

Introduction

The work in this anthology was written by 8th graders in Ms. Uter and Ms. Inzana's ELA class during the 2021-2022 school year. Teaching artist, Cynthia Larsen, from Lake Erie Ink: a writing space for youth, spent one day a week at Mary McLeod Bethune, thanks to a Teach Arts Ohio Grant from the Ohio Arts Council.

This anthology also includes work from an additional series of workshops with Ms. Larsen and funded by the Maltz Museum of Jewish Heritage. Students wrote Stop the Hate essays about their experiences with hate, bullying and discrimination.

We wish our 8th graders the best of luck and hope they continue to use their voices to express themselves, to stand up for themselves and others, and to help change the world and make it a better place for everyone!



Ohio Arts
COUNCIL A STATE AGENCY SUPPORTING
ARTS AND CULTURE

Table of Contents

Poems from the 8th Grade	3
Farewell Poem Andrew H.	3
Goodbye Poem Zane S.	3
Farewell Poem Aniyah G.	4
Farewell Poem Sa'Riya J.	4
Farewell Poem Breyonna M.	5
Farewell Poem Dezanae B.	5
Farewell Poem Da'Naria P.	6
Farewell Poem Kel'Von D.	6
Farewell Poem Jazelle B.	7
Dear Me Malaia F.	8
Haiku and Tanka Da'Naria P.	8
Tanka Kel'Von D.	8
Manzanar Poem Kelvon D.	9
Bethune Poem Kelvon D.	9
Spring and Summer Haiku Kelvon D.	9
Haiku Desirae M.	9
Tanka Desirae M.	9
Tanka and Haiku Poems Zya S.	10
Haiku and Tanka-inspired Poems T'Myra P.	10
Tanka and Haiku Poems Anthony L.	10
HAIKU and Tanka-inspired Poems Trystian N.	11
Tanka and Haiku Dezanae B.	11
Tanka and Haiku Poems Damond B.	12
Haiku-inspired Poems Michael W.	12
8th Grade Stories Inspired by <i>The Summer of the Mariposas</i> and Research into Latin American Folklore	13
The Crazy Old Lady	13
The Woman in White Dezanae and her group	14
La Mujer De Blanco Zya S., Malaia, Cameron	16
Returning the Dead Man Aniyah, Amira, Breyonna	18
Battle with El Coco Jay'Quawn and Anthony L.	18

Nonfiction Comics from the 8 th Grade.....	20
Falling Off a Car by Jay'Quawn A.	20
Leaving Home, a Refugee Story by Zane S.	21
The Never-Ending Journey, a Refugee Story by Channan G.	22
That Time I Cried at a Movie by Desirae M.	23
Moving Day by Damond B.	24
Saying Goodbye to Grandpa by Da'Naria P.	26
Leaving My Dog and Leaving Ukraine by Malaia F.	28
Leaving Ukraine by Michael W.....	29
The Day I Ran Into a Pole by Zane S.....	30
Fireworks by Malaia F.	31
True Story by Channan G.	33
Stop the Hate Essays from the 8 th Grade.....	35
Hate Be Gone! Sa'Riya J.....	35
My Friend Carlos Zane S.....	36
My Big Glasses Kel'Von D.....	37
Don't Hate on Other People Aniyah G.	38
Crazy Pajama Story Anthony L.	39
From My Porch Channan G.....	40
Why Didn't I Say Anything? Da'Naria P.	41
Just Walk Away Cameron W.	42

Poems from the 8th Grade

Farewell Poem

Andrew H.

I will always remember... the times when me, Mr. Ealy and Ms. Leisinger would laugh

I will hold onto...all of my teachers who have taught me

I will let go of...the nasty school lunches and the old me.

I look forward to...Moving to Arizona

I want to thank...Ms. Leisinger and Mr. Ealy for always being nice teachers and trying their best to teach us.

I will always appreciate Ms. Inzana, Ms. Uter and Mr. Hrabak for teaching me all the things that I never knew and for helping me.

Goodbye Poem

Zane S.

I will always remember the math teacher, Mr. Hrabak

I will hold on to the funny jokes that were made. Like the Chili bowl

I will let go of the school's lunches.

I look forward to playing high school basketball

I want to thank the academy for never giving up on me.

Farewell Poem
Aniyah G.

I will always remember...
My friends and teachers.
Making jokes with people.
Meeting new people.

I will hold onto...
Learning new things every day.
My teachers' voices telling me to do my work.
Saying hey to the teachers every morning.

I will let go of...
Bullying.
Having friends that don't like me.
I look forward to...
Making new friends.
Trying different things.
Seeing new people.
Being with different people.

I would like to thank Ms. Uter for saying "8 sentences" mostly every day.
I will always appreciate Mrs. Price for making us try different things in the Science Lab.
I will always appreciate Ms. Larsen for having us do creative writing every Tuesday.
I would like to Thank Mr. Hrabak for teaching us different types of levels of Math.

Farewell Poem
Sa'Riya J.

I will always remember my sigma grindset. I tried hard this year and tried to stay on top of my schoolwork. I can't let insecurities and mistakes stop me from completing my SIGMA quest.

I will hold onto my Friends AKA the wolf pack. Me and my wolf pack AKA the gang have stayed on our sigma quests. We've tried being the best we could to be sigma this entire school year.

I will let go of memories specifically some people's names. Honestly, my memory sucks sometimes. I honestly could be told something and forget it the next second. I do

remember some things, but I have to repeatedly say or think about that subject. So i hope i remember my experiences here, but it's not likely.

I look forward to being a high school student. I look forward to this because if i become a high schooler, i can finally get a summer job. I can also finally stop being a beta and can help out and buy myself stuff or something.

I want to thank mom for keeping me on my stigma grind, i wanna thank my mom for not only birthing me even though i know i had a fat head, BUT i also wanna thank her for helping me on my stigma journey, she played a big part in helping me with my education and with life in general...oh yeah i also wanna thank my dad i guess for um... being there.

Farewell Poem

Breeyonna M.

I will always remember all the laughing I did with people.

I will hold onto the good rewards I got from the years.

I will let go of some of the people here

I look forward to playing basketball and meeting new people

I want to thank all my teachers for enforcing consequences for things I did wrong.

Farewell Poem

Dezanae B.

I will always remember my friends. I will always remember my friends because they was there when i needed them. We worked good together.

I will hold onto doing good and getting good grades. I will hold on to doing good because doing good will get you somewhere you deserve to be. I also will hold on to getting good grades because you cant pass to the next grade without good grades.

I will let go of all of the negative energy. I will let it go because i don't need negative energy around me.

I look forward to passing to the next grade level. I look forward to going to the next grade because i really wonder what it's like to be in high school.

I want to thank my teachers and friends for being there for me. I will always want to thank because i appreciate those who was there for me.

Farewell Poem

Da'Naria P.

I will always remember My ELA teacher who always screamed,
8 sentences, 8 sentences.
I will hold onto my relationships with friends.
How we always laughed and cried together.
I will let go of all the negativity that people brought into my life,
the ones saying I won't be something etc...

I look forward to...

Graduating high school, meeting new people, and becoming successful.

I want to thank Mrs. Price for giving me a great 8th-grade year.

She was an excellent homeroom teacher.

I also want to thank her for always being here,
being a great person to talk to.

And a person that saw the good in me

and told us all we can be something and will be something.

She also said, "when a chance comes to the light,

take that chance and don't pass it up because you will be something".

I love her for that, and I will never forget what she said.

Farewell Poem

Kel'Von D.

I will always remember all the nice teachers that been nice to me and that cared about me

I will hold onto my ELA teacher that always said "8 sentences" to all of us and Ms.Inzana for helping me with the work I don't understand.

I will let go of the people that was always mean to me and that didn't want to help with the work that I didn't understand.

I look forward to high school and going to college and getting a job and making my own business and having everything good in my life and growing up to be grown.

I want to thank Mrs. Uter for helping me to write eight sentences and for teaching us all different things and for having us read different types of books.
I will always appreciate the teacher that always helps out my family and picked me up for school when my mom is not able to drive after my mom's surgery... This is Mrs. Gallaher

Farewell Poem Jazelle B.

I will always remember... the ups and downs

I will hold onto... the memories

I will let go of... all bad memories

I look forward to... the ninth grade

I will always appreciate Ms.Goggins

Dear Me
Malaia F.

Dear Me—
You are the blueprint
You are the inspiration
You are base, the black canvas

You are more than what you can do
You are more than a starter kit
But you are not more than a basic...person

You supposed to be honest but not boring
Use some paint on the canvas
Malaia

Haiku and Tanka
Da'Naria P.

Spring Haiku
Sit under a tree...
Think silently and wonder
Why are you dead to me?

Summer Haiku
Coaches love me
Stressing me out gray hairs
Sooo hard-working ughhh!!!

The Pan
The girl awakens
Hears someone in house. Gets up
Walks downstairs shaking
Gets hit with a pan. She is
Unconscious- Never wakes up.

Last Night

Last night, and last night
I prayed on a falling star
That you'll never have a
Broken heart- ain't mean to break
Your heart. When the world cold
remember who you are...

8th grade memory

Dezzy shows up here
Sits and talks becomes friends
Tiktoks and laughs
Has a friend group yay, yay!
Friends till the end

Tanka

Kel'Von D.

6am, I woke up
to get ready for school today
I start my mom's car
Too many cars on the road today
In school with a good attitude

Manzanar Poem
Kelvon D.

The women destroyed the china
The man trying to buy the china
The women and the girl went to
Manzanar.

Bethune Poem
Kelvon D.

Meeting nice teachers at Bethune
When I first went in the gym for
specials
When I first when to Mrs. Hunter for
pre-k.

Spring and Summer Haiku
Kelvon D.

There is so much rain
Flowers blooming in the spring
Birds are chirping outside.

Sunflowers are blooming
In July it's my birthday
Fireworks and cake

Haiku

Desirae M.

Cherry blossom trees
While the birds in the trees chirp
Running in the fields.

The moon swing bright
The snow making it shine more
So bright in the sky.

Leaves changing colors
Beautiful leaves on the ground
This is the best fall

Tanka

Desirae M

In the window is
Where the tabby cat lay down.
Where the sun shines on
Him. making his fur golden
So beautiful in the sun.

Fur that looks like the
Moon. Fur is a lightish grey
Loveable and sweet
Such a beautiful cat. Can't
See in the most darkest rooms.

Tanka and Haiku Poems
Zya S.

The dog has a bone
The dog ran outside with bone
Dog dig bone in dirt
Dog put the dirt back underground
Kid outside playing with dog

Birds chirping while the
tree buds are growing
in the rain

The freezing wind and
the white dots go
everywhere on the ground

The cold dairy treat
melts in the hot yellow sun
It falls on the ground

Haiku and Tanka-inspired Poems
T'Myra P.

Thunder at 5 am.
I woke up out of my sleep.
Curtains fly around, the winds blows
them everywhere
The rain thumps on the window.

Walking at 5 pm.
I get to the park
Kids on the swings.
the swing is making noise.

Dancing at night.
Getting very hot
I drink some water
I play the music again
I start dancing.

(More Poems by T'Myra)

Wearing swimsuit, getting in the pool.
At the beach feet deep in the sand
In the water, freezing from the cold
water,

Leaves falling, now there are big piles
everywhere.

Leaves everywhere, chilly weather,
hoodie season.
Fall season, pumpkins out for
Halloween.

Deep snow, cold winds, snowflakes.
Getting dressed, wearing coats and
gloves.
Christmas is coming up, decorating in
the snow, very cold.

Tanka and Haiku Poems
Anthony L.

