

# Fish-pocalypse: Ryze of the Dadgum Burd

An Anthology of Prose & Poetry

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**Creative Writing dedicates this year's edition of the ADVANCE Program's student literary magazine to Dr. David Wood, with gratitude for his twenty-six years of clear and kindly guidance.**



"Nevermind," I want to cry out.  
"It doesn't matter about fragments.  
Finding them or not. Everything's  
a fragment and everything's not a fragment.  
Listen to the music, how fragmented,  
how whole, how we can't separate the music  
from the sun falling on its knees on all the greenness,  
from this moment, how this moment  
contains all the fragments of yesterday  
and everything we'll ever know of tomorrow!"

– from "Love in the Classroom" by Al Zolynas

*Dr. Wood's dedication to ADVANCE and gifted education is unparalleled as is his unfaltering leadership. His quick wit, kind spirit, and ready smile will be greatly missed, and it has been an honor to work with him.*

–Harriette Palmer

## **Maggie Chadwick**

My name is Maggie and I was born on April 13, 1999. I'm going to be a sophomore at Chisum High School and I am from Paris, Texas. I'm on the JV volleyball, basketball, softball, and varsity track team at my school. I am the treasurer for Chisum's FFA Chapter, and participated in Greenhand Parliamentary Procedure. I also graduated as valedictorian of my freshman class and class president. I attend East Paris Baptist Church, where I play the keyboard for our praise team. I play piano and love to read and write. My favorite books are *The Host* by Stephenie Meyer and *To Kill A Mockingbird* by Harper Lee. When I grow up, I want to be a lawyer and a fiction novelist.

I write because writing has always come easily to me. One of my earliest pieces was from when I was seven; I wrote a story about a penguin who didn't like hot chocolate, but had actually never tried it. Once he did try it, he loved it. I won second place in a district competition for that story; and after that, I knew I loved writing. In the future, I want to write magical, fantasy-type novels, because that's a genre I love to read. In this class I have fine-tuned my ability to write shorter stories, and learned how to write poetry, something that was new for me. My favorite pieces are *Ramblings of Mindlessness* and *Fingers to Fingers*, both poems.

## fingers to fingers

I've always been fond of simplicity  
And find the greatest joy in the smallest delights  
Delights, such as fingers.  
Fingers that play with mine!  
Fingers are melodies, palms are poems  
Knees are blankets, elbows are evenings.

The galaxies are oblivious;  
The stars do not care  
The sky is indifferent  
The moon keeps to herself.  
The sun, maybe he understands  
There are living suns  
When fingers touch fingers  
palm to palm  
knee to knee  
elbow to elbow  
sun to sun  
to sun

## Thoughts and Feelings

“So, what do you think?” he said, shutting the door behind him. Anna moved to the window, looking over the terrain.

“I don’t know what to think.”

He sat down on a chair, glancing at her, but staying quiet. “It makes sense, I think,” he finally jumped in, “considering the circumstances.”

“I’m not in the business of making sense of things,” Anna softly replied.

The room was silent again; Michael shifted in his seat.

“This place is lovely,” Anna said.

“Yeah, my grandmother owned it for years after my grandfather died. Somehow, she was always able to keep the house and land with the money she had.”

“I quite admired your grandmother,” Anna said wistfully, a ghost of a smile on her face.

“I still do,” Michael replied.

Anna’s eyes flashed towards him, held his gaze for a moment, and then drifted back to the window. “What do you feel about it?”

“Well, I think it’s smart. We’ll be traveling a lot, so people will ask questions. This is easier to explain.”

“No, but what do you *feel* about it?”

“I don’t under-”

“Your feelings, Michael, your feelings, or do you not have any?”

Michael took a sharp breath and Anna sighed.

“I’m sorry,” she said quietly. “I didn’t mean that.”

“It’s fine.”

Silence overcame them again. Anna pulled open the window to let a breeze flutter through.

“Is this what it would be like if we did it?” Anna asked. “All silence, me saying cruel things and you just accepting it?”

“Anna, what’s your point here?”

“My point is that I want you to feel it!” Anna exploded whirling around. “I don’t want your thoughts, I don’t want it to make sense according to the circumstances. I want to know how you truly feel about this arrangement!”

Michael smiled humorlessly. “Oh yeah? Well what about you, Anna?” He stood up, his eyes holding hers. “You want to know how I feel but you don’t tell me an inkling of your feelings! I’ve gotta know how you feel too, so that I won’t overstep my boundaries!”

Anna stared at him blankly, unsure of what to say. Michael turned and stalked out of the room, leaving the room stiller and quieter than ever before.

## Ramblings of Mindlessness

My mind speaks a language I cannot decode.

I do not think in sentences

I do not think in pictures

I do not think in lines

I think, instead, in the tongue of existence

I think in the movement of times.

My mind does not talk, yet it makes things known

A catalyst to what flows from my mouth

If I spoke how I thought, in the language of existence

Who could I move with my words?

Who could I inspire with my pen?

Who could I speak to with confidence?

I'm glad that I don't speak my mind

Relayed in the tongue of existence



## **I Could Not Believe My Eyes**

I could not believe my eyes; she was standing at the end of the hallway. Her brown hair was tinged with gray, just like I remembered. Her small, frail body was covered in a hospital robe, and the skin under her eyes was blue with exhaustion. Yet she smiled when she saw me, a joyous, happy smile. The kind of grin you have when you see someone you're proud of.

“Mom!” I yelled, running full force at her. It had been so long since I'd seen her, but I couldn't remember why.

“My darling son!” she cried out to me, holding out her arms, waiting my embrace. Suddenly, my feet tripped on the slick tile floor, and I jerked awake in my bed.

It was just a dream; and my mom was gone.

## Things I Didn't Know I Loved

I didn't know I liked the sound of the wind  
it sings through the trees!

I didn't know I loved falling asleep  
until I got older myself  
when I was a child I feared missing out  
but dreams, I adore them now

I didn't know I loved intelligence  
in the eyes of the boys I admired

I didn't know I loved going barefoot  
but have never much liked feet at all

I didn't know I liked explaining myself  
yet I do in every word I write

I didn't know I loved the hope of the stars  
but I knew that I've always loved night.

## The Man on the Moon

Oh, man on the moon, how sad it must be  
To gaze at earth's light, not allowed to touch  
To turn your back to the magnificence  
To have a friend so distant it's cruel  
You dress yourself in an orange glow each night  
And arise to the top of the sky  
A bubble of hope bathed electric, just  
To have a knife pop your own desires  
You crumble like paper, dear man on the moon  
To rest in your sorrow as sun takes day  
Like the toll of a bell, like clockwork, you rise  
Again and again, to face the same sights  
Oh, man on the moon, how sad it must be  
To watch every night what can never be yours

## **My Neighborhood**

I live on a 104 acre piece of land, bordered by trees. The nearest neighbor is a quarter of a mile away, the nearest highway is two miles away, and the actual town of Paris, Texas, is nineteen miles away.

The grass of our front yard is well maintained. This is where my brother and I play catch, the sun beating on our backs, the smell of a freshly mowed lawn floating in the air. The sky stretches from horizon to horizon, uninterrupted by anything but the tiny peaks of trees. The pasture is large and inviting, the gardens develop into lovely crops, and the pool holds adventures of swimming and splashing in the hot Texas summers. There are always birds; and, occasionally, a mockingbird's chatter fills the air with a beautiful masterpiece of music.

I run barefoot through our yard in the summers. When we pick the gardens, I mash the cool dirt between my toes, and pop the tomatoes into my mouth. Their sweet juices are a cool relief from the hot picking evenings.

The woods are to the east. They are a place of secrecy and hiding, where animals roam, where the hunted run free. My dad and brother do not hesitate to stalk the deer on our land, especially when the season is right. The dappled lighting hits our faces at odd angles when we explore the trees and paths.

My favorite time of day is late afternoon. The sun sets the fields on fire. The water is perfect for swimming. The locusts' chirp does not go unnoticed, and the Bob White's call adds to the song. It is a lazy time, a peaceful time.

This is my neighborhood.

