

From Place to Place Across Time and Space



An 8th Grade Anthology
Mound K-8 School, CMSD
2025

INTRODUCTION AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The work in this anthology was created during a Lake Erie Ink residency at Mound K-8 School in the Cleveland Metropolitan School District. Eighth graders in Ms. Lori Lively's class wrote place-based fiction (to explore how place shapes character) with Lake Erie Ink teaching artist Emmanuel Harvey. Students also wrote graphic poems reflecting on their past, present, and future. Thank you, Ms. Lively, for making time for creative expression!

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The Youngest Man

By Carlos D.

The story begins in a tribe on top of a mountain. A boy looked up at the summit, the highest point. He dreamed of climbing it. His name was Chris. Chris only had his mother. Chris heeded his mother's calls. When he got home, his mother was on the ground. Then the tribe's chief arrived, along with the shaman. Both took it upon themselves to help Chris's mother.

Chris was a boy of only 14 years old and already facing difficulties. One of them was that his mother was sick, and the only cure was at the top of the mountain, but it was almost impossible to reach there. There is one test: the test of courage. In that test, you will show your courage to face obstacles like storms and winds so strong they could sweep you away. But the only way Chris could pass that test was to be over 20 years old. But Chris was only 14 years old. He begged the tribe's chief to let him go, but he always refused.

But that day something was different. He agreed to let Chris go find the cure. Chris was very excited. Finally, he would fulfill his dream of reaching the top of the mountain to help his mother. But the chief set some conditions. First, he had to leave tomorrow morning, prepare supplies, and rest. Chris agreed.

When Chris left, the shaman asked the chief why he let him climb the mountain. It was too dangerous for a child. But the chief replied that he could no longer bear to see Chris waiting for his mother to be magically healed.

Chris woke up early to start his adventure. There he saw how the chief was waiting for him with the whole tribe. It was as if there was a festival. Everyone was gathered to say goodbye to Chris. Everyone loved Chris' he was a quiet and very kind boy. They held him in high regard.

The chief's daughter came out and wished him good luck on his trip and gave him a big hug but the chief arrived and separated them both. The chief told Chris to have luck on his trip, not to stay too long in one place, and to always be alert.

The first day he made a lot of progress. He ate the meat that was in his backpack and slept in a cave. The second day was almost the same, only that day he saw very strange things. He saw a trail of blood in the snow and decided to follow it. When he reached the end of the trail he came across something terrifying. It was a deer hanging from a tree but next to that tree he saw more blood and decided to follow the trail. When

he followed it, he saw in the distance a trail of smoke and when he looked better it was a tribe. He identified the people of that tribe because they were allies. It was the Amarai tribe.

They were characterized by having great warriors. Among them was a girl named Claudet. She was a warrior of the tribe but Chris decided to continue on his way but wondered why they would kill animals and hang them.

On the third day he had advanced a lot. He had already covered a large percentage of the mountain. He was about to arrive that day. Nothing special happened except that there was a lot of wind that made it difficult for him to continue. Nothing happened that day but at night he began to hear footsteps and howls of wolves, but he had not met any, and the night passed. When morning came, Chris checked if there were wolves. He did not see any so he decided to continue advancing.

Finally on the fourth day he had reached the top. He decided to give it some time to rest and admire the view he had. After a while he saw the flowers of the mountain that would help his mother be cured. He grabbed them and decided to go down the mountain.

When he was going down he came across a pack of wolves. He wanted to avoid them but the leader of the pack saw him and howled and all the wolves began to follow him. He shot arrows at them to scare them away, but Chris ran out of arrows. When he came to a waterfall he had no choice but to jump. But before he could jump a wolf had bitten his foot. As he fell he approached the edge and, as best he could, he crawled to a tree but he fainted.

When he opened his eyes he was lying in a bed and next to him was a shaman who was healing his wounds. He asked him where he was and the shaman replied that you are in the Amarai tribe. He told him how he had gotten there and she replied that a girl had found him near the waterfall. She also told him that he must be very strong to jump from a waterfall and stay alive. Chris tried to get up. He had a mission to fulfill which was to take those flowers to his mother, but when he tried to stand up, he realized that the wound that the wolf had given him made it almost impossible for him to walk.

But the shaman understood that he had to leave quickly and called someone to help him get to his destination. Chris told her it wasn't necessary, that he could do it, but the shaman told him that he had to do it because nothing bad could happen to him, he had to get to his tribe safely.

The shaman called Claudet. Chris already knew her, they were very good friends, they played a lot as children, but now that Chris realized that Claudet has grown a lot, she was almost the same height and had become very strong, so much so that Chris

was scared. She agreed to go with him but they had to do it quickly because she had to go to his training section and the two left on horseback. It took a while to get there.

The tribes were very far away from each other, but after a while they had arrived at Chris's tribe. Claudet left Chris near the tribe and said goodbye to him. Chris told her that he would see her again when he came back and to take care of herself.

After Chris arrived at the tribe, everyone received him with kindness and joy. When he arrived, he gave the shaman the flowers and the shaman made the remedy and gave it to Chris's mother.

After a few days, the mother began to improve until she reached the point of feeling like a child brimming with energy. Chris decided to exercise to improve his physique and participate in village wars. He also became an assistant to the chief and then Chris fell in love with Claudet. Together they had a happy family.

The Move To An Unknown Place

By Alex M

Part 1: Learning about Max's life

This is a story about a boy named Max. His life was not perfect, but it was pretty good. He had his own room and a gaming room, and he had his own art teacher because he was into art and playing video games. Max lived in a pretty, big house and his mom drove a BMW and his dad drove a Mazda3. But Max's life got worse when he found out that he had to move to a new country. He did not know which country he just knew it was a country.

Part 2: The Learning About The Move

He had to get a whole new room. It was a little bigger than his last, but he did not know that yet because they did not move but he had a smaller house. He was about to turn 14 when he found all this out. His birthday was in two months. His sister was happy because she got her own room this time and they had to leave their car with Max's grandmother Lala. So the day starts off with Max going to the store. He calls his best friend to see if she wants to come but she tells him she can't because she is moving to Mexico in a week, so she must pack.

When Max gets home his dad and mom say that they got to move to Mexico for his dad's work, but he asks them can they stay here because he does not want to move because everything he has is here like his friends and his family—(aka) his favorite grandma.

Part 3: The Move

Max and his family were packing for Mexico. He had to take his gaming setup and everything in his room, like his posters, his bed etc. His best friend Angel was a calm and nice girl who had long black hair and was pretty short so she came over to help Max pack. They started to talk and she asked him which part of Mexico he is going to. He said he doesn't know and he will ask his mom. Max asked his mom and he told Angel, "I'm moving to Mexico City." Angel said she is too and maybe they will be neighbors. They got done packing, and Max was about to leave when Angel gave him a friendship bracelet so Max got it when he left for Mexico.

Part 4: The Bully And The Scam

When Max and his family landed in Mexico they had to go to the bank to change their U.S. money for pesos (Mexican Money). After that Max wanted ice cream but Emma wanted to get cake so they went for both and they got scammed because they did not know that the ice cream and cake was 20 dollars all together so they paid 40 dollars for everything.

When Max got to a new school he was getting bullied by a boy named Miguel. He was talking about Max's hair and clothes and calling him ugly. Max did not like that so he sat alone at lunch but Miguel, the one who looks like a fish, picked up Max's lunch and put it on his head. Everyone in the lunchroom laughed at him but these two girls named Camila and Luna helped him out.

He wanted to face Miguel himself but it did not work because Miguel made fun of him more. Max took kung fu when he was younger so Miguel wanted to fight Max so he accepted. After school Max beat up Miguel because no one could face him because he was the biggest bully in the school so Max was out of a bully and he eventually adapted to the language and culture.

Part 5: Everything Was Not Ok But Ok

So when Max beat Miguel no one knew but the kids that was there because they did it after school and in a private place. Max felt good that he beat his bully. but he felt guilty for beating Miguel in a fight. Max wanted to be nicer to Miguel. but Miguel wanted nothing to do with Max so Max was sad. But when Angel, his best friend, got to the school he was happy so everything was ok.

The Path of Hate

By Jaiden S.

Hi, my name is Kasey. I am an immigrant from Japan. I had moved to Utah because it was too expensive to live in Japan. Therefore, my dad suggested that me and my family go to Utah to seek a new life and a new job to support me and my family.

After we finished packing up our wants and needs, we were in the sky. I was notified it was 15 hours for us to get to Utah. I already felt drained, so I slept most of the flight. I was awakened by my little brother screaming, "We are flying over the Grand Canyon!"

