

CityKidzWorld



**Short Stories!
Essays!
Poems!**

Volume 7: Issue 26: Spring/Summer 2016

Vocabulary Bowl Coming in June!



**Over 100 Writers
& Stories Featured
inside!**

City Kidz World literary magazine bringing children's literature to the community since 2008

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Submit stories, pictures and materials to
City Kidz World literary magazine at
editor@citykidzworld.com.
Learn more at: www.citykidzworld.com



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Next Deadline to submit work: July 30
Send submissions to editor@citykidzworld.com.

Special Thanks to Volunteer Editors



Raghuram Jasti is an honors student. He spends significant time working on his writing each week. He is a 9th grader. He is an excellent editor.

Atirath Dhara is a 9th grade honors students with fantastic editing skills. He has a bright future. He works on his own writing weekly.

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Guest Artist

Find the work of up and coming local artist, Daemeon Stradford:

- 1.page 27
2. page 28
- 3.page 63
- 4.page 72



Cover Models

*Anshool Amuda, 4th grade,
Ria Ittan 2nd grade,
Aashreeth Amuda 5th grade,
Aadesh Anand, 5th grade,
Ellison Edwards Murray, 4th
grade.*

Special Thanks to CKW Writing Coaches:

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Ms. Lois	Mr. Kern
Mr. Andrew	Ms. Millicent
Ms. Amri	Ms. Joan
Ms. Christine	Ms. Caitlyn
Ms. Rebekah	Ms. Millicent
Mr. Eric	

Special Thanks to the:
Parents, Principals, and Teachers who
encouraged students to write for this
literary magazine!

Dear Readers,

Glad to see you back! We are excited to have been publishing to children's literary magazine for the last 8 years! We are so happy to have so many writers participating. We hope that you will pick this up, enjoy it and be inspired to write as well. See you next time. The Back to School issue will be out in September. You can submit your stories and art to editor@citykidzworld.com by July 30 to get into the next issue.



**Back to School Issues can be submitted to
editor@citykidzworld.com.
Deadline July 30!**

www.citykidzworld.com



Snowfall

By: Esha Desai kindergarten

When I woke up Saturday Morning, I saw a surprise outside my window. It was snowing outside! I was so excited that I ran to my brother's room to wake him up. He woke up in a split second. Then we both ran downstairs to ask my mom if we could go out and play in the snow.

She said yes so my brother and I put on our snow pants, gloves, jackets, hats, snow boots and our snow goggles. We ran outside to play in the snow. My dad was going to clean up the snow, but we said "stop" because we liked to play in the snow. There was lots of snow on the ground and everywhere. We played snowball fights and I made a big snow hill. I enjoyed sledding down the hill. When I got tired, I sat on the hill and had some more snow ball fights with my brother and my dad. My dad build a big snow mountain. My brother and I had fun climbing it, but when we reached the top, my brother got buried in snow. My dad had to pull him out. I also made snow angels. I had fun day playing in the snow with my brother.



Esha does a great job reminding us about the great winter weather!

My Vacation

By: Faizan Mohammad kindergarten

Have you ever been to Great Wolf Lodge? I went to Great Wolf Lodge with my family during Thanksgiving break. We stayed in KidKamp suite. It had a tent-themed sleeping area with bunk beds and a separate TV for kids to watch. My brother and I just enjoyed being there. We also went to the water park and tried most of the rides. At night, at 8 p.m., we had put on pajamas and listened to stories at the large lobby. The next day, with our pup pass, we got the stuffed plush character toys, Oliver, for my brother and a Dragon for me. We painted pillow covers and also got face painted. After this, we came back home. It took us two hours to reach Great Wolf Lodge was so much fun!



Faizon makes this place sound great.

Ayaan Loves Music

By: Ayaan Alinani kindergarten

Poem

Welcome to school everyone!
Hope you have a lot of fun!
This is THE TIME TO SING and play!
Hope you have a great day.



This is a great, cheerful poem.

Color

By: Spoorthi Kumbam kindergarten

World of colors!
Flowers are yellow
Hearts are pink
Roses are red
Everything in the world has a color
of its own!



This is a beautiful poem.



KIDS AT WORK

By: Dhanyatha Vimalathithan 1st grade

In an enchanted forest there lived a crew that included me. One day the crew members set off together in the forest. They saw a cottage and wanted to get inside the cottage. There they saw some CDs, video games and snacks. They thought someone was living here.

One of the crew members said, "This must be the place where Alain lives."

Another crew member said, "There must be a monster living here."

Another one of the crew said, "There must be a princess living here."

The last one (me) said, "This must be the place of seven dwarfs living here."

Each of them were thinking who could it be and the leader said, "Think, think, think."



I was very much curious about it. The leader was thinking too. Then suddenly something moved. It moved again, over and over. Finally, they saw it. It was a red-golden monster coming to attack us. I didn't know what to do. All of us ran to the workshop, but the red-golden monster followed us into the workshop. Then both of us started to fight. The fighting was over.

Dhanyatha is becoming a great writer. This is her second time in CKW.

To be continued in the next issue!

ABOUT OUR GOLDEN RETRIEVERS

By: Misha Gajula 1st grade

Golden Retrievers have golden fur. Golden Retrievers have floppy ears. They are small when they are puppies. They grow large when they are two years old. Some owners teach Golden Retrievers to do amazing tricks.

My family has a Golden Retriever. His name is Sheru. We got him when he was 10 weeks old. We had him for 5 years. His birthday is on April 16th. He loves all kinds of foods, from canned dog food to pizza. He loves to eat bread in the morning for breakfast. When someone rings the doorbell, Sheru runs to the door and scratches it.



Sheru is a regular in Misha's stories!

Best School

Best School Contest! 1st place - 1st grade

By: Sai Charan 1st grade

I go to James Madison Primary School. I think my school is the best. I have a lot of fun at my school. I learn a lot of things at school. It is making me smarter every day. The subjects at school are Reading, Writing, Math, Science, Time to shine, Social studies, Art, Gym, Music and Spanish. These subjects all are in my school. All of the subjects help me to get smarter. My school helps me to learn every subject together. Our school has a lot of good teachers and friends. So far I have two teachers who taught me at James Madison Primary School. One was

my Kindergarten teacher and one is my First grade teacher, who I still have as a teacher. Both teachers are very nice. My kindergarten teacher's name is Mrs. Galuskin and my first grade teacher's name is Miss Sampson, who is the teacher of the year (this year). I can read books that have lots of chapters because my school taught me so well. My school is helping me to improve



Thanks for sharing your grade school.



Twin Trouble

By: Shriya Sharma 6th grade

Deep in the woods of the Magical Mystical Forest, Little Red and Goldie were twin sisters walking to Grandma White's house. Grandma White (Snow White) was part of the Charming dynasty that ruled the Land of Crystalline. Goldie had the idea to interview Grandma White for her Herology 101 class project. Her partner Little Red agreed with the idea because Grandma White was famous for saving the Crystal Orca from Captain Hook. They still wanted to do Little Red Riding Hood, and Goldie Locks, but they were already taken. They also changed their names at age 12, so they would be named after their two favorite heroines. Their original names were Maryann and Brianna. Goldie called Little Red to start their journey to meet Grandma White now, since it was going to take a few weeks to go and come back. They both still couldn't believe they were going to meet Grandma White!

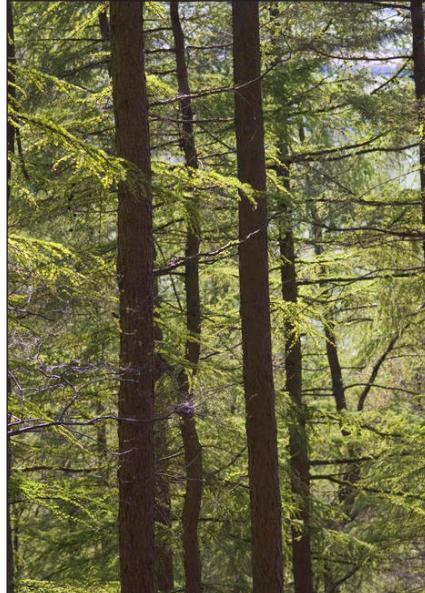
Back at their little cottage where they lived, their parents just found out that the Big Bad Wolf had escaped from where he was being kept captive! The parents heard this from the commotion that was happening outside. They told Cherry the cheetah to find the girls and tell them to come home. Soon, the entire Southern Kingdom was under lockdown or protection. In the following days, the Southern Kingdom had gone from excitement in every rock to humdrum in every pebble.

The Big Bad Wolf was walking along the Path of Pebble. The smirk on his face from eluding the guards was scaring the life out of the pebbles! He escaped very easily because the wolf is a very deft animal. He thought at last; I am free, but what shall I do today? He started to run as fast as he could. He wanted to see the Three Little Pigs, the ones that got him jailed in the first place. He knew where the pigs had their new houses because at the prison he would eavesdrop on the new gossip. At the prison he recompensed his debt by doing community service for 119 hours. As the wolf walked down the path, he realized that the amount of people on the path were diminishing by the minute. As the wolf was walking, he saw lunch: two conspicuous girls wearing neon pink.

The girls heard some rumbling behind them. The girls turned around just in time to see the Big Bad Wolf.

Suddenly, nothing was in sight. All they saw was black!

Meanwhile at the cottage, the parents were going berserk because the girls hadn't returned any of their holograms, a small pancake-shaped calling device, which allows them to see the virtual image of the person they are calling. A pounding noise suddenly emerged from the door. The mother answered the



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This is an extremely creative, descriptive story.

door, while the father was behind her with a knife ready to attack. The mother was bewildered to find Cherry at the door with a worried and frightened expression on her face.

The mother took Cherry inside and asked what had happened. The father securely locked the door and then closed all the curtains. The mother took a seat and patted for Cherry to sit down.

"My dear, Cherry, what happened? Did you find them?" the mother asked with an alarming tone.

"No, Ma'am. But when I went I saw the wolf and a bag big enough for two girls. Fortunately, the bag was empty. Only spirits can save the girls now who will know where they are?" Cherry responded a bit relieved.

"Oh no, only Grandma White and her husband can catch the wolf hopefully the girls have done enough good deeds for the spirits to be in their favor," the father replied while pitching in on the conversation.

At the Charming Central there was a meeting being held to discuss the situation about the Big Bad Wolf. Grandma White and her daughter were alerted that the Big Bad Wolf had two hostages with him. Tweet, tweet, tweet the Charming Central doorbell rang. Rain, the eldest daughter of Grandma White, opened the gate to see two girls dressed in neon pink all tired and drenched in water. Rain immediately took the girls in and wrapped a blanket around them. Rain lead the two girls to Grandma White. Grandma White thought the entire time that the two hostages taken were these two girls coming to visit her. It suddenly hit her that if these girls are here safe and sound over here, who are the two hostages that were taken by the Big Bad Wolf?

To Be Continued in the Next Magazine



My Favorite Teacher

By: Zoe Irby 2nd grade

Mrs. Pimentel

Teachers have a very important job because they help us to learn new things. They teach a lot of different grades.

My second grade teacher is Mrs. Pimentel at Central Elementary School. She is the best teacher ever because she makes learning fun. Mrs. Pimentel is nice and she encourages me and helps me to feel good about myself.

Her favorite word to use is evidence. She loves that word a lot. I really like when she does air quotes because it's fun.

My teacher gives our class marbles in a jar for good behavior. When the jar is full, we have a marble party and at the party we get to choose something fun to do. If we had a best teacher contest, she would probably win. She's the number one teacher in the whole world. When I grow up, I want to be a teacher just like her.

I wish second grade would never end. I'll miss her a lot when I go to third grade.



Zoe has written a wonderful tribute to her teacher.

THE DREAM

By: Tanya Sennamsetty 1st grade



Tanya's dream story may be predicting the future!

One day there was a girl who dreamed that she was president of United States of America. In her dream she was the first lady president of America. She lived and worked from the White house. She was running the country and making all the rules for people. Everyone was happy with her as a president. She woke up and realized it was dream.

She told her mom that she dreamed she was the president of America and her mom said, "Ohhh," and laughed at her.

However, her mom was happy about her dream.



My Bad Dream

By: Arvin Kuttu pre-k

This delightful pre-k guy is a great storyteller and writer!

One night I went to sleep in my bedroom. My brother also slept with me.

While I was sleeping, I dreamt of a huge monster. He had big, round bulgy eyes, big sharp teeth, big sharp pointed nails, and a tail.

He scared me as he opened his mouth. I woke up and screamed, "Mommy, Mommy!"

Mom came and hugged me tight.
I was very happy.



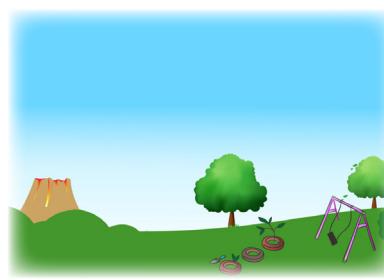
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The Volcano

By: Karan Khandelwal 1st grade

Once upon a time there were kids going to the park, but there were explosives there. When the kids got there, they played hide and seek.



This is Karan's first story and it is awesome!

When they got tired, one kid said, "What is that?" He was wondering about the explosions. The kids saw that there was lava all around them! They kids ran toward a high spot. When they got there, they stood there for 90 hours. When the 90 hours were finished the lava almost covered the whole park. They tried calling for help, but no one heard them. They waited for 10 hours. After 10 hours passed, a kid realized he had a supercomputer and it could save them! But the supercomputer had no idea how to get them to safety.

One kid said, "I have an idea!"

The kid said, "Do you have a rope?"

"Yes! How about you make a bridge to save us?"

The supercomputer made a bridge then he saved all the kids. The kids thanked the supercomputer and were happy to be saved. Then they all went home!

By: Radhika Chittor 1st Grade

My Birthday Gift



My birthday! It was finally here. My aunts, uncles, friends and family, were all here. I got so many presents. But this year was very special because I got the best gift of all, the gift of DANCING!

So as the story begins, a few weeks after my birthday, I was drawing a picture. In the middle of drawing, I heard my mom calling me. I ran to the living room and when I got there, she asked me if I was interested in doing something by myself, without accompanying my older sister, which happened ALL THE TIME! I immediately shouted, "YES."

Then she said, "Your dad and I have been thinking that because you are such a great dancer, we are going to enroll you in a special Indian dance class. The dance is called Bharatanatyam."

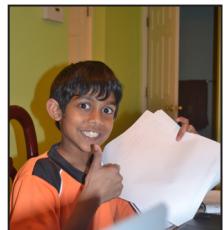
I was so happy and excited and could not wait for Monday, when the classes were supposed to begin.

Monday! The day of my first class. I came rushing home from school and saw that my mom had set out my dance clothes: a long tunic and tights. I wore the clothes and went skipping to my first dance class and danced my heart out.

This is a fun, small moment.

By: Sachin Kotta 3rd grade

Lost in the Theme Park



There was a boy named Jack who was 6 years old. He moved from a small town near Chicago to New Jersey with his mom, dad, and an older sister.

Since Jack's family moved to a big town, he was waiting to visit a theme park.

Jack asked his mom, "Can I go to one of the big theme parks in New Jersey?"

His mom said, "Yes."

That weekend Jack and his mom arrived at the big park, went on many rides, and had lots of fun. But on his last ride, "spinning cup", he sat in one of the cups and had a good time. When the ride ended, he exited out of the wrong way and he got separated from his mom.

Jack was crying and he was very sad. He got an idea from the book he read a few days back. In the book a small kid gets lost and he reaches out to a security guard for help.

That's what Jack did. He went to a guard and said, "I'm lost! I can't find my mom."

The guard took Jack to the security room. He announced in the microphone Jack's mother's name and asked her to come to the security room. Within a few minutes his mom came running to the place. When she saw Jack, she hugged him and felt relieved and happy. Jack felt the same. Jack was happy that the story he read helped him to get an idea to find his mom!

This is fantastic realistic fiction.



THE BLACK PERSON WHO WANTED FREEDOM

By:Ethan Beja-Umukoro 2nd grade

Once there was a boy who was a black.
He was not treated right. He wanted to have equal rights.
One day he became president. He made a speech.
He said, " I want to have equal rights."
People started listening to him, but one day he was shot and killed.
Somebody got arrested for shooting the boy. Still, people listen to the boy.



Ethan wrote an insightful, thoughtful poem.

The Lost Ball

By: Kavya Chauhan 3rd grade

My name is AJ. My best friend is Sam. One day Sam and I went to a store. I wanted a green plastic ball, but there was only one left so I grabbed it quickly. Then my dad paid for it. When we got home, I asked Sam if he could play outside.

Sam said, "Yes."

We jumped out of the car and ran to a field in front of a gigantic forest. Sam threw the ball to me and it went straight into the forest. I was so upset that I lost my brand new ball, so I went into the forest to look for it. I saw a slightly tilted rock and looked under it.

And there was, my ball! Then, we played happily ever after.

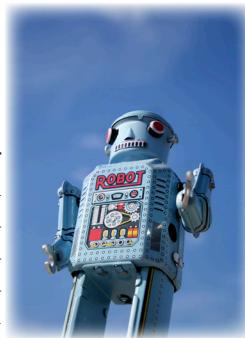


A small story about a common problem

Robtastic

By: Inika Kadakia 2nd grade

Once upon a time in far away Florida, there lived a super computer named "Super Com. Mark." One day his cousin "Super Mary" called and said that her screen said that a robot giant was smashing the town. They quickly got their things, and went to town to see the giant. When they saw the giant, they swooped down and sat on his head. Then, they took out the controls. Next, they threw them away and at last the robot stopped. On Super Com. Mark's screen it read: "An evil person named Marcela is sending thousands and thousands of smashing giants. Mary was shocked, but they both knew they could stop Marcela. But how?



This is an amazing sci-fi story!

First, they located Marcela and went in to the building. Next, they slowly turned the corner...AND THERE SHE WAS! She was using a big board and trying to control all the giants at once. Mary and Mark carefully slid under the chair. Then they slid under the board. Slowly and carefully they shifted to their right.

Suddenly...they noticed something. There were different wires connected to different things. Mark quickly wrote: "Disconnect the wires in invisible mode so if Marcela looks down she won't see us."

Then Mary wrote, "Marcela can see invisible things, so we will be seen."

After thinking for few minutes, Mark said, "We could go up to Marcela or separate ourselves outside, and get the giants."

Mary agreed and said, "I go with the 2nd option" and off they went with no whooshes or taps.

When they got outside, they split up, and then became invisible because Marcela cannot see invisible objects on screens.

The way they got the giants was by sitting on its head, using the mouse to draw a name for it, typing it in, then clicking on its name and selecting delete. The robot became a black ant and joined a colony created for Marcela's evil bots.

In an hour they were done. They had a ROBTASTIC DAY!



Great Aunt Imogene

By: Jyotsna Nagarapu 2nd grade

There were two close sisters named Lilly and Sophie. Sophie would do anything, while Lilly preferred to think about her actions first. On one normal day, Lilly and Sophie woke up (Lilly was older). Lilly was on her new iPhone because she packed her overflowing bag last night. Sophie, however liked to wait until the last moment, so she was rushing and almost forgot to pack her History book.

"Sophie, we're almost late for school!" Lilly exclaimed to Sophie, who was packing her bag upstairs, "And we don't take the bus!"

"Wait, I'm packing my water bottle!" Sophie shouted.

"Fine, I'll go by myself!" cried Lilly.

After a few seconds, an answer came.

"OKAY!" Sophie shouted, crying under throbbing tears.

"What happened Sophie?" Lilly calmly asked, opening the door to Sophie's room and sitting next to her, trying to comfort her.

"A..a..after you said.... you were... going to.... go, a weird.... voice went off... in my... room. It... whispered,'Give me your... sister to ...hurt, or I will....hurt....YOU! Ha, Ha, Ha!" Sophie said, pausing to wipe her glimmering tears.

Lilly, trying to take this in, nodded her head and blinked her brown eyes a few times.

Looking down at her toes, Sophie whispered, "It sounded like Great great great Aunt Imogene who died!" she added.

Lilly opened her mouth to speak, but instead, the weird voice came again!

"I see you brought your big sister, Sophie!" the strange voice said.

Sophie said nervously stammered, "Y..Y.. Yes, but n.. not for you to hurt!" "What do you mean?" the voice boomed.

"That means she will NOT let a.... STRANGER like you hurt me!" Lilly said, making a silly punching pose, while standing up.

"Oh well, I might as well try next time," the mysterious voice said, dying down.

"Well that was weird," Sophie said.

"And mysterious!" Lilly added.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

"LILLY, WAKE UP! I GOT A NIGHTMARE THAT GREAT GREAT GREAT AUNT IMOGENE WAS THE WEIRD VOICE!" Sophie shouted, tapping Lilly rapidly.

"Really?" Lilly said with a puzzled expression on her face.

"I did too!"

Sophie quickly explained that in her nightmare, she went downstairs to get a drink of water. Then she saw Aunt Imogene take form as a ghost, and then Aunt Imogen quickly disappeared. Then, Lilly told her sister that she had exactly the same dream except she went for a glass of OJ and Aunt Imogene was a vampire.

Lilly yawned and said to Sophie, "Let's sleep now. I have a big test tomorrow, and I need lots of sleep if I'm going to pass the test!"

And with that said, the sisters went to sleep, until the weird voice woke them up again!



This is an awesome spooky story!

1st Grade

By Gurjot Singh 1st grade

Ding-dong! My alarm went on. I woke up and asked my mom, "Is my school starting today?"

My mom said, "Yes."

It was my first day of school. I was so excited and happy to get into a new class. I knew I would make many friends.

First, my mom told me to brush my teeth and take a bath. I went to take a bath. I took a long one. After that, I was fully awake, and I put on my clothes, my socks, and my shoes. My mom packed my lunch. My mom also gave me the supplies. She gave me a new folder. I put it in my bag, and I was ready to go.

Finally, my mom dropped me at the bus stop. My bus driver gave a smile and said, "Good morning," to me. Then she drove

us to the school bus stop. We waited for all the buses to come. Then I walked on the sidewalk to the school door. The teachers helped us to get into the classrooms.

As I entered my class, I got a little nervous. I unpacked, calmed down and sat on my new desk. When the teacher said, "Good Morning," I said good morning back to her. She gave me my journal and told me what it was for. Then I started writing in it. Next, I shared my writing with the class.

It was gym time, and I got really happy. We were going to have Pacer test. At the end of the gym, Ella got the good sport of the



This story is well-written.



The Mysterious Footprints!

By: Anvi Joshi 2nd grade

"Hey you there, yeah you!"

My name is Detective Don. I roam around the city looking for mysterious things. Speaking about mysterious things, I saw some footprints in a mud pile . I observed the footprints and saw that this thing wasn't wearing shoes because I saw toes -- not five but six!

I had to find this thing. The six toes got me curious and curiosity kills the cat, but I'm not a cat. I started searching and following the mysterious footprints. They led to a big, deep, dark cave. Should I go in? Should I not? I didn't answer those questions. I had to go in now! I tried to go in quietly, but when I stepped in, my nose twitched and twitched then I let out a big sneeze!

"Achoo!"

I think I woke up the mysterious thing because I could feel shaking under my feet! But then I saw something come out of the cave, however, it was no big thing. It was a cute dog. It had six toes and it just walked away. I was expecting something bigger than a cute dog. Anyway , another mystery solved by detective Don.



This is a short, sweet mystery!

The Dog and the Rabbit

By: Sehaj Chadha 3rd grade

One beautiful and relaxing spring day, a little boy named Steve let his dog play outdoors by herself. Steve knew his dog, Popa, was well trained and could take care of herself. Popa was 10-years-old, just like Steve. She was a medium-sized dog with white spots on her light brown fur, which covered her smooth back. Popa was running around in the daisy field with the bright sunshine, shining on her soft and cozy back.

There was a piece of wood in Popa's way, but Popa did not notice. The wood got stuck in Popa's paw and she started howling so loud that all the birds flew away from the apple trees in the daisy field. A nearby rabbit, Husky, heard Popa howl. So Husky went to check out what had happened.

Husky saw the dog with the piece of wood stuck in her paw. He asked what happened. Popa told the whole story, not leaving out any details.

Husky said, "I will only help you if you help me when I need you," Popa agreed and Husky pulled the piece of wood out of Popa's paw. Popa thanked Husky and went back to Steve for lunchtime. Husky thought Popa was too clumsy to help him. He went to his owner, Lola, and ate five and a half carrots. Weeks went by...

Husky did need help, but Popa never came. Husky saw Popa walking by him, but Popa never noticed Husky looking sad because of his big cut. Luckily, Lola came to help. When Husky was healed, Lola let him play in the daisy field again. Husky was annoyed with Popa because she never helped him.



Great moral tale! Keep up the fantastic work!

Husky saw Popa a few feet away and started hopping quickly to her. There was a man who loved collecting rabbits and set a trap for Husky to land into.

Popa started barking loudly, "AHOO, AHOO."

Popa kept barking louder and louder, but Husky did not notice. He ran into the trap and tried to escape. This was the opportunity to help Husky, thought Popa.

Popa ran right to the net, which Husky was inside of and climbed up the tree. Husky was amazed. He now knew Popa was a smart and well trained dog. Popa carefully reached the net and with her sharp claws, struggled to cut the net open. She kept trying. She kept scratching the string the net was made of. Finally, the net opened and both of them ran to Popa's playhouse as quickly as they could. They hid in a tunnel in the playhouse.

The man came out with a cage.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" he shouted. He was surprised and frustrated he sure did fail this time. Husky told Popa that he thought that she could never help him, and that he thought she was clumsy. Husky said sorry. Popa did not mind, she understood. They became very good friends, and met everyday in the daisy field.

As Popa always says, "Don't judge something or someone for how they are portrayed to be at first!"



The Mystery of the Stolen Diamonds

By: Shruti Aggarwal 3rd grade

Ding!Dong!Ding!Dong! The doorbell rang and rang. A detective named Melodie slowly slid off a couch to open the door. She hoped it was not Coco the reporter. Melodie's last mystery was a disaster. She opened the door. She was shocked! It was Coco's twin sister. Her name was Ameila. Melodie and Ameila did not like each other.

"Coco told me to tell you that there are stolen diamonds in the town," Ameila said in a grumpy way. Melodie closed the door. She did not believe Ameila. She sat on her couch again.

Suddenly her younger brother Max screamed. Melodie rushed into Max's bedroom. "I got to a new level in my game," Max cried. Melodie sighed.

She went downstairs and decided to take a walk. When she went outside, she heard everyone talking weirdly. She asked Kara her friend what was wrong. She said, someone stole diamonds from Mrs. Cotal. Mrs Cotal is very kind. She works for the pet store. She can not talk so loud. Melodie remembered that Ameila was really telling the truth. She was surprised.

As quickly as she could, she ran to her house and packed her detective gear. Melodie called Max to join her. Max groaned. He did not like to solve mysteries. Melodie left without Max.

She started looking for clues. She saw little footstep marks that were yellow, leading to a very old scary house. Melodie felt very scared. She tiptoed inside. Creek!Creek!Bang! Noises were coming from everywhere around the house. Melodie saw a shadow coming toward her. She stepped back and screamed. It was only Ginger. Ginger worked for an amazing scientist. Sometimes Ginger could be tricky. "WHY DID YOU

STEAL DIAMONDS FROM MRS. COTAL!" Melodie screamed.

Ginger looked surprised.

"What Diamonds. I did not steal any Diamonds," Ginger said calmly. Melodie looked around the old house. There was nothing there. Melodie asked a few questions and left.

This time she saw claw marks.

If you want to read a great mystery, read this one!

"How strange," she whispered. She followed the track to another house. She peeked through the window and called the police. She knew exactly who it was. The police came right away. One person was sweating. She told them who it was.

The next morning she made a speech. "Everyone today you are gathered here to find out who stole the diamonds," Melodie said. She pulled out Ginger and one police officer named Nick. They confessed.

"George the scientist needed a diamond to complete his project. I wanted to impress him by getting diamonds. I hired Nick to do the job. I said I would give him five thousand dollars," cried Ginger.

They went to jail for 5 months. The news was all over the town. When they got out everyone stared at them like they did not know them and ran away. They said they would never steal anything again. Everyone came back out and had a party. Nothing went wrong in their town until...



Best cont'd from page 5

my handwriting by teaching me so well. They are teaching math strategies that help me to do addition and subtraction. I made three science projects so far. We made a boat, a structure/ function bungee and a structure/ function monster. I am learning one new language. I am learning Spanish at school. In art I learned five things, Fonts, Warm and Cool Colors, how to make necklaces, how to make blue prints and how to draw a Chinese dragon. In music I learned rhythm, steady beat, coma, sign language "mi and so". At school my teacher is awesome because she makes learning so fun. That's why I do not want to miss a day of school and I have a great playground at school. I go there to play with my school friends. That is my favorite place. That's why I think my school is great.

Submit your story to editor@citykidzworld.com.

Deadline: July 30



Chocolate

By: Ved Desai 3rd grade

Have you heard about chocolate? You probably have because it is very common and a significant amount of chocolate is consumed between every meal! There are many types of chocolate, which are White Chocolate, milk chocolate, and dark chocolate. Dark chocolate is very bitter. Almost everyone has had chocolate.

History

Chocolate has an interesting history. A group of people called the Olmec invented chocolate of chocolate. Later other groups learned of it. Eventually the Aztecs used cacao beans as money. Only the rich were allowed to have most of the chocolate, although the poor still liked it. In fact, the Aztec king liked chocolate so much that everyday he would drink chocolate milk. They also added spices in their chocolate milk. One other thing the Aztecs did was that they put chocolate in tombs.

