every second felt like hours trapped in the sticky string and all I could do was bear it and wait. Wait for the owner of the web to arrive and kill me, turn me into liquid for them to devour.

How could I have known? How could I have known that there was a nearly invisible wall of string built to capture my kind? I tried to move my body again, to free myself, but it was all in vain. The string grew tighter, and I was pushed further into the cursed web. My wings started to ache, and I recalled those moments where I buzzed by dried up corpses of my kind, trapped, just like I was. Would I become one of those, who struggled for days and succumbed to the lack of food and movement? Would I also be suffocated like that? My wings trembled, and I knew that I was just another piece of food. Everyone who flew by me would just turn their heads away and think, glad that wasn't me, just like I did.

Oblivious to my pain.

Just like I was before.

- Sophia Gao



Feet tilted teeter-totter  
The wind whispers nothing aloud  
You'll soon be floating  
Soon be flying  
Nothing makes a sound

Close your eyes  
Pray don't die

Head back

Knees steady

It's time

Push off  
Break from gravity  
Even nature can't stop you now  
Now, your overflowing with vitality  
Not making a single sound

Now, you float  
Now, you see things much more clearer than from the ground  
A wind once of silence suspense  
of waiting  
Now, runs and holds no bounds  
You levitate, you fly, you float

Now.

You're finally free

• Ding Wang

## Drop a character you created into battle

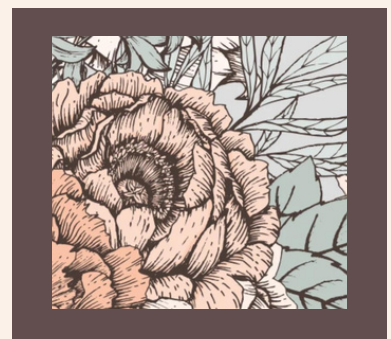
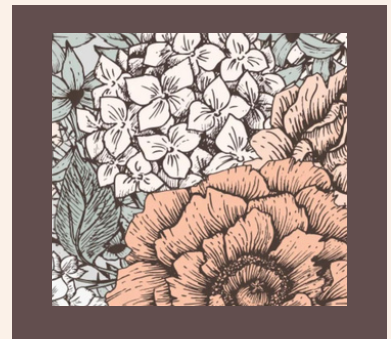
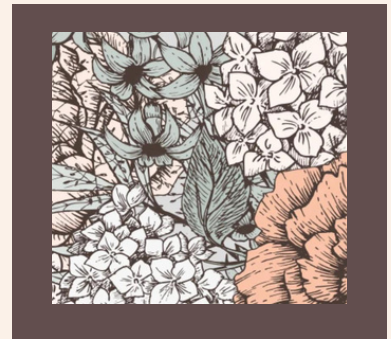
As Zack rolled down the mountain he was having so much fun! Until he faced the unforgettable death. He was going into battle as he was fighting and blocking as much as he could but it wasn't enough because a couple of hits hit him, he was all bleeding and had to give up but he didn't and still went on to fight to the death. He went on fighting and fighting, but when he got to get death's weapons the scythes out of his hand he gave them back. Death was happy he did that and spared his life never to be seen again.

- Jesse Gong

## Free write (Satire)

Cara is in a predicament. You see, a few days ago, she had promised this friend of hers that she'd return the Harry Potter book she borrowed. The friend said it was one of the first editions, which was "super rare" and "worth a lot of money", so Cara always kept it within an arm's length to her. She placed it on her desk in school, on the table during lunch, and held it in her hand while on the bus. (Thieves might want to steal it!) Cara tried her very hardest to protect this book. She even kept it next to the bathtub while taking a bath. Even though Cara gave her all to protect this book, the pages became wavy after just a few days with it, and she started finding random noodles sandwiched in between them! One time, she even found a message written in sharpie on the book: 'why book when math?'. Cara was devastated. How does she tell her friend that people still managed to steal the book with all the surveillance?!

- Sophia Gao



“You came back,” whispered Rayla, stroking her sister’s hair. “After all these years,” Tears spilled out of Rayla's sister, Amira's emerald eyes. She removed her blue necklace, edged in wave designs, and placed it on Rayla. “It’s been so long,” She sobbed, clutching Rayla. “I love you Rayla,” Only they got to know each other for only a brief moment.

A foot slammed on the dirt, sending Amira and Rayla into a panic. “Well, well. More people to torture, eh?” A 6-foot-tall pirate growled. The pirate’s eyes settled on Amira. “Was this the runt that escaped? Load her in with the others!” The pirate ordered, not showing an ounce of mercy. “NO!” she screamed, kicking and struggling against the grip. “WAIT! NO!”

