

32nd Annual
Ray Bradbury Creative Contest
Literary Journal

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Val Mayerik

Ray Bradbury Creative Contest

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The Haunted School

Alexis J.

In one wonderful day there was a school named "Hyde Park". One day when, a kid named Logan and his friend Mindy went to school they saw something new. Hyde Park is hotel now! Logan and Mindy went inside to see what was going on. So they could not believe what they say. "Hyde Park is also now haunted! When Logan took one step they saw Slender Man. Then they both walk and there was a scary mask. Then mummies started coming out of the grown and zombies started coming from the grown and they were so stinky yuck! Ghost came out all over the school and all the doors were locked. Now Mindy had a plan to scare all the monsters away. She said "we should put all the monsters we saw all together. So they make Hyde Park normal again. And they live happy ever after and now it is back as normal. THE END

The Haunted House

Angel A.

One day it was night. And it was so dark a lot of people went on a house called "dead". A lot of people goes there. But nobody goes out of the house. Then, one man goes out of the house and he has a lot of blood. Then, the man calls some people to kill the zombies. They went to the house and it was day and they take the people who died to the hospital. And in the day the house looks like spooky. But it was a normal house.

The end.

Los Libros del Futuro

Anthony C.

Leeremos libros. Los leeremos todos en un minuto de cualquier tamaño. Cuando los leamos las letras se van a hacer rápidas porque los libros van a ser diferentes, van a ser de agua y cuando te lo tomes ¡ya leiste todo! Los libros se leen. ¡ Los libros son rápidos!

My Scary Story 2016

Brian C.

MY scary story Jason is a killer -that's a legendary assassin. ALSO he has a machete for a weapon he kills because he is a crazy guy because people bullied him when he was a kid also kids tried to drown him but in the movie JASON always survives. THAT is why he wants revenge also he fought against FREDDY KRUEGER but JASON won. but FREDDY KRUEGER did not die because he is a ghost but he can still kill you in your nightmares.

Slenderman

Brian R.

Once upon time there were two teenagers out in the street and then after that there was Slenderman. At the night the teenagers were running in the streets and they went to hide in a house where no one lives. It was all dark, they knew that Slenderman will find them because he used to live there so the teenagers went to the basements. They went to a secret lair where Slenderman still didn't know that existed, so later on it was day the police came to the house to investigate the police found the teenagers they were scared so they told everything to the police about Slenderman. They knew that he is going to be in the night waiting for someone, so they investigated in the night trying to find the Slenderman they didn't split up because they knew it was going to be dangerous so they found the Slenderman they trapped him and locked him. They blew up the house and he was never seen again and he was gone for good and everything was back to normal.

The end

The Quest for Eight Balls

Bryce T.

Once there was a parallel universe named Xzenoverse.

There were giant balls, 8 of them, they were scattered around Xzenoverse. Then a little baby named Jack was sent by his dad in a pod. He went to planet Bizarre, his mission was to look for the first ball. When he got there he met some new people; their names were Dillin and Wu. Then Dillin and Jack learned kung-fu. The surprise was Wu was their master. That day Jack learned to fly and do Z-ray. Then they found the first ball. All of a sudden a giant guardian came out so they defeated it and got a gem. Then Jack got a new power called a super gem. They then went back to the dojo and stored the ball. Then they went to look for the second ball and ran into an alien named Pickle he said that he was trying to fuse. Then they fused and became Jackie. Then they scanned the land and found an instant power source in a cave. They explored and they found a pod wow so much work am I right. Then they looked in a pod and saw a little baby and so Jack decided to take care of it he named the baby Jabari. He took his son back to the dojo and raised him right later he taught him to fly. Then they continued their journey for the second dragon ball. To be continued...

The 2 Superheroes and the Monster

Catalina G.