I quickly got up to see the beautiful sight. It was so bright outside I saw the massive, steep-sided canyon carved by the Colorado River in Arizona, United States, stretching for 277 miles. I had to get a picture of the beauty of the canyon. I was still sleepy, so I ended up dozing off again. We arrived in Utah, and the first thing I am met with is the blazing sun and a tall man "Hello, welcome to the state of Utah. I will be your tour guide today. We will be taking you all to Utah's great Salt Lake if you have any questions ask me" the tour guide said.

We arrived at the great Salt Lake, the Great Salt Lake City in Utah. It is a stunning natural wonder, and the water is very salty. It can burn scrapes. The lake also supports bacteria that produce hydrogen sulfide, which smells like rotten eggs but that is the only thing that I did not like.

After enjoying myself I had a faint memory of Japan which is good. I am already forgetting the poor life I had most of my life in Japan. At the same time, I thought of all my family and friends that I left behind and that made me tear up.

We finally arrived home and got done packing. It was so dreadful packing up since I was the eldest, meaning I was the head of the household. I had to pick up and take all the beds, couches, dressers etc. After me and my family got done moving into our new house, my mother told me to get some Mochi and Taiyaki (some famous food from Japan). I told my mother they might not have the same snacks; she promised that they would be at the store.

On the way to the store, I was not familiar with the path, so I ended up getting lost. I walked up to an American citizen trying to ask for directions to the nearest store

but when I asked, I was met with a disgusted face, so I just walked away to avoid any conflict. I walked around for 20 minutes and ended up finding the corner store I was looking for. I walked in the store and demanded Mochi and Taiyaki. The cashier in front was confused, like he did not understand my language which frustrated me so I just left out.

I came through the door of my new home. I was immediately approached by my mother and father. "Get the most sleep you can because your first day of school is scheduled for tomorrow!" my mother and father told me.

I was flabbergasted and confused. I asked my mother why I should go to school if I do not know the language that they speak. "We will put you in an ELL class so you will be able to communicate with your teacher and peers. Hurry to bed, I am done talking" mother said.

I woke up being rushed. "Wake up you are late for school!" my mother screamed. I walked into school and was immediately sent to the principal's office. It was crowded and I was overwhelmed with questions.

I walked into my class. As soon as I entered, I saw a lot of fresh faces I had never seen before.

I rushed to my seat before I could be seen. My teacher walked up to me and everybody's eyes were glued to me, triggering my anxiety.

My teacher gave me a packet to do at home and told me to return it tomorrow. It was to catch me up on the work they had been doing for the past couple of weeks. The bell rang which meant class was over.

I was approaching my next class when one of my peers furiously asked for my pencil then pushed me. I pushed him back then responded "No! You are not getting my pencil!"

It felt good to stand up for myself. Suddenly he swung on me. I dodged the punch. I hit him. He fell. I never was bullied again.

The Lost Girl of Mexico

Can places shape who you are?

By Aniyah T.

Oniyah was a 14 year old girl. Oniyah and her parents had just moved to Mexico for her dad's new job. Oniyah was very iffy about going to school or even leaving the house because she didn't know anyone. When she looked out the window, she saw people that don't look like her, in other words African American, and loose dogs running down the sidewalk, and chickens walking around.

Oniyah did some research on Mexico because she didn't know that much about it, and she found out that they speak Spanish. Her first day of school was one week after they moved to Mexico. Oniyah and her parents didn't know anything about their dress code, so Oniyah had to go to school wearing whatever she wanted.

When the day came Oniyah woke up from her loud alarm and got herself ready for school. When Oniyah walked out the door all she saw was stores and people. Oniyah started walking and knew she had a problem; Oniyah didn't know the directions to her school. Instead of getting help Oniyah started walking till she found her school. As she was walking, she was walking the wrong way and got caught in a dead end. When she found out, she turned around and tried to follow her map back home. When she was walking home she saw a young girl who had on a pink dress, black flip-flops, and her hair down.

The girl then said, "Hi my name is Gabrial, nice to meet you."

Oniyah replied and said, "Hi my name is Oniyah, nice to meet you too, Umm, do you know where preparatory High School is?"

"Yes, I do. I was on my way there then I saw you, and you looked lost".

Oniyah then said, "oh yes, I am lost, I just moved here last week". They started laughing and began to walk to the school. When they arrived at the school Oniyah was scared to go in there. Oniyah was biting her nails, and she was shaking. Gabrial told Oniyah when they got in the building, "I can walk with you to school every day, and if you want, I can show you around here." Oniyah then said, "yes that's fine thanks." From there Oniyah and Gabrial were the best of friends.

The Great Escape

by Antwoine R.

Once there was a brave, adventurous boy named David Johnson who was in his room. The problem was David wanted to meet his friends, but he was grounded and forced to be in the room by his parents. His room had a clock, dresser, TV with a gaming console, and a bed.

David decided to sneak out, but his parents were awake, meaning they could hear him going down the stairs and his dogs would bark, getting his parents' attention.

He crept down the stairs trying not to get caught. He needed to distract his dogs and parents to do so, so he started brainstorming on escape plans. His first plan was climbing out his window but he was on the second floor.

“Fail” said David.

David continued to plan. After two hours of failing, he thought of a perfect plan. The plan was “throw his ball down the stairs to distract the dogs. turn on the fire alarm to cover his footsteps from the creaky stairs and unlock the door and leave.”

“The plan is perfect” said David so he tried the plan, and it succeeded. He started walking on his own to meet his friends.

David finally met his friends Mike, Sara, and Molly. Since they were bored and had no idea what to do, Mike got the idea to visit the abandoned mansion out of town, so they walked thirty minutes to the mansion and walked through the basement door.

Mike started recording with his phone, and David pulled out his phone and used it as a flashlight.

After 2 hours of exploring David remembered his parents could track his phone. He was going to leave until his mom called his phone. He answered the phone then he felt a tap on his shoulder—

The Story of Lee Minhó

By Aria D.

My name is Lee Minhó and I was packing to go to America. I felt sad. I didn't want to go but I didn't have a choice. I had to leave all my friends behind in Seoul, Korea.

As I finished packing my mom came in. "Hi baby, are you almost done packing?" she says softly.

"Yea," I nod and sigh as I sit on my now old bed. My mom sits down next to me. "I know you don't want to go but we have to dad's job and it's going to be hard, but it is what it is, baby," my mom says. She hugs me as we get in the car to go to the airport. We get on the plane and then we get to the new home. As I'm in my new bedroom I look around and sigh. "I guess this is my new life," I say to myself.

The next day I get ready for school and get my backpack and go. When I get there I go in to the school, and when I get in I look around and people look at me as I walk.

"He's cute. Who is that?"

I look at them wider out but then I see a boy looking at me as I'm walking. Some big buff guy walks up to me and says, "What's up, new boy? You should join us if you want to get there this year once with this," he says.

"Uhm sure, ok," I answer.

"Good. I'm Max and these are my friends and my girlfriend Mia. She is off limits, ok?"

"Ok. Got it," I say but then Mia gives me a weird look like she wants something. The bell rings and I walk to my first class of the day and sit next to the guy who was looking at me earlier. and I look at him and smile, noticing that we're both Korean.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi," he says.

Awkward....

To Be Continued

Carl's Story

By Carl A.

It all started when I was at school. I was in my main class. It's a lot of windows in her class. I always noticed but really didn't think much of it. I was walking down the hallway to the art room.

When I got there, I had to do a project we was working on, on making a shoe out of cardboard, and I was almost done. I was working with a partner. Her name was Jenna, and she was pretty cool in my opinion, and she was pretty smart so we was getting the project done fast.

We finished the project, and Jenna asked me can we hang out.

I said, "Sure."

We ate lunch together and then we became good friends. It was time for ELA class. We had to write about Martin Luther King because it was black history month. I had two paragraphs, and I had to have at least four so I could finish at home.

It was 3:00 and we just got out of school, and I opened my phone to a message from my dad and my mom and they said that we were going to America when I got home.

We started packing. Summer break was tomorrow, so me and my parents started packing and we was on our way down to the airport, and then I got a message and then I opened it up and the message was from my uncle.

He wanted me to come to the Bahamas with him because I haven't seen him in a long time. The last time I saw my uncle was when I was 3 years old and I barely remember that. So I had to make a large decision—if I wanted to go to America or the Bahamas. I had to go to America because I was already at the airport so I wanted to go to America to spend time with my family. I am going to America so I can have fun in America with my family because it's only a one week thing and it's never going to happen again.

Drew's Story

By Drew T.

It's the year 2030. We were from Mexico. We traveled to Cleveland and then we were going around— me and my friends Richie, Jocelynn, Lashawn are going around Cleveland, Ohio looking for jobs

Then we saw a place that looked abandoned and rundown. We decided to go inside because we saw a “we are hiring ” sign.

Then Richie said he is not going in there, so he said he is going to get some Benihana.

Jocelynn said she was not going in there and said she was going with Richie to Benihana.