3 am on game
The girl was thirsty and tired
She turns off the game
Got up to go get water
Trip over a basketball

I was on the phone
Laughing and joking with friends
Walking to the store
Trip over concrete on face
Got up my friend was laughing

Summer is too hot
Kid running around playing
And I play football

(More poems by Anthony)

Leaves falling off tree
It be rainy windy
Playing in the leave

It's very cold out
It a lot of snow outside
Kid playing in snow

HAIKU and Tanka-inspired Poems

Trystian N.

Birds singing while trees
growing and the sun shines
down

Water splashing dogs barking
while eating ice cream with
caramel on top

Leaves falling wind blowing and
stomping in the mud

Today i am bored
i play with my dog outside
the dog falls in pool
i get him then dry him off
then we go to the park

Tanka and Haiku Dezanae B.

Track meet

3 hour long track meet
Tired girl wanting water now.
Rain began to fall
Hard. Can't breath, running to her
Bag. Search for water that's missing.

Hide and seek

8 am running
Around playing hide and seek
Laughing out very loud
With a joyful smile on my
face, while hiding in my room.

School day

9:40 in Uter's
Class, waiting for 10:30
To arrive , Ms. Uter
Yelling loud causing a head
ache, while head throbbing fast.

Sunshine

Sun out shinin' bright
90 degrees out while
Wanting ice cold water
Kids riding bikes and scooter.

Snow day

Snow falling, friends and i
Throwing snowballs while drinking
Hot coco, with extra marshmallows.

Tanka and Haiku Poems
Damond B.

I went to the store
I was looking for candy
The candy was gone
So I could not get my candy
So I left the store so sad

My mom made smoothies
She put strawberries in mine
My drink was so warm
I ask why it was so warm
She said there was no ice left

On a cold morning
My mom had cookies and milk
I asked for some milk

Dogs run through the mud
The dead leaves float through the air
My shoes are muddy.

Birds are flying high
When I look up at the sky
The sun hits my eyes

Haiku-inspired Poems
Michael W.

Flowers are blooming,
A storm comes washes them away
The winds pick up speed what a
gloomy day

Long hot days are ahead
Rain comes and i feel a thread
The sound of wind in my head

Leaves are blowing around me
I see birds flying around me
I feel cold wind coming along

Long cold days among us all
Winter is coming i miss the fall
Piles and Piles of snow

8th Grade Stories Inspired by *The Summer of the Mariposas* and Research into Latin American Folklore

The Crazy Old Lady

Channan G., Da'Naria P., Michael W.

The main monster is called the *yacumama* monster. It looks like an anaconda but much bigger. It's also very long. The *yacumama* monster would suck up any living thing that passed within 100 steps of it. A long time ago a fisherman was looking for food for his tribe and he came across a lake that looked like it had never been touched and he knew there were going to be a lot of fish, so he tried to go fishing and he seen a head the size of a fisherman's body. The *yacumama* would suck up any living thing that passed within 100 steps of it. It's from the Peruvian Amazon Rainforest.

The *cadejo* is black dog-like monster.

As the girls were driving back home, they passed an old lady at the bus stop. Pita looked out the window as they were driving and saw the old woman. "Abuelita, we should help her, she looks like she needs help," said Pita.

"After the journey are you sure you want to help someone?" said Abuelita. Velia and Delia said, "Yes, I think we should help her because she looks very old and ready to die."

Abuelita got out of the car and asked the old lady if she was ok.

The old lady said, "Oh yes, I'm ok, I just need a ride to the border" in a shaky voice.

Pita then said, "Why is her voice so shaky and weird?"

Odilia said, "Shush, Pita, she's an old lady and she needs help."

Delia, Velia and Abuelita agreed and helped the old lady into the car so they could take her home. Then they continued their drive home.

One hour later, they arrived at the swimming hole by the river. They then got out of the car and into the river at the swimming hole.

The old lady also joined. Then they started swimming, and they saw a luxurious island and thought there would be food on the island. Then they started to swim towards the island. When they got on the island, they saw so much food.

Suddenly, as they looked up, they saw a big head rise from the water a animals/monster head

The old lady jumped into the water immediately to join the monster.

Odilia tried to grab the twins and started to walk backwards.

"I think she is a lunatic," Odilia said.

“Don't be silly, she just slipped trying to get some water from the little lake. We should help her.” The twins said.

Odilia said, “NO!”

But the twins didn't listen and tried to help the old lady up, but the old lady scratched Velia's arm real sharply.

The *yacumama* monster suddenly raised from the water and sucked Odilia up leaving Velia shook.

“Whyyyy,” said Velia.

The old lady suddenly rose from the water, but she wasn't an old lady anymore. She was the *cadejo*. She started to laugh creepily and help the *yacumama* attack the kids because they were Mexican.

Odilia got really mad and threw a humongous rock at the *Yacumama* and it spit out Delia.

Odilia grabbed the twins, Pita, and Juanita and started running until Abuelita screamed and told them how to defeat the animals. She said, spit in your hand to kill the *cadejo*.

They came back and Odilia said, “We need a brave one who can spit in their hand and kill the *cadejo*”.

Juanita stepped up and said, “I will” and bravely spit in her hand. She walked up to the *cadejo* and let him lick her spit. Suddenly the *cadejo* started to disappear.

Then they put an explosive item in the pool and started counting to 5. Odilia, Velia, Delia, Juanita, and Pita counted. “1.. 2.. 3... 4.. 5..” and the *Yacumama* blew up. “Yay”, they all screamed.

That night they slept really well and finished their trip back.

The Woman in White

Dezanae and her group

The woman in white has long black hair all over her head, a long dress, and a dainty, ashy face. She kidnaps men even kids because she has love issues. She was betrayed by her husband and after she dies, her grief and rage turned her into a demon. Her rage and grief because of men make her spiteful towards men. Now she haunts the place she lives, seeking revenge on any man unfortunate enough to come across her. She is from Mexico. She hisses, and she was snarling at them like a beast. She also can appear in mirrors.

When they reached the river, the sister said. “ YESSS! We finally made it here”.

They heard a noise while waiting on the boat to arrive. When they heard the noise all the sisters stop and Pita said, “Guys did you hear that?”

Odilia said, “umm no what did you hear?”.

Odilia decided to walk away to the car while the others are trying to figure out where the noise is coming from.

Odilia Started to walk around by herself. she heard the noise again, so she turned around and there was THE WOMAN IN WHITE. The woman in white decided to walk closer to her. The woman in white was walking closer to her while she was backing up.

When she stopped walking back, she turned around and started to run, As she was running, when the woman said: " I just want to give you something".

She was still chasing Odilia. They finally made it to the sisters. When they first saw the woman in white, they said "what in the...!" very loud with a shocked face.

Odilia screams " HELP!.....HELP ME PLEASEEE!".

Juanita grabbed Odilia and said, " come on there's the boat" they grabbed the twins and ran off to the boat.

Once they got in the boat, they turned around to look back and the woman in white was not there anymore. They got on the boat everyone screamed "YES!" One of the twins yelled very loudly saying " NO I WANNA GO HOME NOW TO SEE MAMA".

Once they got off the boat they were spotted by the woman in white. The twins started to throw rocks at the woman in white. Juanita threw rocks. She fell on the ground. After she falls everyone started to throw more rocks at her while she was lying on the ground. They continue to throw the rocks until she dies. Odilia checked her pulse to see if she was breathing.....she wasn't. Once they found out they found out she was no longer breathing.

Juanita and Odilia grab the woman in white and throw her in the river. They ran off to their car. Once they got to their car, they drove off quickly to their destination.

The next day, all of the sisters wake up only to hear the sound of knocking at their door. Velia then begins to start to get out of her bed and answer the door.

As soon as she answered the door Velia's face dropped to sheer fear as she saw who was knocking. Odilia got up to see what the problem was until she saw who was there as well.....when she got to the door, it was The Woman in White looking normal and fine as if they didn't just kill her yesterday.

Odilia called everyone down the stairs. Once they came downstairs everyone was shocked. The lady said, "HELP!"

"Maybe we should help her guys," said Juanita. They took her to the homeless shelter. After that, everything went back to the life it was before. The sisters went on with their life.

La Mujer De Blanco

Zya S., Malaia, Cameron

The Woman in White or La Mujer De Blanco looks like a transparent white lady wearing a white dress. This monster goes after men– she is a sign of approaching death. She was a woman who was betrayed by her lover. She then unfortunately committed suicide and due to her anger, she became a demon that seeks revenge on men. She is from Mexico but is seen all over the world. The Aztecs called her a “*chocani*.”

The *Basilisco Chilote* is a monster from folklore who is part snake and part chicken.

The sisters were walking on a horribly long road that never seemed to end. On and on and on, until they spot a small town in the distance.

“Look! A town! We can finally stop walking forever!” shouted one of the twins.

“We can finally get some shade in this stupid hot weather!” said the other, finishing the first’s thought.

Juanita’s stomach growled.

“Do you think there’s food?” Pita said dragging her feet along the ground

“Duh of course there’s food-” Juanita rolled her eyes. “It’s a whole town, if people live there, they have to eat.”

“Don’t talk to her like that!” Odilia warned.

“Why is this road so long! I want to sit down!” Pita whined.

“We’re almost there, hopefully, Abuela will have a good place for all of us to sleep,” Odilia said.

When they walked down into the town, Pita and the twins ran to the drinking fountain. Velia pushed Delia out the way and started to drink the water. “Velia, we need water too!” Delia said as she got up to shove her twin back.

“Don’t shove! We can all get a drink from the fountain; it isn’t going anywhere” Odilia said as she turned to the twins.

After everyone got a drink, they went to the store to get drinks and snacks. Some of the store lights were broken and there were no people. “Hello? Anyone here?” Odilia said, looking around. They walked in the store slowly and then they heard a monster growling from deeper inside.

“Is someone there?” Pita questioned to the darkness. There was a long pause of silence but then a weird monster ran by them all. In the store’s dim light they saw some horrible amalgamation of a monster.

“Is that an alligator!?” Juanita shouted.

“No, it’s a dragon with-” Velia started

“A chicken head and wings?” Delia finished.

Then Odilia grabbed Pita’s hand and told the girls to run out of the store

Everyone ran out of the store, and they felt a really cold wind even though it was so hot outside that they could wring the sweat out their clothes.

Pita looked behind them and saw the *Basilisco Chilote* clawing at the door. She screamed.

The girls ran away into an alley far away from the monster. They found a field so they could catch their breath and saw a woman crying.

Odilia was suspicious of the woman and whispered to her sisters.

"Walk around her and if she says anything to us, keep it brief and don't tell her any important stuff."

They all nodded okay. But Juanita argued that if they ask the woman for directions, it would be better than to try and wander home on their own.

After a little while of arguing between Odilia and Juanita, they both decided that the best thing was to ask someone else for directions. But while they were arguing pita went to ask the lady.

"You guys are taking too long to decide," she muttered to herself "I'll just go ask her myself!"

While Odilia and Juanita were yelling at each other, Velia noticed pita walking down the hill. "Hey! Pita where are you going!" Velia said. Velia ran down the hill following Pita. Delia ran down the hill with Velia.

"Where are you going?" Odilia said. "We need to get out of here before that chicken dragon thing gets us!" Odilia said.

Pita and the twins continued to walk down the hill. "Get back here now!" Odilia said yelling at Pita and the twins. The *Basilisco Chilote* flew above them and roared. The girls look up at the *Basilisco Chilote* and screamed. They ran back down to the town. The girls hid in a broken abandoned building. The girls breathe heavily.

"What are we going to do?" Juanita said.

Pita turned around and gasped "Look, there's a nest." The girls turned around. Pita ran up to the nest and climbed in.

"Pita, what are you doing?" Odilia said.

"Look, their eggs!" Pita held up one of the eggs.

"Pita, put that egg down now!" Odilia yelled.