“Let her go!” yelled Rayla, fighting off the pirate choking Amira.

“I’ll let you stay here,” The tall pirate spat. “STOP! PLEASE!” Rayla roared.

The ship, Rayla nor Amira, noticed was already out of sight.

Two sisters separated by pirates. Two sisters, who barely knew each other, separated by evil.

Years Later:


Rayla looked at the night, visions playing in her head of the few seconds she had with her sister. She brings her necklace to her face, examining the gift that Amira had given before they were separated. Before her life had gone insane.

“You ok?” Rayla's best friend, Silvia said. “What are you thinking about?”

Once upon a time there was a goat called Goatee. Goatee had a goatee. Goatee was going to go bowling with his friends later that day. While he drove there, he realized how hungry he was. He stopped at Shoprite to buy some bananas. Goatee ate so much that he wasn’t hungry anymore, so he gave the rest to his friends to eat.

All of his friends were great at bowling and were strong. Goatee was really weak. He was so weak that when he tried to hold the bowling ball, he dropped it on his foot and broke it. He fainted. His friends called the ambulance.

When Goatee woke up, he was in a hospital bed. There was a Christmas tree in the corner of the room. The Christmas tree had a present under it. Goatee got out of bed and unwrapped the present. Inside, he found the bananas he gave to his friends. He ate the bananas and got discharged. The end.



You are a succulent in an office. What are you thinking as you sit on the windowsill?

Being stuck on a windowsill all day isn't very fun. Every time someone comes towards me, I want to scream for help. I want them to take me somewhere interesting, like a roller coaster. It's not as if they would hear me, though. I'm just a succulent, and plants don't talk. I'm not even a rare plant, so no one cares about my existence.

Humans think I don't feel emotions, but I do. I feel happy when someone doesn't forget to water me, and I'm disappointed when they walk past me like they don't care. Sometimes, people will over-water and drown me, but don't notice. They might not notice when I don't get enough water, but they do notice other humans being dehydrated.

I'm lonely, but I have company. There are two plant pots sitting on the windowsill either side of me. I can't call them friends, because we can't communicate with each other. We just sit there together all day. We feel the same pain when humans don't take proper care of us, and the same joy when they take the time to look after us. Sometimes, I just want to become a human and see what it's like. Where do they go that's so much more important than keeping us alive? What does it feel like to talk? I wish I could know.


• Jamie W



You just entered a hectic bakery. What are the sounds? Smells? How does it look?

I entered the newly constructed bakery, admiring its unique designs. I breathed in the fresh smell of bread, the sizzling of the ovens inside, the sighs of contentment from the customers inside. The sweet aroma filled my nose, and my mouth started to water. I could hear the humming of the bakers and they worked, the stomps of feet over the colorful tiles that decorated the floor. The walls were carved into thousands of flowers, each one a slightly different shape and color. Golden chandeliers hung from the ceiling, its design consisting of numerous curves and shapes. The lightbulbs inside cast a welcoming glow, reflecting across the chandeliers to make the light a buttery golden color. Croissants and buns were lined up along the display area, and it seemed like they were saying, “Eat me!” “No, eat me! I’ve got a raspberry filling!” “I was baked with high-quality ingredients! Buy me instead!”, the voices competing against each other. The bakery seemed to have thousands of different baked goods for sale, with some soft and strawberry filled buns, mango flavored croissants in the shape of a mustache, and a loaf of bread with a bright red sausage partially hidden inside it. I breathed in deeply, admiring the bakery, and sighed.


• Harry Liu



### Free write (Vignette)

The green light flickered at the other side of the dock, illuminating the water with an emerald flash as the water lightly rocked. Though the light was bright, the weather was foggy, shrouding the green light in a mystical way with only a bright dot poking through. It flashed on Gatsby's face, never grasping onto him as his “American Dream” never could either. The moon centered in the middle of the lake as a white, pale circle, staying dormant in the hot summer day. Beads of sweat flowed down my face due to the unbearable heat and humidity, while the wind whispered lightly in my ears through the tall cattails.. The party back in the Gatsby’s house was still bustling with non-stop chattering and mellow colors of red, yellow, blue, and green mixing in together as the loud jazz band bellowed and roared. Out at the dock, Gatsby talked about Daisy in a smooth, lazy, slurring way.

• Ding Wang



**THANK YOU FOR  
READING!**