So, Lashawn and I went inside. There were about 20 people there. We were trying to find the manager but found a random who was claiming he was the manager.

We did not think he was the manager, but he was the manager. The manager said, “Are y'all looking for for jobs?”

I said, “yes we are looking for a job.”

We asked “Can we do our interview now?”

The manager said, “yes y'all can. We need all the help we can get”.

Then he takes us back and starts the interview. He says he's going to ask us 3 questions. The manager asks why do we want this job.

We say, “we would like to help y'all.”

Then he asked the last 2 questions, and Lashawn and I got the last two questions right.

The manager said, “When can y'all start? And we pay 21 dollars an hour.”

We said, “We can start now.”

He said, “ok.” He gave us our uniforms. We got changed, and we started. We stayed there for about 12 hours. The plane tickets were \$538 dollars, but we needed to have \$3000 dollars for food and expenses to go back to Mexico and see our families. So we must work to leave.

One week later Lashawn and I bought all our tickets. Then we got an uber to Benihanas to celebrate that we are going back to see our families. It smelled like food and looked good. The taste was ok. The next morning we were rushing to pack and the uber was far away, like 15 minutes away. By the time we got packed, the uber was outside so we ran out the door.

Then we got in the car, and we got on the highway and there was a traffic jam. It took us an hour to get there.

Then we noticed that our plane was delayed for 2 hours. That was when we got there so we decided to walk around the airport and get some food.

After we got the food, we ate and then I wanted to sleep. By the time I woke up it was time to board the plane. Then I ran to my flight. It will take 9 hours and 6 minutes to get to Mexico.

By the time we got there it was daytime. We called an uber. We did not know what they were saying to us. We still had enough money to get a hotel room and duolingo.

In the meantime, we used a translation app to find something to do while we waited for the hotel. We went to get pesos. We got 59,627.3. Then we rented a car then we went to see our families.

One week later we went back to the United States and went back to our regular life.

From the USA to Russia

By Aaron F.

One day I woke up for my daily routine to go to school, I did everything then I was on my way. I always hated going to school. Only because I had a bully named Bryce. He always bullied me because of my glasses, lack of weight, and also my clothes.

Bryce was a popular, tall, built guy. Every time he saw me he took my glasses and pushed me around. He also called me names like “four eyes” and “goggle face”. Every time he did it, I get sad.

One day I tried to tell a teacher named Mr. Lewis, an old, grouchy man who smelled like Old Spice. He said he was gonna handle it but never did.

The next day I entered the school with the same stale smell and the foggy air and the dim lights. I saw Bryce and he did the same thing, but this time I was fed up.

This time I told Martha (aka my mom), a short, slim, brown haired lady. She told me to stand up for myself, So I decided to try but I was unsuccessful. So we decided to move since she was offered a job in Russia but didn't know if she should take it or not because of school. Because I was having problems, we moved. I was a little nervous about the move but it was happening.

We packed and went to the airport and we were quickly in the sky flying to Russia. It was about a 13 hour flight. Russia was big, very dreary with air that smelled stale. The weather was very muggy, the people were very crowded and hectic. A week after we moved, my mom told me I would be starting school the coming Monday. I was a little scared but I was ready. Finally the first day came. I walked in the building. Very bright lights, the students were loud.

It was time for my first RLA class. I walked in and I was the first one there. Everybody else started flowing in, each one of them were staring at me. Then the teacher Mr. Yuzchek says, “Everyone listens up to let our new student introduce himself.”

I introduced myself by saying, “ Hello my name is Finley and I love video games.” I sat down. Then the other students started to like me. I just had to give it time.

The Scary Man

By Cortez A.

One day, I was walking home from football practice. It was a nice sunny day on a Tuesday, around 6 or 7 o'clock. I stopped at the store to talk to my cousin that runs the store and got me some hot chips and a sprite.

So, after I got my snacks, me and my cousin were talking about how he was going to come when he got off work, and he was going to give me some money and more snacks.

After that I started walking back to my house so I could see my new dog. But it was this man that looked often familiar like he was my cousin. But I just brushed it off and kept walking.

So, I was close to my street, and I could see him still following me to my house, so I just started running. After that I couldn't see the man anymore, so I stopped running and tried to catch my breath.

Out of the bushes jumped the same man that had just been chasing me. My heart dropped, and I started running again. After I started running, I turned the corner, and he tripped while trying to turn it with me.

While he tripped, he started to scream cuss words, and I noticed his voice. He sounded exactly like my cousin. So, I hesitated and then kept running home. When I got to my street I saw a big dog with sharp teeth, brown and black fur who looked like it weighed 230 pounds.

So, after that I went back to the other side of my street. And there he was again, that man walking. It looked like he was hurt so I tried to just run on the opposite side of the street as him.

I got away from him, then went home and my mom called the police officers, and he went back to jail.

And all along it was my cousin. His name was Reginald Johnson, 6'3 weighs about 150. It ended up reaching out to the news and later it happened to someone else, but it was someone else in my family that it had happened to, so something is going on. Eventually it was the same person going after my family, so he was sentenced to life in prison.

Dalia Finds Her Place

By Evonne S.

It was my junior year when everything changed. My father, Ammon, had to relocate to the U.S.A from Cairo, Egypt. We had to move quickly within a month. "Hurry and pack your stuff, Dalia," my father said to me while also rushing my brother, Bassel, and our mother, Aya.

We relocated due to my father being a gymnast and having to move around for the Olympics and other events. When we made it to the U.S.A we had to enroll into a new high school. The high school was larger than most and had a big lunchroom that smelled like sweets.

On my first day of high school during math class we had to get in partners and work on the page, but nobody wanted to work with me, so I worked with one of the quiet kids. I felt so out of place for the rest of the day feeling like I didn't belong there.

On the second day of high school, they were hosting tryouts for the gymnastics team after school. I went to the tryouts and felt very out of place and not confident because there were a lot of good gymnasts, and this was my first year trying out. I was set to go up and try out after the girl in front of me was done. I was very nervous, breathing heavily, my hand was sweating, my heart was pounding, and my knees were wobbly.

When I went up to perform, I had to do a pullover, back handspring, and back hip circle on bars, and handstand. As I began to walk towards the bars the gym began to feel as if it was getting smaller.

I did the backhand stand good but as I began to do the pullover, I slipped off the bar from my hands being sweaty. I felt like a failure and ran out of the gym embarrassed and called my dad to come pick me up.

The car ride home was silent and gloomy when we got home, I cried and told my dad how I felt, and he told me, "I felt out of place and not good enough too, but my mother told me it's okay to not fit into the crowd and that everybody is good enough as long as you believe in yourself."

I hugged him tightly and he told me, "You got this."

So I went to the coach's office and asked him for another shot. He said, "Yes but this is the last try, no more chances."

After school I got to the tryouts early to warm up and stretch. The girls from the last tryouts was there laughing and saying, "You aren't going to make the team performing like last time." I Ignored them and continued to warm up.

When the coach finally got there, he told me I was going last. When it was finally my turn after feeling like I was waiting for hours I was ready. I did the handstand easily

and the bars perfectly. For my last trick I did two back handsprings back-to-back and aced the landing.

The coach told me I was one of the best gymnasts and I was now on the team...the others were shocked and surprised. I went back home to my family and celebrated with cake and ice cream.

The next day at school everybody wanted to talk to me and be friends with me. Even the girls who didn't believe in me were trying to sit by me in the lunchroom and in class. I decided to forgive and forget and enjoy the time together, finally feeling accomplished and accepting that I'm not going to always fit in.

Charco Brown's Big Ocean Adventure

By Jeremiah J.

A boy named Charco Brown really loved the vast different options of the sea. He loved all different types of water. He loved water that he could swim in. He had friends who also loved the water: Alexandra, Jacob, Carl, and Evonne. Charco had bad grades though so when he wanted to explore the ocean with his friends, his parents said no.

So Charco started tutoring because he wanted to get his grades up so he and his friends could go. So he got his grades up and made sure everything was right. His mom loved his grades. And his dad was amazed by his grades. But his mom still said no.

Charco thought there was no way of convincing his mom but 8 days later something happened— he thought of a brilliant idea. It was the best he had, the best one he could come up with. It was cheesy but he tried it.

This was his last attempt. He gave his mom 3 boxes of chocolate, a “I love my mom chain” and a ring. His mom loved it!

But soon then she caught on to why he bought this because he wanted her confirmation. She just ignored him from then on.

Over time his mom thought about it and his dad talked to her about it. Charco was hoping all would go well.

All he could do was wait. Then his mom came into his room giving him two choices: wait till his birthday or clean the whole house and yard. He Could have waited till his birthday, but he wanted to go now so he did all and he checked with his mom.