There was once a little girl named Holly. Holly and her sister Polly, loved playing superheroes. One day Polly and Holly were looking out the window for a nice view, when suddenly, they saw a big monster destroying the city. Holly and Polly were so worried "oh no Polly, what are we going to do?" said Holly. "I don't know!" said Polly. Then they turned into superheroes, they turned into superheroes without making a wish or anything. Holly looked at the mirror, because she felt something strange, she found out that they were superheroes. Holly yelled at Polly "Polly look we are superheroes!" You are right we are superheroes!" "Holly this is our chance, we can save everyone" said Polly. "Ok but first we have to see if we have super powers" said Holly. "Ok" said Polly. They found out that they did have superpowers, they both had transforming powers and they can also fly. so they went to save

the day. Then, they went to the monster. Holly and Polly asked the monster “why are you destroying our city?” “Why would I tell you?” said the monster. “Because we are trying to help” said Holly. “You are?” asked the monster. “Absolutely” said Polly. Well you see. I have no one to play with, and I don’t have a family” said the monster. “How sad”. “You can be our pet but only if we can turn you into a dog” said Holly. “Absolutely” said the monster. So Holly and Polly combined their magic to turn the monster into a dog, because the superpowers are not strong enough for 1 person to do it And so they had a great time. Holly’s and Polly’s parents did not mind if they had a dog, because they love dogs. And they lived happily ever after.

THE END

The Living Zombie

Christopher M.

One day there was a guy named Robert, who was a scientist. In his lab he was working on an experiment when he messed up by looking at something else and spilled some on him. When he went outside his head started to hurt so he went to sleep. When he woke up the next day his head had stopped hurting, so he changed and went to the supermarket to buy something to eat for breakfast.

When he walked into the store a woman saw him and screamed zombie! This scared Robert who didn’t see anything. He asked, “where’s the zombie?” before running to the bathroom. At the same time someone there was running out. Robert looked in the mirror and realized he was the zombie. He was the one who was scaring all of the children and adults. He walked out of the bathroom, dizzy and his head had started to hurt again his vision was so blurry he slipped on something and accidentally hit his head on the floor. When he got up he ran out of the bathroom and started biting people like crazy and they became zombies too. There was a doctor in the store named James, he wondered why everyone was changing into zombies. James was looking for

Robert and when he found him and caught him he took him to his office at the hospital and put him in a bed, locked his hands and feet so he wouldn’t get up.

James put him to sleep and was trying to take the disease he had in him. He was working with his brother Randy. Randy was also a doctor, who specialized in zombies. A few minutes later they found the disease and took it out. They were putting his skin back, but Robert would have a scar on his stomach. Later they took him out of the operation room and took Robert to his room in the hospital.

The next day when they went to see him Robert was cured, he wasn’t a zombie anymore he was himself. Then James called his best friend Sam who was an expert at science. He was helping them with an experiment to put everyone back to normal. When Sam finally figured out a solution, he got a gun, he put an arrow with the experiment and put the experiment in his gun. Sam shot someone a zombie. The zombie got injected with the experiment and he saw that the person was turning back to normal. Sam said it worked so he gave guns loaded with arrows to James, Robert, and Randy. They all separated and started shooting everyone. Finally a few hours later they came back into the lab. They looked outside and saw they did it. Everyone was back to normal, this is their life after all the destruction that all the zombies were doing where Robert lived.

Magical Watermelon

Diego L.

Once upon a time there was a small dum watermelon. But he realized that he got to practice how to be above level. So a couple of months ago he became the highest student in the world. Now later that day he became a lot of famous!! You know how tired you are when you’re famous so watermelon slept. 10 days past he still sleeping. 6 minutes later he woke up and felt kinda weird so he became magical. So now no one realized he was magical. Now a Pearson was poor and saw the watermelon and chase it and ate.

Now the pearson ate It he felt super. But when he slept and keep on saying watermelon watermelon watermelon. After that the day watermelon came out of his mouth and become juicy and dead.

To be continued

THE JOSECON PORTAL

Eric C.

Have you ever found or made a portal to a new dimension? Well, I, Torrance, made a portal. It all started when I was working for the Odriarn Company of Crystals [or O.C.O.C.] I was mining in the deepest cave of all Ustract, the Keritut Cave. I liked what I found: 8 Galaxyite, 2 Unakites, 10 Aura Quartz, and 4 Bismuth. But what caught my eye was a crystal named a Jet.