## My Brother

My brother has hair of midnight's silk

Whose eyes were molded of onyx

Whose eyes are the moist soil of a garden

Whose eyes match my own

My brother whose laugh is the sparkle of champagne

Whose cheeks bear flecks of gold

Whose smile is the ribbon in a young girl's hair

Whose nose is the curve in the road

My brother whose hands are hummingbirds

Whose fingers are tightly bound locks

Whose arms are the appendages of lions and bears

Whose shoulders are a bridge of stone

My brother whose heart is the purr of a car

Whose mind is the blow of a whistle

Whose mouth is the sting of a wasp

Whose mouth is the sugar of the cakes

our mother delights us with

on days when my brother and I

delight her in turn.

## The Fortune Teller

“Come in, come in,” the old woman said. The girl uneasily stepped inside. In the movies, fortune tellers had walls of knickknacks, shelves of junk, and piles of books in every corner. This room was empty, aside from two plush, blue chairs and a table in the center. Purple walls were matched with black curtains, which blocked out all sunlight from the windows. Mystical lighting glowed from the ceiling. The room was small, almost claustrophobically so, and devoid of all personal collection of items. Not typical for someone of the fortune telling profession.

Well, fortune tellers didn’t typically bring in young girls from the street, either; they usually had their eyes on the rich and industrious, not small, poor children.

The girl, however, was unaware of this. All she knew was that the room was too empty.

“Take a seat,” the old woman croaked, pulling one of the chairs back for the girl. She slowly sat down, and the woman cackled and scurried over to her own chair.

“Now,” she began in a hoarse voice, “the first step to identifying the future is deciphering the past. Under your chair, you will find some tea; go ahead, take it out, that’s right. Now, take a long sip, yes?”

The girl had done what she was told, but rather reluctantly, for she was certain the tea hadn’t been there before.

“Good, good,” the woman said as the girl set her cup back down on the saucer. “Now, I ask one more simple task. Close your eyes; focus on the rhythm of my voice as I count to ten. I will lure you into a hypnotic sleep. Do not be afraid,” she said quickly, noticing the look in the girl’s eyes. “It’s nothing you haven’t seen before.”

The girl closed her eyes, but fear and concern clouded her ability to relax. As the woman said eight, the girl peeked through her eyelashes. At ten, the woman’s eyes flashed, she snapped her fingers, and the girl saw no more.

## **Adam Cox**

My name is Adam Cox; I was born on December 1<sup>st</sup>, 2000 in Shreveport, Louisiana. I have 3 brothers and 1 cat. My hobbies are reading and sports. I am currently enrolled at Caddo Middle Magnet. At Caddo Middle Magnet I was able to take the ACT because of Duke Tip and my scores got me into advance.

### **Adam's variety show**

I gave a peanut to an elephant.

Eating metal spoons gave me paroxysm.

I spliced a guy's finger off while cooking.

A guy looked like a sandwich mirage.

A pterodactyl took my fridge.

The pizza under my couch was archaic.

I will illuminate my boxers.

I love to rejoice at my cool church.



### **Flash fiction**

I stared in awe as I saw seven short men walk pass me. Behind them was Snow White, I was in shock. I eagerly ran up to her and asked her for an autograph. She politely signed my picture of her and walked away. I was so happy; I completed my life collection of Snow White! But my car doesn't have air conditioning so when I rolled down my window, the autograph flew out. When I got home I decided to end my life... my life collection of Snow White of course. I sold everything on Ebay. 2 days later my co-worker said, "Hey, I heard you like Snow White here's an autograph I found on the road".

## **The Odd Life of Adam**

I howl at the moon in my orange dress made out of paper with my friend Greg.

Now I will go back to my home to rest.

At night it is hard to see in my house.

I wish I had an electric light.

It would turn on in the flip of a switch.

But instead I rub balloons together and make my hair stand up.

I like to swallow bells so when I run you a jingle.

But when I hiccup, bubbles come out of my mouth.

Then they temporarily blind me.

Then I accidentally grab a knife and slaughter my pig then I try to have hotdogs for dinner.

I can't because I'm blind so I wait for the sun to arise.

## 1 Syllable words

Hi guys I said while in the room. Do you here the big boom? I think a log on fire hit the roof. Run for your life! We live! Let's all sing a song. The next day in class, the clock was not on, so I was in school all day. My bed felt great when I hot back home. The next day I was in want of food, so I ate in class, I ate ham and corn I saw in the trash. I love to eat in class. When I home I fast so I can eat in class. My ear is good at show and tell. My ear can help me hear. I can't wait to ho to the mall. I will get food to eat in class. The next day I got caught eating in class.

## **Home**

Home looks like my house.

Home smells like my loved ones.

Home feels like a soft warm bed.

Home sounds like joyful laugh and my talking T.V.

Home taste like my favorite foods.

## Love

The beginning of love is like the spark of flint and steel,  
The friction between each other doesn't seem real.  
But, marriage is like a cage where you lose most of your rights,  
If you're not back by 8:00pm that could lead to some fights.  
You have to clean up behind all of your messes,  
And tell your wife what you think of her dresses.  
But you do have great times of fun and laughter,  
I guess you could call it a happily ever after.

## **Fear**

Fear, what a little boy can see in the dark. Most fear is caused by imagination. Imagination is a powerful thing. It's what makes people interesting; it's what makes people able to write. But fear is like the bad after taste. Fear can be good and bad. Fear can drive you the extra mile when you have nothing left. If a lion is chasing you, trust me, you will keep running if you value your life. Fear is also bad; fear is what keeps you up at night scared that the boogey man will get you. But fear isn't real. Fear is a choice; you can choose not to be afraid or afraid. You don't have to be afraid of a lion or the boogey man. Fear is made by the way your mind sees things.

## **Boredom**

Boredom feels tiring.

Boredom sounds like nonsense babbling.

Boredom taste like air.

Boredom looks like endless math equation.

Boredom smells like math textbooks.

## **I shall win**

Because I will not quit.

Because I have the ability.

Because I am still breathing.

Because I will show everyone.

Because I believe in myself.

Because losing isn't an option.

Because I won't cheat myself.

Because I am inspired.



## Foluwa Desalu

My name is Foluwa Desalu and I was born in Tifton, Georgia. I am twelve years old and I am going into eighth grade. I currently live with my mom, dad, and nine year old brother in Shreveport, Louisiana. At my school, First Baptist Church School, I am currently secretary in National Junior Honor Society. In my free time, I enjoy playing sports such as basketball and soccer. I also enjoy reading, listening to music, and writing poems and short stories.

Before I came to ADVANCE, I did not know a lot about poems and short stories. Now, I am able to write short stories and poems faster than I could before. In this anthology, I have written four short stories and six poems. My favorite short story that I have written is my flash fiction based off the book *Divergent*, and my favorite poem that I have written is I'll Remember. I hope you enjoy reading my poems and short stories as much as I enjoyed writing them.

## Rapunzel

In the story of Rapunzel, you might think Rapunzel's evil stepmother locked her in a tower for years. Well, you thought wrong. Rapunzel grew up to be a beautiful 15 years old. When she was 15, she met this guy who was named Charlie; who was her prince charming. When Rapunzel turned 18, Charlie kidnapped her from her house and locked her in a tower. Then, Charlie ran away and left Rapunzel in the tower. Two weeks later, Charlie's brother, Tyler, found Rapunzel and rescued her from the tower. Two years later, Tyler and Rapunzel were married and had two children. When Charlie heard of this, he was furious and immediately planned for revenge. One night, he broke into their house and stabbed them to death.

## **Sarah Rose**

My best friend Sarah Rose is not a bear

But a friend like her is very rare

## **Monday**

This day is a horrible thing

This day is the time where I wake up early after a relaxing weekend

This is the day that haunts me in the back of my mind

This day is always near, never quick to leave

This day holds the name of Monday

## Love

Love is something everyone faces

Love can make your heart feel overwhelmed with joy

Though love can be a wonderful thing, it can also be stupid

Love can shatter your heart into a thousand pieces, like a plate that has been dropped

Love can drive you crazy, to the point where innocent people are killed

Though love can give you joy and sorrow, it is something that can never run free

## State Fair

“Stop at the red light!” She screamed.