She said it was fine. Charco was so happy. The next morning he told all his friends and they were all ready to go, but first they wanted to get something to eat so they could be full and have fun. So they went to an all you can eat buffet called Golden Corral because they love the mac n cheese and chicken there.

As the other sailors were preparing suits and gear for them, their stomachs filled to the brim. They all had to use the bathroom after they had the best meal ever.

They got to the ship, put on the gear and went straight into the sea with the diving gear. They were amazed by all the fishes Jacob even petted a sea turtle. They went deeper and found some bigger fishes like whale sharks. They even got to interact with it.

When they went even deeper Evonne said “Don't go any deeper there might be dangerous creatures down there.”

What will happen next? (To be continued...)

THE HUNT FOR SLEEP

By Jibreel S.

Let me tell you a story about a boy named Ash. Ash was a normal boy with one thing that not many have: a companion. Luna was her name. Luna was friends with Ash for eight years.

"YYAAWWNN, oh that was a good nap right, Luna? Luna? LUNA WHERE DID SHE GO?"

She was right here! Where did she go? Umm well maybe she's hiding somewhere. LUNA! LUNA! WHERE ARE YOU? UGH where is she? Maybe I should start looking for her."

Ash started to look everywhere: in the trees, boxes, bushes, but nothing was there.

"Ok well maybe she's going to the store to buy some snacks or something," Ash said. "Ok well I'm just gonna go to sleep and maybe she will be back." Ash tried to go to sleep but couldn't because of the thought that Luna isn't here.

"UGHHHHH WHERE IS SHE? I can't go to sleep. Well now I MUST go find her!" and there the journey begins.

The Hunt

Ash continued to look for Luna. Where is she? Where can I look now? Well I could try to ask people.

Hi have you seen my friend? Name is Luna, likes beef and has black hair?"

"Umm no. Sorry man."

"Well, it looks like no one sees her. Well, I can always make posters. Yea i seen people do that in movies.

When Ash was hanging up posters, he sees a house with glowing light everywhere almost as if it's a party of some sort.

"AH SO LOUD MY EARS! What's that noise?"

It was a party that people were having.

"Huh well maybe i should ask people there."

After the little walk Ash arrived at the front door. At the door there were two security guards, two of them in all black head to toe.

Ash walks up to the door. "HEY."

One of the guards shoves his hand covering the door.

"Are you ALLOWED in here?"

"Umm mm maybe?"

After that Ash was tossed off of the doorstep.

"OH, THAT'S IT! I'M GETTING IN THAT PARTY."

Ash tried every way to get into the party to the point where Ash was banned from the party. But then Ash had an idea. "Hey, what if I sneak into the party THROUGH THE WINDOW?"

Ash is about to jump through the window but then he hears something.

"HEY GET HIM".

The two guards started to chase Ash. Ash jumped through the window booking it and looking for Luna. The guards are starting to get slower because they are out of breath.

Ash manages to escape their sight. Ash crouching on the floor to keep a low profile and then he sees her. THE ONE AND ONLY LUNA. Ash bolted to Luna, almost crashing into her.

"LUNA where were you when I woke up? I was worried sick about you."

"Oh, I just wanted to go and have a little fun isn't that alright"?

Yea but at least wake me up when your gonna leave. I was looking for you everywhere".

"OH well I'm sorry about that part– ha-ha. Wait, how are you in here? I don't think you have an invite."

"HEY, GET BACK HERE LITTLE GNAT."

Ash grabbed Luna's hand and started running looking for an exit. "Exit– WHERE'S AN EXIT".

Then Ash saw a window. " ALL RIGHT LUNA, GET READY TO DIVE.

"Wait what?"

BANG. Glass everywhere and Ash kept running until he was home.

"ASH WHAT WAS THAT?"

"I'm sorry Luna, I just couldn't go to sleep without knowing if you were O.K."

"Fine but next time just don't break into someone's house and start to YELL at the top of your lungs".

Moving In

By Jocelynn

There was a young girl named Vickie. She was a 14 year old girl who just moved to a new small town with her family of 5. Vickie was the youngest. She had one older sister Lexi and 2 older brothers Jack and Zack who are twins. They saw their new house and it was very old looking. Every step creaked. Jack and Zack pushed past Vickie to pick the best rooms for themselves.

After what felt like an eternity Vickie made it up to pick her room but to her surprise her brothers picked the better rooms leaving her with the smallest room. She was upset that she got the room with one window and webs and dust everywhere. She complained to her mom but her mom was dealing with Vickie's sister Lexi who was a year older than her but acted like a complete toddler.

Lexi was complaining about the dust and webs around the house and the creaking stairs. Vickie's mom tried to make it better but nothing was good enough for her. Vickie just ignored Lexi and started cleaning her room from getting the webs down to dusting to corners. She decided to wipe her walls so she asked her mom to make some water for her but she realized she had no cloths to wipe with. So she walked to the local convenience store down the street. She had a hard time finding the cloths but eventually did.

It was getting dark outside as she walked back so she tried to hurry. She got back and Lexi was still acting like a brat throwing a tantrum that Jack and Zack picked their rooms first and she was left with a room the size of a storage closet.

Vickie ignored her and went to her room. She got the soapy water and began wiping the dust off her walls. She wiped for about an hour before she got tired. They didn't have furniture yet so they used air mattresses and of course Lexi complained and her mom got fed up and let Lexi go to a friend's house. Vickie blew up her air mattress and grabbed her blankets and lay down while on her phone.

She eventually fell asleep and dreamed about what her room would look like when she got everything and finished it. She woke up late and realized she was late for school

She hurriedly got dressed and rode her bike to school. When she got to school she got her new schedule and was looking for class. The hallways were empty and quiet. Vickie got nervous when she found her class.

She knocked on the door and went in and the class immediately stopped and looked at her. She was nervous with everybody staring. Her teacher Mrs. Kelly told her to introduce herself. Vickie really didn't want to, but she did. She walked awkwardly to the front of the class and said "Hi my name is vickie" while scratching her hand awkwardly. The whole class just stared at her as the teacher pointed for her to sit down.

She sat next to a girl with blue hair. Vickie sat down as shy as ever and began taking notes. After about 20 minutes it was time to switch classes. They went to their next class which was math. When she sat down her assigned seat was next to the same girl. This time the girl introduced herself as Ella. They became fast friends and started exchanging notes.

Next period was Lunch. They walked together to the cafeteria and picked a table. They had pizza with a cookie and milk for lunch. They were talking about how old they were and where they lived and just about themselves. They talked all through lunch. Eventually it was time for their last 3 classes of the day. Math, social studies, and science. As they went to their lockers to grab books they found out they have lockers next to each other.

As they were getting their books a girl dressed in a mini skirt, heels and the latest purse came up to Ella. She said, "Hey Ella, it's time for the daily check in."

Vickie was confused as to what she meant by that and didn't like the way she was talking to her but to her surprise Ella gave up her bookbag and purse to the girl "Brianna". Vickie was just watching as Ella had an upset look on her face but the way she gave her stuff up she was used to it.

Brianna was dumping Ella's stuff on the ground while laughing and the whole school was watching just recording pointing and laughing. Vickie knew she had to do something so she said "Hey leave her alone and give her back her stuff".

The whole hallway fell quiet. Brianna turned to her pissed off. Ella looked scared for her but she couldn't say anything. Brianna went up to her and said "What did you say to me new girl". Vickie got nervous and said, "I said leave her alone".

Brianna pushed Vickie against her locker as everyone in the hall was recording as Brianna said, "Meet me after school in the parking lot".

Everybody got excited as Brianna walked off. Vickie was scared. she had never been in a fight before. Ella was scared for her and said, "I wish I told you earlier about her, she is the absolute worst". They got their books and went to math. Vickie kept looking at the clock counting down til it was time to go home.

They were down to their last class of the day, which was short. When the bell rang, everybody was crowding them in the hallway. Vickie put up her books and grabbed her stuff, slightly shaking. She walked around the halls looking for the exit. When she finally got out her adrenaline started kicking in and she walked to the parking lot scared. Brianna was already there, hair tied up, stuff was off just waiting. Everybody was filming as Ella took Vickie's stuff off for her and held it. Vickie didn't know what to do as Brianna walked up to her.

Ella noticed Brianna's fist balled up and she knew what she was going to do so she whispered to Vickie that Brianna was going to punch her as soon as she got close enough. So Vickie got ready and Brianna punched her right in the face.

Vickie started hitting her and pulling her hair. It seemed like everyone from the school was recording it. They were fighting for about 5 minutes before Vickie balled up her fist and knocked Brianna out by accident. Everybody zoomed in on it.

Vickie got up looking worried and Ella was happy for her. Over the next few months Brianna also got into a fight with Ella and lost and after that they learned how to stand up for themselves and life became a lot easier. They graduated high school and got jobs while at college. After that they were both married with kids and they always taught their kids to stand up for themselves.