The jet is a black, hard substance. I used a pickaxe to take it out of the rocks it was buried in. Once I got 4 pounds of Jet, I made a portal to the Josecon Portal. Legend has it if you can run 5 minutes in the dimension, you get a wish granted. You would of thought that was easy, but it wasn't. So, I did just what the legend said. I ran eagerly into the portal. When I got there, I knew there was problem. I was FLOATING! I couldn't go down. I floated back into the portal and I was in the cave again. I knew I needed help.

So, I got a scientist and made me time travel boots. I figured if I could stop time, I could stop the gravity in the portal. I ran back into the portal eagerly to try on the time travel boots. I tried the boots and time stopped and I fell to the ground. I ran for 5 minutes and I made my wish. The next morning, I was awoken by a light in the living room. My wish came true. I now had robot named,"Guster." But that is another story.

Jason vs Freddy Krueger

Esteban A.

One day a guy name mikel was planting flowers and someone came and put a lot of water and the flowers were black and the man that was planting flowers die because jason kill him with his knife and someone

came and wanted to kill the man and it was freddy krueger and he said what you kill him and jason said yes and freddy krueger said that you he was tuoh thank you so much let's be friends now a little man came and it was chucky and jason got his knife and his friend too jason and his friend won.

The Secret Box

Hasley E.

I was traveling on land by tram. I thought if I can travel on land, why can't I travel on the ocean. The train kept on going for hours and hours and hours. Finally, I got to my destination when I got off I felt like my weight was pulling me down. Then I went on another train this time I was heading to California currently I was in Arizona When I was about to arrive the train crashed and landed in the ocean. I swam out of the train and began to look around. I realized that the ocean can be a beautiful place. I got out of the ocean and swam to shore. Then, I wanted to build a submarine so I did using the parts from the train. I figured once I built the submarine I could explore the ocean.

About 45 minutes after I jumped into the ocean and began my adventure In the ocean you can find mysterious item and magical things, it's like there's a whole different world down there. You see beautiful sea creatures and many more. But as I was about to leave I see something bright from the corner of my eye. I grabbed it and took it with me. I got out of the ocean and realized I had spent more time in there then I had planned. I got on another train and headed to Arizona. Finally after a while I got to Arizona at the time by best friend Andee lived there so I went to her house I researched the mysterious thing on the internet and found out it is rare to find this. You usually find this in the ocean and I had, that special thing was.... a box. But not just any box, a box full of gold and treasure.

6 am the Scare

Isaac M.

6 am, the time that will always scare me, Jacob, and Logan and it all

started like this...

Me and my friends were playing Skystones in Portal Planet when my mom called me on my arm-phone "Isaac! Where are you?" Mom said worried. "Just with my friends at Portal Planet" I said. "Well, be home soon I don't want you guys getting lost!" "Okay Mom, will do!" "Okay see you at the home planet!" She hangs up. Moments later whilst playing Skystones Logan lets out a godzilla roar. "ARRRRRGHMH" Logan growls. "HOW ARE YOU STILL BEATING ME" "It takes skill man.chill." Jacob says "But how?!?! This game is rigged!!!!" "Nope, you're just new at the game, you noob." "HEY!!! Don't call me a Noob" "Just saying" "No just saying!" I barge in. "Ugh can you guys stop arguing? You're giving me a headache!" "Hey! Stay out of this!" "Anyway... My mom called me. She says she wants us home so we better leave now you guys know how long it takes to get from home to here." "True" Logan agrees "Let's get in my jet" "Ugh, Sleepover plus Isaac equals.an early bedtime" "Hey! I don't tell you how your parents are bad!" "But it's true!" "But there's no reason to be rude about it!" "Ugh let's just go!" After we get in my jet we speed into the galaxy exiting Portal Planet's atmosphere and off we go into the ring of planets. I turn autopilot on and fall asleep. "Isaac!!! Isaac!!!! WAKE UP MAN!!!" As I wake up I see an asteroid speeding towards us. "BRACE FOR IMPACT I quickly squeal."ARRRRGH" We all scream together. As the asteroid hits my ship I see a planet that we can land on. "WE'RE HIT!! BADLY!!!" "WHAT DO WE DO?!?!?!" "WE LOOK FOR A CRASH SITE!!" "WAIT... WE'RE CRASHING?!?!?" "IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN LAND!!!" "CREEYPASTA PLANET GUYS, IT'S THE ONLY WAY!!" "HERE WE GO!!"