The *Basilisco Chilote* flies in the broken abandoned building. The *Basilisco Chilote* landed and shook the building. The shaking of the building made Pita drop the egg. The egg broke and the yolk came out. Pita turned around to the *basilisco chilote* and...

To be continued.

Returning the Dead Man

Anyah, Amira, Breyonna

The five sisters were on their way to the dead man's house to return the body. Right before they got there, a monster was standing right behind the tree. Pita was the one to spot it. Yet she couldn't quite picture what the monster looked like.

Pita said, "Guys, what's that over there," while pointing behind the tree.

The twins looked but didn't see anything. So, they were not bothered at all. Juanita tried to look but didn't see anything either.

When Pita said, "look over there behind the tree Odilia"

But Odilia couldn't turn around because she was driving Pita looked again and it wasn't there. A little while later, they pulled up to the dead man's house.

"We are finally here!" said the Twins.

"Finally, my legs are asleep," Juanita complained.

"Look in there," said the Twins. They peeked into the windows and saw a bunch of people dancing.

"What are they doing? Why are they dancing?" Pita said confused. They knocked on the door and the girl in a beautiful dress came to the door. Turns out, it was the little girl in the picture on the dead man's wallet.

"Today must be her birthday!" the Twin said.

"She must be my age," Odilia said looking surprised. The girl cleared her throat. And everybody stopped talking and looked at her

"Yes? How many I help you?" The girl said. While the sisters were still shocked about her age Delia spoke "yes um well... we believe we have your um dad...dead dad in the backseat of our car."

Battle with El Coco

Jay'Quawn and Anthony L.

El coco looks like a tortoise with a horned spine, dragon claws and a dragon head, with eyes on its hands. It kills people and eats your hands so it can see from its eyeballs. This monster came into being when people blow up his planet, so now he lives underground, and he comes back every 15 years so it can eat. This monster is dangerous because it likes to kill people so it can grow more. It lives on a planet that's dark.

So before we leave, we have to go to New York," said Pita, Velia, Juanita and Odilia.

Pita said, "why do we have to go there? what's there we need?"

Odilia said it's fun there.

So when we got there Velia was saying something was loud, but in my mind, I knew what the loud noise was.

The girls wanted to go inside of a dark room where they heard the noise from.

I tried my best to keep the girls from going in the room, but soon as they went in, they seen a shadow run past their face. So I said that it was their fault because we tried our best to keep them away from that dark room.

Velia said, "It's just a shadow so we don't have to worry about it so let's keep going."

Then I tried my best to keep Velia from going down in the room some more. Soon as Velia seen El Coco she tried to fight so Pita tried to grab Velia but the monster would not let go. Soon as the monster let Velia go, they tried to run, but the door was locked. Odilia saw a door open in the stairway, but the monster security was right there.

The monster screamed over the PA announcements and said, "Send them girls back down right now."

Soon as the girls was walking back down the stairs the light went out, so Juanita fell down the stairs. When El Coco grabbed the girl, he started the roller coaster. Then the girls started going around, and then the girls got dizzy.

When the girls got dizzy, El Coco let them off the roller coaster. The girls screamed and said, "I can't see!"

El Coco started laughing and grinned and said, "Got them just where I wanted."

But when El Coco looked away Odilia grabbed something out her pocket. Then Odilia said I got an idea, Odilia said, "I got a Ringer in my pocket."

Velia said, "Use it on her," and Odilia pressed the button.

Then El Coco's ears started ringing. Then the girls wasn't dizzy no more.

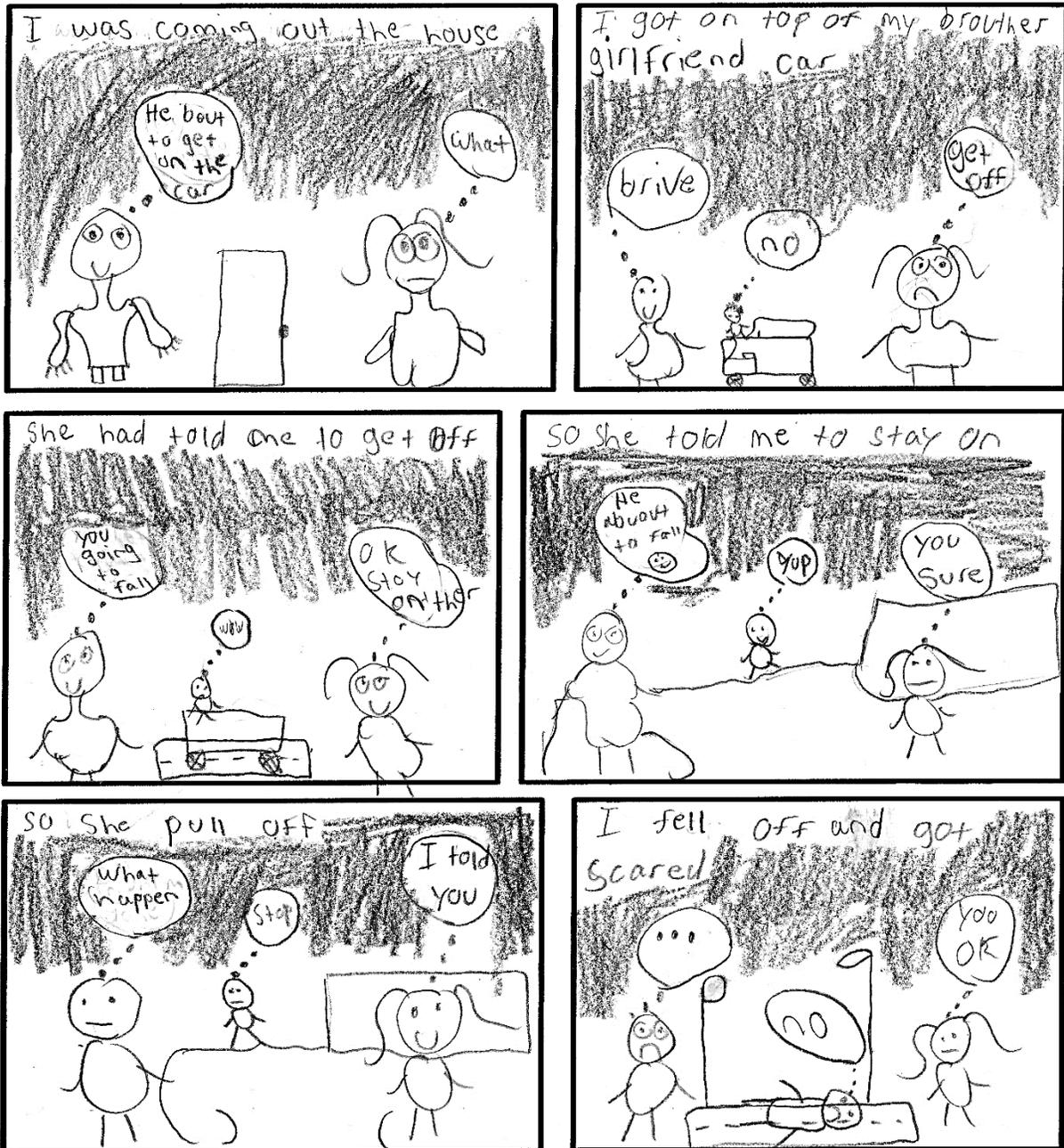
Velia had a pocketknife in her pocket, so she ran over to El Coco and stab her. Then El Coco fell over to the ground. The girls ran back upstairs, and the security guard was right there.

Then Velia start flirting with him and when she got close, she stabbed him. When the girls got back outside, they said, "Finally. We need to go back home right now."

Nonfiction Comics from the 8th Grade

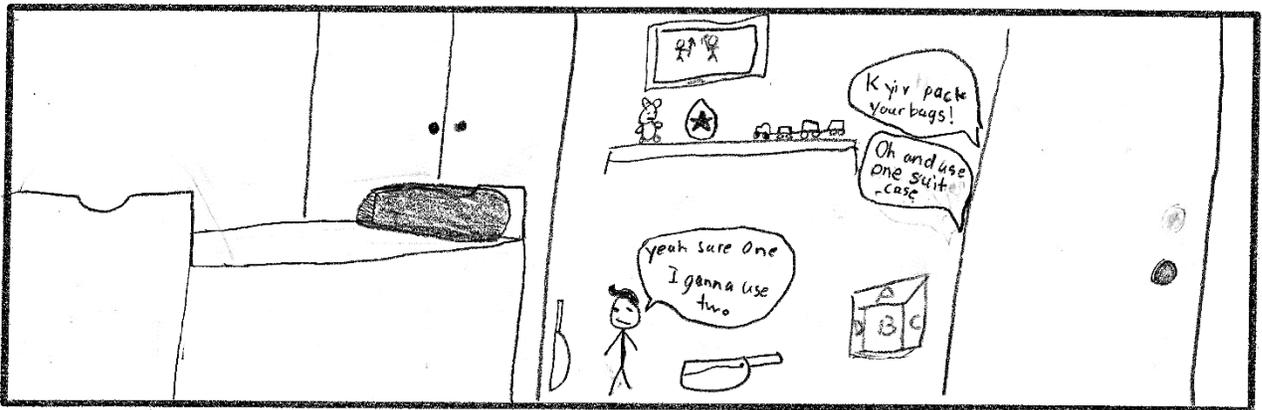
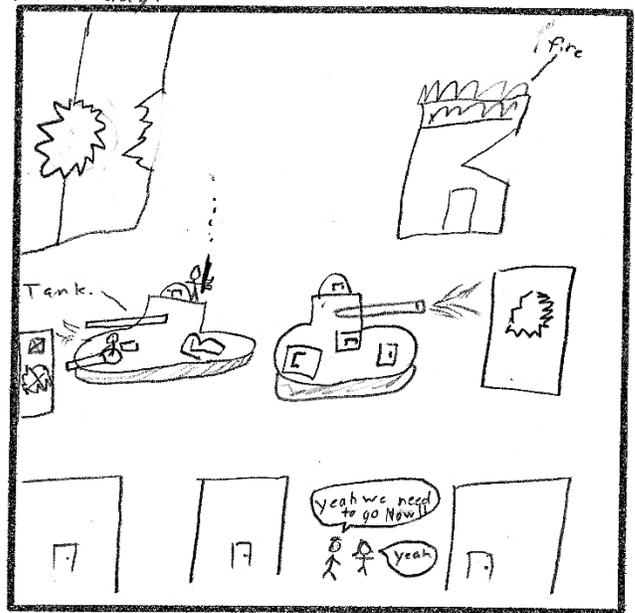
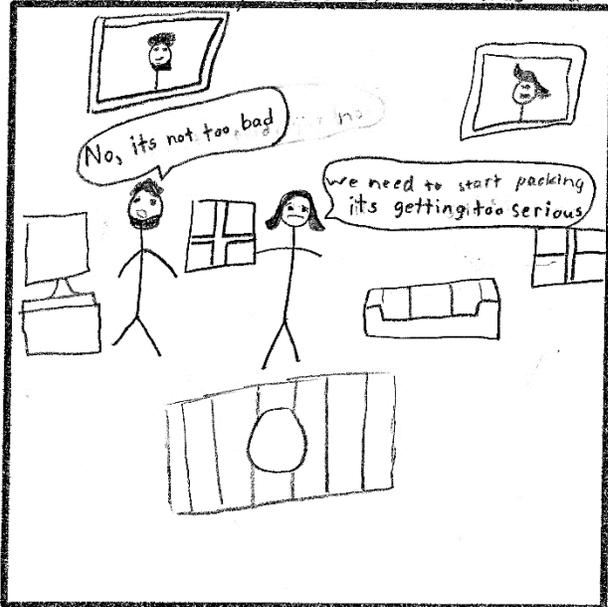
The 8th grade read the graphic novel Maus this year. Then they experimented with using comics to tell true stories, about refugees from Ukraine, and about stories from their families.