That's the end.

Going to the Forest

By Lamiya E.

"Emma! Do you want to go on a walk in the forest?" Lay Lay asked her older sister Emma.

"But we have to ask mom because we can't just leave," Emma said.

"Nawwwwww... really Emma?" Lay Lay said in a sarcastic tone.

"Mommmmmmmmmmm!" Lay Lay screamed, "Can we go to the forest and go on a walk Please?"

"Is your roo-"

Lay Lay interrupts her mom. "Yes my room is clean and so is Emma's room."

"Ok you guys have about 3-4 minutes to be ready."

"Ok." Lay Lay runs upstairs to get ready.

"Emma, mom said get ready now we have 3-4 minutes."

"I'm ready," Emma says.

"Ok I am too but let me get my phone."

"Come on girls."

"Coming!" both of them yell.

*driving to the forest *

"Ok girls be safe and text me every hour because it getting late. Y'all have about 3 hours and i'm coming to get you guys and if it start to rain before your 3 hour mark, call me so i can come get you guys."

" Ok "

"Bye, love you," they both say to their mom.

"Love you too!"

(What will happen in the forest? To be continued)

Going to China

By Lashawn W.

On May 2, 2030, I was planning to go to China with my friends. We were talking about how we were going to get there and back and about finding a way to get money.

We all got our own jobs. Lashawn works at Wendy's and they paid good. Drew works at a shoe store; he gets paid ok but not the best, and Jocelynn and Richie work at Popeyes, and they get paid well.

Lashawn and his friends were trying to find a hotel. All of us were going to put in on a hotel on the way to China. We all put in on the plan so we could get there and back. Lashawn and his friends wanted to explore the city of China.

Lashawn is a very depressed person and really don't like people, but his friend Drew is a very angry person. Jocelynn and Richie are very happy people. Lashawn is bold, Jocelynn has a lot of hair, Richie has braids.

When they got to China, they were trapped in China and had nowhere to go and then Drew and Lashawn got lost on this street named Haven Street.

We ran into this person named Ming, he talked to us about the language and the foods and the street. Ming helped us explore and he took us to this restaurant named China Kitchen. The restaurant smelled like Febreze, it looked big, and you can feel the culture. China feels good to be in because of the food and I see a lot of people and decorating. I touch the food. China smells like sesame chicken and sweet stuff. They got done eating and Lashawn thought they had made it somewhere and got lost again but they knew where the airport was, so they went waiting on the plan, but the flight got delayed so they had to find a way back to the hotel that we were staying at for the night.

On the way back we seen the Great Wall of China. The man Ming showed us how to get to the airport and we went there and went home. There was a certain type of plan to get home, and we did not know that at all.

Adjusting to Japan

By Michael M.

It was my father's job as a military marine. We had to move to have a new job in Japan. A couple months later, we had to move to Japan. So I had to go to a new school where I knew no one, and I had to learn the language there.

My first day of school was not the best. I ended up saying something very offensive by accident, and I did not know because I did not know the culture or anything about Japan. I had accidentally said something very offensive to the teacher and the students, which kind of got me hated as the days went on.

One time during lunch I was calling one of my old friends at my old school on the phone telling them I had to move here and some people heard what I said and got very upset and they yelled at me in their native language which I did not at the time understand.

When i got home I looked up what those words meant and they said things such as FU and you're just just an american that knows nothing and is an absolute buffoon and idiot.

First hit– the first day of high school

So what happened was basically the first thing that, well, the first conflict was that there were so many of the games they had in Japan, and I failed, causing the teams to hate me. Thanks to me not knowing the rules of many of the games.

The first problem was that I didn't understand the language. I didn't understand the language or what people were saying about me, and people started spreading bad rumors about me, and I didn't know how to solve those rumors. Nor did I know they existed. I did not know until I finally understood their language. They started saying more about me. Basically, the rumor was about well, I still completely don't understand it, but they still keep on saying that I am not supposed to say here, and they kept saying racial slurs at me. And I started writing these things down in my notebook so I could understand the language better. I'm still struggling to understand the language, but I'm trying, and I had to go day and night trying to figure out the language, and eventually I finally understood it.

I finally understood Japanese. I was so excited to speak to the other kids in Japanese. That they started talking to me in Japanese like they do every day. But little did they know I learned.

So I spoke right back to them in Japanese to their shock. "How are you?"

And then they said in Japanese, “Huh? How did you, how did you understand that? You shouldn't. How did you, how did you punch Japanese overnight?”

So there I was with a large smile on my face as I nodded my head as I said yes, I did learn Japanese... what? Surprised or something?

As I started to talk to the other kids in Japanese. Eventually, I started to gain some friends and also to clear up most of the rumors about myself. So during that time, I started clearing up all the rumors about me. I was able to stop most of them, and now I was actually able to read and read, write and see in Japanese. Most of my grades were not bad, the only class I'm down in now is history. Still need to learn more about stealing to learn more about Japanese history. But now I'm passing most of my classes and promising a couple of days. Still have no one to go with, but I'm fine.

We are Moving Again

By Nevaeh P.

Once there was a smart, beautiful, and talented young black girl named Heaven Adore. Heaven loves to talk to her friends, play volleyball, she also likes to cook and eat, just vibe and chill. Friends are something that Heaven always had on her, that was something she could easily make. Her best friend's name was Bryanne, her other friend's name was Charlene. Heaven was bisexual, so at that time she had a girlfriend named Raniya, and Heaven started dating on 10-25-24 so that means they have been dating for 6 months. I am going to be for real with you. Heaven hates going to school, doing math, and just being bothered. She also hates when people be weird and fake. Also Heaven's biggest ick is lying.

One day, Heaven was coming from school, and her dad was having a conversation with her and told her that they had to move to Jamaica when at first, they had lived in Cleveland.

She was upset because she still had a lot of things to take care of in Cleveland, like she was doing volleyball at her high school, and all her friends were in Cleveland, and she wanted her salon to be in Cleveland. When Heaven found out all this information, she knew that she was gone and must tell her school momma and her coach, and all her friends, her family, and her girlfriend.

So, Heaven decided to start with the family, so she contacted her mom and her siblings to let them know. Then her dad's side of the family, so she eventually got done talking to the family, and they understood what was going on and why she had to move.

Then she decided to tell all her friends, and they were just a little bit mad, but sadder, and her best friend was there for her. But then it came down to Heaven telling her girlfriend. It was difficult because Raniya was crying, and she was going, and she had some personal problems.

When Heaven got to school, she told her school mom what happened, and then she told her coach what happened, but then once that was said to them, they decided to go and contact Heaven's dad to talk about the situation. They did that because they saw that Heaven was unhappy and was not doing well at school or nothing, and Heaven was looking depressed. But with them doing that, her dad ended up talking with her, and he said that Heaven can just visit in the summertime when they did not have school, instead of just going down to live there.

DRACO MATER TOP SPY

By Perignon D.

Draco Mater is an undercover spy who lives two separate lives. By day, he is Mr. Mater, a high school teacher. Mr. Mater is loved by all of the students in the high school, along with the staff.

Draco Mater is a young African American male at the age of 25, but he has been a spy for about 10 years now. Draco was the best kid spy that the agencies saw in a very long time, he has also gone on many adult missions as a teenager. But there was one very important mission in particular that he went on and failed.

The task of this mission was to find a guy worth a lot of money by the name of Jone Smite. There was now a 100-million-dollar bounty on his head because of the crimes he had committed that tore up the city's properties.

This bounty on Jone's head was a 100 million dollar turn-in dead or alive. Draco's mission consisted of Draco getting information out of him. It took him 1 week to get his pin, and when he got there it was a party full of bounty hunters, terrorists, and murderers.

He called for backup but when he seen his opportunity to get in the party, he took it. When he was at the party, there were a lot of people. Draco saw two of the longtime criminals he had once put away.

When Draco seen that, his right-hand man called him and told him he was right by the party. Then he looks down to put his phone away, but he don't remember what happened after that.

When he got up, he was in bed at the agency. When he looked at his phone, he had 12 missed calls. When he got up, he felt lightheaded.

He went to the bathroom. He looked at his face in the mirror and seen he had dried up blood on his face. When he wiped it away, he had a big cut by his eye. He put a band-aid on the cut, then his right-hand man called his phone.

"You ok? You remember what happened, Draco?"

"No I don't even know how I got to the agency."

"So you don't remember them with a gun to your head and about to kill you until we stopped them right on time? You got to lay low. We're going to send you out the—"

Draco said, "Stop right there, I never run away from nobody."

He hangs up on him. When he left the agency, he went to the club. When he got there, he had 3 shots of alcohol.