How to Make Chocolate

These are the steps of making chocolate. First farmers plant cocoa beans. Then the cocoa beans get fermented. Then the beans are dried. Next is the roasting. After roasting, the next step in the process is to crack the thin papery outer shell of the cacao beans. Pure cacao beans are called "Nibs". Next step is to grind the cacao beans and to temper them. This makes the chocolate melt in your tongue. The final step is molding, chocolate molds into the shape as the maker wants. After the molding step, fillings may be added if required.

Timeline

The next thing you will learn is the timeline of chocolate. Sixth century A.D. - Mayan processed the cocoa beans to chocolate. Mayan chocolate was called Xocoatl. Three hundred A.D. - The Mayans carved pictures of cocoa beans on temples and palaces. Six hundred A.D. - In Yucatan, the Mayans made cacao plantations. The Aztec and Mayans made chocolate milk. 1492 - King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella were the first Europeans to discover dark brown cocoa beans.



Don't eat another piece of chocolate until you read this informative article.

1519 - Hernando Cortez established a cocoa plantation.

1528 - Cortez taught King Charles how to make chocolate.

1544 - Spanish monks went to the Dominican Republic to share about cocoa beans.

1569 - The Roman church did not like chocolate and said: "chocolate wouldn't break any fast".

1579 - Buckineerians burned the currency (cocoa beans) and mistaken them as sheep dung.

1585 - Cocoa Beans were in the market in Spain. 1609 - A book was written on chocolate.

1625 - 200 Cocoa Beans equaled one Spanish cent.

1674 - London coffee shop made chocolate cake.

1677 - Brazile established the first cocoa plantation.

1704 - The Germans taxed chocolate.

1755 - Americans learned how to make chocolate.

1780 - Chocolate making machines were invented in Barcelona.

1800 - The first industrial manufacture facility was made for chocolate. 1810 - Venezuela produced half the world's chocolate, and one-third of chocolate was consumed by Spanish people.

1822 - Cocoa trees became ornamental trees.

1875 - Milk chocolate is invented.

Today's Chocolate

The last thing to know about chocolate is the brands of chocolate that we have in the market. There are many different kinds of chocolate like Reeses, Snickers, M&M's, Skittles, Milky Way, kit-kat, Babe Ruth, Tootsie Rolls, Smarties, rolls, Lindt, Godiva, Milk Dudes, Cadbury and many more.

Try some!

Submit your story to editor@citykidzworld.com.

Deadline: July 30



LILY'S FIRST TIME IN THE OCEAN

By: Sehaj Chadha 3rd grade

Once there was a little girl named Lily who was five years old and had never gone to the beach. Lily was a sweet little girl who loved ice cream, especially mango flavor. She was very scared to go to the beach because she thought a dangerous sea monster would catch her. On July 17th, Lily was invited to a birthday party at Bowhead Beach. She did not want to go, but she had to because it was her best friend's birthday party.

Lily's best friend's name was Sara. Sara was going to turn five. Sara was one month younger than Lily. Time passed by and the birthday party was finally tomorrow from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. It was on a Saturday, the best day of the week for Lily. The next morning Lily got ready and jumped in the car. She was excited to meet her friends, but nervous to go in the water. Her family drove to the party at the beach. Before the families came together to celebrate Sara's birthday, Lily encountered the water for the first time. When Lily saw the waves she started crying. Her parents told her to stop crying, and to try to step in the water. Lily's family was the second family at Bowhead Beach. The first family was Sara's family. Sara and Lily finally saw one another and started making sandcastles together.

Sara wanted to go in the waves, but Lily did not. The waves were moving and Lily thought the sea monsters would come for her.

"Have you been in the water before?" asked Sara.

"No, I'm afraid the sea monsters will hurt me!" Lily replied.

"Don't be afraid. There are no sea monsters. Face your fears!" exclaimed Sara.

Sara took Lily by the hand and they went closer to the ocean. The water seemed to get closer to them. Finally, Lily dipped her toes into the water. Surprisingly, she felt relaxed. Lily kept going in the ocean and called to Sara, "Come in!"

Sara was a very good friend to Lily. Lily's parents were proud of her for going in the water. Sara's parents were proud too because she made Lily face her fear. All the other children came once Lily faced her fear. They all had ice cream, cake, and other treats. Everybody continued to play and had a joyful and amazing day!



This story makes me want to go to the beach.

Ode to Chocolate Candy!

By: Katyasri Kondragunta 3rd grade

Kit Kat has milk in it and I love milk.

Hershey has nuts in it and it's good enough to share with other people.

Dove has chocolate inside and that makes it more delicious to eat.

When we bite the delicious Three Musketeers chocolate, they stretch out wide.

Milky Ways can melt and the chocolate could spread.

Kisses are small, but they are so yummy!

Snickers are so sweet that they want me to eat more of them.

Skittles have different flavors that actually taste like real fruit and with a pinch of chocolate in it.

M&M's have so many chocolate and they are really tasty sweet and sugary.

You should eat chocolate -- starting now!



Katyasri has convinced us to eat chocolate.

1st con't from page 10

day. I wished one day I could get one for being a good listener in the gym.

The third activity of the day was word work time. I did my work quickly. Then it was time for lunch. My teacher called us by table colors. There was the yellow table, blue table, red table and purple table. When it was lunch time, I felt so relaxed and free. After recess, it was Readers workshop time. I needed to choose books to read and put them in my bin. I liked choosing books and reading them.

Next, it was writer's workshop. I wrote one full story. After writers workshop, it was snack time. I ate my snack. Last we did was social studies.

Finally, we packed up quietly and waited for buses to be called. When mine was called I walked happily, thinking about my busy day.



Gregory And The Creepy Spider!

By: Krishna Kanitkar & Jai Garg 3rd grade

One day there was a very cool robot named Gregory who had super powers! He was extra sight, had super strength, had extra quickness, and he could fly. He knew when people were in trouble just by looking at the sky. He was born on January 23, Monday, 2004. He was very famous and everyone told him that he was the best! Most people thought he was unique because he had jetpacks on his head and his feet! He could go super far! Everyone liked to see him when he flew! It was like a comedy show!

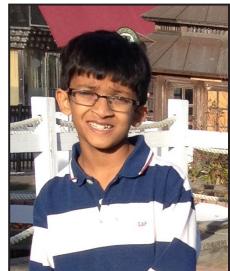
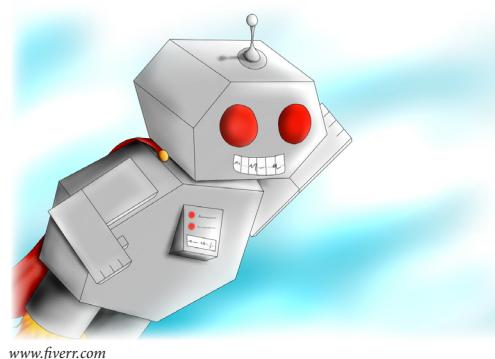
When Gregory woke up one morning, he looked out his window and saw a huge, black spider that was attacking the town! He had to do something! People were frightened and were chanting his name! He quickly got dressed and ate his breakfast in a very big hurry! He went upstairs and flew out the window. He felt as if he were 1,000,000,000,000,000 feet tall! He saw everyone looking at him and chanting his name! Then he saw the scary spider. What will he do now?

Gregory had an idea! He used his mega quickness to make an extremely big robot that had the same super powers as him! The robot was fighting with the fearsome ugly spider. But if he wanted to defeat the ugly spider, he needed an army of clones. So he made 100 robots all in 5 seconds! He made himself very big and faced the fearsome ugly spider. Would he win the war?

As Gregory fought, he noticed that half of the robots were destroyed. Gregory got angry. He faced the monster and took his big sword out and stabbed the spider. Just to make sure he was dead, he chopped all the legs and arms. Then he took out his heart and threw it away.

Gregory looked at himself. He thought he really needed to take a shower! He was drenched with disgusting red stuff. He made himself back to normal as the HUGE crowd cheered! They all knew that Gregory could do it! He has never failed.

Gregory went home feeling very happy in what he did and how he made everyone who lived in the city happy! He went directly into the shower when he got home. He didn't even say hi to his mother. That was because he did not want his mother to faint when she saw how dirty he was. After he took the shower, his mother gave him a hug." For the 23rd time you have saved all of us Gregory," his mom whispered to him.



The story is a great collaboration!



When you work together, it turns out great!

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Do you want to submit a story with your friend?

What great, summer fun!
Submit your partner story to
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We cannot wait to read it.
Deadline: July 30.



Ballet

By: Anjali Harish 3rd grade

This is Ballet High a boarding school where every dancer gets to dance their dream out. According to curriculum, each child must make a life-changing decision about what dance style they will take on for their career. They must also promise never to go off-script. Today the students will be visiting : **The Shore of the Sashaying Starfish!**

Audrey Sugarplum's throat was parched as she hiked under the scorching Sun. Boy, was this island hot! She fluttered her wings. "Is it time for a water break?" she asked. "Oh, silly! We're already here!" replied Sara Snowflake. "Welcome!" cried a tiny voice in front of a monumental altar. "I'm Sunny, one of the sashaying starfish!" "Thank you, Sunny!" exclaimed Clarabelle Nutcracker. The girls sat down to have their lunch. "Are you eating that cheese, Audrey?" asked Sara. "Nope it's yours." Audrey waved her wand hoping for something to drink when the ocean breeze tickled her nose and...POOF! A horse flew



Anjali is becoming a better writer each year!

out. Today of all days! The girls packed up their picnic and heard a noise that sounded like an alien singing. "What's goin' on here!" demanded Sunny. "I'm afraid we can't put on that musical for our guests because our backup for Timmy sings horribly!" complained the Director. "Maybe we could plough through the recording year! and record my voice instead of his," suggested Clarabelle. "Our voices?" corrected Audrey. "Right, sorry." Clarabelle blushed. So they did. They got to wear new tank tops and dresses and had a lot of fun. When they were about to leave the sacred place, Sunny thanked them for helping them make a lot of progress. It was awesome! They couldn't wait to go home. Maybe in our next episode we will find out how this trip helped them...

The Awesome Shadow Adventure

By: Samhith Manoj 4th grade

"Wake up!" I heard someone yelling at a earsplitting level. I woke up with a start.

"That was scary," I said to myself. "Maybe, not that scary."

I finish brushing my teeth and headed downstairs for breakfast, but I didn't see anyone for breakfast. I woke up way too early. It was 5 a.m. in the morning.

It was just because of that scary dream I had. Since I was hungry, I ate cereal with my dog, Sesame. Okay, maybe the name was pretty lame, but my sister named him and when I tried to call him a different name, he wouldn't listen to anything else. "Hello," said a calm voice.

"Whoa," I said, petrified and amazed.

"How did you come alive?"

"I am your shadow," explained my shadow.

"Do you want to go biking with me?" I asked.

"Sure," says my shadow. Then I grabbed a flashlight, opened the garage door, got our bikes, opened the door, and me and my shadow headed out into the darkness.

"Dexter, come down right now!" Mom yelled the next day.

"Uh Oh," I said. She's seen Shadow! I ran downstairs as fast as I could. I saw Shadow rummaging through my video games.

"Shadow!" I yell, "What in the world are you doing?"

"Well ..." Shadow begins.

"How... how did your own shadow come... alive?" asked my mom.

"I don't know, Mom," I answered. Mom quickly ran out from the kitchen. Then Dad and my brother DJ walked in. They both gasped when they saw Shadow.

"How in the world did your shadow come alive?" asked DJ.

"Uhhh, Mom asked the same question... did you have to ask now?"

"Answer it," Dad says, not looking too happy about it.

"Well..." I begin. Soon enough, Dad picked up Shadow, and threw him out of the house. But for some reason, I got picked up and thrown out too!

"AHHHHHHH!" I screamed as I saw dad slam the patio door shut. I kicked the grass really hard.

"Ouch!" I yelped in pain. I saw Dad, DJ, and Mom running toward me and Shadow.

"I think I broke my ankle," I said, painfully.

"DJ, call the hospital and quick!" Mom orders.

"I am hurt too!" Shadow added. We reached the hospital at six. The doctor finished putting my cast and Shadow's cast on.

"I am so sorry for throwing Shadow out, but I didn't expect you to go flying out with him," Dad said.

"It's okay," Me and Shadow say at the same time. Suddenly, Shadow disappeared. "Oh, it's night so he went away," I explain.

"Don't worry, I'm sure he'll come back," Dad said.

"Thanks," I said back.



This scary story has great details!



VENEZIA

By Padma Sriram 3rd grade

Have you ever heard of a beautiful city called Venice? Well, this lovely city is in Italy, which is in Europe. Venice is known as the fearless Queen of the Sea. Gondolas are very special boats that are used for fun ride and relaxations. It is thin and narrow and the Gondilears (rowers) wear striped shirts and only use one narrow oar to row. They are also used for transportation. Fruits and vegetables are sold on boats. An important place in Venice is San Marco Square. It is the heart of the city. It is named after a famous saint, Saint Marco. There is a legend that Saint Marco buried treasure within the cathedral. Four robbers on horses tried to steal the treasure, but Saint Marco turned them into stone statues. If you scan the outside of the cathedral with your eyes carefully, you will see four horses with four statues. The symbol of San Marco is a Winged Lion holding a book to represent the fearless queen of the sea because the lion is fearless and the book is to show knowledge. The Dodge (Prince) and only the Dodge is allowed to wear the crown called the Dodges Horn. A church in Santa Maria has a big scary mask to scare away devils and thieves. On an island named Burano, there is a bell tower leaning to one side and that is the reason Burano is



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This is a lovely, informative travel feature.

special. There is another island called Murano, which is famous for making beautiful glass items like ornaments. Marco Polo is a famous explorer born in Venice. Venice is well known for making beautiful masks because it has lots of carnivals! Young girls' job were to make jewelry to wear. Every spring the people gather around to celebrate the marriage between the city and the sea.

My personal experience- In the summer of 2015, when we were in Venice, one of the favorite things we did was riding Gondolas and private boats! We visited a really cool glass factory called Murano Gallery. The tour guide told us that the gallery was family owned for generations. We had a tour

of the gallery, where we saw glass animals, people, and plates etc. The tie-dye colored ornaments were really pretty! I got to choose a small platter, which had wines and birds on it. Lastly, I loved viewing all of the creative masks that were hung up on the wall and eating the yummy pizzas and gelato. I would love to go back to Venice! Ciao.

By Kavya Kondragunta 3rd grade

Respect

I have learned when I was very little that if you show respect to someone, it's most likely that they will give the respect back to you. This was very helpful to me.

I know that when you are a very nice person and you don't respect someone, even if they are someone you don't know, you can hurt their feelings a lot and you might have to hold on to that queasy and very guilty feeling and that makes a day miserable until they forgive you. Another reason why you should respect someone is because they will give it back, unless they are mean and/or greedy, but hopefully they are not mean and/or greedy.

Sometimes the respect people give is not a thing. Sometimes

it is a smile that spreads across their faces and sometimes it is a heart-warming hug from a family and that is what a kind and respectful person usually gets. The last reason why you should respect someone (even if they don't respect you back) is because you will feel good inside. I know this because I have had this feeling. Every time I respected someone I felt good inside. This helped me in the future because it got me out of having a miserable life. It got me out of having a miserable life because then I didn't have to keep that crummy feeling inside me. Well, I hope this helps you for your future and until then, bye - bye!



Thank you for reminding us to respect each other.



Mad Jack

By: Krish Chopra 3rd grade

One day in a laboratory there was a person named Mad Jack. Mad jack was known for his crazy inventions. Today he had an idea to make the craziest invention ever. His plan was to make a robot that was indestructible that could fly, but that didn't need a jetpack at flight. It would only use the wind power and when the wind velocity got faster he would go faster. So he started today and took a break because it felt like three hours have past by but only 10 minutes have past by. He was as sweaty as a dog after they took a shower. He drank a gallon of water and was ready to start again. So he started, 1 hour later he wasn't that tired because he only put the small parts on and in the beginning he had to put the body and all the main parts on but he is not that tired anymore. Two hours later he finished the final product and was ready to test it.

Mad Jack went outside to test it and turned the button on. He started --a moment later BOOM! He blasted off. At first he was quite slow, but gradually he got faster and then it turned off by itself and Jack was falling and panicking at the same time. He didn't know what to do. Just then he remembered that there was an indestructible button so he turned the invention on and turned indestructible mode on. A few moments later, he crashed down to the ground and was completely normal, not one bump or bruise. He was so glad that he made the indestructible mode invention.

He learned that if you build something, most likely it won't work the first time and so he fixed it and figured out the problem. There was a little chip that was stuck and he wondered who must have put it there. He looked back in his brain and remembered that he was eating chips and that they must've got stuck. He removed the chip and it worked exactly how it was supposed to and he learned a valuable lesson about when you build things. Thing won't always go as planned the first time you do things and you have to edit and revise.



Good sci-fi adventure.

Olivia's First Day at Oakwood Elementary School

By: Tara Ranaweera 3rd grade

Olivia rushed to the school bus so she wouldn't be late on her first day at Oakwood Elementary School. Olivia had just moved to Delaware, and she was starting her first day at first grade at her new school, Oakwood Elementary School. Olivia did not know who to sit next to on the school bus because she didn't have any friends yet, so she sat next to a girl named Annie. Olivia figured that Annie didn't talk much, which was perfectly fine with Olivia. The ride to school was super long. Finally, they all got to school. Olivia hopped out of the school bus and ran to her new school. Olivia's teacher, Miss Sabrina introduced Olivia to the class. Everyone said "hello". Olivia sat next to Annie. Soon, it was lunch time. At recess, Olivia was jump roping, when she saw three girls playing three squares. Olivia asked if she could join.

"Sorry," the girls said, "We already have three girls."

The girls started to fight. A recess aid came over to help. The recess aid solved the problem. Three girls will play, while one person sits out and then, you keep on rotating, she said. Olivia had a great first day at Oakwood Elementary School.



This is story is fun and realistic.

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The Story of a Curious Boy

By: Aryan Acharya 3rd grade

There was once a nasty witch living in an old, wrecked castle. A boy lived in a house nearby. He was a curious boy. One day he was curious about the castle. He had been planning to go there.

He crept under the bushes very slowly, taking it step by step. He didn't want to be caught by the witch. The witch could turn anyone into eyeballs if she saw them. When he reached the castle, he looked through a window. He saw the witch stirring up spells. Then the witch turned around and saw him. The boy ran for his life. The witch came chasing. She took out her wand and made a spell. He thought the spell didn't work and he was relieved.

The boy decided to never ever go back to the castle. He was never so scared. He went back home and slept because he was so tired. When he woke up, he was an eyeball. That is a mystery still being worked out.



This is a story with a great twist.

Cat is my Favorite Animal

By: Aryan Acharya 3rd grade

My favorite animal is a cat. It's the most beautiful animal I have ever seen. I like cats because they have furry and bushy tails. I also like them because they protect you. Another great thing about cats is they can do many tricks.

I like their furry and bushy tails because they feel like they might tickle me and they feel very soft -- as soft as a feather. I really want a cat with a bushy tail. Some cats have furry bodies. Only one type of cat is hairless, which is the kind I don't like.

Cats can actually protect you and make you feel safe. At the night while you're sleeping, if a mouse is running nearby you, a cat can hear the noise and will chase the mouse away. Their ears are so powerful that they can hear anything.

I like cats that do tricks because they can entertain you. They can do flips, jump for fun, and even climb walls. Sometimes cats go to the circus' to perform. They ride small bicycles. They do hula-hoops. Some cats go through fire rings.

Even though cats are fun animals, we have to be careful about cats. They sometimes scratch and bite you. If a cat bites you, you should go see a doctor.



Bully Story

By: Animesh Chauhan 3rd grade

Miss Daisy's class is going on a trip to the pond. On the bus ride Miss Daisy passed out a paper with a bunch of games like Tic Tac Toe, connect the dots, and Sudoku puzzles. Jeff sat with Tom because they were "BFF's". Miss Daisy gave the games for a reason, and it was so nobody would get car sick.

When they got to the pond, Jeff said, "The duck look beautiful."

Ben replied in a nasty way, "But you look uglier than the ducklings." Jeff started to cry. He cheered himself up by saying, "I see a marvelous butterfly."

Ben replied, "They don't look as marvelous as you do."

Tom said, "Stop that this second. You are hurting somebody's feelings. How you feel if you were bullied by some person, like you? And please stop."

Ben replied. "Oh are you the upstander that will tell me to stop bullying your little ugly friend back there near the pond?"

Tom said, "F.Y.I the answer is yes." Then Ben first thought and then said, "I should stop."



Animesh is teaching a great lesson with his story.



Rob and The Cape May Trip

By: Rishi Somani 3rd Grade

Once there was a nine-year-old boy named Rob. On May 21st his parents took him to the Cape May Beach. Two other families were going with them. Rob and the families started to pack up their suitcases to get ready but then... they discovered something. The keys to the car were missing! The three families were searching for the keys... "Where could it be?" Rob asked. Then, Rob found something shiny under the table. It was the car keys! "I found it!" Rob shouted.

Rob's dad turned on the car and started driving. After a while, Rob felt hungry. They stopped at Subway. Rob got a sandwich with chicken, swiss cheese, lettuce, banana peppers, and tomatoes. He also got chocolate milk with his sandwich. The others got the exact same thing, but instead of having swiss cheese on their sandwiches, they got mozzarella cheese. "Wow!" Rob said, "This tastes really good." After they were done eating, Rob's dad turned on the car again and started driving. It was starting to get late so Rob's dad tried to find the closest hotel. They reserved three hotel rooms for the three families.

The families got changed into their pajamas. Rob and his brother were jumping on the two beds and were playing on their Nintendo 3DS's. They went to sleep. Not before long, BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! It was 7:30 in the morning. "Why do I have to wake up at such an early time on vacation, and on a Saturday?" Rob asked. Rob got dressed brushed his teeth. It was time for breakfast.

Rob ate two blueberry pancakes smothered in syrup and one chocolatey chocolate chip muffin. Once the three families got ready, Rob's dad turned on the car and began their tour, again. The kids were playing games in the back seats.



This is a great travel story.

Finally they reached Cape May Beach.

Rob and his dad went to the beach. The others went to a lighthouse that was close by. Rob was digging in the sand, and soon found a ten dollar bill. He then decided he was going to bury it so every time he came back to this special spot, that ten dollar bill would be there waiting for him. He was also digging for seashells and working on making a sandcastle. Before he left, he checked on the ten dollar bill where he put an x on the spot where he buried it.

Later, the three families all went to a restaurant before they said their last goodbyes to Cape May Beach. The kids played games and ate their food. Sadly, it was time to go home. Rob's dad turned on the car and drove back home. Once they reached home, they all went to sleep. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! It was the next day. "I miss Cape May Beach," Rob said. "We will go there for summer!" Mom said. "Yay!" Rob replied.



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The Land Faraway

By: Shruti Chavan
5th grade

A land civilized not yet,
The end of that world is not yet set,
There is not much to see,
the world has just started as young as can be, not created by gases nor dust and particles, not stated in text books, stories, or articles, the place full of rolling green grass, the place where no fantasies nor nonfiction can go and pass, This land is the one which will be told on and on, until every generation on earth is gone, until a person with patience and loyalty, will be treated as the one with royalty, the one who finds the land of such, will believe into his dreams as much, the eye of a curious one, small but bold, the one whose legend will be told and told, the almighty, the one who was always free, the one is no other than the author; that is me, finding this land will stand no chance, this land will slowly enhance, by the end of the world such terror will hold, the only land is the one I have told, and if you are not wise enough to see, this distant land will remain a mystery.



This was a lovely, beautiful earth poem.

Beach Day

By: Rithika Thambireddy 4th grade

"It is my first trip to the beach, and I am so excited!" exclaims Sabrina.

"Why do we have to go to the beach, and why can't we stay home?" whines Skyler.

"Stop bickering, and we are going have a relaxing time at the beach," replies Sabrina.

Sabrina and Skyler are twins and they are the exact opposite. Sabrina loves fashion and does not like sports. She is horrible at them. Skyler loves sports and is really good at them, but hates fashion and is bad at fashion.

"Sabrina, Skyler come downstairs. It is time to go to the beach!" shouts Mother.

Sabrina went to where her Mother is with a grin, but Skyler goes with a grunt to where her Mother is.

They were going to the Florida beach. Sabrina's or Skyler's family rented a hotel so they can go to Disney World and go to the beach. They had already gone to Disney World. Sabrina, Skyler, and her parents got in the van and buckled up.

A few minutes later they arrived at the beach. When the Sabrina got out of the van, she jumped out of the van and got all her stuff. She walked down to the shore and got everything set in place. She lied on the beach chair with her hat on her head. She put her earphones on and also put some music on her phone. The song she was listening to the song Shake it off by Taylor Swift. It is Sabrina's most favorite song.

Meanwhile Skyler was with her parents.

"Skyler honey don't you want to go and have some fun, or go do something fun with your sister!" Mother asks.

"No I will just stay here," Skyler responds.

In a few minutes Skyler regret what she said. She went to take a swim in the ocean. While she was swimming she saw a girl. She almost looked exactly like her. Before Skyler could say hi the girl introduces herself.

"Hi my name is Maddie!" Maddie exclaims.

"Hi my name is Skyler!" Skyler responds.

They talked for a while and swam.

"Do you want to be friends?" asks Maddie

"I would love to be your friend!" replies Skyler.

Skyler and Sabrina had a great time. Skyler was not expecting to have this much fun.

"I told you that you will like today!" Sabrina said in a sassy voice.

"I guess you were right!" Skyler admits.



This story is fun and it teaches a great lesson.



Mad Scientist

By: Sahir Chopra 3rd grade

Kaboom! Jack the crazy mad scientist built something out of the ordinary.

It was something no one had expected. Jack built a robot named Sahir. Sahir could do anything anyone told him to do; he was the best robot in the whole, wide world. Jack would get a lot of money showing Sahir off.

He was rich and happy. Jack knew he was the only person in the world who had built a robot that could do anything. A couple weeks later he would start showing off Sahir in school. Kids were so surprised. They would yell so loud that once the ceiling came tumbling down, but Jack didn't stop going to schools and getting money. He started bragging to his whole family. He would not stop.

One month later it was a perfectly good summer day until BOOM! All the kids broke out laughing at Jack. Sahir broke down while Jack was presenting his super cool robot. His face was full of tears, but soon he got over it. He tried figuring out why Sahir broke down. His prediction was that Sahir ran out of battery or something. Then he figured out that Sahir had a hole in its head. Now he was trying to figure out why there was a hole in Sahir's head. He figured that when Jack was carrying

Sahir in the backpack, he kept bumping its head. He tried repairing Sahir with metal and duct tape. Surely enough, it worked and he was back to going to schools and having fun. He was gaining money again like he did and he loved it.



This sci-fi story is amazing!

He was still facing some problems. Those problems were that Sahir would randomly do stuff without being told to. Jack thought it was because of the hole in his head, but Jack didn't worry about it at all. On a Saturday he heard that his grandmother died at the age of 97 years old. He started to think about Sahir. He was wondering whether Sahir could bring people back to life. He went to his grandmother's funeral and brought Sahir. Jack secretly told Sahir to bring my grandmother back to life. IT WORKED!

Everyone gathered around Jack's grandmother and she started to shake. In one minute she was up and could walk. Everyone wondered how that happened. Jack spoke up and said, "I did it." Everyone asked how? Jack said I made a robot that could do anything that you asked it to do. So then everyone asked the robot to do something. They were very surprised. Everyone liked it. And they lived happily ever after!

Sister

By: Sanskriti Nayak 4th grade

Because I have a sister, I will always have a friend.
Because I have a friend, I will never be alone.
Since I will never be alone, I will always be happy!
Also if I am always happy, I will never be mad.
And if I will never be mad, I will never get in trouble.
If I never get in trouble, I can live life to the fullest!



Your have honored your sister!

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The Time Machine

By: Ellison Edwards Murray 4th grade

"Hello!" I am an inventor comes up with ideas rapidly. Some of my invention ideas have not seemed as important to me, so I decided to take some time to think carefully about what to invent. For a moment I went into fiction mode and thought about traveling back in time to see George Washington.

Then after a second, I said, "That is it."

I could invent the time machine! From then I started building a time machine. I stayed up all night researching and making it. One day on March 31, 2016, the invention was finished. I was so happy that I decided to test it out. When I was testing the new machine out I pressed the button that said September 1, 1939. After I pressed that button, everything looked black and spinning. When the door opened, I first saw the Statue of Liberty that was a few miles away. As soon as I saw that, I realised that I was in Manhattan. Then my stomach started to feel hungry, so I looked around for Dunkin Donuts, but there was no Dunkin Donut back then. All they had was cafes. To be honest, the cafes were better than Dunkin Donuts. I wonder why they had not kept the cafes. I looked around. Then I went to a taxi that brought me to the airport. I wanted to go to Washington D.C. I wanted to see Franklin D. Roosevelt; I've always wanted to meet him. When I got to the White House, I had to go on a tour to see Franklin D. Roosevelt. When we saw him, I went in my pocket to grab my phone to take a photo. Instead of a phone in my hand, I just had an old film camera. So I snapped some pictures. After that, I put the camera back into my pocket. After I met the president, I wanted to go back to the original time, but I just realised that I forgot to buy a program to bring people back to the real time so I had a thought. I went into the woods to make the machine to bring you back to normal time. To go back to normal time it was taking a long

time to get stuff settled so that meant that I had to stay there for a while. Once I had made the machine that would bring me back to the normal time, I pressed the button. Then the time machine appeared right before me. I got in and then I pressed the button that said back to normal time. Everything started to turn white. It also was spinning. When the door opened, I had walked out. I remembered that I put the film camera in my pocket. I put my hand in my pocket to see if the film camera turned back into my smart phone. Once I was done, I went to my lab, and made copies of my time machine. After I had made copies of my time machine, I had sold them, and gave it a name; the name of the time machine was "3000™"! From then, I became very famous. I became a billionaire!