Falling Off a Car by Jay'Quawn A.

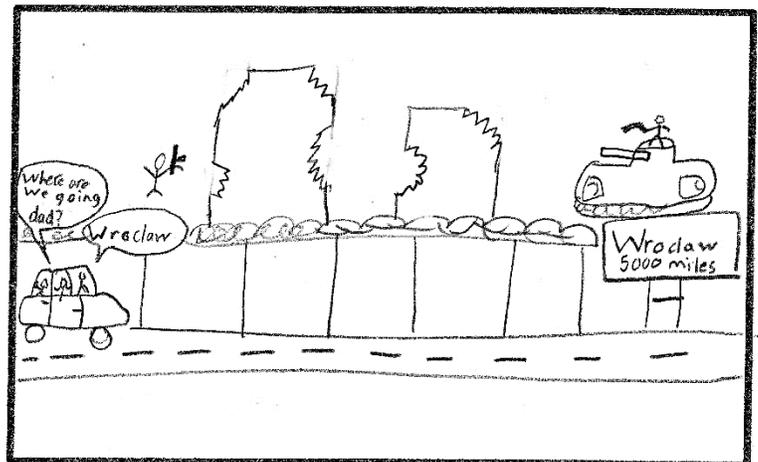


Leaving Home, a Refugee Story by Zane S.

February 23, 2022 it was a winter day.

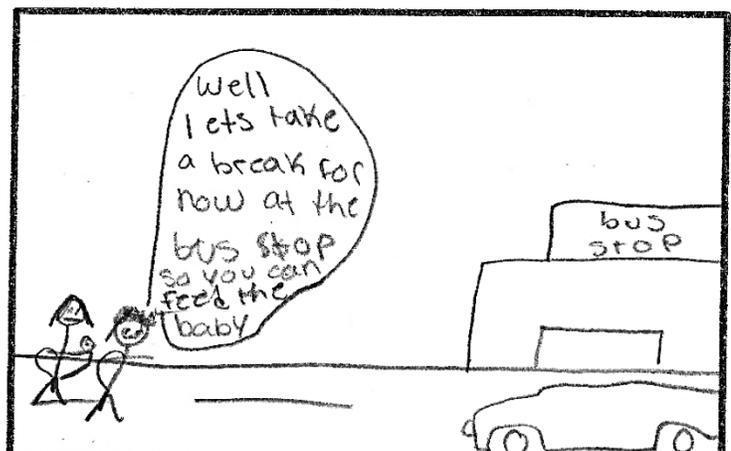
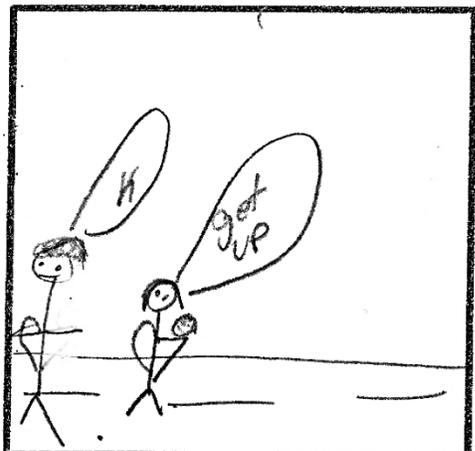


2 hours later...

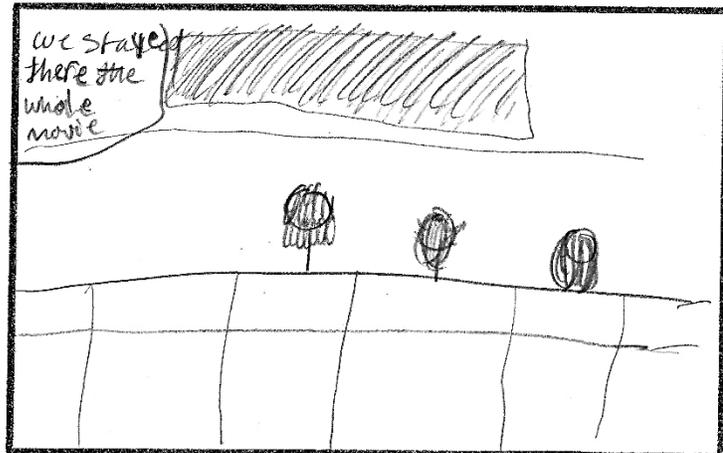
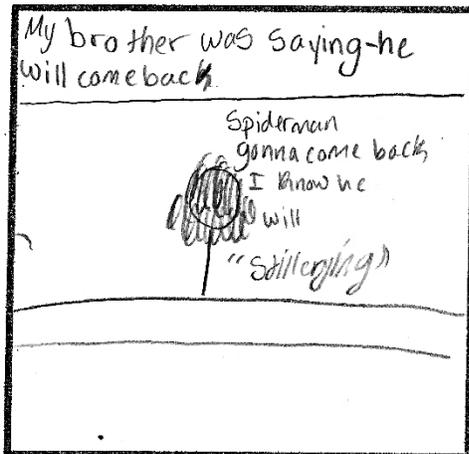
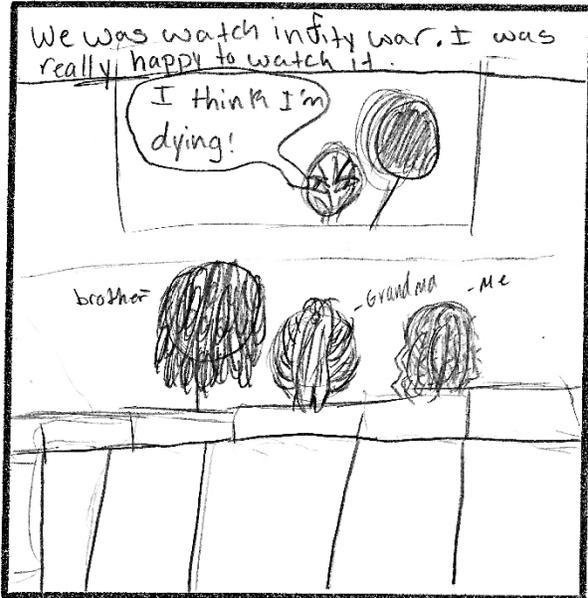


The Never-Ending Journey, a Refugee Story by Channan G.

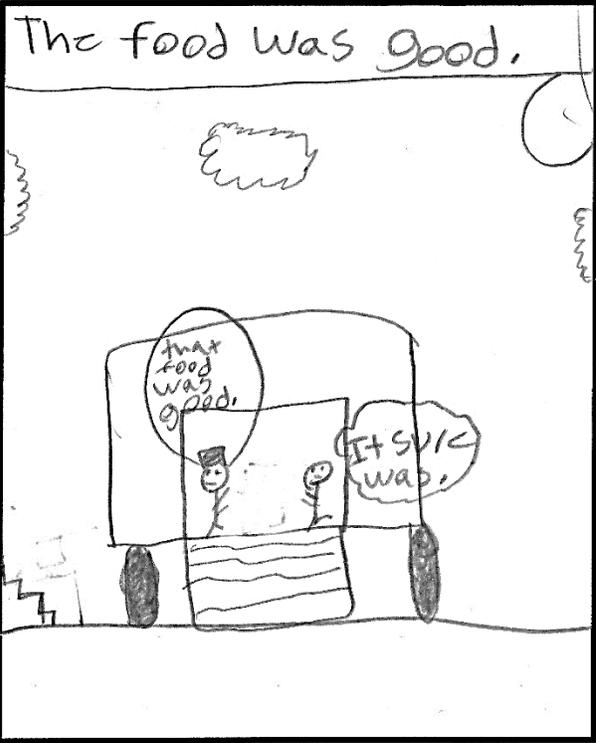
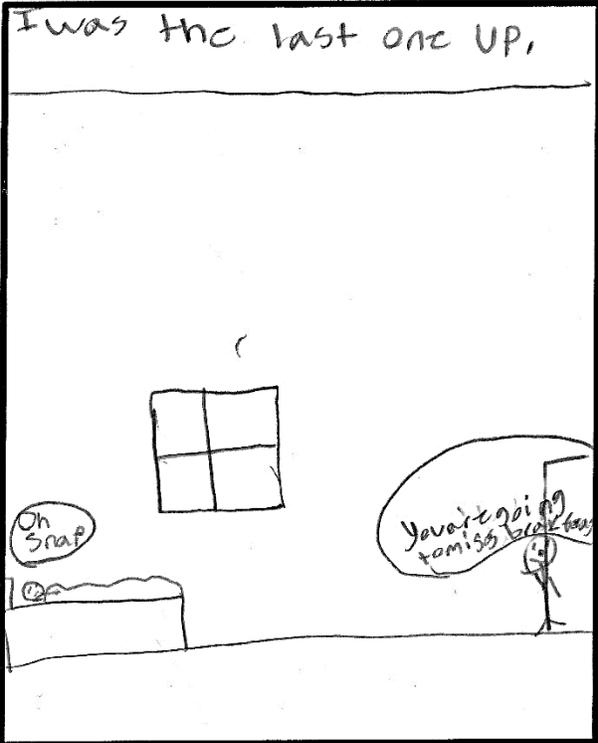
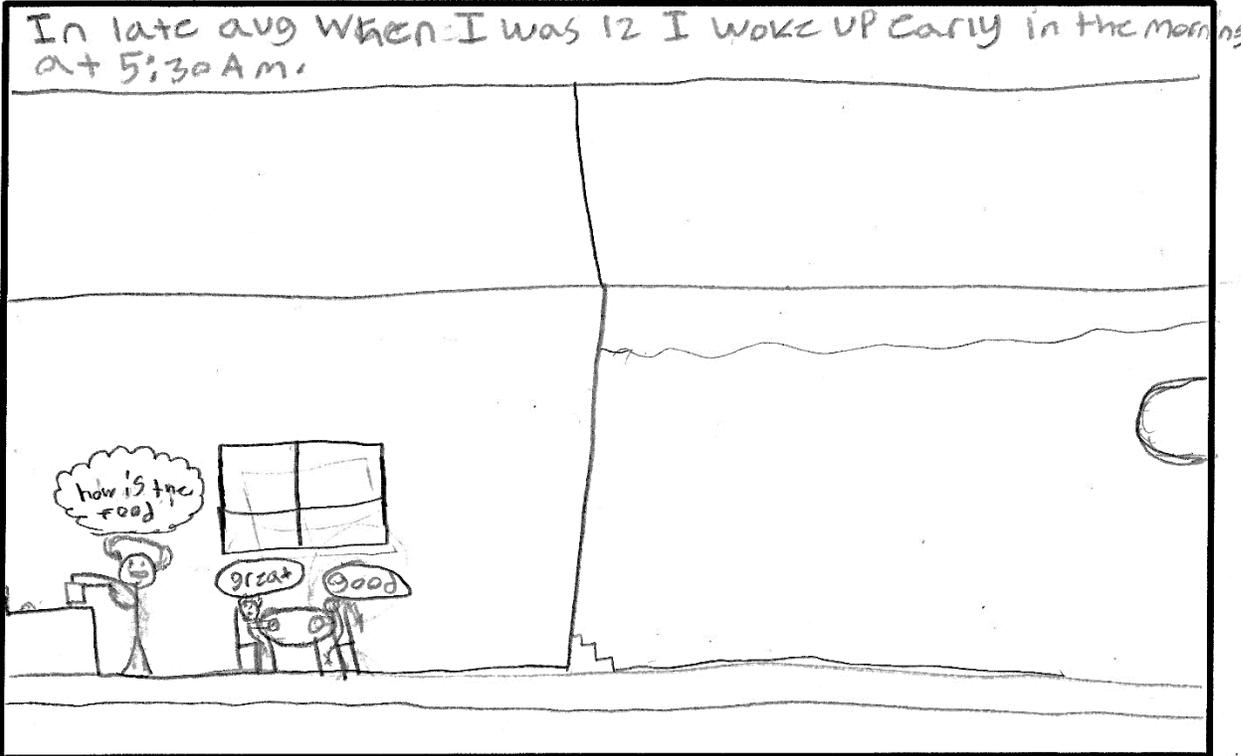
Feb 25. Bus stop 2022