I slammed on the brakes and looked at my mom.

“What?” I asked.

“You were way too close to the white line on the road. You have to stop at the white line,” my mom said.

“I did stop,” I sighed.

“Now go, the light is green,” my mom said.

I drove down the road and looked to my right.

“Keep your eyes on the road!” My mom yelled at me.

“Mom, I just saw a friend, chill!” I raised my voice at my mom.

“Now, we have reached the end of the drive,” my mom smiled at me.

I parked the car and jumped out. We had reached the State Fair.

## **We Will See**

We'll see what happens in ten years

We'll see what society has become

We'll see all the people that have come and gone

We'll see the way we live in the future

We'll see how we spend our lives

## Flash Fiction of Divergent

I couldn't believe my eyes when I realized I was actually in the book of *Divergent*. I was standing in a small Abnegation house when I realized it was Tris's house. Then, I realized it was the day of the ceremony and Tris and her family were about to leave. I tried to get the attention of Tris, but it seemed like she walked right through me. Then, I realized that I was a ghost. I followed Tris and her family to the building where the ceremony was. I watched as Tris chose Dauntless and Caleb chose Erudite. At the end of the ceremony, I got up and followed Tris out of the building. We walked to where the trains were and jumped onto the train. I stood by the train door until a strong gust of wind knocked me out of the train and I fell to the ground.



## A Special Day

I stared at the beautiful orange dress  
The light of the church made the clothing shine bright  
There can be no rest; the day is still to come  
Friends and families will arise from their homes  
To come and see two families joined  
The church bells ring as the wedding begins  
One by one, heads turn back to see the bride  
The bride radiates a sweet, electric vibe  
As she marries the love of her life  
Together, they use a knife to cut their cake  
To eat, we are given paper plates  
As we dance, bubbles float above in the sky  
The looks upon us as we dance  
This is one day no girl would ever forget

## **I'll Remember**

I'll remember your smile

I'll remember your laugh

I'll remember your eyes

I'll remember your voice

I'll remember your jokes

I'll remember you

## Soccer

The sound of a goal

The thrill of people cheering

The sport of soccer

## **Juliet Flanagan**

I'm the girl next door type. I play basketball and the trumpet. I'm the eighth grade class president at Ridgewood Prep School in Metairie, Louisiana. I love dancing and cheerleading, but I've been at the top of my class since before I can remember. Meeting new people is one of my hobbies. I'm loud and colorful and so is my writing.

While at ADVANCE I've discovered fairy-tale retelling and poems about the colors of love are what I enjoy writing. Before taking this course I could only write short stories, now I love to write poems, because they allow me to express so many of my feelings in only a couple of stanzas and I hope you have as much fun reading my stories as I had writing them. If you're looking for a fairy tale retelling feel free to check out "Moonlight Siege," but if you're looking for a love poem try "I Didn't Know I Loved."

## Moonlight Siege

A young woman donned a dark cloak and emerged from her home in the village. The sky was black; the moon hidden beneath an army of clouds. The woman raised her pale arms into the sky and fire burst from her palms. The sleeping village was awakened by a scream. The strange woman threw back her head and cackled as the flames engulfed every shabby hut except her own which remained perfectly intact.

Her eyes narrowed on the distant castle and she strolled calmly through the chaos. With a flick of her wrist the moon came out of hiding and shined its beam on her. The village was her stage, and the moon was her spotlight in this magnificent show. Little did the poor villagers know this was only her first act.

She came to the closed drawbridge of the castle and simply glanced at the old thing. It opened to reveal a dozen guards. Without even turning her head the woman flicked the guards into the air one by one and pinned them against the mossy castle walls. The woman hesitated and took a deep breath. She then, with great caution, slipped into the castle. She crept up the secret stairways that weren't much of a secret. This one in particular led to the king's chambers where he slept beside his queen. She tiptoed into the room.

No more than a twitch of her fingertips and the entire royal family would be gone; the kingdom would be hers and that is exactly what she would have done if she hadn't heard the voice of the prince behind her saying "You know, you can go on ahead with the whole 'kill the royals and take the crown approach' but I've tried it about a million different ways and it just doesn't work. I'd recommend the 'marry the strapping young prince and take over the kingdom in a couple years approach'. That's one I've never tried but then again it would be –"

"Shut your mouth and prepare to die!" the woman yelled. She conjured a sword out of the air and pointed it near the prince's throat.

"Well that would certainly wake his royal highness. I mean the murder of the kingdom's one and only heir to the throne would cause quite a ruckus, don't you agree?" said the prince. How foolish he could be! Doesn't he know the power of the young woman?

At that moment the king woke up, but the woman had quick reflexes. She swung her sword in the direction of the king and advanced toward him, but despite her belligerent appearance there was worry in her eyes. Suddenly the prince ran forward and plunged a dagger into the heart of his father. He looked back at her. "What? It's not like you were going to pluck up the courage to do it. But there's no time for that, we have to run." The prince took the woman's hand and together they ran away from the dead king, the burning village, and the kingdom. "Miss, even though we just met I have a feeling we will be just fine friends."

## **Skipping Through Happy Times**

The moon's spotlight beams brighter  
 Than my eyes as we fly to an unknown land  
 Fields of flowers, trees of life  
 Skipping through happy times

Circles on the sidewalk, ripples in our faith  
 Bugs drown in the sorrows of the sky  
 Red, red, red, red goes my beliefs  
 Black, black, black, black is my feelings  
 An ant in a puddle, lying deader than I

## **For the Love of a Color**

The center as purple as a pink hippopotamus  
     As golden as a princess's hair  
     As green as the sky on a warm day  
     As black as neon signs in Times Square  
     As orange as a woman's painted nails  
     As red as the emeralds on your neck

The outer layer as warm as the dark you cloak yourself with  
     As joyous as the tears pooling into a puddle by your mouth  
     As lifeless as a run-down rollercoaster  
     As belligerent as a scavenging raccoon

The center as ugly as the first moment I realized I loved you.

## **I Didn't Know I Loved**

I didn't know I loved how he smiles  
a different smile every time he smiles  
for it makes me want to smile  
back like I'll never smile again.

I didn't know I loved the way  
his eyes twinkle when he's talking  
for it is the flash of a camera  
before the perfect picture.

I didn't know I loved  
his expression while he's reading,  
for it is a swirl of emotions in one.

I didn't know I loved  
his annoyingly charming laugh  
for it sounds like a bird escaping its cage.

## The Same Old Story

We clean like Cinderella

Then don the glass slippers

Walking upon the gray concrete

Like we're walking to the castle

We chatter like the mice and birds

Because we're leaving Caddo

As we pour into the grand ballroom

Nothing can be seen

Dim lights and music jumping

But still no prince. Where is he?

Girls in circles twisting like no tomorrow,

While boys jump like they'll never come down.

A masked peasant asking for a dance

A servant girl taking his hand

Ball gowns and short shorts, too sheer tops

But only a slipper stuck on a concrete block



## The Trumpet Man

From down the street I could hear the tuba's thumping and the trombone's slurs. Some quick paced dance piece was playing when I knocked on the door of the mansion. As the door opened I was blasted with the joyous sounds of a big band making music. I felt as though I lived for that one moment when the music swelled but then it was all over when it started to descend. People laughing and singing could be heard over the piano's riffs and the clarinet's scales. Some scantily clad women in beaded fringe and head feathers danced in the center of the room. The piano was stationed in the back corner of the room where the pianist tapped his foot to the fast beat. Percussion was in the back and consisted of a drum set, xylophone, and the triangle. The horns were scattered around the dancers, while the conductor, in the front of the room, swayed his arms in time to the music. It was a funny sight to see the balding man stretching himself to full height when the music was nice and loud then squatting when everything settled down only to lean over his stand, almost falling down, to cue the next section. Everyone was having a great time and enjoying the strangely amazing music. I pulled out my trumpet from its case and joined right in by playing a few songs from memory with the band. It was the most fun I've had in years. Later the party died down when we played a slow waltz, so I decided to explore the rest of the house. At the top of the grand staircase was a full length mirror. I stared into it and saw someone who was not myself. Apparently I was a tall, pale, young man with dark hair and glasses. I kept exploring until I came to the next room. I opened the door to see an austere room with a long window shadowed by dark curtains, but then I woke up.