Ellison is developing a good sci-fi voice.



Illustrated by Ellison Murray

Wonderful Winter

By: Chinmayi Chittamuri 4th Grade

Leaves are falling quickly as a hurricane
Red and yellow, gold and brown.
The breeze laughs daily in the trees
Shaking down all the pretty leaves.
Leaves are covering the gardens cozily,
As my blanket covers me snuggly.
When cold winter comes Santa Claus
and the Snowman will compete
to give us Winter's treat!



This story makes us feel warm and wintery.

We want to
read your
poems!

Send to Editor@citykidzworld.com

Deadline: July 30



The Battle in Mars with Slomo

By: Harikrishnaa Ganeshpandi 4th grade

"Hey, Sam!" warned the first guard looking through the telescope carefully. "I think, I see the space monster very far away launching his ships for the planet awkward and the yellow ship is Slomo's!"

"Please go and contact Green Labin," commanded Sam. So the guards went and contacted the space tower near Mars. Green Labin was very busy working hard on the space tower's system so that it would function because Slomo's yellow labins blasted the whole system. Then the guards contacted him.

"Come quickly Green Labin!" warned the guards. "Yes I will come quickly as I can!" said Green Labin. Before he went to Mars, he asked Martian Naman Mutley to work really hard and carefully on the space tower's system.

While Martian Naman Mutley was fixing the space tower's system, Green Labin quickly flew right into Mars with his power ring like a fast jet could. When he reached there, he looked in the Mars station's telescope.

"I knew it was Slomo who was all behind this evil plan!" says Green Labin. I am contacting the other Heroes, but too late. The heroes have already arrived.

"Slomo's army is behind us," told Beeman. "Looks like we have company!" exclaimed Speedy. Slomo has just arrived.

"Get them while I battle Green Labin!" ordered Slomo very angrily.

"How dare you do that Slomo!" shouted Green Labin, very mad-

ly at his enemy. "Well, well Green Labin I am so impressed with your friends!" he laughs in an evil way.

Then all of a sudden he starts to disappear and then uses him like a puppet with his power ring. "Help!" hollers Green Labin. Then Beeman heard Green Labin's holler and then he got an idea. "You guys attack the Yellow Labins while I distract Slomo," he said. "There is no escape, no," laughed the smiling yellow villain very evil so that Green Labin didn't like it. "Hey, try blasting me!" he distracted him.

"Grrrr I will blast you into some bee soup!" he growled and dropped Green Labin and attacked him. While he did that, Green Labin used his power ring and made a portal just for Slomo when Beeman went to the side with the heroes and defeated the army. "What?" asked Slomo angrily, this cannot be no, no, no!" I will get you heroes and your space whatever you call for this!" Then he disappeared into the portal.

Then Green Labin used his power ring and zapped the portal into the ring. Then the planet awkward changed back into the planet Sustafar, which used to be there a long time ago when dinosaurs started to roam the planet near Mars. Then the heroes saved the day and the people in Mars cheered happily, and they lived as happy as ever.



This is a zany story.
Read carefully and
have fun!

Dear Vicky

By: Akshath Singh Chauhan 4th grade

I went to a store last week and I saw this journal. It had a lot of designs and lot of football team players on the cover.

"Mom, see this journal? Can you buy this journal for me?

"Yes, I will buy this journal for you."

I bought this journal because I like football and I want to write about my experience with football. I named my journal Vicky and wrote my first experience:

Dear Vicky,

My name is Akshath Singh Chauhan, and I am from Plainsboro. I want to join the football team at my school. I was taking some football classes and now I want to play a real football game. I know all the rules now. I know how to start the game and how to score points.

"Okay, Akshath I think you can do well in the football game. You can join the football team," said Vicky.

When Vicky talked to me, I felt surprised because the journals don't talk.

"Thank you Vicky," I said.

"No, don't call me Vicky; call me coach," said Vicky.

Coach Vicky helped me through my training all the way to my first football game. It was my first match for a football game. When I started the match, somebody pushed me and I fractured my left leg. I was very sad because I fractured my leg in my first match and my team lost the match because of me.

Mr. Vicky was very upset and told me that I was very good at playing football, but I knew didn't play really well. On my next match, I played really well, and my team won because of me and they were clapping for me. Mr. Vicky was also really proud of me and I became the world's best football player.



This story has an interesting style.



Best School Contest Winner - 1st place - 4th grade

Beloved Community Charter School

By: Ved Borade 4th grade

Do you want to know why Beloved Community Charter School is the best school in the universe? There are many reasons why Beloved is the best school. One reason is because Beloved has a very rigorous curriculum called SABIS. For instance, things we are learning now in 4th grade are similar to things scholars are learning in 6th grade. Another reason is Beloved has a vast amount of specials such as electives, technology, health, character education, test prep, and etc. The last reason is because Beloved competes in various events, challenges, and rewards scholars with awesome awards.

SABIS is a very awesome curriculum. It is very advanced. Like I said before, we learn things that 6th graders learn now and we are only in 4th grade. They also have very difficult but very helpful tests. Normally we have a test twice a week, but sometimes we have more like when there are Common Assessment Tests (CAT), midterms, and more. It also has subjects such as Anthology, History, Social Studies, Science, Mathematics (Algebra) and English Language Arts (ELA). Another subject is Spanish, where we learn Spanish as second language. Throughout the class we have to answer questions in Spanish, while the teacher asks the questions in Spanish. In addition, we have a lot of hard tests in Spanish where we have to do various things such as write sentences in Spanish and do certain things with the vocabulary words. In conclusion, SABIS is a very cool curriculum.

Beloved has a vast amount of specials. This is a good thing. It's a good thing because that grows our mind. In character education we learn things about C.H.I.R.P., which stands for Community, Hard work, Integrity, Respect, and Perseverance. In technology, students learn about Technology stuff such as coding, and Microsoft Office. In electives we pick an activity in the beginning of the year and have to follow it throughout

the year. For example, I'm in drama and we have done a bunch of plays. In health we learn about various things about humans, diseases, and of course health. As you read, Beloved has a vast number of specials.

Beloved has done a lot of cool events, participated in many challenges, and rewarded scholars for many reasons.

One event is where Beloved was holding a race, another is when the teachers were working at McDonalds as many things such as cashiers, DJ'S, and more. Also we received many rewards such as a playground made entirely from plastic, and recycled products! Beloved has rewarded scholars for many reasons such as winning competitions, student of the month; this is a very awesome reward for many scholars. That reward makes scholars very proud and encourages them to do better every day. Other awards are Athlete of the term, musician of the month, Character education core value student of the term, artist of the month, BOKS student of the day, week, and term (BOKS is a program where you have to wake up at 6:00 and then go to school and play various types of sports), girls on the run award (Girls on the run is the same thing, but instead of playing sports they run for an hour), and more if I wrote all the awards you can get from Beloved we would be here for days.

As you now know, Beloved makes you feel very proud by giving awards for achievements which encourages you to perform better every time. It has a lot of specials and very awesome curriculum. As you can see, Beloved Community Charter School is the best school in the universe.



**It is great that you
are proud of your
school.**

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Roll of Thunder, Hear me Speak

By: Nandini Chittor 4th grade

The sky thunders awake,
Lightning prances through the earth
A fiery light show Blasts in mid air,
Don't you look away Don't you dare!
The rain beats its drums The sun will slowly...
Smile

Hush little child,
Boom Boom! Shshshsh! Swish!
Don't be afraid Be brave,
Like your father - the sky



This poem has depth and beauty.

The clouds will cry
But promise me you won't Because I believe,
In this world everybody's heart One day,
Will soar through this very sky...

Track and Field



By: Aryan Kutty 4th Grade

The dawn of a track and field event in Vienna,
twelve contestants and I warming up in the arena.
It was time for the race to start,
the runners get in their positions fast.
Bang! that is the sound of gunshot,
to start the race on the spot.
I run at the speed of light,
but at the same time I fight.
I run like Usain Bolt striding with my legs and thighs,
while others are following close behind with a sigh.
I turn around and see all but few are out of sight,
making me feel like I am faster than light.
We are seconds away from the finish line,
which made my fans applauded and pine.
3...2...1
Wow... looks like it was a photo finish,
I think I am first and got the gold medal to garnish.
Time for the judges to replay and scrutinize,
I am second is what I realize.
Minutes later the award ceremony starts,
I take the second prize and depart.
It leaves me motivated enough, to practice harder and restart.

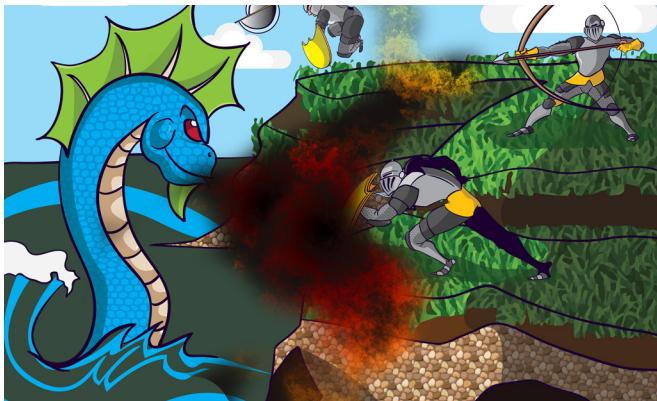


This is a powerful poem.



The Deadly Sea Monster

By:Aayush Rastogi 4th grade



Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford

Once upon a time in a land far away in another dimension known as Darkencon III, were a group of knights named Eric, Ethan and Jane. They were not like any other lame knights. They were the best and bravest knights of Darkencon III.

The knight leader reported to Eric, Jane, and Ethan that, "There's a sea monster at Crystalgon!"

They all replied, "Don't worry. We will save Crystalgon and kill

the sea monster." The Knight leader also said, "In order to kill the sea monster, you have to use a silver harpoon because if you use a harpoon made out of crystal, it won't affect the sea monster. Actually, I should say it's immune to anything made of crystals."

They all walked to Crystalgon (which is next to Metalstonia). They saw the sea monster. It was in the lake. The sea monster woke up and punched Eric in the stomach. Eric had tears in his eyes and whaled in pain. Jane and Ethan realised Eric was poisoned. Jane started to weep and asked Eric, "Are you ok ?"

Eric replied, " Yes, I just need medicine! "

"I have healing medicine," replied Jane. " I have protection and strength potions," said Ethan. The healing medicine, the strength and protection potion made Eric a lot better.

"Thanks guys, you are very thoughtful friends." They all threw silver harpoons at the sea monster. The sea monster fell to death. Eric, Ethan and Jane were honored as the best knights of Darkencon III. They all learned a moral that is, to care for one another to survive the dangerous adventures and they have to work as a team to win any battle.



This fantasy story is quite fun.

Extra School Activities

By: Meenakshi Rama Subramanian 5th grade

Should there be extra school activities in all schools? In my opinion yes, because they let kids learn something about the outside world. Some schools don't do it because it is too much work, but if they do, the schools get a better status among their communities. Extra school activities also help students get better scholarships. These classes or events even let the teachers have some fun.

There should at least be 3 days a week of extra school activities. They should be Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Extra school activities could include: Arts and Crafts, different clubs, sports, and some school related classes. These classes help students. Most of the students love these types of things. Also it is not compulsory to be in the after school programs. These classes are just for relaxation from all the studies.

Some schools do these activities after school to get a better status. This way with a better status more people would want their children to join that school. Also, the classes shouldn't cost that much. If the programs are expensive, there won't be many kids coming to them. There are many adults who volun-

teer to teach the classes and programs. These are adults who don't go to work. At the end of every extra school activity, there would be certificates handed out to all the children who participated. These certificates help children get their scholarships. If they have a good scholarship, their lives would be good and they would get well paying jobs. Also these certificates help in many places. For example, when you move to a new place and you want to join a good school, you might need the certificates.

In my opinion there should definitely be extra school activities in all schools. By doing these classes, the schools would get a better place in the community. It is a good thing for the education of many students. Extra school programs also help many home-staying adults who have time to teach. That's why I think there should be extra school activities.



This is a serious essay and it is quite well-written.



Ghosts in the Grave

By:Asmita Gorti 4th grade

I was coming from a party with my friends. It was dark and gloomy. My friends at the party asked if you needed a ride home. My friends said we can manage walking. I shrugged and started walking on the sidewalk. My friends followed me to my house. We were all having a sleepover at my house so I had to lead them. There was a dead end soon. I didn't know which way to go. My friends were not paying attention so, I just turned to the left side because it felt safe, but it wasn't. I kept on walking until I spotted a grave. I stopped where the grave started and my friends (who were still talking) just bumped right into me. They stopped talking about school and started talking about, how did we get there and what did we do? Then they started panicking. I just told them to stop talking, and surprisingly, they did. I took a step in the grave and I saw a ghost come out of a grave reading a newspaper. "Whoa," I thought, "I must be dreaming," but I wasn't. There were actual ghosts coming out of the grave! Sooner or later, I realized that I don't like ghosts because they come out of nowhere, they make tricks on you who can't be seen, and they're disgusting. I told my friends to be careful. I really wanted a car ride home, but I couldn't change my mind. I realized that if you go through a ghost, it will disappear. I told



You will enjoy this spooky story.

Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford

my friends that I made a plan that we just run through every single ghost that comes our way.

At the count of three,"3, 2, 1", we ran like cheetahs that were chasing deer through the ghosts. I just wanted to go home and sleep so I just kept running. My friends followed me. Soon or later, I reached my house still running, barged into my house and flung my shoes off and went to a deep sleep. My friends did it very calmly, but inside they were far more scared than me. My mother didn't realize that we came back because she was taking her shower. When she came out, she felt cold because the door was open. My mother closed the door and walked to close the bedroom door. She was really surprised that she saw me and my friends sleeping and snoring, but you know why!

TV= Education

By: Arun Mallela 4th grade

Did you ever know that TV gives education? It really does. If you want your mom to be convinced that you're getting an education, here are some channels that you should watch that will show her that.

Cooking

One channel to watch is Food Network. This channel can help by knowing how to cook this show's different varieties of food and what place you really are. You can go from not knowing how to cook, to knowing how to cook. hat can make a big change.

Nature

Another channel that gives education is National Geographic. I think you can be convinced to get a pet tiger with education. National Geographic can help by showing the animal's place, food, and other cool features.National Geographic shows the nature.

Weather

Another channel that you should watch is the Weather Chan-



Arun you wrote an excellent, thoughtful essay.

nel.This channel helps people know what clothes they should wear. It also tells the whole week's weather. This would help by let people know about traffic, roads closed and much more.

This gives a head start for drivers that=parents.

Comedy

The last channel is comedy!This helps by getting peace and calm this gives a time to relax and be yourself. It makes the kids laugh this makes your silliness come out. Comedy is a way to get together and have a fun time! If you want more channels, I will tell you some more so you don't run out. One is music, art and crafts, dancing, abc and last, but not least, traveling and much more.



My Adventure at Bronx Zoo

By: Karunya Chittamuri 4th grade

This weekend I was going to Bronx Zoo to see the animals. I packed all the food I needed to eat in a bag and took a bus to the zoo. The zoo was really humongous. It had many kinds of animals.

As I was walking in the zoo, I heard something talking to me. "What is that noise?" I asked myself. I looked around and nothing was behind me. Then suddenly I noticed an animal talking to me. It was a SSSSNAKE!

"How could a snake talk?" I thought. The snake was golden brown and had bright gleaming eyes. I thought it was a tree snake, but the snake was pointing instead to its label that said, "I'm a python!"

I suddenly screamed and said, "Are you really a Python? Are you-you dangerous?"

The python said, "Yes, I am. I will hurt you only if you irritate me."

I knew the python was telling me the truth because it was almost 24 feet long!

I said, "Do you want to be friends with me?"

The python said, "Yes, only if you call me Viper."

I said, "Sure."

From then I kept on asking him questions about being a ssssnake and he kept on answering them.

"One of the questions I asked was, 'What do you eat?' Viper said mice, ...humans...I asked.

"Do you really want to eat me?"

And Viper said, "Of course not. Again, only if you irritate me." For me, talking to Viper was a great experience and made me think that I was a very lucky boy! It was getting late, so I said goodbye to Viper.

Soon after a guard came and said, "We're closing the zoo."

I said, "Ok," and I left.

I got on the bus and reached my home. Then I noticed that something was in my bag. I looked inside, and it was Viper! My eyes opened wide. I was surprised.

Viper said, "I will be your best friend forever!"

I said, "It's my pleasure to be your friend."

From then I lived 'ssssnakily' ever after!



This story has great compositional risk.

If I Were a Radio Wave

By Krish Gadhoke 4th grade

UH OH! WHY AM I GOING LIGHTNING SPEED!

I just noticed that scientists made human bodies into radio waves. My first thought was that I was dieing!

OMG!

I'm in a Lamborghini. A Lamborghini wants me to give it their radio waves.(PANT)

Finally, I'm back to the radio station. My next station was a computer. MAN THAT KID LIKES MUSIC. I'm so tired. I wish I could get a break or something please help me. Well I got 30 minutes of rest. WHY DID THEY PICK ME TO BE A RADIO WAVE? I went to a house. It looked European. So I traveled so very much. I noticed that Europeans like old music. My next house was with a kid sleeping in his room with the radio on. Man that wasn't fun. OUCH! I hit the road. I got run over by so many cars.

Luckily, I wasn't human at that time. I noticed being a radio wave is a lot of work. I'm not smart to be a radio wave. I just want to relax and play Minecraft. Except I don't have hands.

AAAH! Um oh ok. I'm in a very old car. They LOVE music. I really want to sleep I just want to sleep. I was wondering when I was going stop, but I ended up in my school going to my teacher's computer. That was funny. I was giving radio waves for some time.

Now it's been like a year or so.

WAKE UP! I tried to talk to a kid to make him wake up because he left his radio on, but no one could hear my voice. I was so very sad. I no longer had anyfriends. It took me to my friend's house.

I tried shouting, but he couldn't hear me. I was even sadder than I was before. My head felt like it wanted to blow up. I wish I had my normal life. WAKE UP KRISH! WHAT! it was all a dream. I was sleeping in class. My classmates and I were laughing. It was very funny.



This is a cool idea for a story.



Princess Lolli's Sacrifice

By: Samadhi Ranaweera 4th grade

It was morning in the land of Kandy Kingdom, and Princess Lolli was already up and about. She put on her best chocolate silk dress, decorated with beautiful rainbow sprinkles. Then, she went to her favorite spot in the castle, a room filled with jiggling orange Jell-O. It was comfortable, and the most perfect, quiet spot to sit and think, which was important. Princess Lolli was the most important person in all of Kandy Kingdom, and it was her job to keep all of the candy fairies, their candy plants, and everything else in the village from dangerous things out there, namely Mogu the salt troll and his Chunchies. Mogu the salt troll lived near Black Salt Swamp, and there wasn't anything he loved more than delicious, sweet candy that the candy fairies happened to grow. He always tried to take the precious candy away, but Princess Lolli had always been able to keep him away. Seeing this, Mogu created little marshmallow servants called Chunchies, and they loved candy as much as he did. With them, Mogu got more power, and Princess Lolli was a little afraid. But she always tried her best. Princess Lolli was thinking about Mogu so much that she fell asleep. When she woke up she heard a guard shouting, "Princess Lolli! Time for breakfast!" She stood up, pushed herself through the Jell-O wall, and hurried down the stairs for breakfast.

After a quick breakfast of chocolate cream pie, sent for her by her big sister, Princess Cupcake, Princess Lolli went outside, expecting to see a neat, beautiful village, filled with happy candy fairies at work, tending to their candy. But instead, Princess Lolli saw Mogu dancing around a salty pretzel stick cage, filled with scared, pale fairies, while his Chunchies ate the village and the candy plants. Some fairies were falling



This is a wonderful, descriptive princess story.

to the floor of the cage, sick of the salty smell, which took away their magic. A young mint fairy, named Peppermint, was cautiously flying up, away from the salt. "Help!" She cried. Nevertheless, she lost her wings like the others, and turned white faster than the others. Then she sank to the floor. Princess Lolli was furious by this. She stepped forward. Then, a sticky, melted salt trap fell on top of her. Since Princess Lolli was the princess, she still had her wings and magic, but she turned to the color of a sugar cube. She saw sparkling gumdrop stars for a moment, and then she was back.

"You have a decision to make, Princess Lolli," Mogu sneered.

"Here are the options... I let you go and the fairies go bye-bye, or the other way around." Lolli was unsure. She wanted to live, but she was older than the other kids. Lolli wanted them to have a chance to live their lives. So, Princess Lolli knew what to do.

"I choose the other way around!" she weakly said.

"You asked for it, princess!" Mogu laughed evilly. Then he stepped forward, and with no warning, he bit his yellow teeth right in her arm. Princess Lolli staggered forward. And then, she fell back. She never moved again.

After Lolli fell, the fairies secretly broke out. They flew off, sad and grateful for Princess Lolli's sacrifice. They found a spot where candy grew. And built their own little place. They didn't have Princess Lolli present, but she was always there, in their heads and hearts.

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Climbing Discoveries

By: Shrihith Manoj 4th grade

"Hey McBill!" said Jack. "I found a place we could go mountain climbing!"

"Cool," said McBill. "Where is it?"

Just then a taxi came outside the hotel where Mcbill and his buddy were standing and the taxi driver asked them if they needed a ride.

Jack said, "No thanks," and with a grunt, the taxi driver went off.

"So where is it?" McBill asked again.

"Oh," Jack said surprised. "I thought I just told you!"

"No, you were going to, but that taxi driver came," McBill explained.

"O.K. It's in the Himalayas! But you have to guess what mountain it is! It is my favorite one!"

"Ohhhhhh, is it Mount Everest?" asked McBill excitedly.

"You bet!" said Jack.

"How did you get the money for our gear?" asked McBill.

"I won a lottery!" exclaimed Jack. "Let's go to the airport now. I can't wait to go!"

"Same here!" said McBill jumping around.

Soon enough, they were walking toward Mount Everest.

When they were at the mountain, McBill said, "C'mon let's go."

When they started to climb, Jack tripped and fell. McBill's instincts were really good so he caught Jack before he fell face

first into the snow.

"Whew," said Jack. "I don't want to get hypothermia up here!"

"I'm hungry," said McBill.

"Yeah. Same here," responded Jack.

After their dinner, they started going up again. Then Jack tripped again, but he didn't fall. When he thought he was okay, he found himself stuck.

McBill asked, "What's going on?"

He and Jack looked at Jack's feet. Jack yelped and this time. McBill helped him get the object off his feet.

"Gosh, this bone is heavy," said McBill. Jack started bouncing around and McBill had to ask him like 10 times to know why he was bouncing around like a hyperactive bunny.

"I have an idea! We can sell it to a museum!" shouted Jack.

"Great! Let's keep it in our pack and after we've finished climbing we will sell it to a museum," finished McBill. Without stopping this time, they got to the top!

"Let's write our names on a flag!" said McBill. When they went down and after a few weeks, they had climbed Mount Everest. They sold the bone. They didn't know that the bone they had found hadn't been found in 50,000 years! They sold it to the museum for a \$1,000,000,000! With that they bought two motorcycles and an RV. They knew that \$1,000,000,000 was a lot of money for two people.



The details in this story are marvelous.

Robotics

Bya: Anshool Amuda 4th grade

Robotics is studying mechanical engineering and computer science.

There are many different types of robots like military/fighting robots, pop star robots, helpful robots, etc.

You usually see robots in movies. scientists are working on nanotechnology called nanobot. Maybe in the next five or ten years self driving vehicles will be more successful because scientists have a ready made self-driving cars. But they have to be stylish.

The best thing about robots is that they are programmed to do we want. The bad thing is that the robot can be really expensive, etc.



Anshool nice non-fiction story!

Is there a great topic you want to research and write about?

Send your essay to editor@citykidzworld.com

Deadline: July 30

All ages.



The Rescue!

By: Bhavna Bangalore 4th grade

Once upon a time, there was a dragon who lived in Dragonville. The dragon's name is Hugo. He is only 3. Hugo goes to daycare. He is doing good at daycare. He plays with the other young dragons at daycare nicely, and listens to directions. His mother picks him up from daycare at 5:00. His dad went on a work trip to Dragon Island. Doesn't this life sound fun? You know at daycare they don't have any homework or work. But no, he was very bored. Hugo always longed for an adventure. But so far, the only adventure was a field trip to a farm or apple picking. He knew his teacher will never let him go on an adventure, but it wasn't that she is not nice or anything. She is nice. It was just that he was too young to do so. You might think the teacher is right. If you do, I totally agree with you. Hugo is young. Well, try telling that to Hugo. Last time I told him that he threw a tantrum. If you want to tell Hugo that, ask someone else, not me. Anyway, today his mom told me that Hugo was missing! I flew up and circled around our territory. I found him! He was about to cross the rapid river! Rapid is the right name for it. The water way is fast. There is no time to waste. I swooped down and caught Hugo. I carried him in the air, toward his house. All of a sudden, a huge bird, even larger than me snatched Hugo!

"So long, rodeo," Hugo called.

My face was hot with anger. I clenched my teeth. I was ready to tear Hugo apart, but I realized that he was not my child. If I harm Hugo, everyone will be mad at me and the dragons will send me to dragon jail. Don't even get me started on how it is there. Suddenly, a black blur went past me, but it came back. When it stopped, I realized it was my friend Tom!

"Tom..." I began.

"I know, I know, The little troublemaker ran away for some sort of an adventure," he said.

"Right," I said, amazed at how he knew. But there was no time for chit chat. We gotta go and find that kid. We dashed through the clouds and found the big bird dropping Hugo at the other side of the river! I gasped. That is out of our territory! What is he thinking! He could get trapped and captured for those things where people throw balls in the air and walk on the long, thin string. Our town founder's son was captured and used for that place. I don't want Hugo to be captured too! Tom dived to catch Hugo, but Hugo ran out of sight. That left poor Tom diving toward the ground!

"Thump," I heard. I went to Tom.

"Are you O.K.?" I asked.

He tried to fly and surprisingly did.

"Well, I could fly so yes," he answered.

All of a sudden we saw men in red shirts walking toward us! We immediately flew up and hide in the clouds. That's what they teach them in 1st grade. That

was fun. Back to reality, we saw the men in red walk around, armed with guns and some people are playing the drums. But they stopped when they saw..... Hugo! The people freaked out and some fired at Hugo! Tom and I flew into the crowd and used our fire to get the people away. Tom grabbed Hugo, while I created a distraction by blowing fire in the air away from the crowd. When they turned to look around, Tom carrying Hugo and I sped in the air and returned to Dragonville. On the way Tom and I lectured Hugo, who was barely paying attention. Once we landed, Hugo's mom hugged Hugo and all the dragons thanked us for saving Hugo (including Hugo's mom). The king of Dragonville even gave us some money! I forgot to tell Hugo and his mother something. I excused myself and went to Hugo's house. At the door I could hear Hugo's mom yelling at Hugo and she made him clean the dishes, go to bed early and she said no going outside for playdates over the weekend. I froze when I heard all of this. Maybe I am wrong about Hugo. He isn't so bad anymore. His mom is strict and he learned his lesson. I must act fast I thought. I knocked on the door. The door swung open and his mom thanked me, again for saving Hugo. I didn't wait for her to say anything else. I told her about an amusement park and how it could be an adventure for him. She might not know about it because, the admission fee is expensive so most people don't go there. I know about it because my friend called to go there and said she would pay for my ticket. That friend is very nice. Anyway, I told Hugo's mom about everything I knew about the amusement park. I even told her about the expensive fee. I told her about the amusement park because Hugo's mom is very rich. I expected her to say an excuse not to go, but instead she smiled and said, "I'll take him there."

I was happy for Hugo because that place was awesome for me when I was young and went there. Then I walked back to my house, the crowd was gone and the sky was pink. When I got back to my house I had a good lunch and (SNORE)...



This dragon story is fantastic. You will love this.



The Kitty Cat Kid

By Jack Silver 5th grade

One night, my dad and my brother were sleeping on a brown couch late Saturday night. Everything seemed normal. Except, of course, my dad snoring...oh wait, that is normal. My brother was sleeping with his face turned directly towards the window. The shades were open. The moon was shining brightly that night. When my mom and I looked up at the moon, it almost seemed like it had whiskers. But the thing is, it really did have whiskers! We thought it was just an illusion, so we went on playing games.

When we weren't paying attention, the moon shot out one of its whiskers at Charlie! Suddenly, something started happening to Charlie's face. Giant ears grew and a red nose popped out. Whiskers sprouted across his face. A small goatee grew—bright red. Charlie had become the Kitty Cat Kid!

Legend has it that inside the moon there lives an unknown evil gang called the Cat Keepers. They've only been seen by their shadow. I was going to tell you more about the evil cats... but that would be mean for the cat lovers.