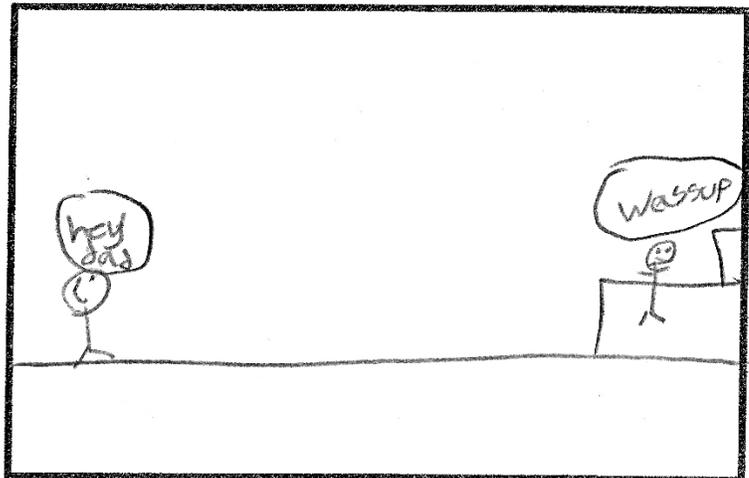
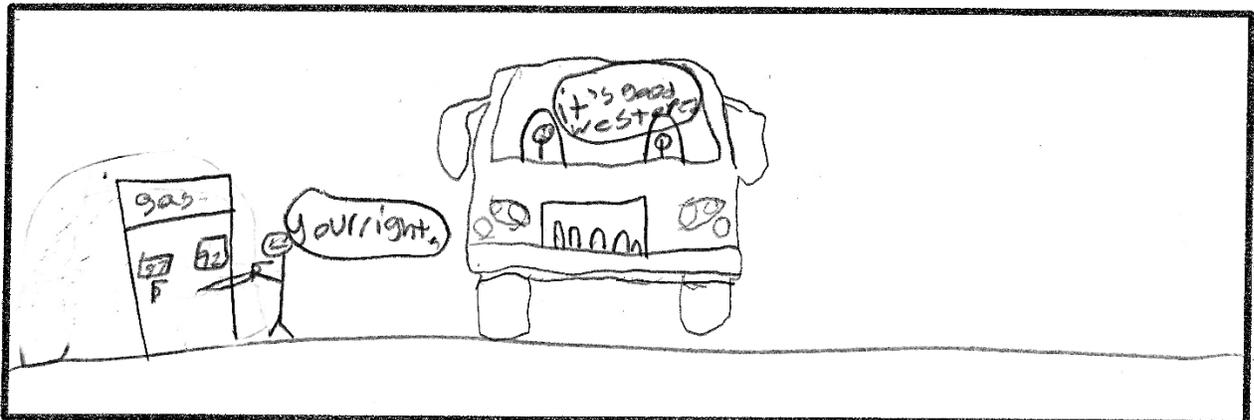
That Time I Cried at a Movie by Desirae M.



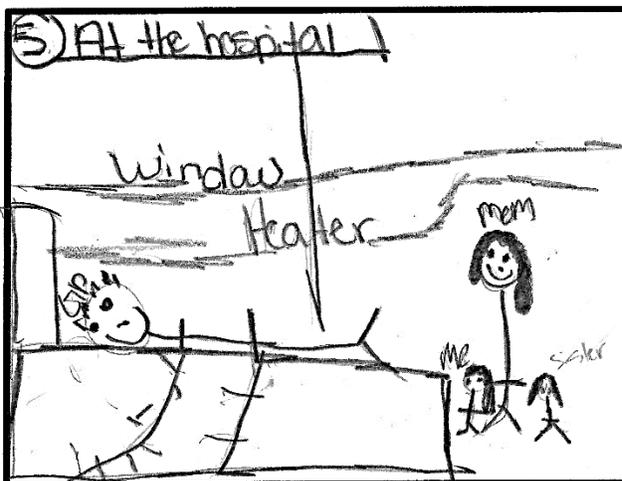
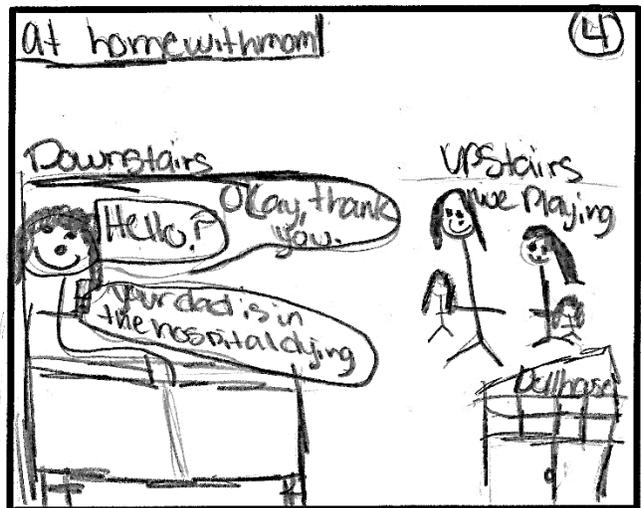
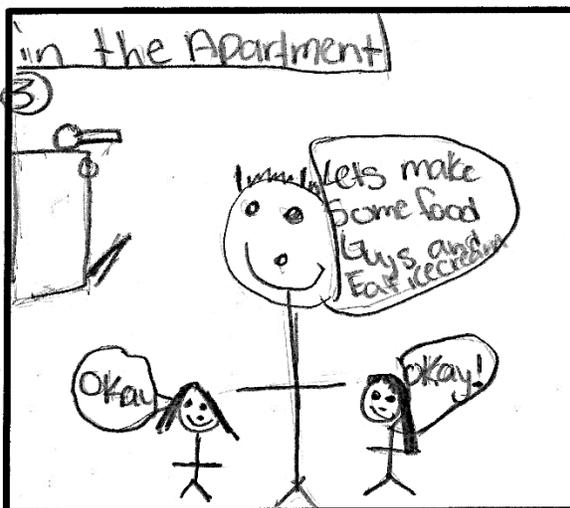
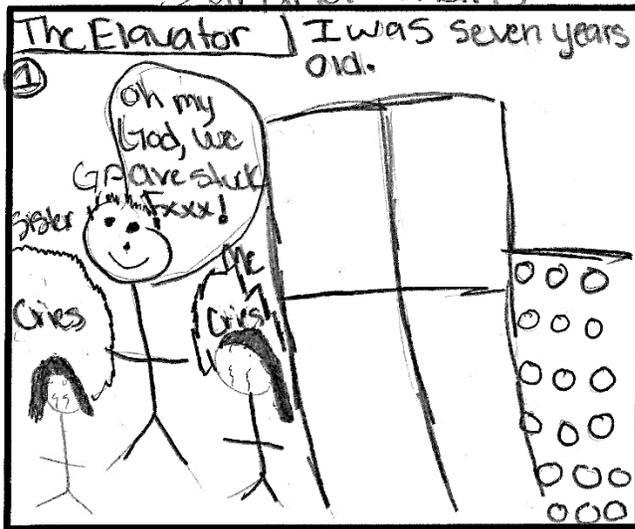
Moving Day by Damond B.



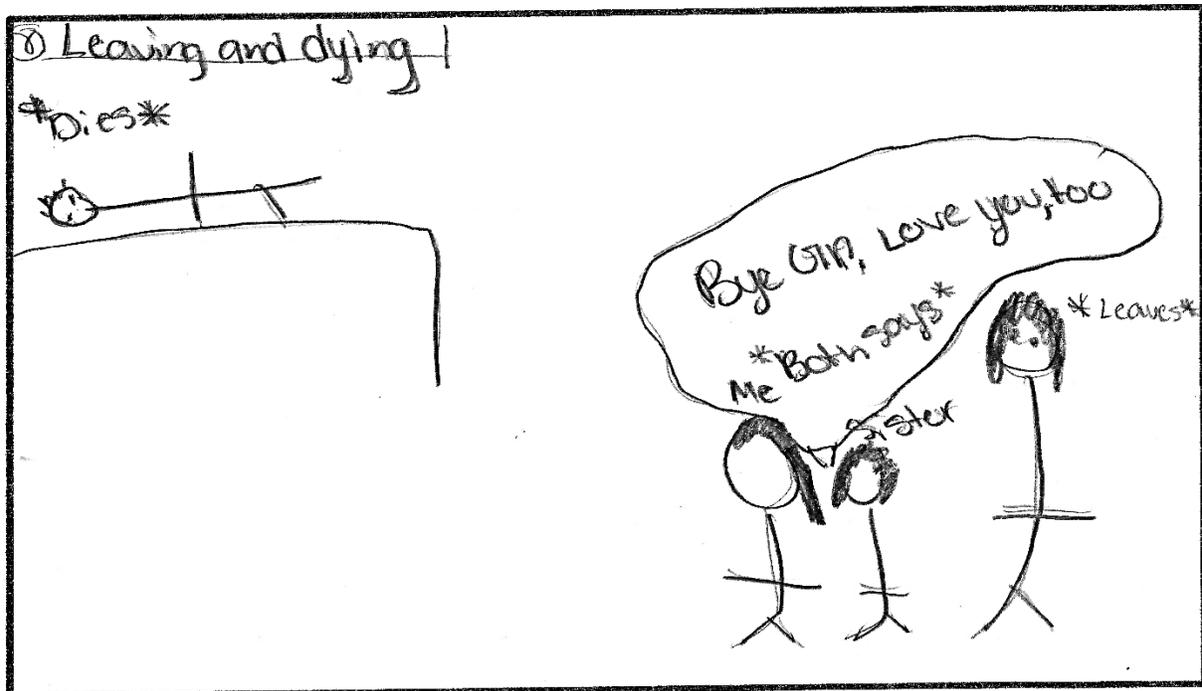
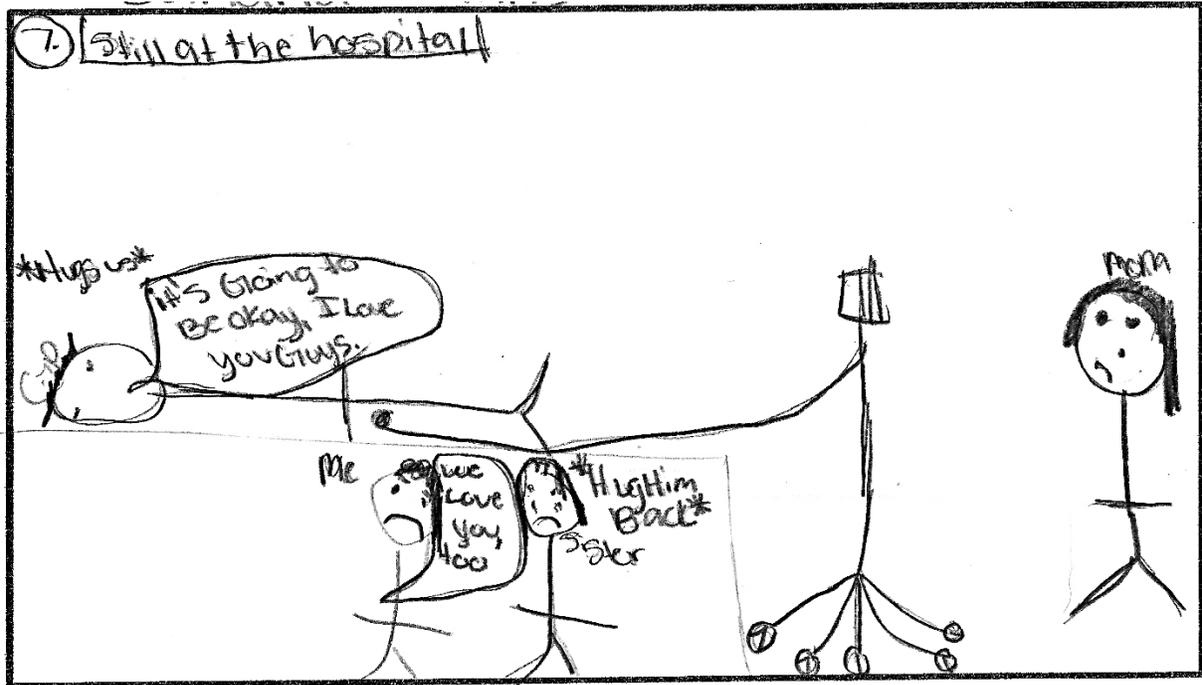
Keep reading! There's a second page to this comic!