## Lion

My father is a flash of lightning

Whose temper will strike you from the ground.

My father is a tiger

Whose prey is grazing along but knows little of his future.

My father is a black hole

Whose vortex will suck you into your doom.

My father is a lion

Whose kingdom must not falter.

My father is a grenade

Whose strength forces you to run.

My father is a man

Whose daughter is his victim.

## **A Needle and Thread**

Fathoms below the sea foam lived a tall mermaid. One day she saved a prince from drowning and soon fell in love with him. She traded her voice for feet and married the prince. She got her prince, a brand new pair of legs, and eventually her voice, but I have still have the one thing she never cared to admit wanting – her legs.

On a reasonably bright day, the newly made princess argued with her darling prince. The prince grew so furious with the princess he struck her across the face. The princess wished she could live with her family under the sea again but she knew there was no way. Still she Googled “how to become a mermaid again” and only found some lunatics who stitched their legs together to form a tail. She laughed at them then but things became worse at the castle.

Every day the prince would abuse her until one evening she ran away with only a needle and thread – so much for a happily ever after.

## **For I will consider my mother**

For I will consider my mother.

For she is a work of art.

For her hair is a dying fire.

For her eyes as bright as the stars.

For her grace is as common as grand.

For her thoughts as fresh as trimmed grass.

For her heart is a seed that never stops growing.

For her love could shower the universe in warmth.

For her laugh as frequent as breathing.

For her life as many colors as the stars.

## Itchy Fingers

I just want to draw

But I can't no matter how I try

I just want to try

But I can't no matter how I want

I just want to write

But words won't capture your essence

I just want to dance

But my grace will never envelope yours

I just want to sing

But music hurts because it doesn't compare

You make me want to draw

You make my fingers itch

## Pius Lau

Hello, fellow people! My name is Yu-hang Pius Lau, which is pronounced as you + hung,  $\pi$  + yus, and L + ow. At the time that I am writing this, I am 15 years old. My birthday will and always be April 23, 1999. I live in Shreveport, Louisiana, and go to Caddo Magnet High School going into sophomore. I don't play sports but I do play the piano, violin, and viola. This is currently my 2<sup>nd</sup> year here at Advance. I've had a lot of fun and learned so much here. Later in life, I hope to go into the medical field.

Writing was never my strong suit since I was horrible at it. But now I am able to spill my thoughts onto paper like a graffiti artist with spray paint and a wall. Look at that metaphor that I just that I just wrote there. Thoughts are always zipping in my mind and writing is pretty much the only way to catch and record them. Although they may be crazy at times, it is always fun to see what I can actually think and put on paper. Writing is considered a hobby for me but I enjoy doing it.

## **I Didn't Know I Liked**

I didn't know I liked some genres of music

They were foreign to my ears

I didn't know I liked doing things out of place

Before, they seemed...out of place

I didn't know I liked to solve logic puzzles they seemed a little bit complex

I didn't know I like supernatural mysteries

For I had never heard of them until then

I didn't know I liked to love

Because I had not discovered what was out there.

## Dark Wonderland

When the moon starts to arise, you take a rest  
And have some wonderful dreams, as clear as day.

One of electric bubbles emitting light,

That shows a path to your paper and pen

Or a dance with your love at a ball.

Yet you all dress as oranges, don't know why.

You awake giggling at your weird dreams,

Until the next night, when a shift happens.

You're in a dark room when the bell strikes twelve.

You turn to see your friend, smile and wave.

You relax, knowing he is there for comfort

But once you turn again, you feel some sharp pain.

A mirror shows a knife's handle on your back

Your friend's laugh awakens you, with sweat on your head.



## **Can't Even Handle**

No one can handle my family  
Because they are just way too classy  
My folks are way too cool to go to werk  
They're so cool they can make everyone twerk  
Go and play your Christmas xylophone  
I'll call the community by telephone  
You'll think it's weird when they come in disguise  
But it it's a masquerade ball you will realize  
Now you see how my family is rad  
I just hope you would not get too mad.

## **Mondays**

Mondays are the days that start the school week.

They are most people's worst nightmare come true

Since it is when procrastination takes its toll

Mondays are not always bad

Long weekends sometimes include Monday

So you get to sleep in and nobody would care

Mondays does have its cons

Such as making students come to school yawning

And rushing to finish homework from the weekend

Mondays are capable of bring joy and fear

But it all depends on what you do

That determines how you feel that day

## Love

Love is a fire that burns in everyone  
Whether it is conditional or unconditional, it is always there  
Love is a bridge that connects two or more people together  
It can stretch to the farthest places on Earth.

Love is an unstable force  
For it can bring them prosperity or lead them to their demise.

Love is stronger than anything  
It cannot be broken, no matter what you do.

Love is eternal  
Lasting until the end of time.

## **My Math Teacher**

My math teacher, with the hoarse voice of knowledge

Always running like a river flowing fresh water.

My math teacher, whose eyes are an eagle's

Watching our every move for we are her prey.

My math teacher, who gives us mountains of work

Which we must climb to reach the top.

My math teacher, whose problems are rocks

Dragging us down into deep confusion.

My math teacher, whose class is an eternity

Which lasts so long we become snorlax.

My math teacher, whose projects are the sun rising.

## **For I will Consider...**

For I will consider my own bed

For it is a place of rest and comfort

For to some it may seem like an untidy lump of cloth

For it is all but my holy sanctuary to retreat from the day

For if it leaves me I will be in a state of unrest

For it is my portal to a great land to where my mind is set free

For it is attached to me as I arise from awakening

For every day, it calls to me, whether it be far or nearby

For if I do not spend time with it, I will faint of exhaustion

For it allows me to enhance what I do most of my life, sleep

## **Blank**

The pen rest still  
On blank white paper  
The hand hesitates  
Hoping ideas to come later

Thoughts pop up  
But are quickly discarded  
All you can think now is  
Why haven't I started?

Your brain is empty  
Nothing comes to mind  
Inspiration is an art  
That you just need to find

## The Word

You are sitting in a classroom looking around. The teacher blabs her mouth on and on. She is holding the vocabulary book you and your classmates have. You sit as you see her mouth move yet no words come out. Picking up your pencil,, you doodle in your book . a drawing of a monster destroying a city appears beneath your pencil. Once you finish touching it up, you look up to look at the clock on top of the board. 11:33 A.M.

“Man, I’ve got an entire hour left of class,” you think to yourself.

Then you see the teacher start writing something on the board. You are too lazy to write the notes, so you just sit back and watch, but you notice something odd. She’s been writing for too long now. Usually it takes her about a few seconds to write something on the board. You look back at the clock. 11:35 A.M. “It’s been two full minutes! What could she be possibly writing that takes that long?” you ask in your head. Suddenly, she stops, putting the marker in its slot and moving away from the board. Then, you stare at the board. The sound of the clock ticking goes numb. All you can hear is your heart pumping faster than usual. The thing on the board almost covers an entire half of it. Beads of sweat form on your forehead and temples. You make out that it is a word, but one that you have never seen before. You count the number of letters there.

“Impossible!” you think. “How can that many letters be put together? Maybe she’s just putting down random letters for some reason.”

You look away from the board and to your book. You look for the illustration that you made earlier, but you come across that same word in the book along with a definition to the side. Know your heart pumps faster than ever as the word starts appearing wherever you look. You close your eyes and rest your head on your desk.

“No way there can be that many letters. No way. It’s just... impossible.”