Onward... the next morning, Charlie woke up not knowing that something had changed until he went to brush his teeth and saw in the mirror a horrifying site... the site of a kitten face, with a goatee and Rudolph's nose. He thought this was some sort of dream. He must still be sleeping.

Meanwhile, back at the Cat Keeper's Lair on the moon... "Oh no! The moon accidentally shot a creature from earth—wait, it's our arch enemy— a human! Those humans totally enslave us. I mean, we don't want to be called names like Fluffy and Cuddly-Bun. We're hunters, man... or should I say cat? We're beasts of the wild." The King Cat Keeper would have kept going, but one of his minions interrupted.

"Yes, yes, humans are completely unaware of their surroundings. I mean, life is more than just enslaving cats and other creatures for entertainment. Once I was enslaved as a pet, and they named me Cutie Ball. Disgusting! Don't they know that name ruined my amazing reputation for mice killing?"

"You're a cat," said another cat, "You don't have a reputation."

"Neither do you Sugarplum," meowed Cutie Ball.

"Overall, humans are strange crea-

tures. They kill and fight each other for no good reason, but name us nice, sweet names!" snarled the King Cat Keeper. "Maybe we can use this Kitty Cat Kid to our advantage. YES! We will get him to find the secret lair of yarn balls so we can finally rule the earth with yarn."

Meanwhile, back on earth, the Kitty Cat Kid received a message about his new kitty status and mission. "Must find yarn balls, must find yarn..." Charlie muttered in a dazed and confused trance.

Charlie found the secret lair of yarn and was about to start a kitty revolution, but he suddenly fell asleep once again. He was always a sleepy pants! The Cat Keepers were foiled and never again did the humans of earth have to worry about the evil cats in the moon! The moral of the story: Don't choose a sleepy child as the Kitty Cat Kid when trying to start a revolution! The real moral of the story: Don't go to sleep too early when your big brother is still awake!

Meow!



Jack, you have written a wonderful story.



A Minecraft Tale: Part 1

By: Anirudh Jasti 5th grade

Serialized story! Find the other parts of the story @
www.citykidzworld.com

Prologue

Updated once a week.

The three unhappy Mojang workers ran far and far as their feet pressed on the dark blocks on the ground. The golems have taken control over the people, and harnessed the only source of unlimited power, Notch's computer. That meant anyone who was living it up in the blocky world had to either live by the golems' rules or die knowing the golems were gaining power by the second. The three defective workers were extremely experienced people who went by the names of Notch and Jeb. The final worker wasn't really a person, but a pig. This pig, however, wasn't just any ordinary pig. Notch and Jeb programmed this pig to have super intelligence, meaning this pig knew how to fight, what to do and what not to do, and even how to program. The three workers ran as fast as their blocky legs could carry them as dozens of Golem Guardians chased after them. It was soon before something very bad was about to happen. Before they knew

it, one of the golems leaped farther than an average long jumper and rocketed into Notch. Moments later, the pig and Jeb were caught, and taken to a golem-secured prison. Many knew that there was no escape from that prison, considering that no one COULD get out. As the golems reigned supreme, civilians labeled that night as the end of Minecraft.

To be continued at www.citykidzworld.com

Ani has written for CKW since he was in kindergarten! The rest of the story above will appear on our website as a serial!
Check it out @ www.citykidzworld.com! Enjoy!



Art By Charlie

By: Charlie Silver 4th grade



This is beautiful art work.



Gallery

By Dhanyatha Vimalathithan 1st grade



Dhanyatha is becoming an up and coming writer and artist in CKW!

By: Avani Ingole 3rd grade



This drawing is just awesome!



By: Aditi Anand 5th grade



By: Joseph M. Kottoor 6th grade



Joseph has submitted a great piece of art.

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Back to School
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Due Date July 30.

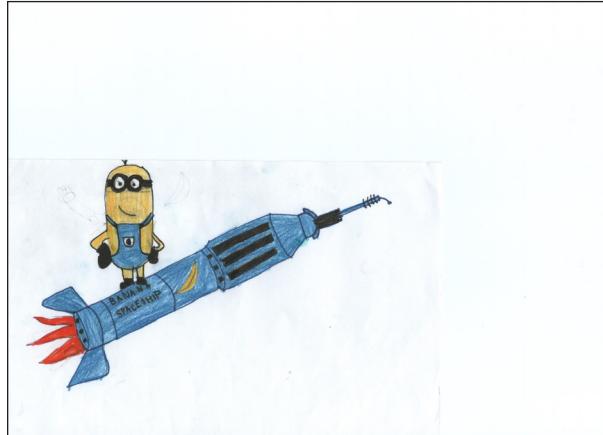
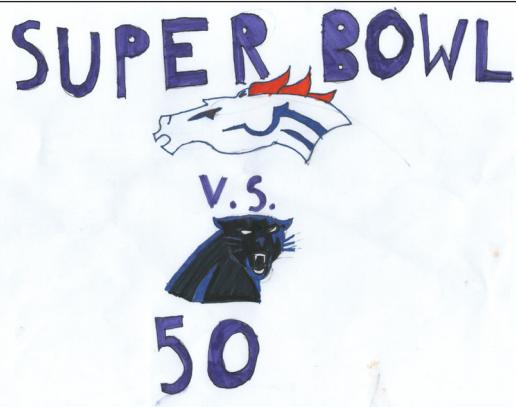


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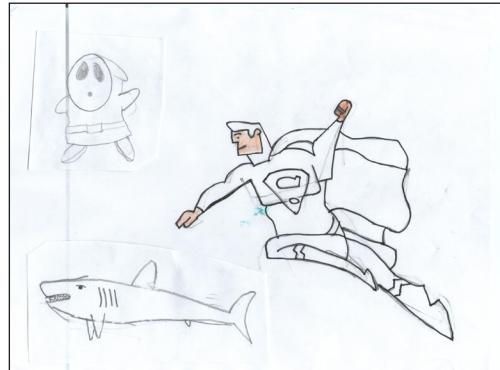


By: Rivan Parikh 5th grade

Great fan art!



By: Kairav Parikh 3rd grade



Continue with the great work.



Gallery



By: Neeharika Gorti 7th grade



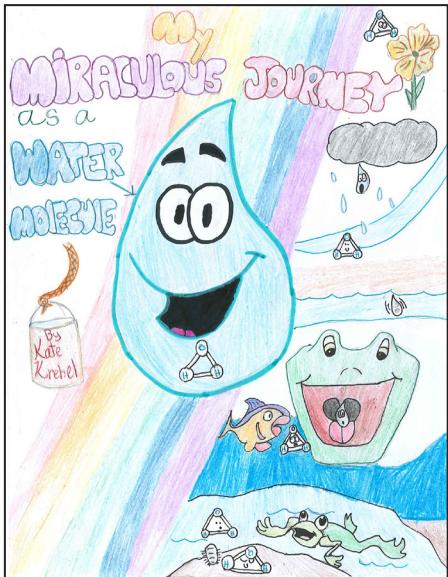
This painting shows great promise.



By: Vedika Mayur 5th grade



Vedika is an up and coming artist!



By: Kate Krehel 5th grade



This is an informative drawing!

**Back to School Issues can be submitted to
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Deadline July 30!
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Fantastic Teacher

By: Zainab Shaikh 5th grade

Best Teacher 1st place - 5th grade

Education is one of the most important parts of our life. The kind of education we all receive largely depends upon the kind of teacher we have in the school.

Most people would define a good teacher as someone who makes their students excel academically and do well on their tests. I believe that's almost right, but a little different. I believe that a good teacher doesn't have one dimension but two. They not only make you excel, but they make you want to go to school. They care about the student's insecurities and problems, and most importantly they are there to support you.

My teacher is like that. Her name is Mrs. Williams and she changed the way I see the world. She isn't one of those teachers who will give it their all just to be liked by the students. She honestly doesn't fit in a category of teachers. She is just like a friend in my life.

After seven years of switching from teacher to teacher, Mrs. Williams is by far the best teacher I've ever had. She keeps the class in order, yet manages to make it fun at the same time. She's always there for academic as well as personal help. Mrs. Williams has taught me a lot over the past school year. I'm not only speaking of math, writing, and reading. She has taught me to appreciate the little things, never judge, and be happy

about the work I create. I have grown more in this year than any other, and I owe it almost completely to Mrs. Williams.

I used to think I was a good writer. Looking back on my work from just last year, I realize how much stronger my writing skills and vocabulary are. Mrs. Williams has done a super job preparing me for middle school, for which I am very grateful. I feel that I have developed my writing skills most this year than any other year, and same with math. I like to solve math problems only because of Mrs. Williams.

Your story is great! We love your teacher too!



Throughout the year, Mrs. Williams has become my role model. I've had many people tell me that when they grow up they want to be like her. I believe that becoming half of the teacher she is would be an incredible achievement. I wrote this essay because I believe that she should be recognized. Not only because of her incredible teaching abilities, but because she made a difference in my life. She showed me that hard work pays off, and that I should never give up. These lessons will continue to have an effect on my life throughout middle school, high school, and college. Thank you Mrs. Williams!

2016
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Location: Local Library

www.citykidzworld.com for detailed information and registration information!



Dollar Bill

By: Mohana Sai Suman Ravi 5th grade

The light from the sun was shining on my face as I walked all the way to a pharmacy to get my dad some medicine for his sore throat. I saw it right in front of me. A shimmer of shiny gold and green started shining upon me. It was a five dollar bill. My family was in poverty and I thought the money would make them really happy.

I bent over really slowly and picked it up. I felt as if I had shrunk. I looked up and everybody was as huge as a giant. Then somebody came over, stared at me, then walked away. Then I realized; I was the five dollar bill.

The rudeness of the giant humans filled me up with anger. People stepped on me, squished me and even crumpled me. People picked me up and put me in their purses and wallets. I went to Asia, Africa, Hawaii and many other fantastic places! "So this is the life of a dollar bill," I thought.

My thoughts started piling up. As I was thinking, a man in a white lab coat appeared. He stared at me for a while and pulled out his notebook. He jotted a few things down. Then, he took me to a place with big machinery.

I realized he must be a scientist. I took a long hard look at one of the machines. It had a warning label on it. It was as small as a needle.

"How could something so small have a warning label on it?" I wondered. The scientist returned from a phone call that he had been having. In his hand were two test tubes. I stared at the machine, trying to answer my own question. I realized that the laboratory was close to the pharmacy. I could get there in time

to get my father's medicine.

The scientist took the machine and aimed it at me. I tried protecting myself. The scientist fired the machine. I saw that he looked normal-sized. I looked in a mirror and was glad to know that I was a human again.

I ran to the pharmacy. I looked at my watch. It read nine o'clock p.m. I had 10 minutes to get the medicine. I ran through the streets and found the pharmacy and ran in with a shopping cart. There were a lot of slots with medicines on the shelves. I looked at the signs above the shelves. Each one of them had something written on them that would tell you what types of medicines are on the shelves. I found the sore throat section and found a type of medicine that claims that it can prevent sore throat if you take it everyday. I ran to the checkout counter and paid with the money my dad gave me before I exited the house. The doors were wide open so I ran out of the pharmacy as fast as a cheetah. My house was only two miles away.

I started calming down. When I reached home, my watch read 10 o'clock p.m. My parents were waiting for me. I gave my dad the medicine and went to bed. I slept that night thinking about the different types of money. I turned off the light and noticed that the room took a few hours to darken. I took out a piece of paper and wrote down Top 10 Adventures I have been on: #1: the adventure of the dollar bill.



This is a fantastic, but unusual travel story!

The Twister Ride

By: Naga Shashank 5th grade

My friends and I were waiting in line for the Twister ride in Six Flags. This was the first time I was riding the Twister, so I asked them if they went on it before, and they replied, "Yes, we did and it is not scary." But when I saw it, it was terrible. My heart was pounding with fear and my hands were sweaty. I thought of going back to my parents, but I wanted to experience it, so I did not go back.

Next it was my turn. I panicked. They called us up to the ride. My friends and I were scared. We buckled up and the ride started! I was shivering. It went up and it rotated as if a man was rotating a stick with his hands. I felt dizzy and I was screaming. It was scary and thrilling. It was going up and down and it turned. For every round it became faster. In the last round, I felt like I was going to fall off it because the angle was weird.

The ride came to an end and I was so proud of myself that I finished the ride without crying. I was happy too. We were shouting "We did it!"

We got down the ride and everyone cheered for us and we gave high fives to one another. I was happy and had a thrilling day. But I don't think I will do it again!



Now we all want to ride to ride the Twister too!



The Wizard's Spell

By: Balan Selva 5th grade

Lester Percival was officially one of the most unlikely people to ever to be a teacher's pet. So, it was absolutely crazy to him when his dad came and told him that he was now registered in the National Spelling Bee. Lester was SERIOUSLY worried about that. His dad had really high expectations, but Lester wasn't even THAT GOOD at spelling! He also didn't like it much. But his dad wanted him to, so that's what he did. What choice did he have?

Lester began looking at the first page of words for the competition. They featured words like: Cacophony, Abecedarian, Czechoslovakia, February Presbyterian, Teutonic, Ambidextrous, Anonymous, and Annihilate.

Those were hard! But nonetheless, Lester studied as hard as he could with renewed gusto. He went on the National Spelling Bee website, and found out that the prize money for winning the whole thing was \$150,000! He wanted that money, for sure! Now he was in it to win. He asked his dad to test him on the first 15 words, and he got 13 of them right! "Great job, Lester!" his dad praised him. Keep trying to get them all right, OK? And he did.

Finally, it was time for the regional competition. He was ready, or so he thought. There were about 120 kids up on the stage that day, ready to cast their spells. How did Lester know if he could spell properly or not? Usually, Lester figured that things like this just spelled trouble. But still, he was in for the win!

"And win he did, with one powerful word." What is Harry Potter's signature spell, which Lupin advises him against, and how do you spell it?" the judges asked.

Lester slammed down the buzzer before the other contestant and answered, "With a wand!"

The judges frowned. "Is that your final answer?"

"No, the answer is Expelliarmus, and it's spelled E-x-p-e-l-l-i-a-m-u-s," Lester finished.

"You are correct, and therefore the winner of the spelling bee!" the judges announced.

"YES!" Lester exclaimed.

At that moment, he felt like he had disarmed the other contestant, a girl named Jessica. Of what? The chance to win the National Spelling Bee! That feeling went away immediately when Jessica came up to him and confided that she wanted to win the whole thing and give all of the money to an orphanage in New York City. Lester felt like a jerk. A selfish one, at that.

Lester grabbed the microphone, not caring that the judges were glaring at him.

"Listen! This girl was planning to give all of the money she hoped to win to an orphanage in New York City. Just for that, I am going to win, and do the same!" His parents were already extremely proud of him for winning, and now even more for this. And Lester wasn't even lying! He was going to do it!



This is an excellent and well developed story.

Lester remembered his promise, and wanted to do his best to win for the kids in the orphanage, and he studied every single day for 2 hours at a stretch. It took him immense strength and power-of mind to do this, and he gradually began to get all A+'s and he also started to do a lot better in sports as well. He aced the next to spelling bees, the State Bee as well as the Country Bee. Now, it was time for the final bee, the International Bee. It was to be held in Tokyo, Japan. Crazy stuff! He traveled there, to Japan after LOADS of studying. Then came the bee itself, with over 120 contestants that were the BEST in their respective countries! It wasn't one bit like regionals. The first word given to him was "bougainvillea". He almost spelled it bougainvillia" but corrected himself quickly. He got it correct. The champions were being thrown out like tomatoes being fired at bad performers. It was a wonder that he made it all the way to the end. To him, it felt like he was using a wand to spell his opponents out of the way. Which he did. Then it came down to the last word: osteosar- chaematosplanchnochondroneuromuelous. How on earth was Lester Dumbledore Percival going to spell that monster of a word? He couldn't even remember it!

"What was the word again?" he asked.

"Osteosar- chaematosplanchnochondroneuromuelous," the judges repeated.

Wow, Lester thought. Those judges must either be PHENOMINAL at pronouncing hard words or they practiced. A lot. Lester used his improved focus and recited: "o-s-t-e-o-s-a-r c-h-a-e-m-a-t-o-s-p-l-a-n-c-h-o-n-d-r-o-n-e-u-r-o-m-u-e-l-o-s and the definition is (for extra points) of bones, flesh, blood, organs, gristle, nerve, and marrow." The judges discussed for a second... and here came the verdict.

"Lester Dumbledore Percival... You are correct! And everyone was cheering and patting Lester on the back and then he made the announcement. Thank you very much for this \$150,000, but I would like to put all of the \$150,000 into funding for Bob's Caring Orphanage in New York City. They definitely need it more than I do! And everyone was celebrating, and Lester knew one thing: The Spelling Bee was the best experience of his life. Thanks, Dad. Lester thought. Thanks.



By: Aditi Anand 5th grade

Possible

Loser. Hopeless. Stupid. Dumb. Sucker. Idiot. These are all words I have heard—even from my own parents. I look around the classroom to find everyone talking and writing notes to each other. Nobody will ever treat me like that, I thought. I stare at the whiteboard and see the letters fly off the whiteboard, not wanting to meet the sorrow in my eyes.

“Maria, please come up here to my desk,” Mrs. Fisher announces. The whole class gets quiet and goes back to their desks.

“Ohhh... Little Dumb Dumb got in trouble,” Madeline whispers to her clone, Kate.

“Yes..” Kate giggles.

I could not stand those two. They were always backbiting on me. I closed my eyes and imagined them both tied together and put in the dungeon of doom. I smirk.

“What is so funny?” Mrs. Fisher asks.

My conscious returns to me as I stammer in front of Mrs. Fisher.

“Nothing,” I mumble.

“I have seen no improvement in your grades this past month,” she says.

I stare at the grade book in front of Mrs. Fisher. I can’t even read a single word on the page. I assume from Mrs. Fisher’s tone, I failed the test. I squint back at the grade book. The letters still have wings and are gracefully flying off the paper. I sigh as I look back at Mrs. Fisher.

“Maria, the reading teacher is not a devil. I keep telling you, the same thing. I promise you will like it. He is very nice. You are falling very behind in the curriculum. Please, just try it for one week. If you don’t like it, nobody will force you. I will give you a few days to think about it,” Mrs. Fisher says.

I walk back to my desk to find a note on my desk. I can’t read it, but I know what it said and who it was from. I turn back to look at Madeline. She is giggling and smirking at me.

“I heard that your parents paid the school for you to come here,” Maddy smirks.

I turn back and stare at my desk. I could feel my face get red. My desk is so lucky. I thought. It doesn’t have to read or do anything. God, please turn me into a desk before tomorrow.

I pray.

I open my front door as I enter inside my house. I can smell the fresh food being cooked. Fish and chips, the Irish usual. I thought.

I lay my backpack down against the sofa and drop in a seat. It was a long day and I got a lot of homework. I keep

thinking about Mrs. Fisher telling me about the reading teacher.

My grandmother takes a seat by me.

“Grandma, am I really hopeless? Will I actually never be able to read?” I ask.

“Oh no dear! Who got a thought like that in your mind?” She says. “Did you know, Albert Einstein had dyslexia?” My grandmother questions.

I am astonished to hear that. He was so smart and I am so dumb.

My grandmother combs my hair with her fingers.

“Oh Mija, why can’t I go through everything you are?” Grandma questions.

My grandmother gets up and leaves.

I stare at my reflection in the mirror: perfect blonde hair, perfect blue eyes, tall and very pretty. But, dyslexic.

“God, why did you give me all this beauty, but horrible reading skills?” I think.

I pick up my backpack and take out the worst chapter of my life—homework. As I pull out the sheet of math, the numbers start to jump around. I can’t read anything. The directions fly off the page. It looks like a circus. I quickly put everything in my folder and close it up.

I close my eyes for a second. Maria, you got this. I think to myself.

I open up the folder and try again. But the same thing happens again. This time I get up and get frustrated.

The next day I step into Mr. Walden’s reading class. “Maria Celeste, welcome to my reading class,” Mr. Walden, the reading teacher says. Mr. Walden was a tall, young man with a tiny mustache. “Please take your seat,” Mr. Walden motions.

I sit in the chair. My feet shake out of control. I look around the room. It is very colorful and bright. There are a lot of drawings on the walls.

“So, Ms. Celeste, I see you have dyslexia. Is that right?” Mr. Walden asks.

I nod my head.

He turns his chair around and looks at his bookshelf. He picks out a book, reads a blurb, shakes his head and puts it back.

At last, he finds a book. It is a tiny book. He puts the book in front of me.

Possible con't on page 46



This story will help others be strong!
Thank you.



Time travel!!

By: Dhriti Goudar 5th grade

"Sabrina, Samantha, come out of your rooms young ladies. I will not tolerate this fighting any longer," Sabina and Sammy's mom sighed.

"Not unless I get a pink donut for dinner," Samantha, Sabrina's little sister, called.

"Sammy, gimme back my headphones," Sabrina yelled.

"Never!" Sammy yelled back as she ran up to the attic with Sabrina's brand new neon-blue headphones.

Finally, after two rounds of running in the attic, Sammy gave up and threw Sabrina's headphones in a box, which was filled with old electronic supplies.

"Roarrrrr! I'll get you Sammy!" Sabrina screamed and charged for Sammy.

"Ahhhhh," Sammy screamed as she ran down the attic stairs. Sabrina quickly realized that her headphones were in a box, so she turned around and tried to dig it out. Finally, she found it and put it into her pocket. Then she saw a remote, and suddenly she was thinking of a plan for revenge. She decided that when her sister was watching TV, she would switch the remote control with one that didn't work so it would troll her! She pulled one out of the box. Then realizing there was another one, she grabbed it and thought, This might come in handy. Then she ran into her room and realized her sister was there.

"Get out of my room!" she screamed.

"What's that?" Sammy asked, ignoring her sister as she pressed the number five on the remote. ZAP! Sammy and Sabrina were no longer in Sabrina's room. They were in the medieval times.

"Uhh, hello?" Sabrina asked.

"Sabrina are you there?" Sammy replied.

"Yeah, but I don't think we are in my room anymore," Sabrina said, as her voice cracked.

"Then, where are we?" Sammy asked.

"I don't think I can answer that question, but let me try my phone's GPS..... UGGGG! No signal," Sabina groaned.

"Princess Kaitlynn, what do you have the urge to do?" A voice echoed.

"James, I said to call me Kaitlynn, not Princess Kaitlynn. I am not very different from other girls in the kingdom of Rommel," Kaitlynn said (Princess.)

"Rommel?" Sabrina and Sammy said simultaneously as they jumped out of a closet.

"As in Rommel from the story, Kaitlynn the Brave Princess?" Sammy exclaimed.

"Uh, well my name is Kaitlyn..."

But Kaitlyn did not get to finish because James quickly yelled. "Intruder, guards, intruder!"

"Uh, Sabrina, I don't like this time period, can we leave? NOW?" Sammy pleaded.

"Exactly what I was thinking," Sabrina replied. As she pushed all of the numbers at once hoping it would take them home. ZAP! Sammy was the first to scream. "Are we home?" Sabrina opened her eyes because she closed them two seconds ago.

"Well, we're in my room. So yeah!" Sabrina sighed as she reached into her pocket for her phone. But it was not there. "My phone! I left it in Kaitlyn's closet! We have to back, or else mom will kill me!" Sabrina screamed as she ran to the remote on her bed.

"What button did you press?" Sabrina asked Sammy.

"Five," Sammy replied. Sabrina started pressing five multiple times, but it would not work. She quickly turned over the remote control, and noticed the batteries were never there!

"Ugg, I guess I have to tell mom to buy me a new phone; she'll never believe how I lost it," Sabrina sobbed.

"But... I don't think you are holding the right remote!" Sammy pointed out.

"Wait... Then where is the other remote?" Sabrina asked.

"Maybe it's the one on your bed!" Sammy said.

"Oh, oh yeah... Let me just press the number five again," Sabrina whispered as she pushed the number five frantically... ZAP! They were back in the castle but in a different place.

"Hey, Sammy, ya there?" Sabrina asked.

"Yeah! But I don't think we are in Kaitlyn's closet anymore..." She didn't get to finish because they soon heard a familiar voice...

"What is this?" James exclaimed as he held up Sabrina's phone.

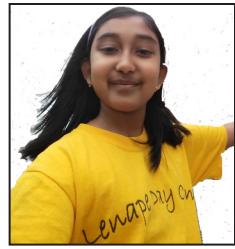
"My phone!" Sabrina yelled as she leaped out of whatever she was hiding in.

"Your fone! What makes it thy fone if it isn't in thy hand?" James asked.

"Because, it has my password, my screen page, my Snapchat, and my Instagram!" Sabrina cried.

"Well, then you must be worthy to earn it back to thy hand!" James bowed. "You must do these duties! You must prove that you are worthy! You must cometh forth and do thy tasks! You must..."

To be continued to the next magazine!
Stay tuned for more!



This is an exciting story! Read.



STITCHES

By: Kate Krehel 5th grade

I've always been afraid of stitches. I thought they'd really hurt as my mom told me. I've always tried to avoid getting stitches, but I had a close call in third grade. At least I was lucky that time, but this time, I wasn't so lucky. I had so many bad feelings in my head, and I was shaking, tears forming in my irritated eyes as the doctor came with the sharp, formidable lidocaine needle, and the malicious, malevolent...stitches.

It all started on a sunny Thursday. My class was in gym period, and we were playing Capture The Flag. I was the goalie, of course, but helped my teammates who were in jail. But at that moment, I thought the flag was safe. I didn't see any opponents coming for the flag. But when I heard someone shout, I looked left, and there was Ethan, about to steal it. I couldn't let him get away with it, so I dived and meant to tag him. The problem was, I didn't know that he was getting up while I was diving down. So we bumped heads. We bumped in such a way that the skin right above my left eyelid, and right below my eyebrow, split open.

"Oooooh," Ethan said with a frown as he looked at me. He was absolutely fine.

It didn't hurt that much. I thought it was a bruise. But when I saw the blood on the wood floor, I knew I was wrong. I cupped my hand. More, and more, and more blood just poured into it. The wound was bleeding profusely. With a paper towel pressured on the cut to prevent it from bleeding more, I went straight to the nurse's office. When I was half way there, I took off the paper towel and looked at it: Soaked with blood. Worried that I would loose too much blood, I put the paper towel back on and hurried there. At first, the nurse wasn't available. But then I saw her walking up ahead. She called out, "Kate, I'm here!"

So I walked into the nurse's office and took a seat. I was shaking. That was such a scary moment, although I didn't cry. Then I heard the nurse calling my parents on her phone. It went to voicemail. "Hi, this is the school nurse," The nurse said calmly through the phone. "Can you come here as soon as you can? Kate collided with someone during gym and has a laceration on her forehead. She will need to go to the Emergency Room and get stitches. Thank you. Goodbye." She hung up the phone. Stitches. I was so nervous that I was shaking even more. I willed myself to calm down. I would get through it, and I knew I would have to. I would need to get through those foul stitches. The cut was washed, and the nurse had put steri- strips on it. When I looked in the mirror, I saw that the cut wasn't jagged. It was a three- centimeter bloody arc, following the shape of my eyebrow. It was deep, I could tell. I would definitely have to

have those stitches I feared.

My mom came 2 hours later, at about 11:30. I had already gotten my backpack and things from school, since usually you have to wait hours at the hospital, especially for a plastic surgeon. I always had feared the hospital too, because many people there are sick, and I don't want their contagious virus. I said hi in an enthusiastic, optimistic way. Then we started the car and headed straight for Princeton Hospital.

We walked up to the front desk and requested a plastic surgeon. "That will take hours," the lady at the front desk said with a bit of an attitude. "You sure you don't want a physician? They can stitch her up real well."

"We're sure," My mom said confidently, "Even if it takes hours." We were brought to a bed with a curtain. There were IV bags hanging, and a blood pressure cart. Across from me, I saw a man with a bloody hand. I overheard that he cut 3 of his fingers mostly- while he was sawing. That gave me chills down my back. Next, a doctor saw me. Her voice was as soft and sweet as cotton candy, but that didn't comfort me any.

The next hour went in a blur. We got moved to this open room, where you could see and hear everyone else's problems. I got my reading done, but I don't remember anything else. Finally, a plastic surgeon was available. We were moved once again to a room similar to what we were in the first place. I was so nervous and worried. I just couldn't help it. He said I would have to get a few whiskers, which mom told me, were basically smaller stitches. When he was getting ready, I saw a needle. He was going to put a needle on me?! That really freaked me out. Then he explained that the needle had lidocaine, which would numb the stitches. He put a cloth with a hole over my face, and had the needle in his hand, ready to puncture it in my skin. I was shaking like I just got out of the pool after swimming for 20 minutes. I closed my eyes, squeezed my mom's hand and... OUCH!

The sting circulated through my body, but only for a second. Then it was gone. The rest went in a blink of an eye. The stitches really didn't hurt at all. Happy that what my mom anticipated was wrong, I hopped out of the hospital and into the car.

Well, I guess I was wrong. I'm happy that now I know that stitches... aren't really a big deal. Now I think that I was foolish to be afraid of them. Now I will never be afraid of those stitches. I've won the battle once, and I can do it again.

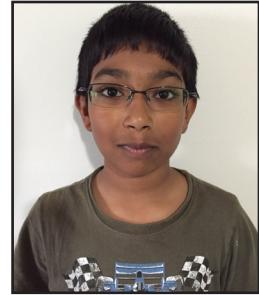


This an interesting personal narrative. We can all relate!