When it kicked in, he spotted Jone. He knows one more mess up and his job will be over with, so he didn't call back up this time.

He found a way to get to his office, but it's two people by the door. So he seen these two girls just walking in. They both was fine. And he was thinking about getting on with one of them. But he had to do this job right.

He walked up to them and asked for their name. "Hi my name is Mimi, and this my girl, Jay Jay."

Draco asked, "Can you go talk to the man by that door?"

Mimi and JJ said, "Yeah sure. Why not?"

But when they did it, they lost focus and left the door.

When he got in, he seen Jone. "It took you 20 minutes to come into my office. it should have took you like 10 minutes, but it's cool," said Draco. "Put your hands up and just come with me the easy way."

Jone said, "You think you can come in my house and think you can call all the shots!"

"I just did," said Draco. Next thing you know, the room went black. He started to hear voices telling him to lie down. When he did, he heard gunshots. When the lights came back on, he seen his right-hand man dead on the floor with Jone saying, "See what you made me do? I didn't want to do it, but you made me do it."

Draco said, "Why you do it? Why?"

Jone answered, "I didn't know it was not you."

"You know I don't have to keep you alive, right? So we can do it the easy way or are you going to get shot? You can pick," Draco said.

Jone said, "You going to have to kill me."

"Naw, y'all boys come in, you is under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you?"

"Yes, I do, and I hope you know I'm free again. See you soon." After the chief of police called Draco, they told him he could quit or he can stay and be the top spy in the agency.

Learning Japanese

By Richie J.

My name is Richie. My friends are Lashawn, Drew, and Jocelynn. It was 2030, and my friends and I planned a trip to go to Tokyo, Japan. I like to explore. Lashawn likes to play around, have fun, and wrestle. Drew likes to find new jewelry. Jocelynn likes to go and explore new foods in the markets of Tokyo.

Tokyo is a beautiful place with lots of different traditions. It smells like freshly cooked Japanese food, like okonomiyaki on a hot plate. I can see everything even at night because of the huge lights. The food tastes so amazing that everyone couldn't stop saying "Wow." Anywhere you go, you will hear chattering due to everyone talking. When we were walking, I put my hand on the wall to see how it felt, and it felt slick. But even though we were having fun, the only problem was not knowing what everyone was saying. We didn't know how to speak Japanese!

When we were walking, Jocelynn said to me, "Do you have some money?"

I said, "Yes, why do you ask?"

"Because I want to eat McDonald's," Jocelynn said.

I said to Jocelynn, Drew, and Lashawn, "Let's race to McDonald's." Everyone agreed and we lined up to race to McDonald's.

Drew said, "3, 2, 1 go!"

As we were racing, Lashawn and Drew are pushing and shoving into each other while Jocelynn and I were too. While we are racing, Jocelynn shoves me a bit too hard and I almost went face first into a pole, but at the last second, I dodged it and I only hit my arm on the pole.

At the same time, while Drew and Lashawn were running next to each other Drew accidentally tripped Lashawn, and he almost fell, but he caught himself. Due to that, we just walked the rest of the way so no one would get hurt.

When we got to McDonald's, we ordered our food, but the problem was we didn't know how much we had to pay because we couldn't understand what they were saying to us. They already made our food but couldn't pay so we didn't get our food, and we ended up being hungry with no food to eat.

We ended up getting kicked out of McDonald's because we couldn't pay. Later that night, Jocelynn thought we were dumb because we forgot that we could've used

Google Translate. We ended up going to a convenience store because everything else was closed. We all got some ramen. When we got to the counter, the cashier told us it was 900 won. We found out what the total was by using Google Translate. We got to our hotel room, and we cooked the ramen for the night. After we ate the ramen, we went to sleep.

The next morning, we were excited because we finally found a way to talk to everyone when we would go somewhere to get food, clothes, trinkets, or when people were trying to talk to us.

When we go traveling to look around and explore Tokyo, we'll enjoy it more because we can now understand what they are saying when talking to us, due to Google Translate.

After using Google Translate for a month, Lashawn said, "We should use Google Translate to learn Japanese." Everyone else agreed. Google Translate can help you appreciate and enjoy a new place more. Sometimes technology can help you understand a new language.

Duddah

By Shawn Dargon

This is a story about Dudduh. He likes hot fries and Twix. He lives in Italy.

Life for Dudduh was nice and calming, he took relaxing walks through Italy with his sister, Nanas. Even though Italy was usually calm and peaceful, there were drug problems in Italy.

One day, he was walking home from the park. A man in an all-black suit came up to Dudduh and asked, "Wanna try this, kid?"

The man pulled out a bag of pills. "Only 20 euros". (Money currency for Italy.)

Duddah kindly refused, being taught by his parents not to take things from strangers. The man walked away and went to another kid, who wasn't much older than Duddah. (He is 12) And the man offered him the same thing.

The other kid pulled out 20 euros and paid for the drugs the man was offering. Drug dealers are giving drugs to children. Dudduh notices this and wants to stop it. The problem with that Duddah has no idea how to stop what's going on.

Duddah wants to help in any way possible. So, he starts by asking around, seeing if anyone knew about what was going on. He asked an old man, who was the owner of a little convenience store not too far from his house.

When Duddah asked the old man, he seemed shocked, saying, "What do you need to know?" in a shaking voice.

Duddah responds, "I want to know about the people in all black suits, who are selling those pills.:"

The old man tells Duddah what's been going on for the past 5 years. And there is nothing that can be done about it.

(What will happen next? Will Duddah solve this deadly drug problem?)

Jack's Rough Day

By Tay'lor?

There was a teen boy named Jack Martinez who would sometimes wake up late for school. When he got up, he brushed his teeth in the morning and washed his face afterwards. Then he got in the shower and washed up. Afterwards, he went outside and waited for the bus at the bus stop. Once the bus got there, he sat on the bus and the bus driver drove him to school.

Once he got to school, he walked inside the building and went straight to his locker to grab things for his 7 classes. His first class was math at 8:30. He grabbed his materials, like his notebook, calculator, math book, and sharpened pencils. Once he got inside his math class, he sat down in his seat and paid attention to his teacher. His teacher's name was Mr. Walker. He was a male teacher who always kept Jack on task.

Then he switched his subject and went to English class and got all his assignments done, but he always seemed to have trouble with some of his work. Then he would get extra help from one of the teachers, and once he got the help that he needed. The trouble that he was having was that he didn't understand the directions.

As he got done with everything in his English class, he then went to his locker to put some of his things away. Once he did that, he walked around the hallways until the bell rang. Once he got into his 3rd class of the day, which was science, he started feeling sick, and then he told his teacher that he wasn't feeling well after the teacher told him to go down to the office to go home. Once the office told him that he was going home for the day, he went back upstairs to his locker to grab his things.

He called his mom to come get him, and she came to get him from school. She then drove him back home and told him to get some rest. He went into his room and lay down until he had enough energy.

Missing Home

By Zamere D.

It was a good day in Ohio. Zamere was having a good day. He had done all his work. He had just been told that he had made the football team. Zamere was happy. He got some food and wanted to go home.

Today was a good day for Zamere, but then his mom and dad came up to him and said they must move to Japan. But why now? He had just made some friends and made the football team, and had done all his work today.

They had gone on an airplane to Japan. Zamere had seen the city from the sky, thinking, Why did he have to leave Ohio?

When he got to Japan, everything was new to Zamere. They got a new house, but Zamere went to his room, thinking he just wanted to go back to Ohio. He put his bags down and looked outside, thinking about how he made the football team and some friends, but now it's all gone.

Zamere went outside. The sky was blue, it was cold. Zamere was looking at the kids playing a game called shogi, then he remembered that his mom had given him 25 dollars in yen. So, he got some food and some ramen noodles.

When he was eating his noodles, some kids came up to him and took the noodles out of his hand, then they were talking about him and pointing at him. Zamere got mad and hit one of the kids. Then the kids started jumping him.

His mom and dad stopped the fight, pulling the kids away from him. Zamere was crying and said that he just wanted to go back to Ohio, but his mom said that it was too late to go back to Ohio.

When they got back to the house Zamere wanted to go to his room, thinking about how he just wanted to go back to Ohio and have fun.

Zamere's mom had come into his room to make him happy, but Zamere did not want to talk to her.

Then his mom said that they can visit Ohio to see his friends and family and Zamere looked up and was happy that they could go back to Ohio.

They were going to Ohio for a week, and they had gotten on a plane to Ohio. When they got there, Zamere was happy to see all his friends and family. He wanted to go to the football field with his friends to play football.

When they were on the field, the friends asked him what Japan was like/ Zamere said that it was bad for him because the kids were jumping him for no reason.

When it was the last day for them in Ohio, they had gone out to eat with friends and family. They were having a good time, then when it was time for them to leave, everybody was sad that they had to go back to Japan.