## The Little Girl

In a small village, a family of three, a father and his two daughters, moves in from the city. Seeking peace and quiet, they moved into an old house deep in the woods. Fascinated by the dense vegetation around the house, the girls frolic around as the father unpacks. After getting a look at the property, the girls return for dinner just as the sun sets. The next morning, the youngest daughter wakes up the earliest and run out back into the forest to look for more excitement. As she wandered, she caught sight of a shadowy figure swiftly disappear behind the trees. She ran to where the figure had been but tripped and fell. It was what felt like a couple hours until she awoke again, but in an unfamiliar place. In great shock, she found herself on top of a sleeping beast. It was a large creature she had never seen before. It was furry with a face of a cat but the body of a chubby bear. Right before she got up to climb down, it awoke and yawned with great might. It then got up and gestured the girl to follow him. The creature and the girl walked through countless vines and trees until they reached the edge of the forest. Looking through a crevice in a bush, they saw the house was surrounded by police cars, with police officers coming in and out of the forest. The older sister and the father were embracing each other for it seems that they had discovered something greatly disturbing. The little girl noticed they were stand over what looked like a body bag, that was about the same size of the little girl. The creature then touched the little girl's shoulder gesturing her to follow it again, back into the forest never to be seen again. The shadowy figure the little girl had seen was all but a man who had a lust for blood. He seized the opportunity when the little tripped and fell. There, he raped and slit her throat, killing her. That creature in the forest was a spirit tasked to let the girl see her family one last time before directing her to the afterlife.



## **Rakshith Srinivasa**

I am Rakshith Srinivasa and I was born on August 23, 2001. I have been in Gifted and Talented since the 2<sup>nd</sup> grade. I have lived in India, Canada, and the US. In the US, I have lived in Charlotte, NC, Dallas, TX, and The Woodlands, TX which is near Houston. I am now going to McCullough JH and we are district champs in football, basketball, track, and soccer. I was starting defensive lineman for our A2 football team. My hobbies are sports and “chillanging” with friends. Since I have been accepted into ADVANCE and I have taken Creative Writing, I am hoping to become an overall better writer. I hope you will enjoy my writing as much as I did when I wrote them.

## **Boredom**

Boredom looks like school  
Boredom tastes like water  
Boredom feels like old shoes  
Boredom sounds like a lecture  
Boredom smells like dirty clothes

## **For I Will Consider My Monkey Jojo...**

For I will consider my Monkey Jojo

For he is the cause of all my bananas

For first, he drives away all my worries

For secondly, he drives me to school

For thirdly, he is my best friend

For fourthly, he eats my leftovers

For fifthly, he does my homework

For sixthly, he goes to school dressed like me

For seventhly, he cooks all my food

For eighthly, he bugs me about everything

For ninthly, he is my ninja and bodyguard

For tenthly, he gives me a cash flow

For Jojo had made a permanent home in my brain and heart.

## **Rain**

On December 22, 2012, it was Dooms Day. The day before it was 11:30 and it started to rain. At first I didn't think that it was real that the world was going to end but the rain my fear almost come true. Since the rain started and I thought we were all going to die, so my whole family decided to do something together one last time. We all decided to watch TV. But when the clock hit 11:59 am, we lost power. Now the only thing we heard was the rain bringing our doom faster.

## Home

My home is in The Woodlands, TX right now. I love my city because we have the 5<sup>th</sup> best high school in the nation, best marching band in the country, and the best cheerleaders in the country. But this isn't my only home. I used to live in Toronto, CA, Bangalore, India, Charlotte, NC, and Dallas, TX. Each one of these cities meant a lot for me. These cities created a friendly community where I could peacefully live in my house.

## **Block**

My apartment is awesome! When I walked in it kind of smelled like a freshly painted doctor's office. In my apartment, in the summer, a few kids set up a lemonade stand and it tasted great. I can visualize the map of our beautiful apartment including the trails. I can hear birds singing. The apartment also has a fancy pool. The water there always feels cool. I love my apartment.

## Boy

Turn off the light in your room; brush your teeth; turn off the faucet; do your laundry; be responsible; don't play with hair; stop looking at your legs; pay attention in class; don't doze off in class; don't be messy; keep writing; don't be lazy; this is how you write a story; this is how you not give up; this is how you ace a test; this is how you enjoy nature; this is how you don't complain; this is how you taste ice cream before buying it; *what if the ice cream lady won't let me taste the ice cream*; you mean to say after all you are really going to be the kind of guy who the ice cream lady won't let you taste the ice cream.

## **My Future**

10 years from now... I would be 22 years old and almost 23. By then, I would have a degree in medical science for an orthopedist.

25 years from now... I would be 37 years old and I would be married by now... probably to a supermodel... but I would be living in a mansion with all my supercars

50 years from now... I would have grandchildren and my children would have been successful in life like me and I would send them to ADVANCE.

100 years now... I doubt I would alive so my family would be missing me.



## **Adam**

My friend Adam...

He has the ears of a Chihuahua

He has the nose flares of a raging fire

He has the mind as creative as creative writing

He has the muscles as strong as a lion

He has the teeth as strong as an alligator

He has the shoes of a baller

He has the packs of a soda pack

He has the hunger as big as poverty

He has the calves as strong as a rhino

He has the got the hair as short as a piece chalk

## Character Backstory

Jojo was the greatest superhero ever. His powers were the best of all the superheroes there were. He had many amazing powers. These powers were better than superman like unbreakable skin and shape shifting.

A person or thing that is up to no good is an enemy of Jojo. His one rule is that he will not kill anybody and he will never break his law.

Jojo has a long story of how he came to be.

Jojo was actually a monkey from another planet called Monkolia. It was being taken over by North Koala. His parents sent him to Earth in a shuttle while they died in the rubble of war. When Jojo was entering Earth, Jojo turned into a human being and he got all his powers. He knew how it felt to lose someone important so he never killed anyone. But he always stood up for justice and always got rid of evil.

Jojo's only weakness is the thought of his parents. This makes him to start getting emotional and tries to kill the person or thing that reminded him but thankfully it has never happened yet.

## The Truth

Today is August 23, 2308. When I woke up, I got a signal of a North Koalian entering Earth's atmosphere. I need to go check it out. Here I am the place where he landed. I can see footsteps leading into the town. There is no clue in telling how many casualties he'll cause. I have to make it there before him.

I'm flying with 2 helicopters and following the scent of the North Koalian. There! I see him. OMG! He's trying to kidnap Kate Upton! I have got to say her and oh yeah humanity.

I landed on the ground next to Kate Upton. I punched the Koalian in the face. I was really beating him until he showed a picture of my parents. He must be the one who had killed my parents because he would be the only one that would have a picture of them.

Now I am REALLY mad. I felt a surge of emotions that overwhelmed me like a wave swallowing a professional surfer. I really need to kill this guy. After all, he killed my creators!

I know I shouldn't I should probably torture him and then kill him. Maybe like...cut off his hands and slowly poison him.

I can't do that either, I have taken an oath to never kill anyone no matter what the circumstances are. I will just have to lock him up in jail. The choppers took him to a maximum security prison. Now there she is... Kate Upton waiting for me.

## The Escape

Today is August 24, 2308. Yesterday, I found out that my parents are alive and being held captive in North Koala. I need to go save them. I have to repay that they did to me 18 years ago in a battle between Monkolia and North Koala.

OK. Now I need to go on my journey to save my parents. Kate Upton will stay behind and watch over my HQ with Popo.

I have taken 10 heavily armed helicopters with me just in case for back up. In North Koala we could disappear in a flash from their eucalyptus bombs.

We have now entered the highly dangerous atmosphere of North Koala. BOOM! I heard to the right. Four of my helicopters went down in a flash. Then it hit us, we are under attack!

It was too dangerous in North Koala so I told my helicopters to save the people to save the people in the helicopters that went down and retreat back to Earth. I knew I had to do this alone. I also told them to tell Kate Upton that I may not make it back.

The bombing stopped and I got a signal that everyone was back on Earth safe but one person broke a nail. No biggie.

Now I am flying toward the North Koalian jail. I have now landed on a water tower in front of the jail. Shreeek!!! I heard on the right and left. I sense heat missiles locked on to me. I jump and escape the missiles and then bust open the main door. I hear the alarms blaring like thousands of crows. I hears commands being shouted to capture me.

Then everything turned into slow motion as I hear the beautiful voices of my parents screaming my name to help them escape. I bust open the jail door made of diamonds made of diamonds with my super strength and unbreakable skin.