Saying Goodbye to Grandpa by Da'Naria P.



Keep reading! This is a two-page comic!

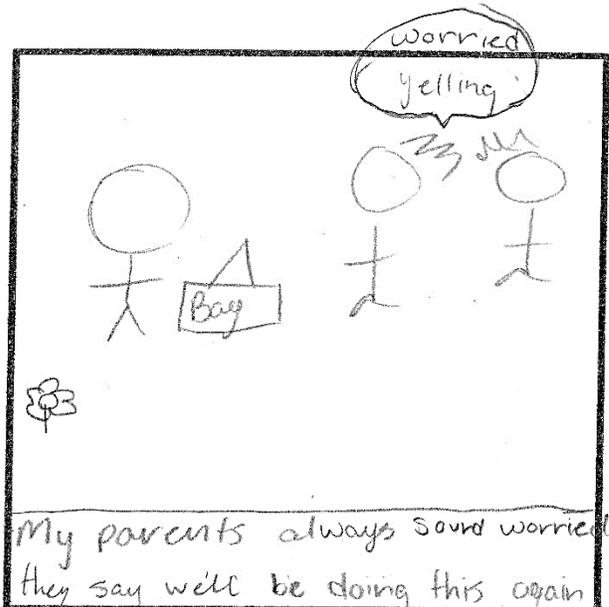


Leaving My Dog in Ukraine by Malaia F.

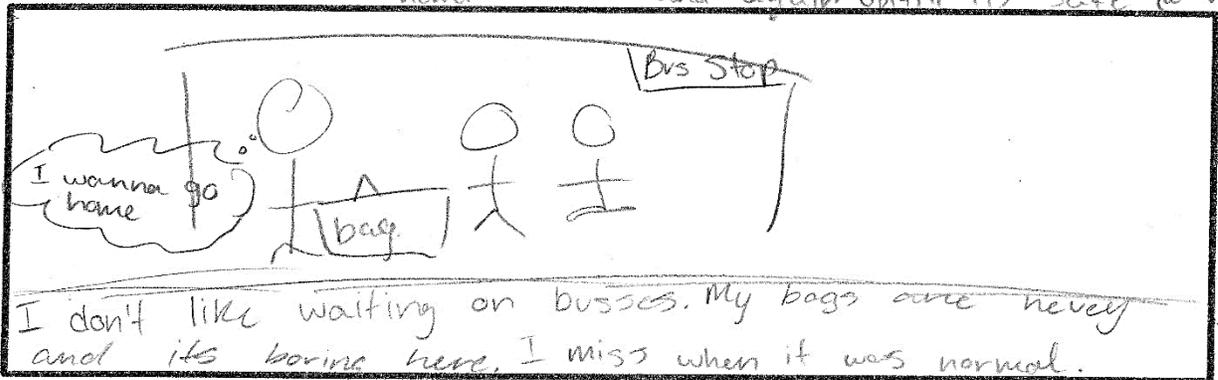
3-1-22



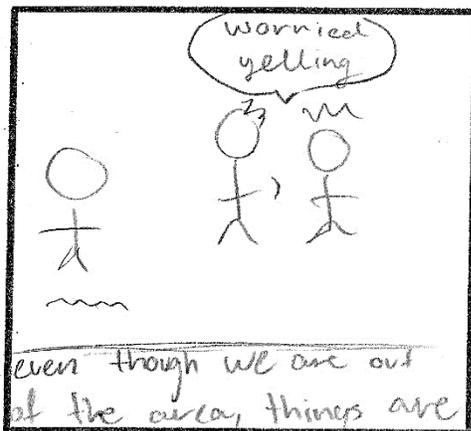
I MISS my dog. Since we had to leave, I haven't seen them.



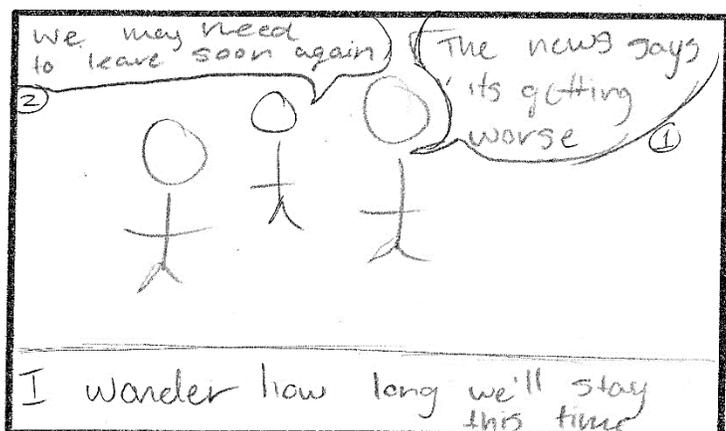
My parents always sound worried. they say we'll be doing this again and again until its safe @ home.



I don't like waiting on busses. My bags are never and its boring here. I miss when it was normal.

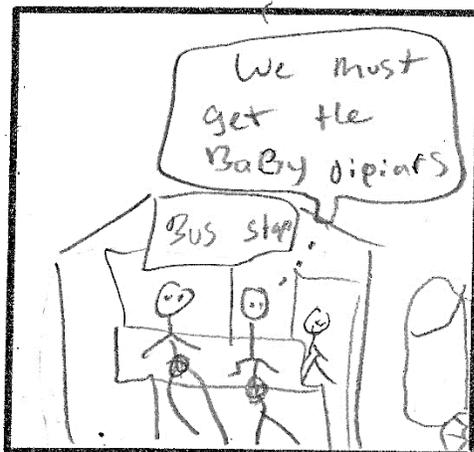
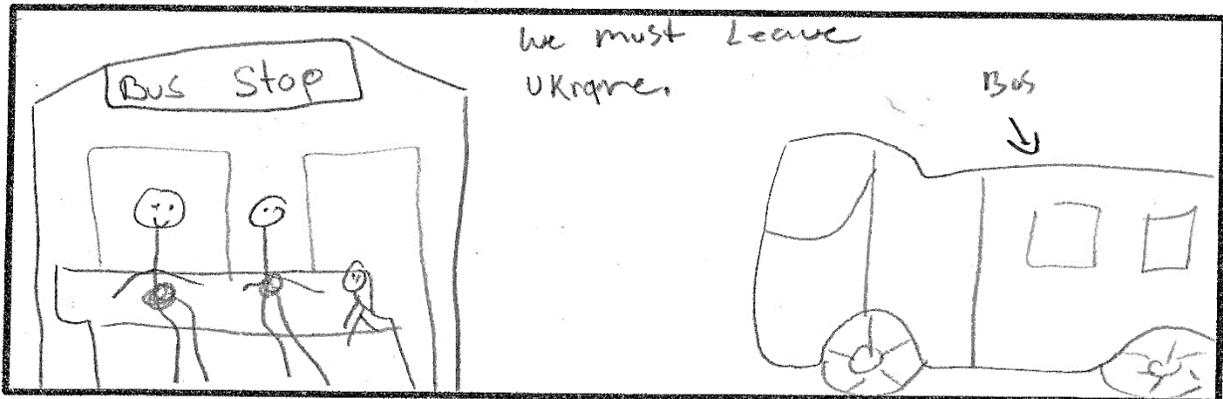
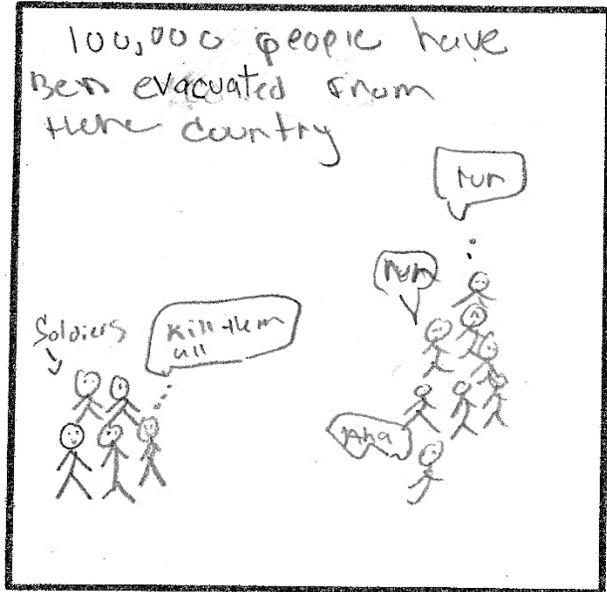
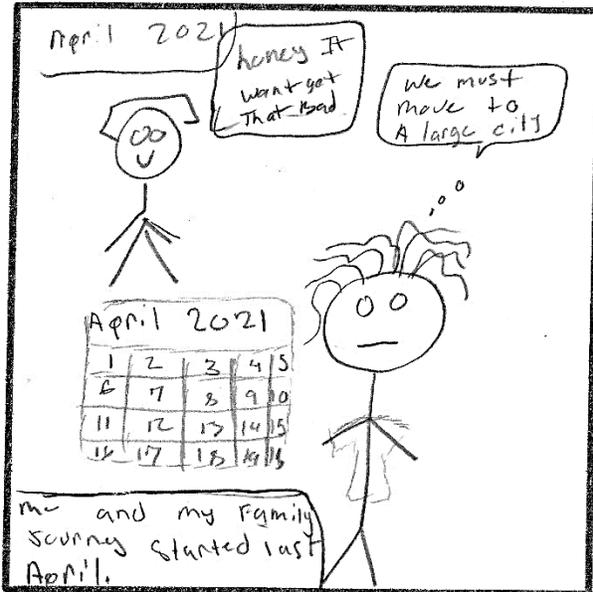


even though we are out of the area, things are the same.