But Zamere was happy that he got to come back to Ohio. When he got back to Japan, he already wanted to go back to Ohio because the kid was trying to fight him again.

Zamere just wanted to do his work, but the kids had taken his paper. Zamere said, "Give me my paper back."

The kids said, "No," and started jumping him again. When Zamere got back in the house, his mom said, "Just walk away."

Zamere was feeling good that the kids had left him alone. He was learning Japanese in school, and Zamere was getting good grades, and his mom was happy for him.

Then it was the summer. Zamere wanted to go back to Ohio, and his mom had told him that when they got to Ohio, they were going to move there.

THE END

Hand Poems from A to Z

(8th graders reflect on their past, present and future.)

MY HANDS, a poem by Aaliyah Ivory

My hands let go of binds of insecurity that was once weighing down my life, bleeding seamlessly into my vitality. Settling deep in my bones, uninviting, against my unwilling heart. My hand let go of everything that was keeping me from trying, everything that was keeping me reaching my full potential.

My hands hold onto the good things that seem impossibly short, reaching desperately for a semblance of peace that never had the chance to prove itself significant, for the tiny moments I cling onto, to piece myself together.

My hands reach for the possibility of a new start, even if it's long and arduous, vigorous, demanding, my hands will continue to reach for a new beginning in a bygone world.

MY HANDS, a poem by Aaron Finley

My hands let go of being outside as a little kid playing football with my friends, and going to a friends house to get water when i didn't wanna go all the way home.

My hands hold on to when i won the championship in 2024 with my teammates on the garden valley falcons, my hands also hold on to my family and friends, and god.

My hands reach for going to high school and making sure i do everything i'm supposed to do, and performing very well during high school football games to get college offers, and make it to the NFL to be something big and be able to set my family for life.

MY HANDS, a poem by Alexander M.

My hands let go of...
The people who use
to bully me when i
was younger. I want
to let the things i
hate to go and leave
me alone.

I want to let go of
bullying my little
sisters and brother. I
want to let go of
being lazy and try to
do more with my life.
I want to let go of
being mean to
everyone i meet.

My hands hold on to the
people who are close to
me like my mom my
sisters, brother, and
friends. I want to hold on
to the good things in life like
all the things that im
thankful for. I want to hold
on to the things that
people have told me so
that i can be better in life.
I want to hold on to the
things that are important
to people that they gave
me.

My hands reach for a good
life to take care of all the
people that i care about
the people who take care
of me so i'm just
repay them. I want to
reach for the future job
that i am working so hard
for.

I want to reach for
everything i dreamed of
when i was younger, and
live
where i don't have
to hear people screaming
all the time because
someone did something
they were not supposed
to do.

MY HANDS, a poem by Amari

My hands let go of...
school and other
things like being a kid
enjoying life
without a care
in the world.

My hands hold...
my grandma's heart
and my grandfather
heart.

My hands reach for...
becoming something
when i grow up
living my dream life
buying my mother
a house.

MY HANDS, a poem by Aniyah

My hands let go of all the negative friendships that i've had in the past. My hands let go of all the people I no longer communicate with. My hands let go of the old park I had fights at. My hand let go of all of the people that doubt me, and don't want to see me succeed in life.

My hands hold on to my friend that passed away. My hands hold on to my family and close friends. My hands hold on to my siblings, and pears. My hands hold on to the music I love to listen to. My hand hold on to my assistant principal / mother. My hands hold on to my favorite teachers.

My hands reach for my goals. My hands reach for success. My hands reach for and great education. My hands reach for graduation. My hands reach for kids. My hands reach for a good life.

MY HANDS, a poem by Archie Fitzpatrick

My hands let go of the moments when I wasn't able to see or talk to my dad. My hands let go of the times when i didn't used to get in the game and sat the bench the whole time. My hands let go of the times when I used to get bullied for having a stuttering problem.

My hands hold on to the moments when I became the most valuable player on my team. My hands hold on to the fun moments with my mom without my dad. My hands hold on to the times when I met my friends in 7th grade.

My hands reach for going to the big leagues or even being successful in life. My hands reach for spending way more time with my dad. My hands reach for traveling the world and seeing more than just Cleveland.

MY HANDS, by August

My hands let go of...
the childish
weird fake friends
and the bad things
that happened to me
in life and also the
things
that broke me.

My hands hold...
onto sports, school, money,
and my real friends,
the people and family who
was here with me at my
lowest times.

My hands reach for...
pediatric nursing at
emory university
in atlanta georgia
and continuing
to play
volleyball.

MY HANDS, a poem by CARLOS DE LA ROSA

My hands let go of...

Those hands, once so
harsh on those around
him, now only sadly
recall his home in his
country, where he used
to gather with his friends
to play ball or just hang
out. Now he can only
remember when he was
happy.

My hands hold...

The memories of where
I was once happy,
where the only bad
thing was when night
came and having to rest
for tomorrow is a new
day and now I just want
to sleep so the days
end faster and not have
to remember those
memories and suffer
anymore.

My hands reach for...

The longing for
someone to come
and take me out of my
loneliness so I don't
suffer anymore,
so that someone
stops and asks me how
I am, how I've been,
how your family is
doing, how you've
come so far, but these
are only a boy's
fantasies.

MY HANDS, Christianna J.

My hands let go of my brother passing away, me crying every night. My hands let go of my grandma passing. Keep her in my heart. I let go of my tears that fall Everyday. My hands let go my falling legs that drops when i cry. I let go of my inner child for my mom.

My hands hold onto the past that dwells on me. My hands hold my brother's memory and his thoughts. I hold onto my grandma's memory. The memory of my daily and my dad especially

My hands reach for the walls that lead to a better life. I reach for incredible motivations and success, my hands reach for complications but still success. I reach for me to be a nurse and be better at education

MY HANDS, a poem by Cortez Andrews

My hands let go of... all the bad old memories that i had. I let go of baseball when i tried to play it as a kid. I let go of all the things people been owing me so yea i just starting to let stuff go now.

My hands hold... all the sports i play like basketball football track and rugby. I hold on to everything that i don't let go. I hold on to all the memories as a child like playing hide and seek as a little kid.

My hands reach for.. Im reaching for the stars and how im gonna achieve my goals. My hand reach out for the football when i catch it. And my hands reach out when im dribbling and shooting a basketball.

MY HANDS, a poem by Da'marieon

My hands let go of...

Some of the staff in
this school.

How we don't got
recess.

Some of the
students in this
school.

My hands hold...

How we got to the
playoffs 3 times in a row.

How this school helped me
get better at basketball.

The 3 staffs that always
been there for me.

My hands reach for...

Greatness and getting better
at it

Making every basketball team i
try out for.

Making it to the NBA and
grinding to get money.

MY HANDS, Deon B.

My hands let go of...
Bad memories, pets
that passed,
Like my dog that past
in 2014,
and all the fights.

My hands hold...
good memories,
fun times,
and laughter
like the time
when i went
to my friend's house.

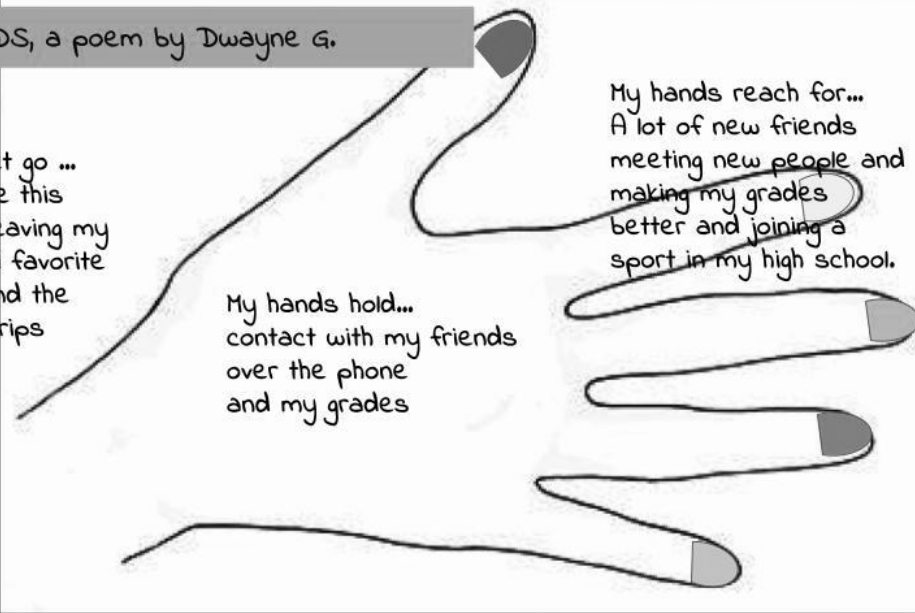
My hands reach for...
success,
more family time,
and more happiness.