I grab my parents and make them piggy back ride me all the way out of jail. Next, I called in my jets that travel at the speed of light back to Earth. As we enter Earth's atmosphere, my parents turned into humans just like I did as a little baby. As we landed, Kate Upton and Pop o wait for us with heavily armed helicopters.

I guess you could say I have a perfect life now.

## The Invasion

Two weeks ago, I had rescued my parents from a jail in North Koala. They were captured in a war when North Koala tried to take over North Koala.

Now they are safe with Kate Upton, Popo, and me. But the thing is, they have been acting suspiciously since they came here. They asked me to make them a private lab so I built them one. After that, they have been running off to work there. So today, I have decided to find out what they are actually doing.

They have now gone to sleep so Kate Upton and I are sneaking in to find out what they are working on in there. When we walked in, we found out that they are planning on an attack to my HQ and the entire planet. We fortunately disabled the attack and destroyed their work.

It is now the morning and they walk in on Kate Upton and me destroying their work. The thing that was weird was that they were not my parents; instead they were North Koalians that tried to kill me. They confessed saying that my parents were killed by the heat missiles that I dodged and that caused a chain reaction and blew up the whole planet and they were the only North Koalians that were not killed. So I locked them up in a high security prison with another North Koala.

I guess you say that I don't have a perfect life after all. No one can have a perfect life.

## Gregory Willis

Gregory Willis was born May 30<sup>th</sup> 2001 in Mt. Vernon, New York. When he was four, he moved to San Ramon, California. Four years later, he moved to Frisco, Texas, which is where he lives now. He is going into eighth grade and is currently attending Parish Episcopal School. He also runs track and plays basketball for the Parish Panthers, the school team. Outside of school, he plays for the North Texas Hornets, an AAU basketball team. He hopes to play in the NBA. In his spare time, he likes to read and play video games. He lives with his parents, Karen and Greg Willis, his sister, Kiyah Willis, and his pet dog, Champ, and his pet turtle, Gary. He also played the saxophone for two years.

He chose Creative Writing for ADVANCE because it seemed like a fun way for him to express his outrageous and unrealistic thoughts. For an example, read “Rain.” Gregory has also written humorous short stories, such as “Smitty is Fired” and “I Don’t Understand...” Meanwhile, inside jokes, such as “To My Dog, Pluto” require more explanation. One of the students in the class kept calling everyone “dawg” and Gregory found it annoying. When the student called someone “dawg,” Gregory would call him Pluto. This poem even turns other classmates into Disney characters in the first 8 lines. The rest of the lines are about the actual Pluto. None of the other stories require a backstory.

## **What is Boredom?**

Boredom looks like the back of eyelids,

And it smells like an upper lip.

Boredom feels like fingers tapping on a desk,

And it sounds like the cracking of fingers.

Boredom tastes like the inside of a mouth.

## **Rain**

Rain is rain. It has no boundaries on this earth above the surface. However, if there wasn't any rain, all the evaporated water would stay in cloud form. This would trap heat in the Earth and make the surface as hot as Venus'. Crops would die, animals would starve, and babies would cry. In fact, so many babies would cry that aliens would think that Earth was setting off a distress call. They would then come to Earth and immediately die of dehydration. The dehydrated and confused humans would steal the aliens' space ship for its air conditioning, and drive it so recklessly that the space police would destroy the ship with humanity's last hope inside. This cycle would continue for an eternity, or at least until the end of the story.

## **For I will Consider My Carpet**

For I will consider my carpet.

For my carpet breaks anyone's fall should they do so.

For my carpet relaxes thine feet.

For my carpet protects many harmless, tiny creatures with lives to live.

For my carpet catches all things that are dropped.

For it has served me for many years without a reward.

For its many bristles hide both good and bad.

For my carpet is as white as snow.

For shoes are not allowed to touch my carpet.

For my carpet lives on the second floor.

For it never moves.

For it is covered in dog hair.

For it cannot be compared.

For it is not afraid of anything.

For this poem continues.

For the food lodged in its bristles is a source of food to all.

For it is soft.

For it is docile and tame.

For my carpet will not become angry.

For it is not violent or hurtful.

For it is peaceful.

For it does not love nor hate.

For it is a carpet.



## **Home**

To me, a home is a place where something belongs. A rock can both have a home and be a home. Same thing with dirt, a dog, or even something big, like a forest. A home can look like anything, smell like anything, and even taste like anything. A home can be built, destroyed, renewed, and even improved. If one is destroyed, another can be put in its place. A home can be inanimate or alive, a mammal, an amphibian, a reptile, and so much more. A home can sound like anything, but they all feel the same- safe and comfortable to whatever or whatever is living or resting there.

## **Years from Now**

10 years from now I will be 23. I may be in college, and I may not be. Nobody knows. I may have a job, and I may not. Nobody knows. I could be living in my parents' basement, living off of Pop Tarts and Capri Sun. Nobody knows.

25 years from now I will be 38. Hopefully by then I will have a job. I hope to be in the NBA. If I go to the NBA, I would be playing for the New York Knicks, winning championship rings against other teams.

50 years from now I will be 63. By then I would probably be retired and complaining about bland oatmeal. If I had been in the NBA, I will hopefully be a hall of famer by then.

100 years from now I will be 113. I will probably be a dead legend, either in a jar or the Earth.

## **An Important Event in Pumbaa's life**

“Ah, Pride Rock. I've actually been there before, you know. Just me and my buddy Timone cramped in a giant crowd full of all kinds of animals. It all started when I ran away from home. I met my buddy Timone and we were in search of a new home. The first house we found was a cave. It was mostly underground, and its entrance was at the bottom of a hill. It was a little cramped, but it had a view of Pride Rock. We decided to try out the new living space. It started out well, but one day we heard rumbling coming from above. However, the cave was underground, so we thought it was a herd that was migrating. It kept going for a while, so Timone and I agreed to go check it out. We looked out of the entrance, and realized that it was more than a herd. It looked like every animal in Africa had gathered at Pride Rock. We walked over to the crowd to see why so many animals were there, but when we asked people, nobody answered. Timone then suggested that we wait and see for ourselves what was going on, and I agreed. After about 15 seconds, I started to realize that I really had to fart. I told Timone, but he didn't seem to care. Five seconds later, a monkey walked up to the top of Pride Rock, and picked up a lion cub. The monkey then put something on the cub's head, and then lifted the up in the air for everyone to see. By then, I couldn't hold it in anymore. I farted out an epicenter of green gas. It smelled so bad, all of the animals in the crowd fell down to their knees. Also, the ground around Timone and I was scorched, and the end of my tail, as well as Timone, was singed. The monkey on top of Pride Rock didn't even seem to notice, because he just stood there with the cub lifted in the air. Meanwhile, Timone pulled on my ears to turn me around, and we went back home.”

## What Just Happened

A few months ago, I had a dream that I will never forget. I was standing on a cloud with a giant frog in front of me. There were balloons and other clouds behind the frog in all directions. I jumped on the frog's back, and I held onto its slimy head as I rode on it from cloud to cloud while avoiding the balloons. I then realized I had a blowgun in my hand. I used the blowgun to pop the balloons we passed by, until I saw a shadowy figure ahead with no balloons near it. It ignited what looked like a light saber, and it threw the light saber at my frog, chopping its head off. I jumped off of the cadaver, and ran towards the shadowy figure. Once I saw that it was Darth Vader, I shot at him with my blowgun. One of the darts that was shot from the blowgun hit him in the face, and I woke up. I thought about the dream for a little while, and then I realized that I had watched one of the Star Wars movies and had beaten 7 levels of FROGGER™ the day before. One of those levels included hopping from one cloud to the next while avoiding the unstable balloons.