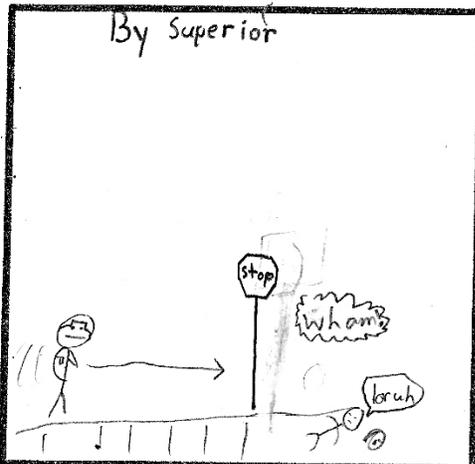
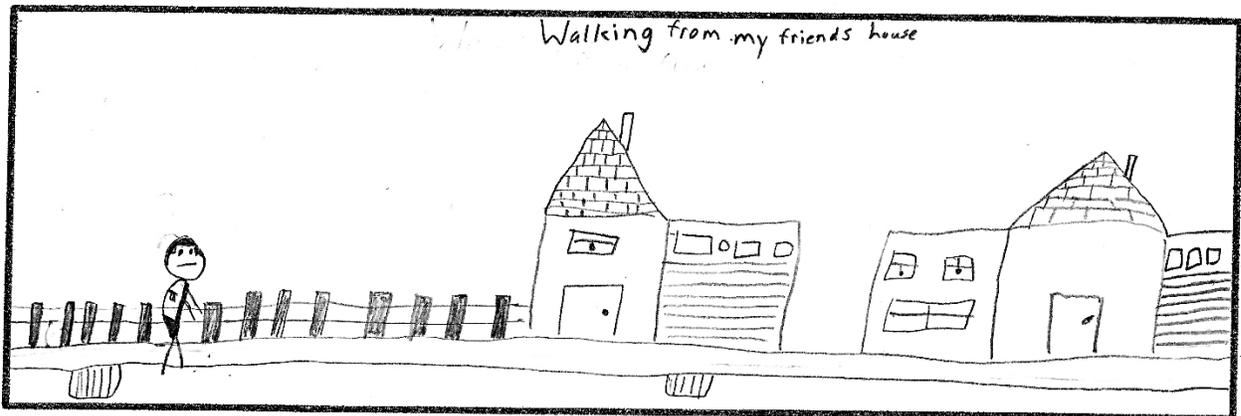
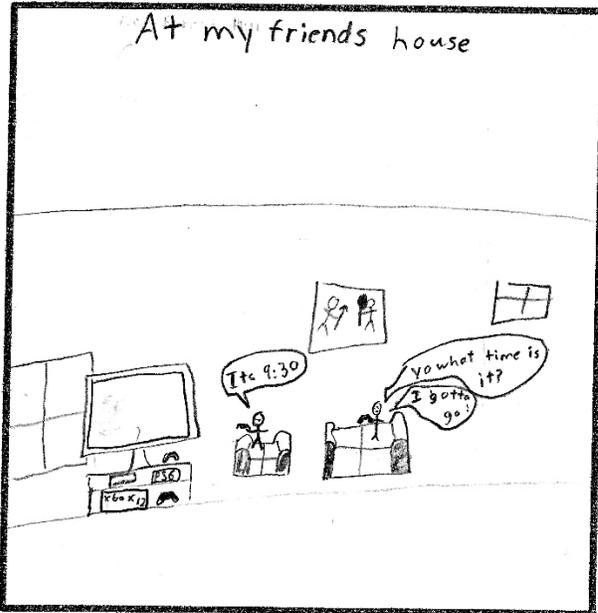


I wonder how long we'll stay this time

Leaving Ukraine by Michael W.



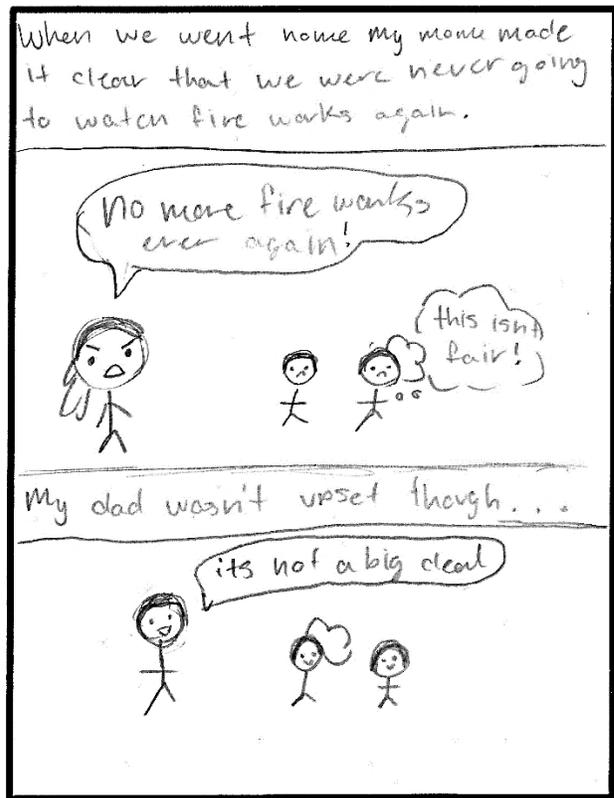
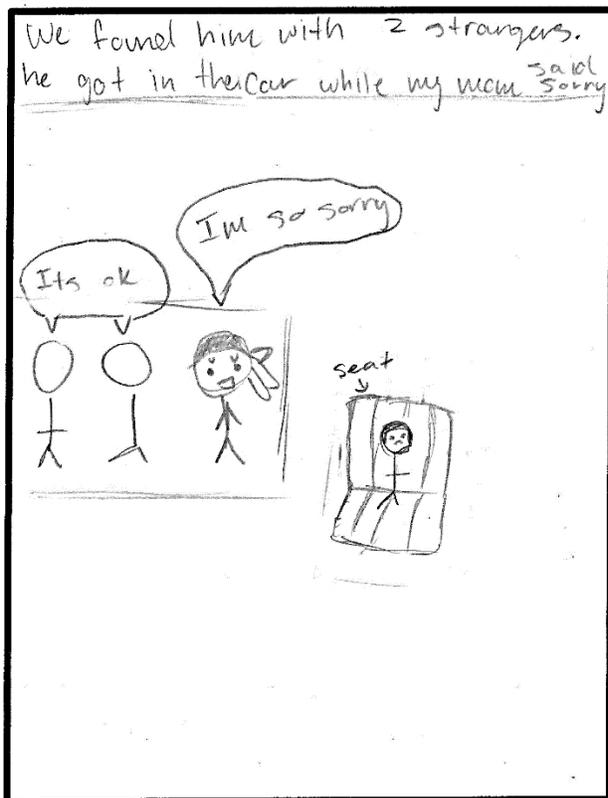
The Day I Ran Into a Pole by Zane S.



Fireworks by Malaia F.



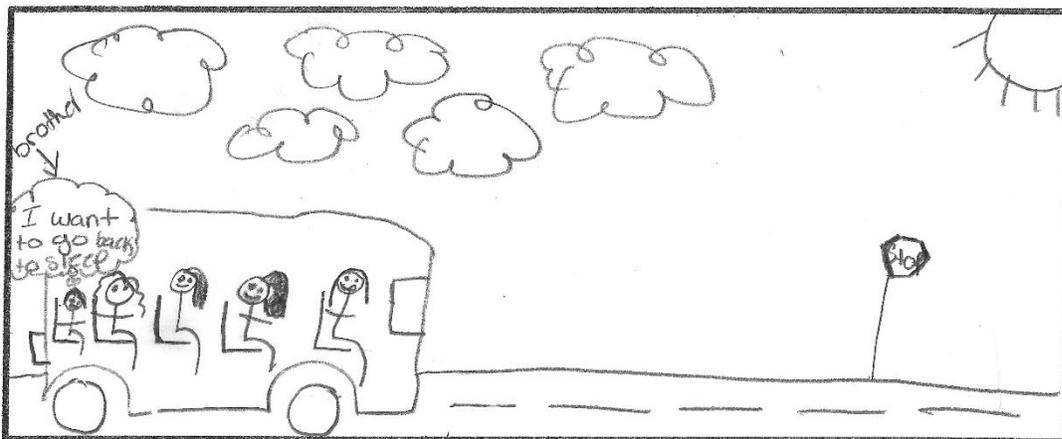
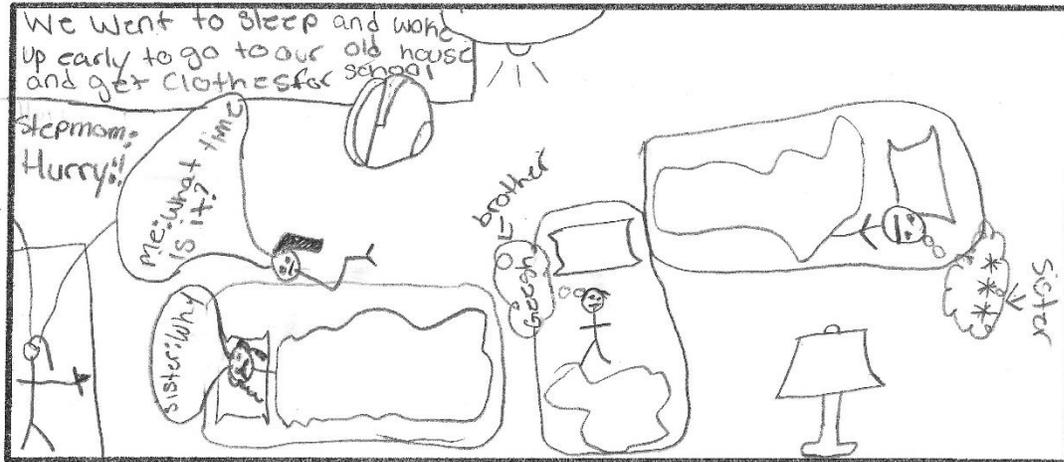
Keep on reading because this is a two page comic!



True Story by Channan G.

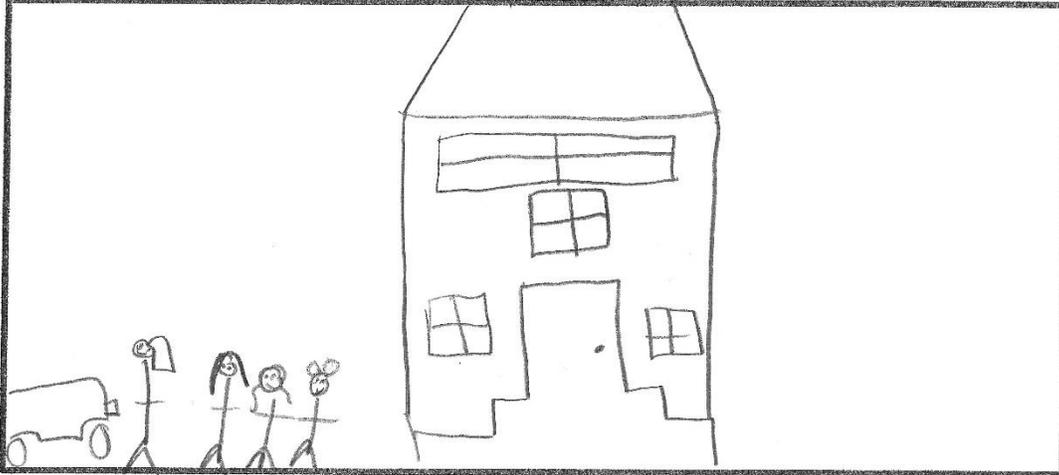
I was in six grade at home.

Channan Gibson



Read on, there's a page two!

old house



We tried to find our clothes when our mom asked us the question



Stop the Hate Essays from the 8th Grade

Hate Be Gone!

Sa'Riya J.

I experienced injustice when I was in 6th grade. I used to always be excluded because I was seen as 'weird' or 'quiet.' I remember a lot of the time when I answered questions or did something good in class, I was called the 'teacher's pet' or something else rude in front of the teacher. and she never said anything about it. A lot of the time I sat alone and did not have any partners for group projects. Even when I did have partners, I'd be their last pick because their friends already had a partner. I remember a lot of the time I'd ask my mom to stay home, but I'd always use the excuse "because school is boring" because I didn't feel like going through the trouble of bothering her. I remember my grades dropped as well.