The Lost Treasure

By Sarath 4th grade



Enjoy this adventure story.

"Does this ever get old?" I asked Nick.

"Never!"

I'm Arthur. This is my friend Nick. We had a bad reputation at school. Today, we were pulling off the best prank ever! We might go juvenile correction, though.

"Are you sure we should do this?" I asked

"Dude! We're so getting legendary after this! Bombing Mr. Ard's house with eggs, best idea ever!"

"Ok then, get out the eggs."

That never happened. They saw a brilliant white light flash before them, and then got pulled back into the bushes.

"Ah!" cried Nick. "What just happened?"

"Quiet!" cried an unfamiliar voice.

"Nick, we should go."

No answer. I turned around, all that was left was a treasure map.

"Nick! NICK!NIIIIICK!" I screamed. I was getting strange looks from a passerby, but I didn't care.

Oh man, oh man, how will I ever explain this to his parents! I looked down at the treasure map. For some strange reason, I was attracted to it.

I picked it up, with a note coming out.

"Wonder what that says," I mumbled. When I read it, I was teleported.

"Follow my goons. Give this note. You will meet the real enemy to the world.

-The Nemesis"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH-HH!" I screamed.

That fall really hurt my back. I then looked up. WHOAH! I was standing below a black hole. Hold on, it was spitting out stuff.

Wait a minute. I thought. If this is spewing out stuff, then that must mean.

I looked up again.

"I traveled through a black hole," I whispered, with my mouth on my hand. Now, what was that on the note? Oh yeah,

I had to give this to the goons follow them and reach the real enemy, whatever that means. So I walked, and walked, and walked, and you get the idea. I finally found Nemesis's area, and then found his goons. They were the worst of the worst, all right? They had horribly deformed faces, beefy thighs, and muscular arms.

I approached them cautiously, not knowing if they would attack or not. One of them spotted me, grunted, and shoved his hand out. I froze mid-step but gave him the note.

"AGRTUSA!" he screamed, and everyone snapped up straight, and went inside.

"Well well well, look who we have here," said Nemesis.

"What do you want!" I screamed.

He laced his fingers together and said, "A sword battle, that's what?"

"WHAT!" I shrilled. I never used a sword before, never! Not even pretend swords, mom says they could hurt eyes. How would I do this? Trust instincts, that's what.

"Fine."

The goons pass- no, threw the sword at me. It was a very dark black, with a purple residue. Nemesis pulled out his sword, which was a shining silver, and came. Then the most amazing thing happened.

"Nick!"

Nick was all tied up.

"Buddy, I'll win this for you!"

Nemesis snorted.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes."

And we clashed. I thrust the sword with all my might. I knew what I was doing. Nemesis stepped out of the way, and then I let go of the sword, and it cut the rope, and Nick was free.

"Nooooooo!" he screamed. Nick flipped a switch, and we were free.

We were back at the house. I looked at Nick. He looked at me. We hugged. I think I figured out the lost treasure. A piece in my personality was missing. The nice side.

How many adventure stories are you going to read this summer?

Write a book review and send it in.

We may be able to feature it on the website or publish it in the Back to School issue.

Send to Editor@citykidzworld.com



The Escape from the Tornado

By: Harveer Kamboj 5th grade

"Broadcasting live on News 12, New Jersey. There is a tornado coming to Middlesex County. All the people from Middlesex County will have to evacuate from all buildings because of a humongous tornado."

"What?" There is a tornado coming right now?" said Eric.

"UHHHHH. Whatever! I don't have a choice..."

Eric heard a helicopter outside his house and looked outside. He heard, "Last call for pick-ups."

Eric ran outside and started waving and screaming to the pilot in the helicopter.

"Wait, wait, wait don't leave me here!" The pilot couldn't hear anything because the rotor blade and the tail rotor was very loud.

Slowly the helicopter started to hover away without noticing Eric. The helicopter that just left was the last pick-up. That meant Eric was the only person left in his town and was the only one who was going to be hurt.

Eric had to do something fast, real fast. He can't build a flying vehicle because it would take months, maybe years, to build.

"Think, think, think!" Eric scolded himself.

"There has been something I could do. Just then Eric recalled from his memory that his grandpa had a very old airplane. He could use his grandpa's airplane to escape the tornado.

Eric sprinted toward his grandpa's house. He looked up at the vacant sky and saw multiple clouds forming together like a group of soccer players huddling to discuss a plan. Eric started to panic.

When he reached his grandpa's house, he kicked the door open so he could get the keys for the airplane. He knew where the keys were so he took it and went straight to the airplane.

"Crack!" a tree fell down. Winds started to get heavier, lightning bolts were in the sky, house roofs flew off. It was a catastrophe.

Eric quickly started the engine hoping it would work, but it didn't. He thought the airplane needed a jump start because the battery might be dead. Eric looked around and saw a jump start device. He used the jump start device and started the engine again.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRR."

"It worked!" The engine started. Now, since the airplane started working, there was one thing left to do. That was to escape the tornado.

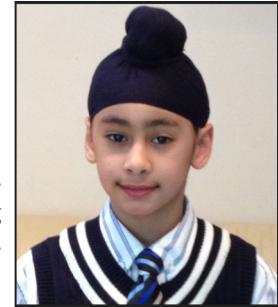
Eric saw the tornado was about nine to 10 miles away. He went to the park where there was a clear path for a runaway. Eric released the brakes, and he took off.

After one hour flying in the airplane, he found a clear path in the fields, so he landed the plane. There was no sight of the tornado so that meant Eric was safe. When he turned on the radio, he heard that people can go back to their home in Middlesex County. So, Eric flew back to his town.

Later that day, Eric found his house, but it was partly destroyed. Suddenly there was an announcement by a rescue team.

"If anybody doesn't have a place to stay come to the hotel near the park before it gets dark. There will be a shelter for you to stay until all homes are fixed."

Eric was relieved that he had a place to stay for the night. He learned that there is always a way to save yourself so, never give up.



This action story is quite fantastic.

Possible con't from page 42

"Henry and the Whatzit," he says.

I might not have good reading skills, but I have a good memory. I remember seeing that book in the first grade reading shelf.

"You want me to read this baby book?" I question. "I'm sorry but I did not come here to read these types of books."

I get out of my seat, but a voice stops me.

"But, were you able to read that in first grade?" Mr. Walden asks.

I turned around.

"No," I mumble.

This was what changed my life to become a better reader. I became a stronger reader and a powerful one too. Mr. Walden used to say, "Take the Im out of impossible and that is what you are." Don't let anything hold you back like my dyslexia did.



The Time I had an Eye Procedure

By: Praveen Vijayakumar 5th grade

I will always remember the time I had eye procedure because I have never had it before. Here is what happened.

I was on the rug doing my karate practice. I was doing push-ups. I bent down and touched the carpet with my chin. I guess I went a little too fast because something flew into my eye. I rubbed my eye for about half an hour. I had piano class, right after my karate practice, so when I kept on rubbing my eye, my piano teacher told me not to.

"I know how you feel," he said. "Just don't rub your eye."

I tried very, very hard not to. The next night, when I was at the temple, my eye kept on bugging me. I rubbed it a lot. I told my parents, and my dad called the doctor. It was after office hours, and she was at a hospital. She told us that we should wash my eye with an eye cup in lukewarm water. If it didn't go away, she told us that we had to see her at 10:00 AM the next morning. Or we would have to go to ER (Emergency Room). We tried washing my eye, but it didn't go away. My mom took me to the doctor the next morning. The doctor tried to take

it out with a q-tip, but I kept on blinking. She gave us a medicine, and told us that it might come out by discharge if we applied the medicine. I couldn't go to school the next day, or the day after that. She told us that if the particle didn't come out, we would have to go to the ophthalmologist. An eye doctor. Unfortunately, it didn't come out, so we had to go to the ophthalmologist.

This realistic story is well-written!

He tried putting in drops of anesthesia. He then took a needle, and lightly tried to take it out.

"It has gone in very deep," he said.

He tried three times, he took it out all three times, but I blinked, and it went back in. On the fourth time, he took it out, but it was still on the edge of my eye. He used a q-tip, and took it out. He showed it to me. It looked like a small metal piece!

"Looks like a metal piece," he said. That's an event in my life that I will never forget.



Friends

Friends, friends, friends I have so many of those,
Some named Lilly and others named Rose.

Boys are always playing sports,
While girls are trying fancy coats.
Friends are always hanging out,
Especially girls in girls scout.
Friends should be kind,
From their heart and mind.
Friends should be a match,
That's why they hang out in a batch.
They should be honest and loyal,
They don't have to be people that are special or royal.

Friend connections are very strong,
Their bonding lasts forever long.

Friends need to be the ones you trust,
I think that's a must.

You could have enemies or friends,
But friendship never ends.

Remember friends are ones you choose,
Love them forever and never lose.



By :Vedika Mayur
5th grade

A friendship poem is always great.

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Kalahari Resorts

By: Farhan Mohammad 5th grade

Have you ever been to Kalahari Resorts? Well, I have and I can tell you that it is one of the greatest water parks I have ever been to. There are three branches in the United States, one is located in Sandusky Ohio, while another one is located in Wisconsin Dells, Wisconsin. The resort I went to was in Pocono Mountains, Poconos. My brother and I enjoyed the waterpark and the other activities in Kalahari. Kalahari is amazing because of their food, the 100,000 sq ft indoor waterpark, and lastly because of the great arcade that they have. If you still haven't planned out your winter break, I would recommend you going to Kalahari Resorts.

There are many places to eat in Kalahari. For example, this is the list of all the restaurants they have : Brandberg, Cafe Mirage, Pizza Pub, Great Karoo Marketplace Buffet, The Last Bite, Java Manjaro and Ivory Coast's Restaurant. Also, they have various kinds of food and drinks. The Last Bite is a wonderful sweet and ice cream shop and the workers there are very polite. I loved the sweets and the ice cream that they served. If you love sweets, this is the place to go. You can also make your own cookies at Cafe Mirage during the day. Check out the cheesy, delicious, mouthwatering pizzas in Cafe Mirage or the cold nice . The Great Karoo Marketplace Buffet serves plenty of food to eat and marvelous smoothies and drinks to choose from. Kalahari has any restaurants that are very different and alike from each other.

The Kalahari waterpark is truly awesome and magnificent. It is 100,000 sq ft long and wide, According to 2015 Reader's Choice USA Today, Kalahari is one of the top 10 best indoor waterparks. If you like scary rides like roller coasters, then there are many rides for you to go on in the indoor waterpark. You can go on all the rides in the waterpark if you are 48 inches and above. By 2017, it will be the largest indoor waterpark in the USA. The toddlers have a great opportunity to play and enjoy! However, if you just want to have a good time then I would suggest the Lazy River but don't think that the Lazy River will let you just be lazy, you be splashed with water in anyway. One "ride" is the Flow Rider. Its like you are boogie boarding over ocean water. I tried it many times and still, I couldn't be able to hang on for a long period of time. You have one minute (not precise) to do the boogie boarding. There will be one trainer at the bottom trying to get you to do moves while you are boogie boarding. Also, if you are going to the waterpark, try to go at night where there are less people on the rides. One night there were about 8 people in line but in

the daytime, there were about 17 people in line wanting to go on the Flow Rider. Look at the difference at night! The waterpark was a great experience for me, I hope it is for you too!

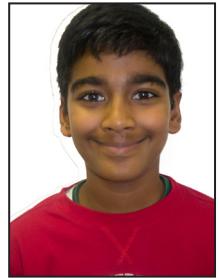
At the arcade at Kalahari, there are many things to do. You can play Lazer Frenzy or Mini Golf. Lazer Frenzy is where you try to dodge fake laser beams coming at you. The Mini Golf is pirate themed because of the waterpark near it. The entrance to the waterpark is through the arcade. There are many varieties of games ranging from Pac Man to Hurricane Tunnel .

During the games you can win tickets where you can cash them in the prize center. You can get a selfie stick or a big Pikachu are Monopoly.



When I was at Kalahari, there was this one game where my friend kept on getting 1,000 tickets. It was crazy! Instead of tickets, there are some games where you have a claw trying to get close to the prize and try and grab it. Luckily, I got a basketball with the Kalahari logo on it. I also wanted to get a NY Jets cap but I didn't want to waste my credits on a game based on luck. The arcade was really cool because next to the waterpark and the arcade was Cafe Mirage so if you were tired than you can come in and eat or drink something. During my time at Kalahari, the arcade was really cool!

To conclude, I think that Kalahari Resorts is one of the greatest hotels in history.I am glad that we came there. By the way it is new so there are many new things to see. It has breathtaking restaurants, an amazing waterpark and an a great arcade. Come check out Kalahari Resorts even if you are in Poconos or either Ohio or Wisconsin. Kalahari was a great experience for my family. I loved Kalahari and I miss very much but I know that I am coming back in 2017 to check it out.



Six More Years of Madness

By Daksha Nair 5th grade

Everyone knows what happens on February 2, also known as Groundhog Day. Kids and adults of all ages wake up at 7:30 a.m. to witness the rousing of the one and only Punxsutawney Phil!

Mr. Phil is the best weather predictor in the world because whenever he wants, he can get a glimpse of the weather in the future. It's so surprising he is a groundhog, right? On Groundhog Day kids and adults of all ages come to witness the wakening of Mr. Phil. Since Mr. Phil is the best weather predictor in the world, the tickets for the Groundhog Day celebration, cost \$100 per hour, and it was 5 hours long so it cost \$500. While the crowd was moving to Mr. Phil's house, which is a castle, one of his groundhog servants came along. "Mr. Phil is ready," said the servant. The crowd rushed inside the castle gates. Then they all gasped. There was Mr. Phil sitting on a golden throne. "Good Morning! As you may know, I hate humans, which is the reason some are my entertainers and get punished if they don't do well. Sadly, I have to tell you the weather, but on the bright side, I am getting paid \$1,000,000 for doing this by the humans who charge for the tickets. Anyway let's begin," said Mr. Phil. A wave of silence spread across the crowd as Mr. Phil was taking a glimpse of the future... "I predict... it will be win-

ter for 6 more years!" predicted Mr. Phil, looking quite happy to not see too many humans for that long. The crowd looked really happy at first because they got to know more information, but then they realized they had to get in their homes before any snow came because they were not in the right clothing. Then they rushed back home. Most parents left their children behind so they had to run after their parents, except one child called Max, who ran into the castle. He took away all of Mr. Phil's credit cards that were in "very easy to open safe" and ran away without getting noticed. Then he bought a new video game that cost \$1,000. When Mr. Phil woke up he was surprised to see all of his credit cards gone, so he imprisoned every groundhog and human servant in his castle. The next year Mr. Phil woke up and went outside to check the weather. All of the servants wanted to warn Mr. Phil of his prediction, but they could not because they were in the dungeon. Mr. Phil had forgotten winter will only be finished after 5 more years, so when he went outside, he turned into a hog-sickle. Since then Mr. Phil was never heard from again...



This is a great twist on the groundhog story.

In God We Trust

By: Abhaysai Vemula 7th grade

It was another day where my great-granddad was ranting about the new law, E.O.S. "When I was a boy E.O.S. was illegal! Now they ruined the main ideology that our flag was built on!" Oh I was scared of him all right. What if the SS (Secret Service) heard him? What if they thought we were part of his rebellion? They could send us to Earth and kill us all.

I walked out of the living room and into the kitchen. My mom was there waiting for me when I told her, "Great-Grandpa is CRAZY! He is 120 years old, he could probably live for another 25 years, but if he doesn't shut... I mean be quiet we are going to be sent to Earth and die on that hell for a planet!"

"Johnathon," my mom replied, "How dare you... yes you're right he's crazy, but he's fam..."

"No he has to leave, he'll kill..."

Just then my great-granddad walked into the room waving his amputated arm. I always wondered why he didn't take Velocity-200 and regrow his arm.

"Are you people talking about me? See when we were kids we went up to the person's face and had a rap battle like Fetty Wap."

"What's rap? Who's Fetty Wap?"

"Never mind but were you talking about me?"

"Yes," I replied back.

"See in my day, we could say what we want, do what we want, and we could protest. Then things changed, I bared it for a while, but S.S.D was the last straw. It all started when the Republican President... a President is someone who the people of the country elect... pick... well the President prevented the stop of CO₂ emissions. Earth became so warm that 75% of land flooded and 70% of the human population died off. Luckily NASA ...yes, the same NASA that we have now, helped colonize Mars. That's where we live now. 15% of the population moved to Mars the other 15% was left on Earth. Then on MARS the elite took over and instituted the kingdom. Anyone who was against them was sent to the hell for an Earth as a punishment. Their families would come with them.

I stood there and watched him speak. A world where you



This is a fascinating story. Enjoy.



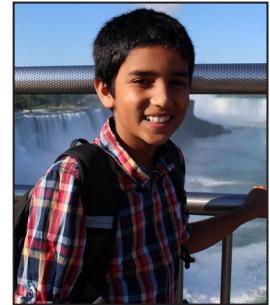
Friendly Man or Gorilla

By: Aadesh Anand 5th grade

You always have to be friendly. Whether you are an animal or not. In the book *The One and Only Ivan*, by Katherine Applegate, I think Ivan is very friendly. This story is about a baby elephant who came to the circus which is in a mall. This mall is called Big Top Mall. Then there is a gorilla in the mall, but he is not in the circus. He lives in a cage next to where Ruby, the baby elephant, lives. After a couple of days Ivan and Ruby move to another zoo where they will be happy. The reasons why I think that Ivan is friendly is because he made pictures for Ruby which turned into be the billboard picture, he keeps his promises, and because he lets Bob, a stray dog, sleep on his stomach.

The first reason why I think that Ivan is very friendly because he drew pictures for Ruby all night without sleep. Would you spend all night just to make pictures for your friend? But this picture isn't just a normal picture, it turned into the picture that is on the billboard. The day after picture turns into the billboard picture. Protesters come because it was a sign to let Ruby free and into a zoo. The protesters were holding signs that said Let Ruby and Ivan free. Ivan is such a good friend.

Another reason why I think that Ivan is friendly is because he keeps his promises. When Stella the aunt of Ruby was alive he told Ivan to promise her that he will take care of Ruby before I die and please let her live in a zoo. Then at the end of the story Ruby and Ivan both go to another zoo which they are



This is a great book!
Thanks for sharing.

treated fairly and they are free. So basically Ivan didn't break his promise which he promised Stella. Ivan is so trustworthy.

The last reason why I think that Ivan is friendly is because he lets Bob, a stray dog, sleep on his stomach. If you were a gorilla will you let a dog sleep on your stomach? Probably not you might just scare it off. But Ivan is Bob's best friend. No one in the zoo upset Ruby and Ivan no about Bob. Ivan doesn't want Bob to be in the circus because Ivan says it is going to hurt him and Bob doesn't like humans. Think if you were a gorilla would you let your best friend who is a dog go to a circus. I think that you are going to answer. Ivan is so nice.

I hope you see why I think that Ivan is so friendly. Because he drew pictures for Ruby, he keeps his promises, and because he lets Bob sleep on his stomach. SO read this book which is a first place Newberry Award Winner! So if you like the book after a glimpse into it go to Barnes and Noble or anywhere where you buy a book. I bet you that you will love this book. It's funny and amazing.

In God we Trust con't from 49

could say, do, and protest when you want. Thinking about it was like something out of a dream.

"Really?" I asked him.

"You think that I would lie?"

Suddenly a voice on a loudspeaker announced, "You have been surrounded rebels! We have heard your entire conversation from the secret mics we placed in your house! Come out with your hands up! You might be sent to Earth or we will Execute On Sight (E.O.S)!"

"Mics... in our house? What extent of..."

Just then my great-granddad put his hand on his heart and recited the rebel phrase, "In God We Trust!"

Suddenly a group of soldiers burst into our house.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The world started to blur out. The last thing I remembered was my great-granddad falling to the ground with his hand on his heart reciting the same phrase, "In God We Trust!"



John's Adventure

By: Ankitha Radhakrishnan and Sainthavi Sivakumar

5th grade and 6th grade

When John the nice monster goes home in the portal that took him to a human girl named Laura and a whitetail bird named Clara, he doesn't remember that his parents lived in Arcadia, his homeland. All the places in Arcadia looked the same. He searched near ideal rocks, caves, and even a few treehouses! But even after hours of searching, he couldn't even find a trace of his parents. Did I even come in the right portal? "Let's go find Clara and Laura they might help me." Clara is very good at finding things and Laura can tell us solutions for finding my mom and dad.

"Clara is the bird who helped me find the portal to Arcadia. Laura did help free me out of the hunter's net."

I wonder if there is a way back to Clara and Laura's world..." I thought. Then suddenly out of the blue, I see this message carved into a rock about a yard away. I head closer to investigate.

It says,

Dear John,

You are probably looking for us and are wondering where we are. Well, we'll tell you. The president told us that if we could go without eating anything for a whole week, we would be able to go to any dimension or galaxy or anywhere in all the worlds we wanted to! And, we took up his offer and went without eating for a whole week, and you know how much we love to travel so. We are probably in another galaxy relaxing to our will. We will come back at the latest, 2018!

So Sorry! See you soon!

Love,

Mommy and Daddy and Terra

I was so sad, I couldn't even manage to think straight. "W-what?!? Be back by 2018 tops?!?!?" I thought to myself. I couldn't believe this one teensy-eensy-weensy bit! I had to get to that portal no matter the cost. I had to see Laura and Clara! I need to talk to them!

"I hope they understand my situation..." I thought to myself, laying on the cold, hard ground.

I got up and knew that I can't be like this until 2018. I went outside the portal and began my journey to find Clara and Laura. I didn't know where I was going. I thought about the time when Laura took me to see everywhere or when Clara took me to the portal. I really miss those guys.

I can't believe my parents! They left me without even telling

me. That is rude to do. Really, a letter? What if I couldn't find it or something else could've happened.

I hate my parents. I really wished that Clara and Laura were here. I started walking toward an empty field that had no life left in it. That's how my life felt right now: Empty, Alone, and Dark. Then, while I was walking toward the field of my life, something caught my eye. It was a shiny rock that looked a lot like a portal.

"Hmm... I wonder if I..." I picked up the rock and slammed it on the field. A burst of color emerged from it, and it turned into a...PORTAL! Yay! Now I can finally go to Laura and Clara. Thank you, you rock so much!

I went into the portal and was ready to meet Clara and Laura. The portal zoomed me in twists and turns and finally I land on a nice grassy spot.

I look around me, and I realize that I've seen this place... This is Clara and Laura's World! "Yay, I was here I was finally here!" This was the best day ever! I got to meet Clara and Laura again. Then at a distance, I saw a girl and a whitetail bird. Guess who that is! It's Clara and Laura! I ran to them as fast as my monster legs could carry me. They saw me and stopped. We ran to meet each other. We were so happy to reunite again. "John, is that you? You look different! I think the portal messed your hair up!" Clara teased. "It's so good to see you again John!" Laura said giving me a great big hug. We all gave each other a big round of hugs and pats on the back.

We were all very happy to see each other then everything for me turned upside down. "What happened John? Why are you so sad" exclaimed Laura. "I-I just couldn't believe my parents went to another galaxy until 2018!"

"W-what?" Laura said. I could tell she was sad and utterly confused. Clara with feeling sad and Confused just like Laura. "Is that the reason you came here?" asked Clara.

"Yes, Clara I want you guys to help me," exclaimed John.

"Can you help me find my parents?" said John.

"Of course, we will John. We're your best friends. You can tell us anything," said Clara. John, Clara, and Laura headed off with Laura to work at Laura's secret tree house where they can make plans to find John's parents and the 20,000 galaxies. "Where am I going in about 20,000 galaxies where will I find



This girls are great writing partners!

John's Adventure cont' on page 53



The Muffin Man Who Lived

By: Yash Nishikant 5th grade

You must know the very fine man who made muffins, but let's start from the beginning. Once upon a time there lived a generous man, named Rax. His favorite was to bake many goods in the kitchen. One day his best friend Sam, came over and he sniffed the air. He wondered what that good smell was.

"No no no," said Sam. "This can't be."

Sam was the smartest person. In school, he always had a green shirt and jeans on him. Rax had so many sweets that one day, he made a dessert stand. It had cakes, and lemonade. He also had fortune cookies.

Rax's friends never knew that his favorite activity, or hobby was to bake things. In fact, Rax's friends thought that Rax's hobby was to eat grapes every single day! When Sam arrived, Sam took his first step in the kitchen, until he almost fell to the ground.

"OW!" said Sam.

"Huh?" said Rax when he looked back.

His best friend might have loved the smell of Rax's muffins. He lost control of even STANDING!

"Are you ok?" asked Rax.

Sam did not answer.

Instead, he said: YOUR MUFFINS ARE THE BEST! Rax was amazed that at least someone loved his muffins. When Rax was a kid, his cooking skills were pathetic, and he was never at the top in the cooking class, ut it was time for some improvements. "You know what?" Rax said. I will make these better for the whole TOWN to love.

"No, I will fall down really hard if you make them better," replied Sam.

"Come on, at least give it a chance!" said Rax.

"O-Ok I guess," said Sam rubbing his head.

Rax and Sam kept working on muffins and opened up a store, and put advertisements on it. But, this isn't the end... There also lived a wicked witch in a cramped hut. When she heard about these popular muffins, she got really jealous.

"The same old thing again. I never get to be heard about."

This is when the witch put a spell on the muffins so the next day the muffins would rot. Rax and Sam will be really upset. That night, Sam talked to Rax and wanted to give it another try. The witch cast that same spell and Rax was about to close the business, but he needed to figure out what was happening. Rax and Sam decided to stay at the shop, and see what was going on. Then, they saw a hat with a green pattern, and Sam grabbed a bat and soon, Rax secretly called the sheriff and they saw red and blue lights out the window. Suddenly, the witch came in.

"AHH!" the two shouted. The sheriff and his crew took the witch away, and her magic and her spells were gone. Soon, the world was safe. Another fine day, Rax visited the prison. There, he saw the witch. He held out the baked muffins and asked the police to let the witch go. He had an idea for the lonely witch to help the two bakers to make muffins. Soon, they made a lot of money. The business grew, and more stores were built, just for the muffin man. Did I say muffin man? Yes. I did. That is what all the people in town called Rax. The witch realized a mistake in her life. First, she wanted to be part of something. She got her wand back, so she can make the muffins even BETTER!!

"I don't think so," said Sam.

"I will fall on the floor again!" They all laughed and the witch thought about how she changed from a grumpy witch, into a friend of Sam and Rax. The witch smiled.

"I shouldn't have been like that."

The witch said to herself. The witch, (not anymore) Rax and Sam, had been great and best friends ever since. The top desert in schools, homes, and in restaurants, was Rax's muffins. They were famous worldwide! There you go! This is the true story, of how the muffin man came to be! Do you know this? Again, this is the true story, about how the muffin man Rax came to be!

(I think!) Hee hee!

New Twist to an Old Tale Writing Contest!
Have something to write about a Fairy Tale, Nursery Rhyme, Myth or Legend?
Submit it by July 30. 300 to 400 words.
Send to Editor@citykidzworld.com.



Nursery rhymes
are fantastic writing
prompts! Great job
Yash.

Never Give Up

Inspired by the book *Fly Away Home* by Eve Bunting

By Aashreeth Amuda 5th grade

Do your parents have a job or not? If not, read the book "Fly Away Home" by Eve Bunting. In this story Andrew and his father live in an airport because they are homeless. Andrew's father works as a janitor while Andrew helps people with their luggage and earns money. Andrew stays with the Medinas while his father goes to work. The Medinas live in the airport as well. Andrew and his father will not give up until they find a home and move out of the airport.

Andrew and his father show us that they will not give up because Andrew's father works as a janitor in order to earn money. Andrew's father takes the bus from the airport because they live in the airport and they are homeless. "On weekends Dad takes the bus to work. He's a janitor in an office in the city." Andrew's father works as a janitor in a office. This shows us that his dad is showing perseverance and will do whatever it takes to earn money and move out of the airport. After Andrew's father leaves for work, the Medinas look after Andrew. The Medinas live in the airport too because they are homeless. This shows us how Andrew and his father are trying their best to find a home.

Andrew and his father show us that they will not give up because Andrew helps people in order to earn money. Andrew doesn't only earn money. His buddy Denny helps him earn money too. Denny is Mrs. Medina's son. Andrew and Denny help people with their luggage. Andrew and Denny also collect luggage carts at the airport. For every luggage cart Andrew and Denny get, they trade it in for fifty cents. Since Andrew doesn't have a wallet, he saves his money in his shoe. Andrew is staying calm and helping his father find a house by earning money too.

Andrew and his father show us that they will not give up by not getting noticed at the airport. For Andrew and his father, it is really hard to carry all theirre stuff to different terminals. Andrew and his father are not only the people who live in the airport, the Medinas live in the airport along with Andrew and his father. Andrew and his father are not giving up until they find a house that they can live in.

In the book, "Fly Away home" by Eve Bunting, a boy named Andrew and his father are homeless. Andrew and his father will not give up until they can find a home and can move out of the airport. To earn money, Andrew's father works as a janitor in an office and Andrew helps people with luggages and luggage carts. Andrew and his father are trying their best not to get noticed in the airport. What you can learn in my essay is never give up and stay calm even when you or your family is in a crisis.