As we land in creepy pasta planet, we land near this mysterious Pizza or fun house I can't seem to understand the look of it... "What is this dump?!?!?" Logan says "Well at least we found a place to land, or else we would have space junk 1,000 cosmos away from home" Jacob says. I agree with them both because I don't want to start another fight since what happened in Portal Planet. "Hey! A pizza place" I yell. "Oh sweet FOOD!" As we all barge in through pizza place doors we see animatronics. One looking like a bear another looking like a bunny and the last one on the stage was a bird. On the left of us was a stage marked "Pirate Cove" but the stage is out of order. We stuff our faces with pizza

since we were so hungry from the adrenaline boost after crashing into an asteroid. "Oh my gosh this is good for Creepy pasta planet" Jacob says "Oh my god, I just remembered, we're in Creepy pasta planet guys, that means something has to become creepy around this place... any guesses?" I ask. "Nope" Both of my friends answer. "How about we stay the night here? I mean until Isaac's Parents can find us." "Good Idea! I'll call them now!" My arm-phone reads ERROR NO S3RV1CZ "Well that's just great!" "What?" "My phone's cut" "No! Not our only communication!" Both Jacob and Logan start freaking out "No! We're going to die! Left for dead I tell you! Left for dead!" "Snap out of it!" I shove them both "We just need to set camp, or, a shelter in this place" "Um, Where?" "How about we look for the security office? I mean this place is crawling with cameras." "For the first time in forever Isaac has a good idea!" I make a weird face at Jacob "Oh come on! I can't even have fun?" "Come on, Just come on let's look for the security office" As we all walk slowly to the security office and set up our camp, for the night I volunteer for the first watch. "Hey guys, remember when I talked about this place crawling with cameras?" I ask. "Yeah, what about it." Jacob replies "There's a security control panes with all the cameras in one T.V "Great." "Stop with the sarcasm" "Look, I want to go to sleep," "So do I but look where I am?" "You're the one who volunteered" "Ugh fine. Just go to sleep already." As they sleep, I watch the cameras fall asleep for a few minutes, and when I wake up I notice that one of the animatronics has moved. "Un... guys?" I say quite frightened "Ugh.... what?!?!?" "One of the animatronics moved." "Wait...what?!?!?" "Yup, they moved!" "Logan wake up!" Logan was asleep for most of the time that we have been here. I would expect him to be scared by now, or at least startled. "What's going on guys why'd you wake me up?" Logan says while tired." One of the animatronics moved, Isaac told me that when he woke me up, so now I'm waking up and telling you the thing that he told me." "oh" "Wait so the animatronics are moving?" "Yup" "Okay." Five seconds later... "AHHHH MOVING ANIMATRONICS?!?!?!? C-c-can they become hostile?" "We both don't know but they're moving towards the room!" "Isaac! Do something!!!!" "Maybe I'll just let it come and eat you guys like pizza! He'll love the taste of your guts!" "Stop it man you're a monster!" "What's the magic word?" "Isaac's the best! Isaac's the coolest! Isaac's the #1 Item on the school list!" "Okay, okay, fine I'll just press the door button that conveniently