## Loss

A loss is a terrible thing. I once had a loss. Actually, I have lost a few important things in my life. One of those things was my pet beta fish, Bob. He was a swell fish; he was better than other fish I had seen. He swam so elegantly, his fins guiding him through a life of water and captivity. After a while, we flushed him, and I have never thought of him since... until today. Another two losses I had were my two pet aquatic frogs I bought from Learning Express for \$10. I named them Bob and Bobert. The lady at the cashier told me to feed them four pellets a day, but I came from school one day and realized something was wrong with the food plan, because Bobert had eaten Bob. A few weeks later, Bobert died of starvation. I knew this because I could see his tiny bones and a few of his organs through his froggy skin. However, I now have a boxer named Champ and a turtle named Gary. I hope I won't have to lose them for a while.

## Cemetery

Everywhere, souls, forever waiting;

Whether they'll make it, God's debating. Numbers etched on their gravestones- their birth and death;

For now their lives have ended; they will not fret.

As for what awaits them, nobody knows,

This place cannot be seen, for it won't show.

The living walk on trails to see their past lives.

They don't see under the dirt lay twisted hides.

From eighteen seventy to nineteen twenty one,

This person could never know when she would be done.

Now she is upstairs, waiting for an answer

On whether she will go, even though she has cancer.

Her family members stay down on Earth,

Waiting to join her dead body lying near the hearth.

Right here, a soul, forever waiting;

Whether she'll make it, god's debating.

## White Side of the Moon

Who could've known that the moon is orange?

Apparently orange becomes white on Earth.

The white we see is the color of paper.

The same white we see that reflects off a knife blade.

This white can reflect off a metal bell, too.

Almost the color of electricity;

The most beautiful white anyone could think.

A white we would tell our friends about,

As beautiful as when the sun arises,

And when the sun goes back down to rest;

Beauty a small child would see in a bubble.

Beauty a girl would see in a wedding dress.

A beauty that only you could see.

## **I Shall Play Basketball**

I shall play basketball because it is fun.

I shall play basketball because I love the sport.

I shall play basketball because I am good at it.

I shall play basketball because I have played it my whole life.

I shall play basketball because it's what I want to do for a living.

I shall play basketball because there is a song about it.

I shall play basketball because everyone in my family plays it.

I shall play basketball because it is my favorite thing to do.

I shall play basketball because it is the best sport.

I shall play basketball because it is basketball.

## **I Don't Understand...**

I don't understand popular dance moves. It seems like the more stupid looks while doing it, the more popular the move becomes. Most popular dance moves also have a song that goes with it. They also look like something someone would do after throwing up. For example, the Nae Nae looks like the person who just threw up is trying to raise their hand to call for help, but they can't because they feel too weak. The Wobble makes me think of someone having a seizure and vomiting simultaneously, and the Dugie looks like someone trying to pull their hair back so it won't get in the pool of vomit on the floor.

## Smitty: A Story in Four Parts

### Smitty Is Fired

“You’re fired, Smitty,” said the leader of The League of Villains. “You look pathetic with a head that size.” “What do you mean you’re firing me? I’m an important and powerful villain! Plus, I’ve almost conquered Earth!” “That doesn’t help your case,” said the Head Villain. “That still doesn’t convince me to not fire you. Let’s put it this way: You’re a huge-headed dummy that somehow got a PHD. Even though you are supposedly an expert engineer, none of your inventions have worked in seven years. Seven!” The Head Villain exclaimed. Smitty replied, “That’s because of my arch nemeses, The Cat People! They keep destroying my world-conquering inventions!” The Head Villain then yelled at Smitty: “They’re called ‘the Cat People!’ All they can do is control cats for God’s sake! Even their name sounds stupid! *Oh no, I’ve been thwarted by The Cat People!* That just sounds pitiful! Actually, why do you want to take over Earth? It’s full of undrinkable salt water and idiots almost like you! The only reason they aren’t like you is your huge lion head and your tiny brain! You should go to therapy, or get a massage for your huge head! Go drink some milk, you kitty! In fact, I’m a telepath. I can use telekinesis and move stuff with my mind; I can make a glass of milk for you in the kitchen without moving from this very chair. It’ll be ready soon. Just wait here.” Smitty then screamed angrily, “I am not a cat!” The Head Villain then said, ‘Bold words for a half-human thing with a giant lion head. However, that’s another issue; your anger management problems are beginning to get on my nerves. You shouldn’t get angry at me; instead you should finally go somewhere in life: out of The League of Villains! Wait, I could just spare you the agony and humiliation and kill you with my mind, but I don’t feel like it. It doesn’t feel right to put down an animal with a head that big, you kitty! You should instead live to perform in a circus.” Smitty then got up and threw the helmet he was wearing on the ground while walking out of the conference room. “Before you leave, I want to ask a favor of you!” The Head Villain called to Smitty, who looks back at the man. “We have a new recruit who calls himself, ‘The Mad Mouse.’ Would you mind eating him since you are obviously a cat? Also, your milk is ready in the kitchen.” Smitty then walked out of the room. “I’m going to miss that bobble head.” The Head Villain said to himself quietly once Smitty walked out of the room.”

### Smitty Was Fired

“You’re fired,” said the Head Villain. ‘You belong in a circus, you kitty!’ Smitty then woke up. It was ten years after he was fired from the League of Villains. He was daydreaming during his new job as Donald Trump’s Secretary. “It’s about time you woke up!” exclaimed an angry man who had been waiting for Smitty to wake up. “What?” Smitty yelled back to the man, struggling to understand what the man had just said. Smitty was forced to wear a mask that covered his

whole head so Donald Trump's clients wouldn't have to see Smitty's feline face. "I said, wake up, you fool!" the man yelled into Smitty's face. "Oh, you have an appointment, Mr. Groundwalker." Smitty told the man after checking the appointment list.

"The name's Donald, you overpaid idiot!"

"Well, at least I get free coffee!" exclaimed Smitty as Donald Trump's assistant allowed the man through the doors behind Smitty's desk.

Smitty then thought what the man had said about Smitty being overpaid. Smitty had to sell his skull-shaped lair to afford an apartment and a car in New York City. Smitty's dogs, Jojo, Popo, Coco, and Dodo all died of malnutrition because Smitty couldn't afford dog food. Smitty continued to think about this statement after work was over. He could still hear the Head Villain's voice even after Smitty had gotten into his clown car he bought from a circus for \$30. Smitty arrived at his apartment well rested but hungry. He got his trusty enchanted food items: his never-empty box of Lucky Charms and his always-full carton of milk that he brought from his lair in the Red Sea. Smitty turned on the TV and started to watch the news. While he was watching the news, Smitty got an idea. He saw a segment on a bank robbery and knew what he was going to do next. He knew it wasn't big enough to get him back into the big leagues, but the first step was to get enough money to get his lair back.

## Smitty's Team

Smitty realized that he couldn't carry out his plan alone, so he began to recruit a team based on how many bank robberies they had completed. It took a few months, but eventually he got five of the most skilled thieves in New York to meet in the same alleyway at the same time. They negotiated for a while about what they would gain for helping Smitty, and they would each receive 15% of the loot. The other 10% would go toward the lair. Unfortunately, it was not that easy to rob a bank. Smitty spent weeks digging through garbage cans and finding enough pieces of metal to create a small workshop. He then used the leftover materials he had, plus some objects that the thieves gave to Smitty, and Smitty created some armor and weapons. Brute, who robbed people by beating them up, received a mace that's strong enough to block a bullet, a set of armor that made him virtuously indestructible, and a gigantic gun that could blast through six walls. Switch, a small and fast person who was very skilled with a switch blade, received rocket boots so he could run faster, a small gun that could kill five people with one shot, and a switch blade that could cut through any materials, including bullets. Longshot, a man who never missed his target, received goggles that allowed him to see anything of any size through any material no matter how far away, a sniper rifle that could shoot anything he wanted, no matter where it is, and a small knife that could cut through any material. Pyro, a thief who loved lighters, received a flamethrower that never ran out of gas, a set of armor that protects him from all temperatures and



gases, and an axe that also sets things on fire. The last of the thieves, Quickdraw, master of all types of guns, received a semi-automatic rifle that never runs out of ammo, a shotgun that can shoot through a five-foot steel wall, and a small knife. All of the thieves received night vision goggles and armor that could block a knife. Smitty, however, made himself a set of armor that is able to shoot lasers from the gauntlets, rocket boots, and a staff that is impossible to block by anyone or anything. He also sent a letter to the Head Villain asking for the helmet he threw on the ground after he was fired. Smitty's helmet granted him night vision, the ability to see through walls, and the ability to survive any type of poison gas. Now that Smitty's team was made, he needed to train them to put his plan into motion.