***John's Adventure* con't from page 51**

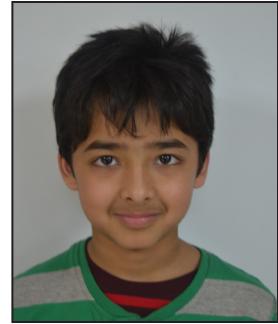
them." I'm pretty sure we will be able to go really only if we have a time machine "Hold on a second... I think I have one in my treehouse! Let's go check it out! We all rushed to Laura's treehouse and climbed the stairs and saw an amazing time machine! I was amazed! I had never seen anything like it in my life! Amazing that is the best things come on let's go find my parents...again. We went on the time machine, and we pushed the buttons to 2018. Now we just need to find what location my parents were in. The time machine was just like the portal.

A bunch of twists and turns. When we finally stopped moving, we stepped out and landed into a big pile of dizziness. Next, we saw every monster in the world. We wanted to find my parents. We decided to look at all the resorts, but that would take hundred and hundred of years. So we cornered it down to where my parents would be. We looked into pools, nature hikes, and even in reading and writing nooks! Then we heard a noise coming from a little cozy, cave. Who could that be? We went closer, and closer, until we saw someone.....

To Be Continued in the next issue...

Have fun with your summer reading! Send us a book review and we may publish it in the back to school issue!

Send to editor@citykidzworld.com. Deadline: July 30.



We love book reviews.
Thank you!



The Terrible Idea

By: Rithika Pathuri 5th grade

My heart was pounding. I could feel it beat in every step I took. Today, finally, I was going to find out where those seventh graders went and what they did every Wednesday after school. I had heard them talk about it in school sometimes. They had talked about a "plan" but they didn't bring up the topic very often. Even if they had to, I could tell they didn't want to. I followed William Kye, a seventh grader that appeared to be the president of the seventh graders, to the abandoned playground. So this was their secret place. Not bad. No one came around here before. Well, except for William's group.

"Hey, William. We were just getting started," someone said.

"Hey yourself. Let's review the plan to take over the world again. Tom, you're going to hack into the world's security system. You're going to disable the protective forces so that they don't have much protection. Then the rest of us will bust them with our toy airplanes and tanks. Maybe even paper --"

"What?" I exclaimed in disbelief. This was their plan to take over the world! It was terrible!

"Who are you?" Tom asked in surprise. I hid behind a bush.

"Whoever you are, stand back because I'm a white belt in karate," someone yelled.

"Harry, that's the least belt in karate. I'm not depending on you," William explained, rolling his eyes.

I slowly walked toward them.

"Oh, it's just another kid. Hey do you want to join our group?" William asked.

"Sure, why not? We're going to go to jail with your plan," I told them sarcastically.

"If we're going to do this, we're doing it my way," I folded my arms.

"Fine, what's your plan?" William asked. He looked desperate.

"That's just it. I don't have one," I exclaimed.

William looked disappointed.

"That's a bummer," William sighed.

At least they weren't doing that ridiculous plan they'd created. That would have landed them in big trouble.

"Maybe we could..." someone piped up.

"Could what, Max?" William asked sharply.

"Maybe we could just forget about this plan," Max suggested. He turned around to William.

"You could tell John that you don't appreciate him making fun of you just because you come up with bad ideas. You don't have to take over the world just to prove that you have good ideas." That was it. I had lost it.

"Now wait a minute. You wanted to take over the world just to prove you come up with good ideas too?" I asked in confusion. These people are crazy!

"Obviously," William answered.

That was insane! But I didn't want to hurt his feeling so I told William that he should just talk to John and dump this crazy plan to take over the world. Everyone else agreed. Well, at least I know how seventh graders think. Next year, I will never come with a plan like this. But right now, I'd rather be myself any day.



What a cool idea
for a story. Great
writing!

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Birthday Surprise

By: Shreya Dasari 5th grade

It was a bright, Saturday morning. The leaves were dancing and the flowers were blooming. I was the last one up and out of bed. I needed to pick myself up off the ground because of how many times I fell trying to get out of bed. I slowly walked to the bathroom.

"Happy Birthday!" my family bellowed to me, as I was arriving to the bathroom. Before I had the chance to say thank you, my family squeezed me tight. Once they finally let go of me, I started to feel a little dizzy, but I didn't care.

"I can't wait for my party today!" I yelled about the room and I jumped on a bed. This year was the only year I actually made friends.

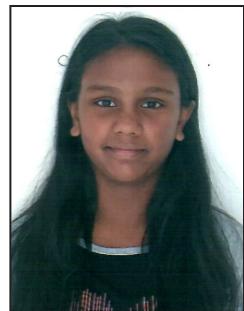
(Yay!) Also this was the first year I was going to have a good birthday. For the last 4 years of birthdays before my 10th birthday, I've been having situations.

6th birthday - someone broke their arm at my party

7th birthday - only one person out of about 10 girls came to my party, and also in the middle of my party my dress broke

8th birthday - I was told on by my best friend

9th birthday - I never had a party



Shreya is a gifted writer. Enjoy this realistic fiction story.

I took out my toothbrush and some toothpaste. However, while I was doing this, I was sneezing a lot.

"Shreya, are you sick?" My mom questioned. "If you want we can cancel the party."

"No, I'm fine and we can still have a party." I refused to cancel my party. I was turning 10.

I was about to brush my teeth, but that's when I decided that I really had to go to the bathroom. I was walking towards the toilet to go to the bathroom, but then I had a gut feeling to crouch down, where I was in a position where only my face was above the toilet seat. Then, I had another gut feeling. I felt all of it happen. The dinner from last night just started to pour out of me. "Mommy, I think I have a stomach virus," I informed to my mom who was on her computer.

"Really," my mom rushed over to come and look. There was glops of meat in the toilet. "Oh, that's definitely the chicken from last night." She gave me a paper towel roll just in case. "I'm going to tell your friends that the party is canceled."

"NO!" I bellowed. "I really need to have a party this year."

My mom had an agreement that if I didn't have my party that day, we would reschedule the party to another day.

I spent the rest of my day crying in the bathroom, going to the bathroom, throwing up in the bathroom, sleeping in the bathroom, and possibly watching T.V. in the bathroom. My sister got me a stuffed animal toy that was a peep. I named him peepy. Anyway, I had the worst birthday ever, and I never got a rescheduled birthday party.

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Saving Trees

By: Keerthi Surisetty 5th grade

Have you ever thought of what might happen to the world if people keep cutting trees? Trees help us in different ways. Some ways are trees provide us with oxygen and trees give animal habitats.

One reason why people should not cut trees is because trees give oxygen. If people keep cutting trees there will be less oxygen to breathe. The more trees we have, the more oxygen we will have. In addition, some forests act as big filters that clean the air. We have a lot of pollution. About 2 million people die because of air pollution each year.

Another reason, why people should not cut down trees is, because trees are homes to wildlife. If people keep cutting trees, they are breaking down animals' habitats and the animals end up on roads or places they should not be. For example, squirrels have trees as their homes. If someone cuts the tree, the squirrel will have to find another home. In this process the squirrel could get hurt badly by a car or predator. Unfortunately, scientists predict that 4,600 plants and animals will be gone by 2030.

Some people think that cutting trees is okay, because it is their job to build cabins or homes and to produce paper. I understand this, but every time someone cuts a tree they could plant another one in that area. Maybe we could make it balanced. Maybe we could plant a few more trees to make up for the trees that had already been cut down.

In conclusion, cutting trees is not a good idea because we won't have a lot of oxygen and animals' habitats would get destroyed. Remember that anyone could make a difference. We could cut trees, but plant new ones to make the world even and balanced.



Thank you for remembering the environment.

Solar Powered Cars

By: Showraya Bandi 6th grade

There is a lot of energy in this world that causes pollution. For instance like cars, they give out a lot of pollution whenever you drive them. People say the gasoline powered cars were the best invention made. I think that it is not true. Because of the pollution, it is making our world die, and I do not agree with that. But the solar powered cars are a great invention and should replace the gas powered cars.

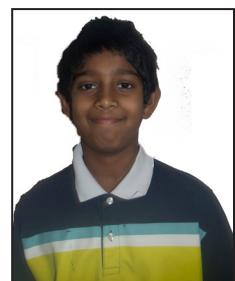
To say first, the solar powered cars don't cause pollution as they would for normal cars. They run on solar energy or said as the sun's heat. With this, the rider is totally capable enough to do as they would do in a normal car but a couple things more. First, it would not cause pollution/carbon dioxide as a regular car. Second, it can help eliminate heat problems or too much heat that is essential to nature or crops. Finally, this car can help eradicate unusable waste as for like fossil fuel and etc.

They have a different system from cars. Solar cars depend on photovoltaic cells to convert sunlight into electricity. Unlike solar thermal energy, which converts solar energy to heat for either household purposes, industrial purposes or to be

converted to electricity, PV cells directly convert sunlight into electricity. The photovoltaic cells allow the car to move freely and as well to make sunlight into electricity which the process makes it better than a normal car.

Burning fossil fuels, humans pump CO₂ into the atmosphere. Fortunately, plants and ocean waters gather it in. That's why we need solar cars or solar panels. They both are basically same. This is because both of these solar products include the most important cell. It is the one and only "PHOTOVOLTAIC CELL". These cells really help us with making the world a better place, especially from pollution/carbon dioxide.

In conclusion, solar cars are helpful to the world more than normal cars that will not help us that much. The solar cars will help us reduce the amount of pollution that will go into the atmosphere and as well as carbon dioxide. Solar cars also use photovoltaic cells to use the sun's energy and use it by itself. This is why I think solar cars are better than the normal cars!



This is great information.



Alien Disaster

By: Srivant Pothuraju 5th grade

It was Wednesday. I needed to know what they were up to. Joe has always told me, "Bob, at this point, we really need to know what they are up to. I overheard them for about 10 seconds, and I could have sworn that they said something about blowing up the world. They didn't see me, but Jessie almost saw me peeking around the corner, and she told the group to be a little quieter because she thought that she saw someone peeking. After that, I couldn't hear a word."

I needed to join the group. It might take a couple of times when they actually take me in because they know that they shouldn't trust anyone.

When I passed Jessie, I asked her, "Where are you guys going every Wednesday?"

She didn't know what to say. If she refused to tell, then she knew that I would tell that they were going somewhere every Wednesday, and then the teacher is going to keep a close eye on them. If they have a teacher spying on them, they can't make plans!

"We are just talking about our day. None of your business, anyways."

"Can I join?" I asked. Now, I knew that this was a forcing question. If she answers yes, then I can join the group and know what was going on. If she said no, she would know what I

would ask, "Why can't I even talk about my day?"

She thought about it for a while. Finally, after a little while, which seemed like a million years, she said, "Yes."

"O.K," I said, trying not to smile that hard or to sound so excited.

Two periods later...

"We have a new member..." said Jessie.

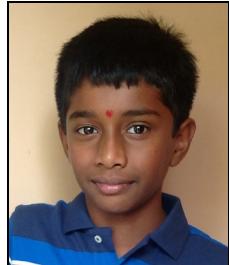
"Bob. You know what to do."

That sentence was a little scary. Then I realized I should have never went to join the group. The group was cornering me, as Jessie got this machine. They all pulled their masks. They were aliens! Their green, slimy face was.... much weirder than a human face. Jessie pointed the machine at me and twisted the handle, and I was frozen.

They all put their masks on, and walked into school.

You might have another question. If I was frozen, how could I have written this? My brain is only connected to one thing, this document. If you are reading this, then you know what is going to happen. You are so lucky that you read this. You know what to do. Save Earth, because Earth is going to explode soon. The aliens have made their plan.

You have been warned.



This alien story is quite creative.

Penguin Delivery

By: Zohaib Ahmed 5th grade

One day I was minding my own business while I was eating breakfast, when suddenly I got a delivery. When I opened the door I saw the mailman Craig, sweating while walking to his FedEx truck. Must have been a heavy package, I thought to myself. I saw a big package that was mailed from Alaska, so it was probably from my friend Jack. I hoisted the heavy package into my mansion. I opened the box and saw a freezer. I decided to give Jack a call.

"Hello."

"Yeah, sup."

"Why did you send me a freezer?"

"Did you even open it?"

"No why?"

"There's a surprise in it."

"Oh. Thanks, see ya."

{hangs up}

I opened it and saw a little penguin inside staring up at me. It looked hungry so I let it follow me to the table and I fed it fish. It waddled around until an advertisement on the television



This is a fun adventures story.

caught his eye. It showed a hunter killing penguins. When the penguin saw this, he went completely berserk. It started toppling things and cracking my fragile belongings. When I went upstairs to play Minecraft on my iMac, the penguin waddled up to me and watched me play. But then he jumped on the keyboard and ruined the game I was playing by making me jump into a ravine and killing me. I was enraged and I turned off the iMac and locked the penguin in the closet. Suddenly, I didn't hear any actions and heard snoring coming from the closet. I felt relieved and went to the sleeping penguin and threw him back in the freezer. I threw it into the box and called FedEx. They sent it back to my now ex-friend Jack. I also sent a note saying that I hope the penguin wrecks his house. Good luck Jack.



The Amazing Gift

By: Shrey Aggarwal 6th grade

Here we go again. It is the worst part of the day for me. School. You want to know why it is so horrible? Because it is. And also, I am deaf. Everybody makes fun of me. Plus, I have to spend all day in this special class where I already know everything. It is so boring. I don't have any friends.

In fact, go back to that other statement, "Everybody makes fun of me."

I didn't even know that was true up until now. It was kind of scary watching those people point like they wanted to devour me. Now I know. And it feels even stranger. Here's what happened.

"La-di-da-da," I sang (I think) as I walked to my locker. I had this one bit of free time before the rest of the day. It was peaceful. No more teachers yelling through paper and sign language. It might sound weird phrased that way, but I wouldn't know. And that is what happened. I got yelled at by paper! Anyways, I was getting the things that I would need for the rest of my classes, which was everything because I go straight to the bus. I just wish I knew how normal kids felt. It would be the dream of my life. Suddenly, someone (or something) appeared in front of me.

"Hello, mate!" it signed.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!" I screamed.

Teachers streamed out of classrooms but it seemed like none of them could see the little creature before me. I got detention for screaming in the hallway, which was totally unfair. I was so mad at the little guy. I threw something at it when it next appeared. Sadly for me, the things that I managed to throw was a tiny eraser.

"Do you want to know what it feels like to be normal?" the little dude asked. I was in shock (not really, though).

For a second, I thought it was all a trick, so I said no. "If you say so, then," it signed.

"No, no, wait! I do!" I said before it could disappear.

"What grade are you in?" it asked (through sign, of course).

"Uh, shouldn't that be obvious?" I asked, considering that it was in my locker area and saw a bunch of signs that said, "6th-grade teacher."

"Eh, just making sure. Alrighty then, be prepared to enter the dream of your lifetime," it said.

Hm. Something about that last sentence he said seemed familiar, but I couldn't put my finger on it. Just as I realized what it was and was about mention it, there was a flash and a bang and that little elfish creature was gone. Because of all the flashing and noise it made, though, I had to get an extra day of detention. That's when I realized it. I could hear! Now to find

out what those people said while they pointed at me.

I went to where the other students would be and waited. When they saw me, they laughed and made fun.

"Hey, I can hear you, ya know," I said. That shut their mouths shut really quickly. I told them that I had heard everything that they had said and would tell the principal. That started up a whole bunch of begging and pleading.

"All right, all right, fine," I said, not being able to take on the noise anymore. "I won't tell, but then you are going to have to." They started arguing with me all over again. Though, all it took was one statement to stop them.

"You'll get in much less trouble if you tell him compared to me telling him," I mentioned.

That changed their minds. They promised me that they would go tell him all everything that had been going on. I was happy, but yet still suspicious. I made sure to watch them the rest of the day.

When I got to the special class, I surprised everyone with being able to hear. I couldn't tell them the truth of how everything happened, so I just said that it was a miracle. I got moved into the regular classes. It got a bit more challenging then, but that was just what I needed. I knew that I should have felt elated, but it was just so different, that it made me miss my old life. I had thought that I would get over it. But I proved myself otherwise.

When I got home, I told my mom about me suddenly being able to hear, and she said that she had gotten a call from my school about that. They wanted to know if she had known about this, but she said no. Oh no! I just remembered! I forgot to make sure that those other guys had told the principal.

"Eh, I'll find out tomorrow," I decided.

The next thing I had to do was watch a video and write about it, just to make sure my sudden ability to hear was working properly. I was able to hear it perfectly. I loved this. It felt so great to be able to hear everything. That's when I realized my problem. I could hear everything. It felt strange. I wondered if this is what normal people felt. Being able to hear everything. It was so cool. My mom came in and gave me some juice.

"Doesn't that butterfly's wings sound so good while flapping?" I asked, pointing outside.

She asked if I was feeling all right, and I said yeah. My mom



This is an ambitious, short story. Awesome effort!



The Club

By: Darshani Nayak 6th grade

"Screech, Screech!" Some random person was writing on the chalkboard when school was over.

"Who could be writing on the board when there is no teacher or person in this school at this hour (?) except me?" I thought. I know I am supposed to be here, because the principal told me to supervise the building, until she comes back from getting the school keys. She forgot it at home, and if no one was there to keep watch there can be a burglary. The idea just popped in my head, those people might be robbers. But, why would anyone want to steal something from a classroom? There is nothing but books, papers, and teacher belongings that you won't make a lot of money with. Ehh, if I catch the person then I will be rewarded. I just started day dreaming there, but with another noise of the chalk screeching I suddenly woke up. So, I put all my belongings down and started to get ready to fight whoever that person was. I was nervous to see whom it was. What if it is a huge gangster that could kill me, or what if it (define the it here) will kidnap me and I will never be seen or heard from again? Oh my gosh what should I do? Save my school from robbers or be a scaredy cat and run away? Of course I chose the first choice and I slowly creped up into the room with the person in it. And when I looked at who it was, I found that there were a bunch of kids in there talking. There was one person who guided them and was acting like he was the teacher. Wait, what? Is this a club or something? No it can't be there is no teacher in here. It probably had to be a secret organization, which comes here after school to have a meeting. I should go tell them to leave, or should I see what they are doing? Or what if they are planning to do something really bad to the world? They looked like gangsters, wearing black, wearing all the golden jewelry, and plus they were acting like them. I should go in and join them. I slowly walked in. I tried to creep up in the back row where no one would notice me, but of course someone had to see me and yelled out loud.

"Who is that girl? Why is she here?"

Everyone suddenly turned towards me and started chattering amongst themselves. I was kind of embarrassed to be standing in front of a huge amount of kids who were my age. As I thought the main teacher who was guiding them walked up to me and said, "Who are you? And why are you here?" I was like, "Excuse me, this is my school I am here to protect it from world destruction."

"Guys did you hear that she thinks that we are planning to destroy the world." The boy laughed.

"Ha ha ha ha..." The kids laughed together.

I felt like I was gonna explode in tears. I was in the middle of

a group kids acting like I was Martin Luther King and that I was gonna stop world destruction. That was probably one of the worst times in my life.

"Um I thought you were doing something secretly, which was gonna ruin the world." I muttered.

"Oh really?" the boy questioned.

"Yes I thought that! Then tell me what you guys here are actually doing?" I asked.

"Hey everyone, come on let's discuss in a group huddle." the boy yelled.

Everyone about 15 of them were in a huddle whispering things about me. I was alone standing there waiting.

Then after a while they were done discussing and the group's leader came up to me and told me truth. I wasn't sure if I should believe him or not, but then eventually I did.

He said. "We meet here every Wednesday after school secretly, to discuss and work on ways to take over the world. Would you like to join?"

I was shocked by what came out of his mouth, I was like, "Did you just say that you guys are working on ways to take over the world?"

"Why, surely I did." the boy laughed.

"I was always dreaming to take over the world. I would definitely love to join!" I happily replied.

Uh oh, right behind me was Principal Roy, he was standing there staring at us talk. I had butterflies in my stomach, about what he would say.

"Hello children! I found out that you guys are planning to do something really bad to the universe." Principal Roy said.

"Yeah that is why I was here talking to them! I was trying to stop them from doing that."

"Yes, I can see what you were doing here. Don't lie to me." Principal Roy scolded.

"No you misunderstood, at first I was really trying to stop them, but when they said, that we are trying to take over the world in a good way, I was like I was always wanted to be president of the world." I explained.

"Yeah yeah!" Principal Roy chuckled.

"No really they, no I mean all of us don't like Donald Trump! WE HATE HIM! So we are trying to beat him and take his spot of becoming president." I explained again.

"Okay then I will believe you!" Principal Roy seriously said.

"Thank god! I murmured. Or else I would have been dead



This story is quite wonderful!

The Club con't on page 61



The Solo

By: Tanyi Sivakumar 6th grade

It was November 28, 2014. Lunch was rush hour. Everyone brushed past each other to get their food. On the other hand, Lauren, a small town 6th grader, didn't rush to get lunch; she rushed to find Karen.

Karen saw Lauren running toward her, so she ran. The only reason Lauren would be running to her is the solos. 'She knows I don't want to do solos, but somehow, I know she will drag me into it' Karen reasoned in her head.

"Karen! I've been looking for you!" Lauren scolded. "I was thinking if maybe you."

"Want to do the solos with you?" Karen finished. Lauren looked impressed. She bobbed her head up and down to indicate the word, "YES."

"Please! Please! Please! Will you do it with me?" Lauren pleaded with a pouty face.

"All right, fine. That face always gets me," Karen muttered.

"The auditions are tomorrow during lunch, OK? Oh, and bring your lunch. I'll stop by your locker and we'll go from there? Kapish?" Lauren pointed out

*****The Next Day*****

Lauren ran through the lunch crowd to get to Karen's locker. When she did, she saw Karen taking her binders and lunch with her. She signaled Karen and she followed.

"C'mon slowpoke!" Lauren called looking over her shoulder at Karen.

"Not if you're a cheetah," Karen muttered catching up.

Lauren padded rapidly down the stairs with her friend Karen to the music room. They both auditioned for the solo in chorus. When they opened the door, the room let out a fresh and sweet smell. Lauren took a deep breath in and went inside.

'I don't know how she makes that face and drags me into this but, oh well.' Karen thought as she stopped in front of the door. "Karen c'mon!" Lauren called as Karen daydreamed of her happy world. The room was decorated with music notes and posters of magnificent musicians. The walls were painted a vibrant color of purple with a small grand piano setting in a corner. Five kids are in the room already; more were coming by the minute. Lauren and Karen practiced the little excerpt of the song. Lauren paced back and forth, but was totally cool about this.

Karen on the other hand, couldn't stand the pace when she had to do anything in front of anyone.

Karen's friend Tasha walked up and taunted, "It's gonna be a piece of cake. I practiced head over heels and I will get it."

"Don't bite off more than you can chew, Tasha," Karen replied

trying to be nice. Tasha can be nice but snobby at times too.

"Pipe down children! Pick up your ears. We are going to start the blind audition. We will go counterclockwise around the room. I am going to give you all numbers: so when I call up your number you will come to the center and sing. Any questions? Great, then let's get started!" Ms. Holly exclaimed.



This is a beautiful vignette.

Thirty minutes had passed and only 15 people sang; Lauren slouched waiting for her turn. Lauren could tell Karen was getting annoyed too; she paced back and forth impatiently. Finally, after another 5 minutes, it was Karen's turn. Karen wasn't paying attention, so she almost jumped out of her seat when her number was called. Lauren watched eagerly as a child, Karen, took a deep breath and started. "Sing of the blossoms that open in spring...How the sweet flowers bloooow... and the long lichens cliiinng. There are bright summers and springs yet to beeee. Sing to mee. Sing to mee. Sing to mee."

As Karen paced rapidly back to her seat she could feel her heart pounding and racing with worry. She asked Lauren, "Did I do fine? Are you sure? Really?"

Lauren just kept nodding her head and smiling of the thought that her friend over thought her audition.

"Very nice number 21," Ms. Holly said. "Last but not least, number 22."

That's me. 'Come on you can do this. You've practicing all week for today. It's your time to shine' Lauren whispered to myself as she walked toward the center. Lauren took a deep breath and started to sing. "Sing of the blossoms that open in spring....How the sweet flowers blows... and the long lichens cliiinng. There are bright summers and springs yet to beeee. Sing to mee. Sing to mee. Sing to mee."

"This is going to be a hard pick," Ms. Holly announced.

*****The Following Week*****

During chorus Ms. Holly announced the soloist for the song.

"Before I announce who the soloist is, I just want to say that everybody did a great job. But there was only room for one. It's just," she sighed as she trailed off.

"It wasn't that I didn't like you, or you weren't good I just couldn't pick all of you. So, please try again next time; we have some great voices in here."

She took a deep breath and said, "The soloist for this song is..." Ms. Holly began. Everyone stood on the edge of the risers.

"Lauren! Well Done!" Ms. Holly said congratulating me.



Riddle

By: Tanvi Sivakumar 6th grade

I am an object kids are very fond of.
I am a small, jagged and firm three dimensional object.
I am made of many cubes.
I am a solid.
I am a brain teaser so hard that I am impossible to solve.
My odor is a bland paper.
I am rough on the edges but bumpy on my surfaces.
I have six colors.
When I descend down the water, I gradually fall like a rock.
I am not soluble.
I have no luster.
When I am compared by weight to other objects, the other objects crush me with their weight.
What Am I? A rubik's cube [5x5 v-cube]



Try this riddle.

Fruits vs. Vegetables

By: Ashish Nadimpalli 7th grade

Vegetables vs. fruits; Which one is better? Which one is healthier? Which one is better favoured? Do you know the answer to any of these questions? You probably think fruits and vegetables are very similar and have a few differences. The truth is, fruits and vegetables have more differences than you think. Let's start off with a definition. Fruit: The developed ovary of a seed plant with its contents and accessory parts, as the pea pod, nut, tomato, or pineapple. It is the edible part of a plant developed from a flower with any accessory tissues. Vegetable: All other plant parts are considered vegetables. It is a herbaceous plant cultivated for an edible part. These definitions are very different. One difference is, fruits has seeds and vegetables don't. Also, the taste is sweet, tart, and bitter for a fruit. Each vegetable is different in taste. One more difference is, there are more vegetables than fruits.

Although there are many differences between fruits and vegetables, they have a few similarities as well. For example, both food groups are low in fat and calories, high in fibre, and often high in natural sugar. Another similarity is, both food are edible and able to expire. Both also have many vitamins like A, B, C, D, E and F. Lastly, both can cause your health to be outstanding. Fruits vs vegetables. Do you now know the differences and similarities now? They have more differences than similarities. No matter what the similarities and differences are fruits and vegetables will always be good for you.



This is a serious essay.
Great information!

The Club con't from page 59

meat!"

"So, Mr. Roy will you help us with our plan?" A guy in the group asked.

"Maybe!" Principal Roy said.

"Please Please oh Pretty please!" I cried.

"Fine! I will, but in one condition, next time you guys have to

tell me that you are doing this, because you guys would have locked inside if she didn't find you.

"Yeah guys!" I taunted.

"Okay we accept your condition!" A guy in the group replied. As days went by the group including the principal worked really hard. Finally two months later, they had achieved their goal, and all those kids together became president of the world.



Trick or Treating Rules

By: Aarav Solanki 6th grade

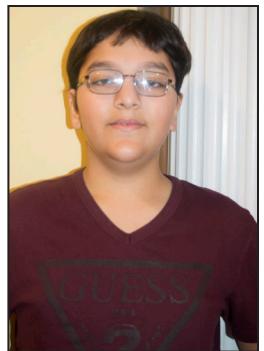
Many towns are thinking about banning trick or treating, but I think it should be continued because many kids enjoy it. Halloween trick or treating is one of the only times for many children to get candy. I think that if trick or treating, stops then many children would get upset. I am pretty sure there is nothing wrong in going trick or treat. In fact, it is very fun just going out and collecting candy. As soon as you get home, you just break on candy and start eating as much as you possibly can.

One of the reasons that trick or treating should not be discontinued or against the law is because now many people treat it like a tradition. Of course, there are some people who have to learn how to be responsible with their kids. It is not cool to just make kids not go trick or treating and just stop children from having fun on that one day when they get to dress up and get pounds of CANDY! Of course, many people argue that it is dangerous, as many people can get kidnapped as such crimes can happen, but maybe parents should accompany their children when they go trick or treating.

If parents and the government have such a big problem with trick or treating, then maybe they should take care of their children. What's the worst that can happen when the parents are with the child, and there are hundreds of other grown ups there too? Why would people have such a big problem with trick or treating otherwise? I mean yes there are people in the world who food poison people, but that is only because they want something. If nobody wants anything from you, what is there to be afraid of? In fact, many adults trick or treat too. Trick or treating is fun for all ages. The law should not decide what holidays should be banned.

Now, parents, it is your job to make sure your child is old enough or responsible enough to go alone. Maybe setting an age limit or setting a rule that parents must accompany their child would be a good suggestion as to just banning trick or treating forever. If the law banned trick or treating, just imagine what would happen to the kids. And how about if a child was looking forward to going trick or treating for the first time and the government just stops it. Wouldn't that be unfair to many kids in the USA?

We say that we have the freedom of speech and expression so why take away some child's freedom of expression and break the constitution? What would President Washington say if he were alive? Would he say that he is proud, and he would love to take away freedom from the citizens of the USA? All of us have to think about it. If we want Trick or treating, then we get trick or treating. CANDY!



This is a serious essay.
Do you agree?