I just didn't feel happy at all that year. I always thought to myself, "Why am I so weird? Should I change myself? Why am I such a weirdo?" I always had low self-esteem. I didn't want to see other people. I didn't want to hear from people there. I just wanted to go home and stay home.

It was stressful trying not to cry. Every time I got home, I hid behind the excuse that I just didn't need anybody. I worked better on my own anyways. The teacher never did anything to help me. I felt worthless, and I would get a lot more agitated and hostile. I wanted to cry sometimes because it was so stressful to walk inside the building. I hated school during that time. I remember the energy-sucking feeling whenever I walked in the building. I was scared to interact with people because I was scared they would judge me for my personality or the way I talked. I just didn't know what to do with myself.

Even looking back on it now makes me feel like crying because the feeling I felt was so devastating. I didn't like how I couldn't express myself to the fullest without feeling afraid of being judged. It definitely made me see a new perspective. But even though this experience was hard, it was definitely humbling. I learned that some people are scared to interact and express themselves. I understood how everybody acted a lot more shameful because they didn't wanna be excluded.

I want people to understand that nobody should be excluded. I want them to understand that just because you put a label on someone doesn't mean they're always gonna fit that label. Now that I understand how labels can hurt people, I will try to not label others in a way to exclude them because I understand that that could destroy someone's mental health. I will also try to do my best to stop others from labeling people because I know how it feels to be labeled. It's not easy for me to speak out, but I will speak out to Stop the Hate.

My Friend Carlos

Zane S.

Last year in the summer I was walking to the bus stop with my friend Jack. I saw one of my friends, Carlos, at the bus stop. Then I saw two people that I have never seen before. And I heard them talking about him. "Oh my god, look how fat you are, my boi. Look at you chopping down that hamburger."

I waited for them to stop talking so I could walk up to them. Me and Jack went to sit on the bench nearby. As they stopped talking, I went up to them, but at this time the bus was down the street and almost there, so I just waited for them to go on the bus (I was going to the same place as him).

I got on the bus, and I sat right next to him and said, "What's up Carlos, how is it going?"

He replied, "Good. I'm doing good." Me, Jack, and Carlos started talking about the new Xbox and the new games on it. Then the two people that we saw earlier came over and sat behind us. One of the guys leaned forward and whispered in Carlos's ear and said, "Why are you so fat, my guy?" Another guy next to him was laughing.

I told Carlos, "Don't listen to them, they are just trying to be heard." Then I turned around and said, "You shouldn't come outside and start talking about people because you are hurting their feelings."

Carlos felt mad, irritated, and sad. The other two people felt like what they were saying was funny. I felt like I should have run up to them and told them to stop talking to Carlos that way. The two other people felt like what they were saying was drop down hilarious. And the other people on the bus probably thought that they were weird.

From this experience, I learned that you shouldn't just go outside and start talking about people. I took action by telling Carlos to not listen to them, they were just trying to be heard.

My Big Glasses

Kel'Von D.

One day we were at school in the hallway. Somebody said I have big glasses. I felt sad and I yelled at them when they said that and the other people didn't feel bad for me. Then we went back to the classroom.

When they said that my glasses are big, I felt sad. It affected my life longterm. What I always said to myself is that I have big glasses. I felt good and not let nobody say that to me no more. It affected the others who witnessed it; they just laughed and didn't do anything. It is some form of discrimination because it is hurtful for people that have to wear glasses. It is important to me because I have to wear glasses because of my vision, and I can't see far. I want the other people to take the hate out of it and to take out the bullying and the name-calling. My message is to never bully and don't call people names and don't talk about people when there is something wrong with them.

One thing I did is told them to leave me alone. The second thing I did was told the teacher or the principal. A third thing I did was to tell my parents. The fourth thing I did was talk to the principal. A fifth thing I did was to keep telling them to leave me alone. The sixth thing I did was to keep telling the principal. The seventh thing I did was keep telling my mom. The eighth thing I did was keep telling an adult.

If this happens to anyone else, I will tell that person that they can say to themselves that they have big glasses and they are a good person.

Don't Hate on Other People

Aniyah G.

Around the summertime, people were outside playing. It was younger kids, teenagers, and adults. They were playing basketball while the younger kids were playing on the trampoline. So, around the afternoon, 1 o'clock, some teenagers walked up to this little girl. She was playing with her friends. At the time, I was in the house so I couldn't really tell what was happening. After they walked up to her, they were talking to her, saying some mean things because she started crying. At the time I didn't like her. So, I laughed, but after I laughed, I told my mom.

She told me to go see if she was okay, so I did. So, I was being nice and asked her if she was okay, and she said that they bullied her and called her all types of names.

So, I told my oldest brother to tell them to leave her alone because they keep bullying her mostly every day. He told them to leave that girl alone, who was not their age, they said okay, and started playing basketball again. So, I asked her if she wanted to be friends and she said sure.

Around 2:20 pm, I asked my mom if my oldest brother could take us to the park. She said yes, but we had to be back around 4 because she was going to work, and there was nobody there to watch my little brother. My oldest brother took us to the park, and we played for a couple of minutes. When we were walking from the park, the teenage boys bumped into her, and she fell. She ended up scraping her knee. She was bleeding.

My oldest brother ended up laughing at her. Me and the girl ran home. Before my mom left to go to work, I told her what happened when we were walking home from the park. She said she will deal with my oldest brother when she gets off.

I was impacted by when I saw that she was getting bullied. What I heard was that they kept calling her out her name. She was getting bullied, called out her name, and more. It wasn't right for her to keep getting bullied. They were wrong, and older. They were teenagers. It was basically an everyday type of bullying. She didn't like how she was getting bullied. My mom helped her a lot like she was her own child. I mean, it was nice to do that for her.

I did mostly nothing if I'm honest. All I did was tell an adult and help her with some things. If I did help, I'm glad that I made her smile. But they were wrong for doing what they did. They wasn't even her age if I'm honest. They were around 14 or 15 and she was 11 at the time. But if anything, my mom helped the most. She told us what to do and not to do, who to stay around and not to be around. I mean my mom helped her so much like she was her own child.

Crazy Pajama Story

Anthony L.

One day at school on January 14 2022 my class had gone to the bathroom and the 7th-grade class came to the bathroom break with us. This particular Friday we had spirit week. You had an option to wear pajamas or wear your regular clothes to school. This 7th grader came behind me with pajamas on and my friend saw his pajamas and started laughing at them.

I was telling my friend to stop laughing at his clothes because he might like his pajamas. My friend started saying things like your pajamas are beefy, big, long, etc.

When we finally got in the bathroom, I told my friend they were wrong for talking about that boy's pajamas. When we got out of the bathroom the boy went to the office and was crying. Me and 2 out of the 3 boys who were doing it got called down to the office. When me and the two other boys got in the office, I was confused because I didn't do anything. The boy in the pajamas admitted it and said they did it, but the principal would not let me leave. She kept saying I did. I think if I hadn't been getting in trouble before that incident, she would've believed me.

The boy in pajamas was harmed because he felt like he couldn't wear his pajamas to school because he felt like people were going to be talking about them. Something I learned from the experience is that the little things can hurt somebody. I feel like if I would've said something the boy probably would have told the principal I wasn't talking about his pajamas.

Something I did do is tell my friend to chill, but I guess the boy didn't hear it. Something I will do is walk away so that next time he would know I wasn't talking about his pajamas. I feel like it is not right to tease people that think it's right to wear things they like at school. I feel that if people weren't talking about what other people wear this world would be a better place. Keep things to yourself, treat people how you want to be treated.

From My Porch
Channan G.

I was on my porch when I saw an older lady and a young man arguing. They seemed pretty mad. "You are not allowed to be gay," the older woman said.

"Well, if you like it or not, I am still going to be gay," the young boy yelled. Right after he yelled that a lot of neighbors came outside. Then the mom explained that she does not want a gay son because people will look at their family weirdly. But the son did not want to hear it and he got into the car but did not drive off.

Suddenly, the old lady ran up to the car, broke the window with a heavy brick and said, "You will never be my son again." The son seemed so surprised because he didn't know his mother could be so evil. He came back a week later to get his stuff and that was the last time I saw him.

When this happened, I was ten years old, so I did not know anything about gays. But after this situation, I thought people should not be gay. After that day I had nightmares of my sister telling my mom she was gay and then my mom killing her.

This experience taught me a lot of discrimination because I talked about hate towards the LGBTQ+ community. It also made me respect the LGBTQ+ community and how much they had to go through, so this story is particularly important to me. I want others to look at my essay and think, "Wow LGBTQ+ community has gone through tough times and their people are just like us."

I will try to be the upstander in my class. When I see someone getting bullied for being gay, I will tell a teacher. I will watch what I say so I will not hurt anyone else's feelings. I will be more friendly so at least they have someone to talk to when they are down. I can also start a stop the hate group. Where people can feel safe being themselves. Another thing I can do is try to get my friends to get on the same page. I can really help a lot of people in the world.

Why Didn't I Say Anything?

Da'Naria P.

One day when I was thirteen, I was in math class on a cold harsh winter. My class was transitioning from ELA, and a boy and girl were arguing over something stupid when the boy called the girl "retarded and ugly."

She said, "Who is ugly? Y'all are always talking about me!" I felt bad because everyone is always talking about how retarded and ugly she is. I never said anything because I was just shocked and was like, "Oh, wow." After all, she may just learn a different way or longer way than other students such as "hands-on learning" or "visual learning."

Everyone was yelling, telling the girl and boy to fight and being on the boy's side. They didn't fight because the teacher broke it up. The fight was stupid but for them to call her retarded and ugly is just wrong. I don't know why I didn't stand up for her.

I think she felt hurt, sad, tired, and mad. She might have wanted to kill herself and just stop coming to school. It affected others who witnessed it because it could have made them scared or nervous to speak up or do anything because they thought they might be the next target.

This is injustice or some form of discrimination because they are picking on someone because of how they look. Sometimes someone can't control how they look. This issue is important to me because it's wrong to bully. I was sad and hurt for the girl, but I didn't say anything. Why didn't I say anything? I didn't say anything because I was afraid of being the next victim and being made fun of even though I wouldn't really care... but I would care at the same time.

Things I want people to take away from my essay is never bully no one no matter what. If someone is getting bullied, stand up for them and be an upstander. If you don't want to stand up to them, then tell a teacher right away. Never let someone be bullied or someone bully you.

Even though I didn't stand up for her, and I let her get bullied, next time I will help whomever it is that needs to be helped. I might also make videos like other people and speak on bullying. I would make changes to the school like make programs that speak of bullying. I might get people inside our school to help the people that are bullying because they might be going through something at home. They might be depressed, angry, sad, etc and they take it out on others because it releases a little anger. They might need a counselor, and I can help with that. I'm in a lot of groups right now, and we talk about bullying and other things.

Just Walk Away

Cameron W.

One morning, I was late so everything happened while I was at my locker. I was happy until this girl I used to be cool with came and was at her locker. Then I got mad because she started talking to me. So she asked me to go skating, knowing I didn't like her.

I told her no.

So then that's when she was like, "You look pretty today." Like I don't look pretty any other day. It was wrong because if you want to compliment somebody, I feel like you shouldn't justify a day and you are supposed to just say, "You look pretty" and leave it at that. I feel she shouldn't have been sarcastic.

That blew me to the max. So I slammed my locker, rolled my eyes, and went to my class. Later on that day she had the nerve to ask me about my birthday and if she could go.

It had an impact on me because I used to get called ugly back in 4th and 5th grade. I learned that I need to just walk away and ignore people. I think if you just walk away, then there won't be any extra problems. I should look into groups to help girls younger than me and basically do big sister things to help them.