## Smitty's Plan

Now that Smitty had a team, it was time to train them to use their weapons. Brute was used to using his fists, but he needed to use his weapons instead. Smitty tried to convince Brute to use his weapons at first, but Smitty eventually just decided to melt Brute's mace and turn them into gloves. After that, Brute was easy to train; his gun didn't need much training to use. It didn't require that good of a shot to kill multiple people with it. Next was Switch. Switch refused to run into a group of guards with nothing but switch blades, so Smitty took apart Switch's rocket shoes and used the materials to create a cloaking device. After that, Switch was changed from someone who is fast and uses a pistol to someone who can turn invisible and stab people in the back. Longshot was one of the easiest; he just needed to get used to using a sniper rifle instead of a pistol. Pyro had to realize that his weapon didn't have much range, but after he figured that out, Pyro became the flame expert. Quickdraw didn't require any training because he spent so much time with his guns that he killed his dog. The day of the briefing, Pyro brought a basketful of grenades he made at home. The grenades were incorporated into the plan, and the next week, they would attack.

The next week, the group gathered two blocks away from the bank. Smitty distributed headsets to everyone so they could communicate with each other. At midnight, they executed the attack. Pyro started off by throwing a grenade into the bank entrance, blowing the doors off. The guards then rushed towards the door to see what was happening, but longshot, who was on a rooftop of the building next to the bank, shot all of them. Brute and Quickdraw then ran straight into the bank. Quickdraw shot everyone he saw while Brute used his gun to shoot holes into the walls that lead to the money vault. Smitty had Pyro guard the front entrance while switch ran in through the back entrance and took out as many guards as he could. Meanwhile, Longshot searched the streets for the SWAT teams, which Smitty knew was coming. Once all of the guards in the building were taken care of, Smitty had Quickdraw guard the back entrance. Smitty then lead Brute and Switch to the vault in the middle of the building. Brute blasted a hole in the vault door, and he blasted another hole in the wall that lead outside. Outside of the wall there was a van waiting. 'How'd that get there?' Brute asked. 'I put it there,' Smitty said. 'I put it there this

morning.” Smitty said confidently. Brute and Switch both just nodded. All three of them put the money in the van, and then Switch jumped into the van and started driving back to Smitty’s apartment. Right as Switch drove around a corner, Longshot gave everyone the alert that the SWAT and police were both in front of the building. Quickdraw stayed out back while Smitty and brute both ran to the front entrance. Smitty and Brute then joined Pyro, who was defending the entrance from hundreds of armed men. Brute immediately took out all of their vehicles with his gun while Smitty and Pyro began taking out the men. Brute then gave the signal to Longshot to start firing. With the four of them combined, neither the NYPD nor SWAT got CLOSE. Once they were all done there, Smitty left Brute to guard the front to make the NYPD and SWAT believe that the robbery was still in progress. Smitty and Pyro ran to the back to find Quickdraw firing at the remaining officers and SWATs from the top of a mound of corpses that was blocking the entrance. All five of them then retreated to the front entrance, where Switch was waiting with the van. He had attached his cloaking device to the car engine so the car could turn invisible. They picked up Longshot, who was waiting outside the building he was on top of just minutes ago. After that, they were easily able to get back to the apartment and split the money. The next day, Smitty got a voicemail from Quickdraw. Within seconds, he received messages from everyone else. “You’re fired” was the only thing all of the messages said.

## To My Dog, Pluto

Pluto, stop calling me dawg;  
You try too hard to sound ghetto.  
Actually, you're a dog;  
You shouldn't be talking at all.  
You say you're good at basketball,  
But you are worse than Minnie Mouse.  
Goofy can shoot better than you,  
And even Donald is better.  
However, you are my dog,  
And no dog can replace my dog.  
Your paws are very tiny,  
But they help you run lightning fast.  
Your fur is short and light brown,  
And it is softer than a cloud.  
You are my dog, Pluto,  
And nothing can change that fact.

## **Angelina Wood**

Hello, I am Angelina Wood. I am 13 years old, born on October 2, 2000, and I am from St. Rose Louisiana. I currently live with both of my parents and my younger sister Gibson (The inspiration of “I Shall Promise to Keep You Safe). My favorite thing to do is act and I love singing just as much; I play piano as well.

This year I was invited to Advance and I picked creative writing because of my love of poetry and song writing. As soon as I was aware of the program, I started writing in my own personal journal, in preparation. I learned many things I was oblivious to about writing, and I’ve even gone back to edit some of my own work. Before you begin reading, I would like to recommend “Stupid Bird”, which was based on an assignment to take 8 of someone else’s favorite random words and put them into a 10 line poem, and “Big Brother”, which was based on one of the best friends I’ve made here at Advanced who is like a brother to me. Now without further ado, enjoy.

## Adieu

To whom my heart beats  
And to whomevers' heart beats for me  
Here is a token to remember me by

If the Great Spirit intends us to be  
Then, be, we shall

May the wind join us again  
May the fire fuel our bond  
May our earthly roots intertwine  
May the water collide at our feet

However, the world stays silent  
So, silent, we must stay

The wind blows freely  
The fire burns unguided  
Our roots remain separate and shallow  
And the water flows on past us

Therefore, we must do the same  
As the Spirit commands me to bid you adieu

## Goodbye

You're the one that I love, and I'm saying goodbye~ A Great Big World "Say Something"

Wherever you are, I know that you are safe. You never fought, or whined, or complained the way most of us did. You barely let your issues pull you down, and when they did, you'd just turn the brighter corner. You always knew what to say and where to go. How you did it, I have no clue.

No matter the consequences, you did what was right in the end. I can still feel your hand wipe away my tears. I can still feel the bristles of your mustache against my cheek. I can still hear the "click" of my Mary night light, and the soft whisper "Goodnight, Dolly."

I cry when I sing the last song I sang for you, because I know you were so proud. Now, it is time for me to let go of your hand, but I'm not as strong as you. No one ever was, is, or ever will be as strong as you. "Goodnight. I love you, Grampy."

## **But I Know**

I didn't know I liked the pattern of his boots

I didn't know I liked the pictures of our roots

I didn't know I liked the tone of his voice

I didn't know I liked the curve of his poise

I didn't know I liked the way he carried me to bed

I didn't know I liked the patting of my head

I didn't know I liked that he was never grim

But I knew -but I know- I loved him

## Epigrams

**One:**

### Equality

Unevenly our lifetimes fly,  
But rich and poor will someday die

**Two:**

### 2014

Humans have escaped the fate  
World destruction is two years late



## **Stupid Bird**

Be gone you stupid, selfish bird

I am all out of pastrami for you

I doubt you are a cassowary

You seem to be more of a quetzal

Return to your home in Australasia

Do not just sit and loiter by the road

These busy streets will turn you to road kill

And I refuse to scrape you off with a spatula

So go, and be free, you stupid bird

For there is nothing left for you here

## **I Shall Promise to Keep You Safe**

Because I hate you

Because you love me

Because the world rotates

Because the sun burns

Because the stars twinkle

Because our laughs echo

Because I need to

Because I want to

Because I vowed to long ago

Because I love you

## **Big Brother**

To my brother

Whose hair is clear water

With the tint of the morning sun

To my brother

Whose skin is the warm sand

On the pale beach of Navar

To my brother

Whose eyes are the sea

Full of color and full of life

To my brother

Whose laugh is a seashell

Shiny and unique

To my brother

Whose spirit is the waves

Staying shortly and going quick

To my brother

Who divides our persons

But never our bond



From left to right: Gregory Willis, Foluwa Desalu, Juliet Flanagan, Maggie Chadwick, Pius Lau, Rakshith Srinivasa, Ralph Adamo (Instructor), Angelina Wood, Adam Cox. Seated in center: Amelia Hall (TA)