The Amazine Gift con't from page 58

freaked and called the doctor, telling him that I could hear a butterfly's wing flapping from inside the house. We went to the doctor, he took a couple of tests and told us that I had super hearing. I was amazed, but not too surprised. I knew that this was the work of that little elfish creature that I had met. I never knew he could do this to me. I should have asked for more powers.

The next day, when I woke up, I realized that, yet again, I could not hear anything. It was weird. I had to be moved back into the special class. I just wished that I still had my amazing gift. I hoped that it was alternate days and that it would return tomorrow, but it didn't. I was upset. But, I guess that the gift of the elf only lasts a day. I wondered when I would next meet this elf creature.

Submit your story to editor@citykidzworld.com.

Deadline: July 30



What A Weird Trip...

By: Sowmya Joshi 6th Grade

I had recently moved to a town called Fairyton and on my first day of school were going to a zoo. I couldn't wait to see the pandas and the penguins. I grabbed my lunch and hopped on the bus. I was sitting with my neighbor who was playing with something that looked like magic.

"What is that?" I asked. My neighbor looked at me weirdly and said, "Umlingo." I didn't know what that meant, but I thought that it was rude to ask. Soon we reached the school, and it had a sign on top of it saying "Isikolo." I was very confused, but I headed inside.

Inside, the teacher introduced me to the class in a very weird language and showed me my seat. I sat down, and the teacher said, "Ok, ngexesha leklasi ukuya ezu yeentsomi , kodwa kuqala lets ukuthatha attendence ." She called out our names and said, "Yenza portal ezu yeentsomi." Soon we were at the zoo. We started to head in when the teacher dragged me aside.

She gave me a weird amulet and said, " You do not belong in this school." I gasped. I could understand her. Then she turned into a fairy "We are fairies," she said, " For you to stay in the school, you must also be one. To become a fairy you must prove yourself worthy, and she took the amulet and turned back into a human. How was I supposed to prove myself worthy?!?! Suddenly a tour guide he threw a ball of magic in the air and everyone turned into a fairy. Everyone except me. The teacher came over to him and whispered in pointy ear. He was looking at me while she was whispering and then he nodded. He took everyone down a red path and said, "Ixesha ukuhlangabezana Hydra ." Everyone shuddered. "ROAR!!" I let out a little yelp. Everyone started to laugh at me, but they didn't know that nine pairs of eyes were watching them.

As they turned around, they flew away screaming. I was laughing as I ran away. Next, we went on a boat ride to meet a mermaid. Everyone had to wear a poncho because fairies can't get their wings wet. I was pretty sure that all fairies were looking at me with envy as I danced around in the water when it got splashed at me. My neighbor said "Le meko ayinabo ubu lungisa." Then she joined me. Suddenly she slipped off the boat and fell into the rapidly flowing water.

"Nceda! Nceda!" She yelled. I immediately knew that she was calling for help. I jumped in and caught her. Then I swam to the shore. Everyone came rushing to us saying "Enkosi" Then blue and silver swirls started to circle around me. When they stopped, I saw that I had wings!!! "Ewe" I yelled. I was a fairy!



This story is highly creative.



Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford

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North Pole 2

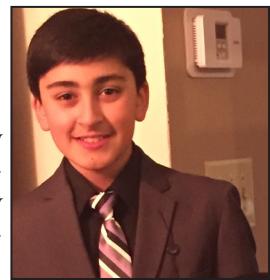
By Ishan Kalra 6th grade

Tadashi went up the stairs and locked himself in his bedroom. He started crying. He never thought that he could be so rude, especially enough to humiliate a man in front of many children and their parents. He rolled up the comforter and stared at the numbers on his clock hoping to find a way to apologize to his parents and make up for the bad deed by writing the story of Santa and his workshop.

About an hour later his parents fell asleep and so did AJ. Tadashi turned over and over again, but he couldn't fall asleep. Just then he heard someone laughing really hard. Strangely, Tadashi didn't recognize the laughs, and it became louder and louder.

He quickly hid under his blanket hoping that it was his parents coming back from placing the presents under the Christmas tree. But didn't he just see his parents go into their room about an hour ago? He never heard them go back downstairs, and he also knew that no one could ever enter their house without permission. His parents had turned on the security alarm and had locked all the doors. Suddenly, the door of Tadashi's room opened. He peeked out from his blanket and found himself staring at a ghostlike figure of a male, or something like that. The ghost had an opaque body. It looked like a young man wearing teen clothes from the 1800s. His legs had stockings on them, as well. His shoes looked like the kind elves wore in fairytales. In his hand, he held a staff that was almost as tall as he. The staff was like a normal stick, but on the top of it, there was attached a blue sphere. The staff looked so magical since there was pixie dust coming out of it as he moved. His

hair looked like clean white snow curled up. "Who-o-o-o are you-o-o-o? And what are you doing in my house?" Tadashi blurted out stuttering.



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The weird man answered back, "Why, I'm Jack Frost, Tadashi. I received a report by one of Santa's detective elves that you've been acting up lately and have become a non-believer in Santa!"

"Am I dreaming?" Tadashi questioned himself.

"Uh, no, you aren't," Jack Frost replied and touched Tadashi's heart with his ice cold finger. Just then his sleepiness went away. "See, now you aren't dreaming, since you aren't sleepy. Take my hand and come with me. You have no choice or your family, and you will be cursed into an endless sleep," Jack Frost explained calmly.

Tadashi started screaming, "Mom!... Dad!... AJ!..."

Jack Frost replied, "They can't hear you. It's no use. Just take my hand."

Tadashi gradually placed his hand in Jack's. His hand started shivering but then became warmer and warmer. Jack Frost smashed his staff on the floor, and they started to fly. Tadashi checked again to see if he was just dreaming, but no. They gradually flew faster and faster up into the open air. Tadashi looked back at his gray house with the beautiful decorations on it, knowing that this might be the last time he'd be looking at it.

The *Giving Tree* Review

By: Christabel Bhaskar 8th grade

As a kid, growing up I liked many authors such as Dr. Seuss and many other children's novels. But one of my favorite books was "The Giving Tree" by Shel Silverstein. This book was about a tree that would give anything to make a little boy happy, but the boy was selfish and took anything that the tree offered, until there was nothing left for the tree to give. The tree gave the boy everything to ensure that the boy was happy. When the boy was little he used to play with the tree and he was happy so the tree was happy. But as the boy grew older, he didn't play with the tree and he was very sad. In order to make the boy happy again, the tree gave him its apples, branches and finally its own trunk. The boy was selfish and took advantage of the tree's kindness. He took everything that the tree had to offer. Since the boy was selfish, he was never truly happy. Neither was the poor tree who gave up everything for the boy's happiness. Growing up, I loved reading this book because it teaches an important theme, which is, don't be selfish or you will lose everything you already have and love. Read this book to decide for yourself if the tree was a weak or strong character... I would rate this book a 5 out of 5 because it taught me an important life lesson; I learned to never be selfish.



We will be sure to read this book now!



Designing Your Progeny?

By: Aayush Gandhi 7th grade

I don't support the idea of "designing" your own progeny. This idea, while appealing, is wrought with evil. What we are doing is altering humans to suit our needs, but not the children's. There are superior methods to developing children. We should teach them right and wrong. Being human means that we are flawed. If we were meant to be perfect, we would have started out flawless. Also we are not thinking long-term. We will get short-term happiness. We would only design the child to be compatible with modern-day things (at that time). But as they get older, will they still fit into society? What if criminals were to create their own child? This child would be like them in every way. Eventually, the world would be populated with sadistic thieves. There are many reasons why creating our progeny to suit our needs would not be the best idea.

People have a proclivity to think in so many different ways. Their neural power is based on their education and surroundings. If people think differently they would raise their children differently. They would also want them to turn out in many different ways. Thus criminals would make their progeny strongly inclined towards criminalities. People raised with excess force would raise their children to be meek and acquiescent. This way they are limiting the creativity of the world and population intelligence will be stunted. If children don't develop with creativity spurring them on, they will become mindless zombies. Also, criminals will usually create future criminals. Eventually, the world will be full of criminals. This is not something you want on your conscience. You may have created the process that allowed people to create other people who will eventually create anarchy (or their future generation will [it doesn't matter as long as someone in the criminal family tree is creating anarchy.]). Businesspeople will create children who are good at business. Then they will start to work for a major conglomerate and these companies will hypnotize us into doing their bidding (buying their product) and promoting their product. Another reason is that if humans were meant to be flawless, we would have evolved, or started out

that way. If we design our own children we are interfering with the universe's plan for our dimension. People will also create children who fit in with society's modern values. But as the children grow older, they may be regarded as eccentric. They were created to uphold the old society's morals and values. We have seen rapid changes of opinion. If these children can't adapt to it, they are doomed to a life of constant scrutinizing and humiliation. There is no end the list of evils that can be caused by creating children through a gene modification process.

As you can indubitably see, creating our progeny is bad. By creating our children we create a world where people's lives are dictated by those who live in a time that had many diverse ideas and customs than now. Although this can be seen as a benefit, it is not a good thing. Humans may develop a better system of doing things which the modified people cannot adapt to as they were modified to fit in with a forgotten era. This is a pointless waste of time. If people want to be genetically modified, fine! They can do that. But they have to give a choice to those whom they are modifying. Humanity should focus their efforts on creating a process to modify living humans so they can be perfect as well as the next generation and they next. This way everyone will be perfect according to the same society's ideals. This society will be preserved until the sun expands and kills us all. Overall, creating our progeny will cause a lot of sin and that isn't something you want. You should be able to live freely and look back on your life with few regrets. Dictating someone else's life is a bad thing. You should let your progeny enjoy freedom of choice and try to mold them into a good person. Genetic modification without human consent is not the way to go. Therefore, this process should never be created and we should allow our progeny to live with personality.



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The Treasure Hunt

By Meghan Gajula 6th grade

Background:

Riley once tried to help Sandy, one of her friends and woke up on a beach. In the process, she missed her meeting with her other friend, Harry.

Sandy hated purple, however, while exploring a returning dream she had from when she was a child, she realized that she had no reason not to like purple. Now, she loves purple.

Lily is Sandy's twin, and always follows Sandy. When Sandy disliked purple, she did as well, and when she liked it again, Lily loved it as well.

Harry is their friend.

It was a scorching hot summer morning when Riley woke up on the cluttered beach yet again. It was like sitting in an oven. The wind was whistling in a slightly eerie way. Riley clawed at the grain-like sand. After managing to sit up, Riley searched the empty beach. No one was there for miles away, yet the fresh trash showed otherwise. There was soda that was still fizzing, and a pail full of water. However, she spotted Harry half buried in the sand and raced over. Digging him out, Riley saw that he was sleeping. After slapping him a few times, Harry woke up, spluttering and spitting sand out of his mouth.

"What-where-how-where are we?" Harry wondered.

"At the beach," Riley replied

"How did we get here?"

"I was hoping you would know."

"Wait a minute. Where is Lily?"

"Lily was supposed to be here?"

"Yes. Remember the ball yesterday?" With that, Riley's memories began to flood back into her brain. A midnight ball that lasted all night. Then a call from her friend, Lily Portan, who had an emergency on hand. Lily led them to the beach and after that, all she remembered was going to sleep, "So, do you know where she is?"

"No. I didn't even know that she was supposed to be here. I just found you half buried in the sand," Riley answered. They ran through the burning dunes for what seemed like hours on end. Without a watch, no one could tell. Riley sprinted through the sand, stopping every few minutes to scan the area and then run off again. Harry was quick to dodging trash and was checking for another buried victim. They didn't find anyone for what felt like nearly three hours. It was a time of anxiousness for them. Soon, they spotted a girl in a purple dress, purple flats, and a floppy purple sun hat. She looked like a walking grape. Riley waved to her, and Harry yelled and shouted. The girl, who they believed was Sandy, took no notice of them. As they got closer, they noticed a slight difference in Sandy's hair. Instead of



the long curly hair that they had gotten to know, this Lily had straight hair that went slightly beyond her shoulders. Still, they ran to her, convinced she had just changed her look without them noticing. Finally, they reached her, and Harry turned her around by pulling her shoulder.

"What?" The girl replied crossly.

"Wait a minute. Sandy?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I'm Sandy. And I was peacefully enjoying a nice quiet walk down the beach, when you two barbarians started screeching and yelling," Sandy replied. When she said that, bells went off in Riley's head.

"Sure you were," Riley replied.

"Oh fine, I was worried about Lily and came to look for her. How did you know I was lying?" Sandy replied.

"Whenever you get agitated and start lying, you call everyone barbarians," Riley said.

"Let's cut to the chase. After all, as everyone says, time is money. We got to go find Lily. I should have known you weren't Lily. Lily hated purple ever since you did," Harry said

"Actually, when I started to like purple yesterday, she realized there was no reason not to like purple anymore. Now she loves purple. I was wearing this so that she would notice me if she sees me," Sandy corrected.

"Okay. We have got to go find Lily. Now," Riley replied, "Who knows if she is in some kind of trouble or something." After searching the entire beach, they find a bottle with a note inside washing on a desert of sand and water. It seemed to dance in the water, going into the ocean, and then onto the beach, over and over again. It was similar to those notes in fantasy movies about a person stuck in the ocean and sends a note for help. Harry opened it up and found a rolled up piece of purple stationery. It was obviously Sandy's. On the paper was a riddle, which was 'From the great ocean floor to the great ocean shore, you have searched and looked for hours or more. Hidden, I will stay unless you can say, "I have found your treasure, hooray!" You will only find it if you all can admit that on your own, you are unfit. I know it sounds mean, but you all are quite keen, and you will understand what I really mean. So look by the shore for a small purple oar and you will get what you ask

Treasure Hunt con't on page 73



The Legless Runner

By: Sunaina Shapuram 7th grade

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Jim Beatley, whose parents were extremely wealthy. They had a mansion that was as tall as a giant that included about a hundred rooms or so, 25 gardens, 1000 people working under them, wardrobes overflowing with clothes in the rooms, etc. Jim's parents were tall and slightly plump. They had bright yellow hair that gleamed under the sun, deep blue eyes that shone like sapphires, and a fair complexion. Mrs. Beatley had deep red lips like roses. Jim looked exactly like his parents, tall kind of plump, yellow hair, blue eyes and fair complexion.

Jim was an extremely pleasant and likeable person; he was good at almost everything. One gloomy, groggy day, when Jim was five years old, everything was going fine, when there was suddenly a loud scream of pain. When Jim was taken to the doctor, it was discovered that he had a horrid and extremely serious disease. The arteries in his legs became very narrow causing poor circulation of blood and therefore causing the tissues in his legs to die. So, unfortunately, his leg had to be amputated. He was sent to a good school for handicaps, but he gradually lost interest in his studies because he was too smart. He started gaining interest in running, because to watch people run fascinated him tremendously, so imagine the huge deal it would be for him to actually run.

His parents encouraged and motivated him to do it, as he had a huge passion for it. They started off by getting him a pair of artificial legs, and then getting him a huge ground similar to the Olympic ground, except it was covered with grass that was as soft as velvet. Next, they hired a professional runner named John as his coach. Coach John was tall and heavily built with bulging muscles. He had a dark complexion and eyes as brown as mud. He was a great teacher as he kept motivating his students, and he also thought them in a fun way. He loved to teach Jim because he was very dedicated, obedient, and determined.

Coach loved to teach him, because he learnt with great interest, and showed a good amount of improvement every day, it was like yesterday he was a snail and today he was a horse, and who knows, maybe he would be a cheetah tomorrow.

One pleasant day, when the sun was shining, and the birds were chirping and flying around happily, Coach walked in with a grin so broad every single of his pearly white teeth were showing. Everyone knew something extremely exciting was to be announced when he was in that mood. After quietening everyone, he proudly announced that there was a competition

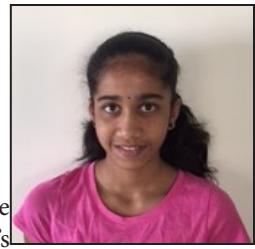
with the state's best runners. He came to Jim and asked if he would join, Jim's eyebrows shot up in surprise, but how could he participate legless? Would he be teased? Would he win with ones who had an advantage over him? There were like a billion questions in mind for Jim, but with Coach's motivating words his worried brain was comforted, making his face light up in determination.

For months, he tirelessly practiced in the ground his parents made for him. It was a huge ground that was about 100 meters. It was similar to the Olympic grounds, except for the fact that it was covered with grass that was as soft as velvet, so nobody got hurt. For one month, all he did was practice, practice, practice, eat, sleep and sit in his room thinking about practice. His room was almost as huge as a hall. It was full of interesting books, but he already knew every single thing in them, so he barely touched them. So if you were looking for them, you would find them snoozing away under his huge king-sized bed that was made of ebony, or dying of boredom, in the spotlessly clean cupboards. The walls were covered with paintings by famous artists, and there was loads of antique furniture in the room.

Finally, when the day arrived and when he reached the stadium, everyone- the competitors, the audience, the coaches; all began to tease him, mock him and call him names. The competitors told him he wouldn't even beat them in his wildest dreams, the audience told him he was crazy, and the coaches called him useless, but like coach John taught him, he didn't lose heart and continued to stay confident.

"Ptooe" went the loud whistle, the race had begun. The competitors started pushing and shoving Jim to the back when the coach wasn't watching, but even with a late start, Jim had overlapped all the competitors faster than you could say "Jackknife" and was now 50m (half the stadium, because the race was of 100m) ahead of them all. When Jim came first, everyone's mouths were hanging open so wide you could see the back of their throats!

The same Jim, the boy who was teased and mocked for being legless, grew up to be the world's fastest handicap runner. Yup I'm not even kidding. He was even nicknamed the "Cheetah of Massachusetts", "The antelope of the legless ones", etc. He sadly died on September 17th, 1998, but is still in the hearts of people today, as he inspired millions and changed the lives of many people.



This is a powerful story!



Internet and How to Use?

By:Neeharika Gorti 7th grade

There are lots of social media in present time. Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Google Hangouts, Game Websites and much more! People chat online to unknown people, click on pop-up ads and share personal information without knowing it. How do you protect yourself though? You have to be more cautious than usual, not use your real name, and know when something is wrong.

Cautiousness is important. If you were looking for a book online, then visited another tab, you would probably find related ads to what you were looking for. You may have not noticed that the internet was tracking you. Being cautious about what you click on is important, because things like ads and links lure you to their websites and that's when things go wrong. Being cautious of what you do and click on is one way to be safe.

In addition, you shouldn't use your real name on social media. Using nicknames like "6 butterflies" or "turtle bunnies" keeps you safer from people. Other people, when chatting, can take your name and make comments about you. This counts especially when you don't know you are chatting with. Using your real name easily gives off personal information. Not using your real name is another way to be safe.

Lastly, you need to know when something is wrong. This applies to all things in general. Knowing when to stop chatting, not slipping out personal information and note to click on unknown links. You should be able to identify that something isn't right quickly enough that you don't do something wrong.

In conclusion, you need to be cautious, not use your real name on social media, and to know when something is wrong. I hope you now know how to stay safe while you're on online!



This is great advice.
Read carefully.

Bystander- A Portrait in Apathy

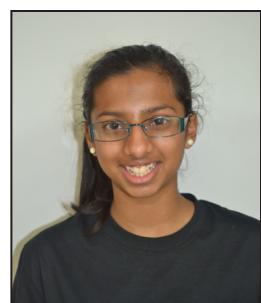
By: Ankitha Mallekav 7th grade

Sadness came over me. My heart shattered into the tiniest of pieces. I was hearing the stories of young kids who have had their confidence and power taken away from them by others and kids getting laughed, hit, and spit on. Through all that pressure, they cracked and felt like they were not needed in this world. Those lost souls are gone forever and if someone just standing by could have said something, they just might could have been saved from making a huge mistake with their lives.

We sat there in spacious auditorium listening to devastating moments children have gone through. Eighth graders had put on a play called "Bystander, A Portrait in Apathy". The eighth grade actors went back and forth with each other showing tragic feeling that goes through someone when they are picked on. Real life situations were shared where kids could no longer handle it, and had committed suicide. There was no age limit

where humans didn't get hurt when they are the one getting teased. Children as small as 9 years old felt pain that dug deep inside them and hurt worse than anything else. No one should be treated that way. I felt agony just hearing about it. And thinking about what those being bullied felt, made my eyes water.

As all the actors stood in a line bowing at their applause. I realized the play had real impact and meaning on my choices. The pain all those children faced will always be remembered in my heart. I hoped that no one will have to face being bullied again. But I knew that will never be true. Yet, I know that I can make a difference in someone else's life by just my voice.



This paragraph shows a great perspective.

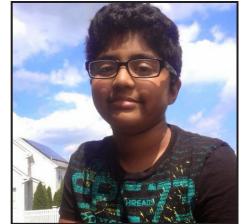
Submit your story to editor@citykidzworld.com.

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The Broken Leg

By: Akul Mallela 7th grade



It was Friday the 13th, and my friends and I are going to play a football game at the park (worst idea ever). It was the afternoon, and the sun was about to set in like 23 to 25 minutes. It also looked like it was going to rain any minute and the fall leaves were blowing everywhere. In my mind, it was just the perfect type of weather. I was bored and had nothing to do so I got my cellphone and went to our neighborhood group chat. Everyone was talking about Bill's birthday party at Six Flags, which was tomorrow. I texted are you guys doing anything in the middle of the chat that they were having. It took a moment, but then everyone started to reply no and that they were watching tv. Then I typed how about a football game at the soccer field. Everyone replies it was chilly, but I'm like "it ain't that bad out" looking out of the window in my warm house while the autumn leaves were blowing everywhere, and it looked like there would be a leaf tornado. Then Kane texted yes he would come to the soccer field. It took a while then everyone texted yes and said they would meet me at the soccer field. As I stepped out a gust of cold wind blew. I went back inside and put on my vest. I stepped outside once again, this time not as cold. I was the first to arrive because I was closer to the soccer field and already planned this out. Then it started to drizzle as I walked along the sidewalk. I hoped everyone liked to toss some pigskin in wet to conditions. About a minute or two everyone else showed up to the field, and we all smiled at each other because I think that we all had the same idea to play tackle football in the rain. I said, "Did anyone bring a football?" Everyone just looked at each other with their big eyes. Nobody bought a football, so I had to run to my house and found a football which had a spider web on it on the corner of the garage. I took a stick and swatted the spider web of the football. The web got stuck to the stick, and it looked like cotton candy on a stick. Then I took the football, but it almost had no air. Then I started looking for the ball pump and when I found it was covered in a spider web and at another corner of the garage too. I took the stick again and hit the spider web off. I took out my ball pump and started to inflate the ball as fast as I could. In about a minute or two, it was full, and I am started to head to the soccer field. By the time I got to the soccer field somebody already ran to their house and got a football. I tossed my ball to the side of the soccer field.

It was starting to get dark quick, so we decided to play for fifteen, but it ended up to be twenty or thirty like usual. We agreed on who team captains were and started to pick teams. Team captains were Kane and Noah because they were the oldest and they were the quarterback of each team. That took five minutes and then another minute because we had an argument that teams weren't fair. Then we changed a couple of people around, and we agreed that teams should be fair. The other team threw off the ball. I

caught it straight out of the air and ran about halfway down the field before I got tackled hard, and I felt a little dizzy, but still had to play. We had thrown a couple of passes before we had to punt the ball again. The other team did the same thing and before you know it they had to punt too. This happened a couple more times as the game progressed. We decided it was going to be time to go so whoever makes the next touchdown wins. The other team had just punted the ball, and I caught it a kneeled in the end zone it, so it became a touchback. We put the ball where we agreed was the twenty-yard line. We ran the first play, put gained about ten yards. We did a pass the second down, but it fell incomplete. For the third down, we made a long pass, and it was popcorning in Jack's hand. Then he secured the ball had run before he got forced out of bounds.

Then the rain started to get a little harder and sun was almost gone. We had about thirteen yards left before the touchdown. We called a timeout and had to make a plan. Kane, our quarterback, called for a huddle, and whispered, "Everyone go to the end zone a try to get open, and if you are I will pass the ball to you."

"Ok," said the rest of the team. This was the moment I was waiting for as we were getting yourself set up at the line. Kane yelled, "Set hike." I must go to the end zone, but it looked like the other team knew what we were doing because they were waiting for us in the end zone. Willie, the fastest kid on our team, got open. Kane threw the ball to him ever so perfect. Willie jumped up and caught the ball in his left hand, and Kevin on the other team who was guarding Willie took him down hard as soon as Willie was coming down from his jump. We heard a body smack to the ground.

Everyone just froze for like a minute looking down a Willie and Kevin, who was on top of Willie's legs. Kevin got off of Willie's leg and said "are you good?" to Willie. "My right leg really hurts," said Willie. "He might have broken it, and I will get my neighbor who is a doctor," I said. Kevin went to get Willie's parents. When my Dr. Grant Anderson opened the door, I explained him the story of what happened. Dr. Grant Anderson came out a minute or two later, and we both started to walk toward the soccer field. There he saw Willie on the Ground. He went to Willie and asked him a few and questions about how he was feeling and could he move his leg. After about five minutes, Willie's parents came looked so worried. Dr. Grant Anderson said, "Looks like Willie probably broke his leg."

Broken con't to page 76



The Blind Chess Player

By: Keshav Shapuram 9th grade

My life sucks! Yup, you heard it right, my life has more obstacles than I can even count on my fingers. Sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Rattan, and I'm twelve years old. I live in a village, you definitely wouldn't have heard of, called Swadeep. It is so remote and tiny that even the nearest city is hundreds of miles away, and barely 50 families live here. I live with my parents and my grandpa in a tiny mud hut, with a thatched roof and only one room. Basically, we cook, sleep, study, play and whatever in that one room. My family is poor, and my parents, who are farmers, toil for hours in our field, just to feed the whole family two times a day. Oh and I forgot to tell you I was born blind, and my parents think I'm useless and that all I do is eat up their hard earned money. I am also teased by the other kids, and they never allow me to play with them.

The only ray of sunshine in my life is my 80-year-old grandpa. He is the only person in my life who loves me for who I am. He is tall at exactly 6 feet 4", with a wiry frame and close cut straight white hair. He may not look like much, but he is a great chess player. He even introduced me to chess, my favorite game and the only one I can play. You must be wondering how I can even dream of playing chess, but actually, my grandpa taught me a secret code called notation. So to play, I tell my grandpa what pieces to move while I play with my dad, who also plays chess like grandpa. Grandpa also gave me an ancient family heirloom, a chessboard, when I was just six. Even though the village school didn't take me in because I'm blind; good, old Grandpa teaches me every day.

Notation is a complicated algebraic notation in use throughout the world. As you can see in the chessboard above, the files are labeled a-h (going from left to right) and the ranks are labeled 1-8. This gives each square its own unique reference point, as in each of the squares above. The pieces are described as follows:

Pawns are not given a symbol. When they move the destination square is simply given. So to move a pawn to square a3 I just need to say a3. Also to move knight to c3 then I have to say Nc3.

Well, grandpa has had a sad life. He recalls that his dad, his grandpa, all of his six brothers, and even his mom (women in those days were not allowed to play games like this, as they thought that games and sports were only for men) were good chess players. He also says that his family was very respected and pretty rich with a huge estate with gardens decorated with fountains, servants, a mansion and a nice Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, basically whatever you could ask for. So you must be

wondering why are we so poor right now. Well, another rich family of chess players called the Sharma's, who were our rivals, decided to defame us. They challenged my great grandpa to a game of chess and placed a bet saying that whoever lost would have to give away all their assets and live as farmers in Swadeep, where we live now.

The Sharma's, realizing that my great grandfather was too good to beat, decided to cheat. They bribed one of the servants to feed poison great grandpa. So the next day my great grandpa was sick, and he wasn't in a condition to play. The Sharma's refused to postpone the match. So grandpa decided to play in his place. But grandpa was very young and had less experience, compared to the Sharma's and lost, unfortunately. So our ancestors were exiled to this remote village. The Sharma's on the other hand now became the best chess playing family unchallenged. Ever since, our family has been living in Swadeep, toiling in the fields rather than practicing chess. So our family doesn't play chess as well as before. Also to taunt us their predecessors started a tradition of coming to Swadeep every decade promising huge amounts of money to whoever beat them.

So one day Mr. Sharma came to our village continuing the tradition, but this time promising Rs.2, 00, 00, 000 for whoever beat him in a game of chess. He even represented India for the World Championship. He also beat the world no.1 in a game of chess once. Many villagers played and lost. Grandpa thought I had the potential to defeat Mr. Sharma and get back our family's glory once again. So he urged me to play. Mom and Dad thought I wasn't good enough to beat Mr. Sharma, but they did wish me luck before Grandpa, and I went walking down the pothole-riden road to the village school where the game was to be held. The village school's windows were broken, and the floor was grimy and cold on my bare feet. We got into the room in which the match was to be played. The village head had fixed the windows and fans in one of the two rooms of the school and bought two chairs and a table for the match. A small crowd of spectators was present, and Mr. Sharma was in the center of the room with the chessboard ready. Mr. Sharma was intimidating, even though I couldn't even see him. He radiated power, and I could hear a fancy Rolex ticking away to glory on his wrist. He was ob-



This is a great victory story.



Dangers of the Internet

By Sara Karnik 5th grade

What are some dangers of the internet? The Internet can be useful, but sometimes it can be dangerous. There are many dangers of the Internet. People can get to know your identity and can use it against you. Also, cyberbullying and inappropriate content are examples of some other dangers.