MY HANDS, a poem by Dwayne G.

My hands let go ...
when I leave this
school I'm leaving my
friends and favorite
teachers and the
good field trips

My hands hold...
contact with my friends
over the phone
and my grades

My hands reach for...
A lot of new friends
meeting new people and
making my grades
better and joining a
sport in my high school.




MY HANDS, Jaiden Scruggs

My hands let go
of...
me talking back
to my parents
when i get mad.
My hands let go
of me getting
mad and
breaking stuff.
My hands let go
of me wasting
food.

My hands hold...
onto playing football
and learning a new
skill at it every
single day.
My hands hold onto
to me going to
practice everyday

My hands reach
for... being the best
football player i can
be and making it to
the NFL .
My hands reach for
me getting rich.



MY HANDS, a poem by Jibree! Samad

when i was young,
i got bullied a lot
when i was a kid
nobody really liked me
i was very quiet and
kinda stick to myself
a lot
i didn't really have any
friends.
i let go of that.

Right now i'm starting to
branch out
and trying
to make new friends
that are nice to me
and more respectful
than some of my other
friends and trying to
forget about my past

i'm scared to think
about what i'm gonna do
in the future
because we don't know
what is coming up
but i am ready for
whatever i do
in life and
whatever
i dream of

MY HANDS, a poem by Kahron hunter

My hands let go of the
Drama that been
going on.

All the times at
recess like when we
had them 3v3 games.

Also all the hard
middle school work

My hands hold
football when i won
MVP

when we beat the
same team that beat
us 4 times in
basketball

my friends when we
had all the memories
in gym.

My hands hold the work
they taught us so it can
help me all the way.

when we go on the field
trip it's gonna be a
memory.

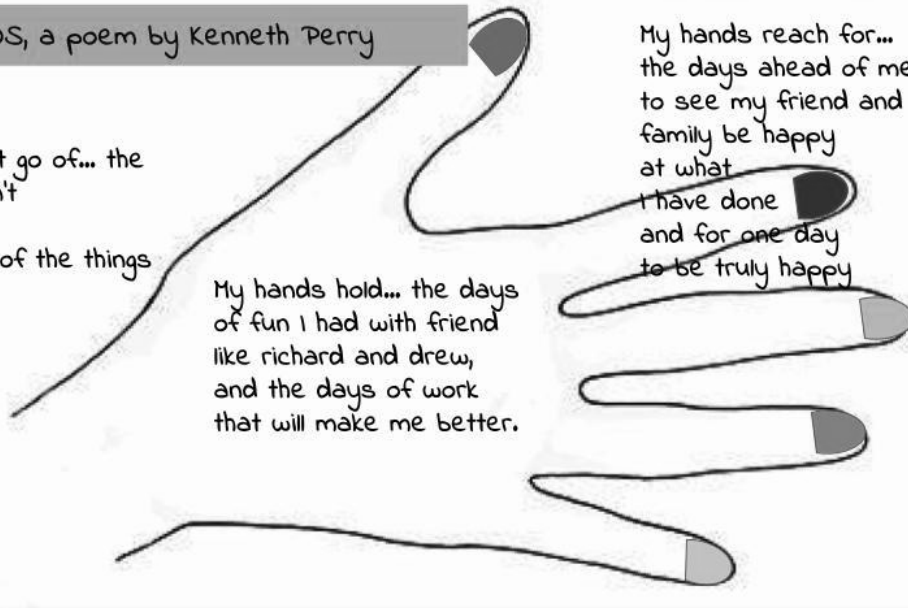
To my friends that i be
with everyday.

MY HANDS, a poem by Kenneth Perry

My hands let go of... the
people I don't
like.....
They let go of the things
i didn't like.

My hands hold... the days
of fun I had with friend
like richard and drew,
and the days of work
that will make me better.

My hands reach for...
the days ahead of me,
to see my friend and
family be happy
at what
I have done
and for one day
to be truly happy

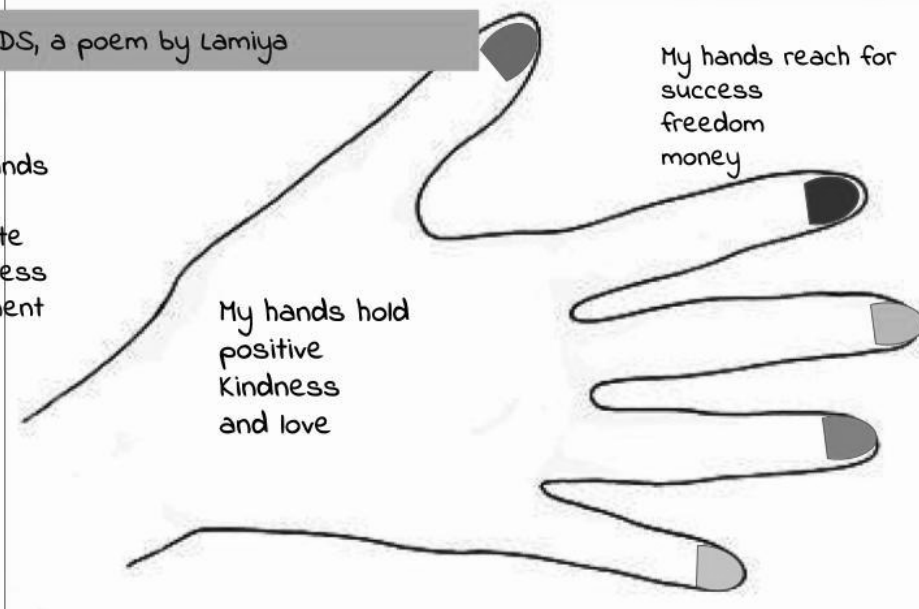


MY HANDS, a poem by Lamiya

My hands
let go
of hate
madness
judgment

My hands hold
positive
Kindness
and love

My hands reach for
success
freedom
money



My Hands, by
Michael M.

My hands let go of
things such as play
fighting.
And I let go of
overreacting
and I let go
Being negative
friends.

My hands hold
Good friends and
family
Good habits
of doing
what I'm told
by my parents
or teachers.

My hands reach for
going to college
so I could
become
a mechanic
so I
can work
on a car
which is my
dream job

MY HANDS, a poem by Nevaeh Perry

My hands let go of a
friendship that ended very
bad, Also my family issues
that seem to not stop,
My terrible decision
making that got me in a
real bad situation,
Watching my momma go
through a lot of things
she should not have went
through.

My hands hold
onto everybody that has
helped me throughout my
life so far. Learning to
play volleyball and
learning to do hair.
I also hold onto picking
and choosing the right
people to hang around,
who to call my friends,
Going back to my old
school where I belong.

My hands reach for going
to an good high-school
and going on to my
cosmetology career. Also
my hands reach for me
making
my Grandma and my dad
proud in life while they're
still alive,
Trying to control
my anger issues
and staying on top of
everything that I got to do
in life,
They reach for me being
able to support myself in
the future and just to
make it out alive.

MY HANDS, a poem by Richard Johnson

My hands let go of...
all the people that
hated on me
throughout middle
school.
My hands let go
of all
the negativities
I went through.

My hands hold...
All of my friends that
supported me
throughout school.
My hands hold on to the
good memories that I
made with friends and
family.
My hands hold on to the
skills I learned in sports
and academics.

My hands reach for...
a good future.
My hands reach for
straight As.
My hands
reach for a good degree
and a good job.
My hands reach
for a successful future.

MY HANDS, Serenity M.

My hands let go of...
Fake friends
Being mean
Smart mouth
People who don't do
Right around me

My hands hold...
More money
Kind heart
Real friends
Nice mouth

My hands reach for...
A good future
Being a nurse
God taking care of me
Better bond with family

MY HANDS, a poem by Zamere

MY hands let go of
not listening,
play fighting,
being a follower
and playing around
too much.

MY hands are open to
being prepared for high
school
They hold on to getting
stronger and playing
football
They hold on to being a
good son and a positive
role model for my
younger cousins.

My hands reach for
being open to new
experiences.

My hands reach
for learning what it
means to be an
entrepreneur.

My hands reach for
finding my flow
to be a success in high
school.

MY hands reach
for getting a car and
becoming independent.

A New Chapter

by Leilani B.

From nervous steps in new shoes,
To hallways filled with highs and blues,
we've grown through laughter, through tears,
Made memories through the years.
We've faced each test, big and small, stood up again after every fall.
With friends beside us,
Together we've made it
Lockers closed,
Pencils down,
We did our part, did our best
As this chapter ends,
A new chapter starts,
Dreams we hope to chase
Strength and grace,
To being king, and standing tall,
To helping others when they fall.
High school waits, but I believe we are ready,
heart and soul, we can rise and shine to reach our goals.