First, people can get to know your identity. People can get to know your address, phone and full name. If people can get to know your address, they can come to your house and steal your belongings. If someone has a hold of your credit card number, they have control of everything. There are many consequences of this. For example a thief can steal all of your money and it could ruin your life.

Next, there are many dangers of the Internet like cyberbullying. Cyberbullying happens when someone says bad things like rumors either about you or someone else. Sometimes cyberbullying can be spreading bad rumors. For

example, if someone didn't pass a test and they had to repeat a grade, a rumor might start that he or she is not smart. Next, inappropriate content is also a danger of the Internet. Inappropriate content can teach kids bad words. Not only can the Internet teach kids bad words, but it can also teach them bad behavior. Kids can also get negatively influenced. Kids may not see it, but they might be watching a movie or a T.V. show that is rated P.G. 14 when they are not allowed to watch it. To conclude, there are many dangers of the Internet. Identity theft, cyberbullying, and inappropriate content are just some examples, but there are many more. People can be on the Internet, but sometimes the Internet can be dangerous, so they should be cautious.



Sara has great advice for us!

Blind Chess con't from page 70

viously a very rich man who had luxuries I couldn't even dream of, thanks to his brilliant career in chess.

I had butterflies in my stomach, as Grandpa and I sat before him. I could feel him observing me intently. A few seconds later he broke into laughter, and he mused, "You are blind? What can you do? I have played against so many people, but I have never played someone who was blind."

The audience laughed and called me names. Anger coursed through my body, but I kept my temper in check, and I simply shook his hand, and the game began.

I got the white pieces and began with the classic Queen's Gambit Opening: d4. Mr. Sharma moved d5. The game raged on. Mr. Sharma captured my bishop while I took one of his rooks. The middle game was tough as Sharma used the Bishops to his advantage while my rooks were useless. I slowly tested his patience avoiding all his carefully laid traps. Sharma was fuming by the end of the middle game. So I cleverly gave away my other bishop in exchange for a Knight just before the end-game set in. I had the advantage now as Knights were valued more in the endgame than Bishops. Then I executed the Trojan

horse Technique in which I sacrificed by Knight. Mr. Sharma had a cunning smile on his face as he captured my Knight. But his smile was wiped off with my next move: I cried out check mate and tipped over his king. The game was over! Mr. Sharma was shell-shocked and so was the audience that was calling me names earlier. I broke into a jig with grandpa, while Mr. Sharma stammered with surprise.

And we walked home happily, grandpa telling me he knew I could do it. While I daydreamed about the many things, I could buy with the humungous amount of money: A 3 bedroom villa, a Sedan, an IPad, an IPod, a mac book and what not! Mom and Dad were exhilarated and gave me a big hug when they heard the news. They started apologizing for considering me useless. So we decided to move back to the city where we bought a humble villa, a few gadgets, a decent Honda City, and Dad set up a supermarket. Well, you must be wondering why I changed my previous plans. Well, I wanted to use the rest of the money to attend tournaments all over the country, winning a huge amount of prize money every time.

Submit your story to editor@citykidzworld.com.

Deadline: July 30



Stuck in a Videogame

By: Christina Simpson 6th grade

Did you ever think you might get sucked into a video game? I guess you probably didn't. I didn't think I would get sucked into a video game either. In fact, I thought it wasn't possible, until now. It all started on June 18th: the last day of school and the beginning of summer. I invited my friend Amy over so we could play Xbox one.

We were playing Minecraft. (A video game where there are two modes. Creative Mode is where you can build a lot of stuff and Survival Mode where you try to survive monsters). Suddenly, a blinding purple light jumped out of the screen, grabbed us, and before we knew it we were in Minecraft.

"What is this place?" asked Amy.
"I have no idea," I replied.

"It looks...so unreal."

"And blocky?" I exclaimed.

"Doesn't this place look familiar to you Anne?"

"It does," I replied.

She was right. This place looked very familiar. It looked like something from a video game. That's when I remembered something.

"Looks like Minecraft!" I said with excitement.

"Anne."

I was too busy looking around so I didn't hear Amy calling me.

It's when she stood in front of me and yelled, "ANNE!" in my face that I realized she was calling me.

"Where are we?"

"Minecraft," I replied.

I was just being silly. Little did I know that I was actually in Minecraft. I looked at Amy. She looked horrified and excited at the same time, as if she were seeing a dinosaur.

"Anne, do you know what this means?"

"No."

"We are in Minecraft."

"NO WAY!"

"It's real."

"No it's not."

I was sure this was a dream. I was sure I was going to wake up in a few minutes and get ready for school. I tried to feel the ground. It was real. I looked at Amy. She was real.

"Wait, a minute. We really are in Minecraft. How did we get here?" I asked.

"Did you see a purple light before we got here?"

"Yes, I did."

And I actually did see a purple light. I was pretty sure it came from the T.V.

"I'm pretty sure it came from your T.V." Amy said, reading my mind. I looked up at the sun. That's how you tell time in Minecraft.

"Since, we're in survival, we need to build a shelter and find some wool so we can make a bed. (By the way, that's how you make a bed in Minecraft). This way we can avoid getting harmed by



Great high-tech fiction...

Illustrated by Daemeon Stradford

monsters! We also need to get moving because the sun is coming up," I said.

"Okay, let's find some wood for the shelter," Amy said with excitement.

We found a forest and chopped down a bunch of trees. I looked at the sun. It was in the middle of the sky.. So it was afternoon, and that means we needed to hurry up.

"How much wood have you got? We need to hurry!" I said urgently.

"I have 90+," she said.

"Me too. Let's start building a house."

I turned some of my wood into planks. And we started to build a house. The sun was about to set, which means monsters would come out soon. The good thing was we were almost done with our house. Finally, we were done. Then I remembered. We didn't have a bed. Now you would think that that's not a big deal. But in Minecraft, it is a big deal. If you don't find a bed, night will be much longer.

"We don't have a bed. We need to get one!" I urged.

Immediately, we started looking for sheep to get wool from, but that took us far from our shelter. Soon it was night. And we didn't have shelter. So we were vulnerable to all the Minecraft monsters. We had no armor to protect us or swords to attack back.

"Oh no!" I whispered.

"Whoops!" Amy whispered.

"Do we have anything?" I asked. Maybe Amy had an idea.

"Wood is the only thing I have," said Amy.

Then I got an idea. We could build a quick shelter that would protect us, but I thought of the idea too late. Before I knew it, there was a zombie attacking me. I tried to think of what I could do. I just hid behind a tree. It did not occur to me that was the worst decision ever. Behind that tree there was another zombie. Great! Now I have two zombies attacking me. I tried to attack the zombie with a block of wood. It worked, but it was not nearly as good as a sword. But still, it worked.

Lost con't on page 74



2nd Annual Vocabulary Bowl

June 4

Location: Local Library

www.citykidzworld.com for detailed information and registration information!

Treasure Hunt con't from page 67

for. You have all the time you need, and I'm certain you'll succeed, so remember, no one has to lead.' The trio was stumped but determined to find Lily.

"Okay. The first line seems to be there just to tell us what we have already done, so let's just skip that," Riley started.

"The second line is 'Hidden I will stay unless you can say, 'I have found your treasure, hooray!'" I think that connects to the third and fourth line. 'You will only find it if you all can admit that on your own, you are unfit. I know it sounds mean, but you all are quite keen, and you will understand what I really mean,'" Harry added.

"It probably means that we need help. You know, where it says 'on your own you are unfit.' I can't believe Lily was able to write this. She is as good as Shakespeare, in a way," Sandy said.

"I think you are right," Harry said brightly

"Yeah, but how do we find help. We are stranded in the middle of a beach with no way to contact anyone," Riley contradicted.

"Yes, but the fifth line, at least I think it's the fifth line-up, it's the fifth line, says 'So look by the shore for a small purple oar and you will get what you ask for.' We have to look at the shore for a small purple oar, and we will probably get help. Which is what we asked for," Harry replied.

"Okay, let's find the oar. Just saying, we all agree that the last line doesn't matter right?" Sandy said.

"Right," Riley and Harry agreed. After searching the entire

shore, they found the oar, and on the side was another note on purple stationery. 'I know you came to get some help, but we all know that you are beyond that. Although a time limit is not present, if you want to find me, you have to get there at 3:00. I will be near the treasure chest, and remember, x marks the spot.' Harry, Riley, and Lily both hurried to find an x.

"Wait, how do we know when it's 3:00? We don't have a watch," Harry wondered.

"Lily told me to bring a watch, so I did," Sandy replied. At 2:45, none of them could find an x. Finally, Riley found a tree which was crossed together to make an x.

"Guys, I think I found it!" Riley shouted. Harry and Sandy raced to her, "the shadow of the tree at 3:00 will tell us where they are. After waiting fifteen minutes until 3:00, they saw dug a hole by the shadow with their hands and found another note on purple stationery. This time, it only had two words, beach dock. They looked around, and Sandy spotted a beach dock about ten yards away. On it was Lily and a treasure chest. It was a jewel shining brightly. They ran over to her, and all were relieved to find out that she was okay.

"I just realized. Evan, though we found you, you never told us the crisis which you were in." Sandy said.

"Yeah, about that--" Lily started. The four friends walked away, happily laughing together.



Good versus Bad

This is a column with depth and intelligence.

By: Atirath Dhara 9th grade

The theme of good versus bad has long been prevalent throughout much of human history. Many of humanity's most beloved fables grapple with this theme, and while they all promote the idea that good triumphs over evil, each society's idea of "good" and "bad" differs. There is no such a thing as a universal set of "good" or "bad" deeds but are always determined in context with each other.

"Good" and "Bad" are two different notions derived from one particular situation — and apply only to that one situation. This implies that the concept of "good" and "bad" are relative to each other, and not etched in stone as two rigid and permanently fixed set of ideals. As the expression goes, one man's trash is another man's treasure. For example, culturally speaking, it is deemed morally "bad" for women in many Western countries to be denied the same rights and privileges granted to men. The two sexes must be viewed as absolute equals, and must be treated identically in society. While this is the notion held by the liberal western culture, many other cultures — such as the conservative Islamic culture and many tribal African cultures — do not consider it morally "wrong" to deny women certain rights only men possess. In their opinion, the primary job of a woman is to look after children and manage the family. Therefore, since this task alone takes up so much of the woman's time and energy, it is pointless giving them other rights. Some even go further by saying caring for her family is the woman's only job, and thus, she does not need other rights and privileges granted to men — who are considered the "bread winners" of the family. For such cultures, it is not only considered "good", but even necessary — whereas such a mindset would appall one from western society, or others similar to it. This simple contradiction depicts the relativity of the concept of "good" and "bad". While neither view is

wrong, each one has its own idea of what is right and what is not.

One does not have to look on from the scale of entire societies to find the difference in one's opinion of "good" and "bad" from another, but it can be discernible at the smallest of social level — that of each individual human, even in the same locality. A prime example of this would be the ongoing debates regarding the role of homosexuality in American society. Despite being one society — albeit with a diverse population — that to a major extent agrees on unified moral code, Americans passionately disagree with each other when it comes to the topic of homosexuality. Some vehemently argue that one cannot deny two people of the same sex to marry because it is a violation of their freedom. Others state it is fundamentally unnatural, and not at all normal for two people of the same sex to marry each other. The simple reason for the prolongation of this debate is the fact that it is based primarily off of subjective reasoning. As mentioned before, each view is neither right nor wrong — they are just opinions. There is no fixed end to this debate, because each view is equally valid, and therefore, each person's thoughts on what is "good" and what is "bad" is equally valid, and thus, relative.

"Good" and "Bad", at the simplest level, are just two different takes on a specific situation. While the "good" is considered moral and the "bad" immoral, the entire concept is relative and applies only to that one particular situation. This relativity is a result of many various opinions formed in respect to any particular topic — with each opinion being neither right nor wrong. As a consequence, each person's view on what is good and what is bad differs, with none of them being correct or incorrect. There is no one universal code of what is "good" and what is "bad", as the two are always determined in context with

Lost con't from page 72

Very soon, I had defeated the two zombies. I looked for Amy. She had just defeated another zombie.
"Try building the shelter," I urged.

But she couldn't because very soon we both were both being attacked by zombies, and spiders too. The advantage for us was that Amy and I were together. We defeated the spiders first, then the zombies. I had made a bow and arrow out of the string that the spiders left after we defeated them..

I think the best word to describe that night was "scary". Then I saw a portal. It was blue and the swirly stuff in it was green.

"Maybe that's the portal to our world!" Amy said with excitement.

We went through the portal and sure enough, we were in our world.

I looked outside the window. This time not everything was just squares. And the good thing is that I didn't have to go to school because was summer! There was a whole world of possibilities. May be that I would get sucked up again.



My Trip to Rome and the Trevi Fountain

By: Varsha Sriram 9th grade

The previous summer I visited Italy for the first time. My family and I saw many breathtaking sights as we crisscrossed the Peninsula. We were able to see the quaint and picturesque countryside and experience the life of the villagers. The landscape of the countryside was scattered with mountains, often cutting it off from the rest of the world. We also visited many marvels of nature including lake Como, nestled near the foot-hills of the Alps. We went to Saint Moritz, the city on the Italian-Swiss border and rode to the summit of the Alps. From the top, the towns looked like miniature Lego sets, the oceans became big blobs of bright blue and the topography was bumpy and speckled with green. Not only did we appreciate the scenes of beauty nature created, we looked at the marvels erected by mankind. Our family "city hopped" all over Italy. Every city we visited had its own unique charm to it. For example, the roads of Milan were teeming with cars, while the streets of Venice were filled with water and gondolas. Out of all the cities we visited, I felt as though Rome stood out the most. Unlike a typical city, Rome had a mix of ancient and modern marvels. It was awe-inspiring to see how structures like the Colosseum and the Roman Forum were able to stand the tests of time and showcase the once superior power of the Romans. Being able to see the marvels in real life helped me appreciate the beauty that is often lost in pictures.

The surreal realm created in Italy quickly disappeared once I came back to the United States. I forgot about my memories of Italy as they were replaced by new ones of school and other activities. When I was free or done with school homework, I would often build Legos. When searching for my next Lego endeavor, I came across a Lego kit of Trevi Fountain. When I saw the cover of the Lego box, I immediately thought about the actual Trevi Fountain located in Rome. When we were visiting Rome the fountain was turned off due to maintenance issues, but it looked very alluring. This inspired me to look into the history of the Trevi Fountain and how it came to

be. Did you know that it is illegal to take coins out of the Trevi Fountain?

The Trevi Fountain was originally built in 19 BC and got water from the one of the terminal Aqua Virgo aqueduct. An aqueduct is a system used by the ancient Romans to supply water to the people in major cities. The aqueduct served for 400 years, but then was destroyed during the fall of Rome. The Trevi Fountain was



This travel story is informative.



restored over a 1000 years later. A construction project was commissioned in 1730 and the fountain opened in 1762. The design of the Trevi Fountain is baroque style, a type of art popular during the 1700s. In the center of Trevi Fountain is Oceanus, the god of water and his two horses. There is also the goddess of abundance and the goddess of health on the sides of Oceanus. When I was building the Lego, I was keen on seeing the final product and comparing it to the actual Trevi Fountain. I saw how accurately the model was in capturing the design. It made me reflect on how the actual architects of Trevi Fountain would have had to design the fountain and the challenges they faced while trying to come up with a suitable model. After building this Lego, I felt as though my favorite historic site in Rome shifted to the Trevi Fountain.

Submit your story to editor@citykidzworld.com.

Deadline: July 30

Write a story about your vacation!



Why Can't Humans Eat Grass?

By: Akshat Parthiban 7th grade

Grass is non-toxic and edible. As a food source your lawn leaves a lot to be desired. Outside the grass is better than all seven wonders of the world. Grass actually provides mental and physical support for humans. In fact it is a need just like water. The grass at 57 Sand Hills Road, where I am writing this essay, has better nutrients than other grasses. I would definitely recommend eating it everyday. It is proven that grass grows fast and you don't really need water. At home I grow a garden and one common thing that gardeners do is remove weeds, because they prevent the plant from growing. However, grass is not affected by weeds, so it has a better pathway to grow, you will never run out of food, especially during winter if you depend on your plants for food.

Grass can be qualified as a healthy food because it is green. Green foods are good for you like spinach. Spinach is green like the Merriam Webster's Intermediate Dictionary. Dictionaries are good to use because they allow you to use better vocabulary words. Which was made in Springfield Massachusetts, also Springfield is in Illinois, where Abraham Lincoln grew up. He made the Emancipation Proclamation, and was the 16th president of the United States, and when he died, he was buried into the ground, under the grass and his smartness was spread all over the grass. If people eat that grass they will become smart in our standards of society.

According to the Internet, there are two main problems with a grass diet. The first problem is that human stomachs have difficulty digesting raw leaves and grasses. Animals such as cows, on the other hand, have a specialized stomach with four chambers to aid in the digestion of grass. Although grass isn't meant for humans to necessarily eat grass, it can also be used for paint. Grass can be used for more than one need. If you have run out of paint at home, you can make your own. All you have to do is roast it, and mix it until the grass becomes



Akshat is a great prankster and his writing shows it.

water-like. This makes it similar to paint, and you can have amiable shade of green. This is a natural paint then doesn't cost a lot to make. Online you need \$12.95 for the cheapest grass paint.

The grass family around the world is important plant family to mankind. The grass provides crops, and wild and domestic herbs. In fact grass is so important that it is even called something special, Grasslands. Grasslands take up about 20% of the world. The grass in the world is so effective in pollination. The grass seeds are thin, wavy and can be easily carried around by wind and rain. If you live in a grassland you won't have to ever worry about running out of food.

Grass is in fact one of most important needs in the world other than water. Grass fills in for one of the needs in the world, which is food. Together we can start a boycott on junky foods, and end obesity, by adding grass to our diet. In the future humans may start to grow like cows, and have more than one digestive system because they eat so much grass. In the past when people tried to provide dainty solutions for weight loss it wouldn't be applicable for some people because of all the preservatives the companies put in their weight loss products. Now I am not getting horrible preservatives in our bodies, I am not grow it fresh like the fruit I get from the market, but I take straight from the ground, put it in a bag, and put a price tag on it. This new era will be called the Grass Metamorphosis.

***Broken* con't from page 69**

Dr. Grant Anderson called an ambulance to come pick Willie up.

The next day we all went over to Willie's house. Willie broke his leg and was using crutches. We decided not to play tackle football ever again because it could have been us in the position of Willie and we could have broken our leg or something even worse. We wouldn't like to be in that position, and we all felt bad for Willie. We all said to get better soon to Willie and tackle football was never to be played ever again wherever we are because we all know the causes of getting hurt.

Submit your story to editor@citykidzworld.com.

Deadline: July 30

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Blue Monster

By June D. Ellington

Artist-in-Residence



I do not know where that horrible coat came from.

One day, on a blustery fall day during my 4th grade year, when I arrived home from school, it was just there -- hanging in the utility room closet. It was a warm, light-blue color.

Ordinarily, I like blue. The colors that I detested at that time were brown and navy blue, but there was something about this coat that overrode the fact that it was a pleasant blue color. It had a fur trim on the hood -- also something to be admired, but this trim looked like a gray and black lion's mane, which does not really exist in nature, and so I couldn't hold with it.

The thickness of the coat was the real trouble -- the quality that truly caused hate at first sight. The fact that the coat was obscenely thick was something that was undeniable. Living in Illinois, I was used to being outside in subzero weather. Snow days were rare because usually it was more about the cold than the snow. It had to be 30 degrees below zero for school to be canceled. At 29 degrees below we were still outside waiting for our buses. I had survived that weather in the past without ever wearing a coat that did not allow me to put my arms down to my sides.

This coat was that breed of coats that was so stuffed with insulation that when you wore the coat, your body felt completely squeezed and you could barely bring your hands to the front of your body to zip it up or down when needed. You would put it on and feel like you were suffocating because it had your torso in a tight bear hug when zipped. Wearing the coat was like having on a warm, straight jacket. When I first saw the coat, I automatically recoiled and looked at my mother with what must have appeared to her to be a face full of trouble. As much as I dreaded wearing the coat, she must have dreaded that fact that she was going to have to force me into it.

"What is wrong with you? You need to stay warm and that is all you should worry about!" my mother said, using the contemptuous tone of voice she used when we children were being petty in ways that only adults understood. That was certainly easier said than done -- caring about being warm, instead of not wanting to look like a giant blue bear with a tiny human girl face.

Not a child to adeptly articulate my feelings about such matters as a mystically repulsive coat, I just started to cry.

That angered my mother more. We had a big family: 5 kids. Spending precious time and patience, arguing with a 4th grader about whether she wanted to wear this mysteriously acquired, but "perfectly good" winter coat was not a top priority for such a mother.

Fortunately, time was on my side, I thought. It was only late fall. I was hoping that in the few weeks before it would be needed, I could grow out of the coat.

Faster than I could have imagined, it was the dead of winter and I had not grown out of the coat. I woke up on one winter morning and when it was time to put on my coat, there it was -- produced by my mother, and she had that no nonsense look on her face. When I was nine, my younger twin brothers were 5 and not even in kindergarten

yet. The other siblings were a 7-year-old and an 11-year-old. At any given time some child in the house was always snotty, gassy, poopy, bloody, sleepy, sickly, whiny, tearful, or hungry. With that number of young kids in a house against one mother, first thing in the morning time was not the time to have a melt down moment. I did it anyway. Nevertheless, with the strength that only a mother of five children under 13 could have, my mother got me bundled into the coat and shoved out the door.

The moment I feared had arrived. I was outside, in public, with the coat. Step-by-step, I needed to get to the bus. My chunky shoe boots (and those monsters were another story) crunched the snow, amplifying my walk so that all children of the neighbor could hear my walk of shame. I had to keep both my tote bag and lunch box in hand. I could barely keep my balance with the restrictive coat on, as I walked to the bus stop slowly. I was dreading the reaction of the other children. These were suburban catalog-looking children whose parents took winter as an opportunity to buy them trendy winter hats with fluffy balls at the ends, earmuffs, multi-colored gloves, and bright, attractive, reasonable winter coats -- nothing excessive. The bus stop kids were stylishly adorned, friendly, jolly, carefree children who threw snowballs and joyfully slid on the ice in their picture-perfect winter gear every morning before the bus arrived each winter morning. I could not face such children while wearing my monstrously practical, sufficiently warm coat.

I imagined that they would see me coming, a stiff figure, white condensation seeping from my mouth like a dragon, wrapped head to thigh in a coat that could have been the envy of every Eskimos in the Alaska, and they would just laugh uncontrollably. Thinking back, I can remember the lump I felt in my throat in anticipation of it. I imagined that they would point and laugh and fall on the ground in delight, while I stood with my arms straight out trying to find the strength to inhale and exhale through the tight coat. I could imagine the bus getting to the stop and being delayed as I tried to walk down the aisle, which I could no longer fit down. My arms would be stuck straight out with my tote bag and lunch box grasped in my fingers. Everyone on the bus would laugh.

By the time I got to the bus stop, I was crying uncontrollably. That is probably why nobody laughed. Instead they seemed baffled and confused as they looked at my tear-stained face and I continued to wail. The bus arrived and I got on and somehow managed to make it to a small, two-person bus bench, which must have caused discomfort to my seatmate because my coat made me the size of two people. Ordinarily there was normal chatter going on in the bus. However, that morning, there seemed to be a surreal silence, which made it easier for the other riders to hear my loud sniffling. The whole bus must have been concentrating on the ugliness of my coat and offering

Blue con't on page 78



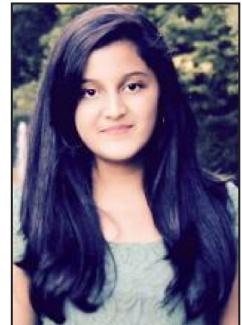
Anonymous

Poem By Rishitha Thambireddy H.S.

He saw the world through the eyes of others
And when all averted their gaze,
The placid morning sun blinded him,

And scorched his skin for eternity
Tender rays of light an abomination
The earth in which he stepped on
Was burning coal, sweltering, glowing embers
Broken glass piercing through his skin

The air he breathed was not his own
And so it took heavy gasps for him to know
A dive into an abyss holds more pleasure
Than sinking head first in what is known



This is a beautiful poem.

pixabay.com

Sacrifice, Superheroes, and Wonder Woman

By Nikhil Kotta H.S.

There is a common idea that great things come from great sacrifices. In the case of Wonder Woman, an Amazon goddess, she faced many difficulties to become Wonder Woman, such as leaving her secluded, magical island home to accept life as a "Wonder Woman" in a different world.

Home is somewhere where you feel like you have possession of happiness and contentment. When you leave a possession, you have to overcome the depression of leaving. Wonder Woman overcame this idea of her home possessions, and she was also proud to represent her country. Representing her people was more important to her than the idea of staying at home and being comfortable. She was being a noble person for sacrificing her comfort to go out into the real world. She decided to leave her comfortable setting and sacrifice her

joy. Like many of the other heroes, she comes through this stage of sacrifice.

Coming from the royalty, Wonder Woman had always lived a luxurious life from birth. Because she was born into this life, many things are given to her, and so this was a great challenge. A life that can provide you with every basic need to survive versus a new life that has many new and strange things, will have to be learned along the way. It requires a considerable amount of bravery.

Ultimately, the meaning of a superhero is an individual with an extraordinary character who can persevere and maintain their strength no matter what. Wonder Woman qualifies because of how she bravely left her homeland.



Superheroes and philosophy are a great team!

Blue con't from page 77

up prayers of thanks that none of their parents were so unkind as to wrap them in a 10-inch thick, blue blanket with a zipper and hood and call it a coat.

That winter, a 5-month long Illinois winter, I wore the coat every day. It was the winter of my despair. I dreamed about how to destroy the coat nightly. One of the more benign plans was to pour syrup all over it, but there were times when I dreamed of setting it on fire. I did not dare carry out any of my plans because I thought my mother would catch me and finally be driven to commit murder or worse.

By and by, it was spring; I had survived. I immediately hatched a plan to grow out of the coat so I would not need it the next year... My plan to grow over the spring, summer, and fall worked. By the next year, I was broader and taller and I needed a new coat. I can vividly remember the relief I felt when my tormentor was given away to the Salvation Army the following winter. The coat may have become the problem for some other child with ridiculously practical parents. I sometimes think about that big, blue coat today. I wonder if the coat, in all of its density and fortitude, has survived and will continue to torment fourth graders wherever there is bitterly cold weather --now and through eternity.





Congratulations & Honors

Dear Dhanyatha Vimalathithan,
Me and dad both want to congratulate you on your achievements so far you did .The texts you have written are wonderful (including the last edition).We are very proud of you .Writing reviews in this young age is really appreciated.We expect twists and turns in "Kids At Work" series. Continue doing this wonderful job.
Mom and Dad to the young writer.

Dear Sai Charan,
Congratulations on your 4th story publication. We are so proud and wish you good luck with your story writing skill in the future.
*From Aarthi Subbarao
(Parent)*

Dear Charlie,
We are very proud that your artwork is being featured in City Kidz World. Your artistic talent and creativity is inspiring-but we are most amazed by your unwavering optimism, kindness and empathy (oh- and that smart brain filled with the weirdest and most interesting facts about the multiverse!). You're like Cliff Clavin, Jr- only cooler! Keep saving the multiverse with your imagination at www.jackandcharliesmultiverse.com.

*Love,
Mom and Dad (Frannie and Mike)*

If you want to honor your child for being selected to be in the magazine, you may purchase a congratulatory note!
Go to www.citykidzworld.com to find out how.

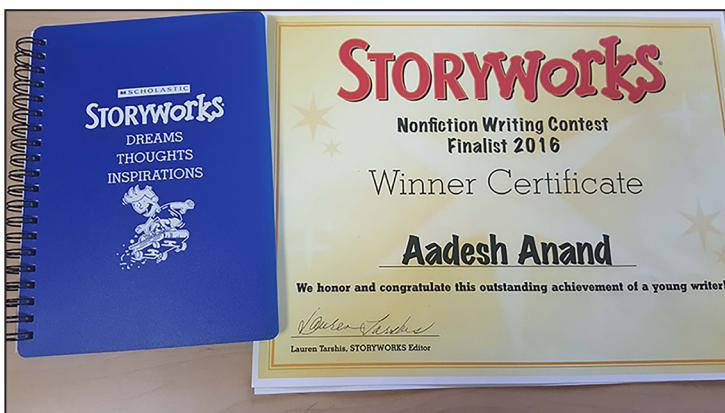
Dear Jack,
Congrats on your first published story! We are so proud of your creativity, out-of-the-box thinking, intellectual curiosity and originality. We also are proud that you are working to publish your first book at 10-years-old and using your imagination to save the world at www.jackandcharliesmultiverse.com! You and your brother Charlie amaze us everyday.

*Love,
Mom and Dad (Frannie and Mike)*

Congratulations Ellison for being selected to publish an article in the Spring/Summer 2016 issue of the City Kidz World Literary Magazine. We are excited that you have received this recognition and are doing so well in school and your other activities. We look forward to reading your article and shall keep it among our most prized possessions.

*From Marvin & Carolyn Edwards
(Grandparents)*

Extra! Extra! Read All About City Kidz World Writing Studio Student **Aadesh Anand** who won the StoryWorks Nonfiction Writing Contest 2016



Aadesh has written several stories this year!

Aadesh Anand is a prolific writer and he proved that when he won the StoryWorks Nonfiction Writing Contest! This is a nationally recognized contest! <http://storyworks.scholastic.com/>



Congratulations for all the writers and artists!