located right next to my chair!” The door closes slowly right before the animatronic arrives. I check my arm-phone. The time is 4:30 AM, There’s a message saying that there’s a search party out looking for us it also says that they would come to this planet at 6:00 AM. “YAY!!!!” I scream with excitement. “We’re going home in an hour and a half!” “What do you mean?” “I got a message somehow reading that there’s a search party after us! They’re coming here at 6!” “Yeeeeee Haw! Home free! How much time is left until 6?” “1 and a half hour!” “We just need to stay alert of those animatronics.” “Right” “Tell you guys what, you guys stay asleep and I’ll take care of this” “You’d do this for us?” “Yup, it’s the least I can do for you guys. Plus, you’re my responsibility. I mean I took you to portal planet, crashed here, so, basically I have to take ‘care’ of you, kinda” “I guess that’s okay, at least it’s not like your babysitting us or anything.” “Yeah., right just go to sleep it’s almost five, my dad would always say, ‘the quicker you fall asleep the quicker you get there.” “Okay” I should’ve said that, after Logan fell asleep almost a bunch of the animatronics came running at us. My heart was racing! One of them almost made it in! One’s arm fell off. One... touched... me. It left me no choice I had to destroy them. I open the door, the animatronics stare at me as I walk out, and I close the door behind me. “HEY SCRAP METAL! COME AT ME BRO!” They all start running “THAT’S RIGHT! BRING YOUR LITTLE SCRAP HEAP ARMY RECRUIT SELVES HERE, RIGHT NOW!” I start running while running my phone receives a signal, It reads a3GETT3*£f0* D3t3©|3D” There’s a generator nearby maybe all the robots could be attracted to something and I can get it to explode, I’d just need time...I found a disc, as I hold it up, the robots seem attracted to it might give me enough time... I made it to the generator. I threw the disc at it. All the animatronics ignored me as I walked past them they forgot about me and just went for the disc. I have secretly placed gas around the generator once a robot touches the gas, the generator will explode instantaneously, scorching anything near the blast zone. I need to run... NOW! As I run past them I make it to the security office and wake my friends up. “Huh? Oh, what’s up Isaac?” Logan says “Wake up Jacob and take cover!” “W-why what happen-” “JUST DO IT” “Okay” Logan wakes up Jacob as I close the doors they both cover themselves with the covers. I jump inside. “What’s going on Isaac?” “The generator going to explode all the robots are going to start a fire causing the generator to overheat and explode. Get ready for a blast!” The

generator explodes its loud blast makes our ears hear a ringing sound. “Everyone all right!” “Yeah we’re good!” I’m going out to check out side” “Okay, be safe!” I press the door button, somehow the door opens. “Oh my god!” “There’s nothing left” I hear a ship’s jets hum. “Are you’re friends with you?” A mysterious voice asks. “YES” I scream. “BRING THEM HERE AND CLIMB UP THE ROPE!” “OKAY!” I go in and get Logan and Jacob. We climb up the rope. “Welcome kid! We’re here to take you home!” It’s the police chief of the galaxy! “You guys are part of the search party” “Yeah” “Okay” “We’ll be there is 5 Minutes” “Seriously?!?” “Yeah! We have lightspeed capabilities!” “Cool!” Five minutes pass and we’re home. “Isaac! Logan! Jacob! You’re okay!” My mom seems really happy to see me. “Yeah!” “I’m never going back there again!” “Yeah! Never again” “Can you get me a better ship next time? With more durability?” “Yeah. Sure!” We go back inside and we all sleep until sundown, that’s when Logan and Jacob left. “We’ll go to portal planet as soon as I get my new ship!” “Okay!” “See you!” “Bye!”

THE END? OR IS IT?

My Scary Story

Isahi M.

One sunny day kids were playing. When they heard a strange noise. It was a monster noise. He was a big as a bus. His heart was like the cold when two kids saw it they got scared. He went around the city. Then it went to the forest. Two kids when after it. They found a magical stick in that forest. They chase it as fast as they could. They touch the monster with the stick and everything went back to normal. So they went back to the park.

The End

Me Getting Killed

Jacob D.

I was in my house watching tv and someone breaks into my house and tells us to nell to the ground and I stood up and then he the robber shot

me. And then my parents call the police and they took the robber to jail.

The time travel

Jose L.

1957. A guy named David went with his friends to the beach and on the side of the beach there was a cliff. David's friend, George, dared David to jump off the scary cliff. David took the dare and jumped off the cliff, David went into the water and saw fish, coral reefs and all kinds of fish but what caught his eye was a bright light underwater. David went deeper to see what that light was and it was a golden fish David touched it and time traveled to the future 2120. David said to himself, "Why am I here?" David got out of the water, sat down, and started to think. Then David realized what happened. David was thinking of going into the future and the golden fish had granted David's wish. David was staring at the water. The water was calm, smooth, and quiet. Then David had an idea to get a submarine and find the golden fish. David went to the city (Morg city) to get parts for the submarine then David realized that he didn't have any money so he had to work. Three years later David finally earned enough money to buy a submarine. David took the submarine for a test run it was successful.

2025, David has been searching for the fish non-stop day and night without any rest. All David could see was water. fish. sharks. dolphins. And stingrays. David had an idea, he would jump off the cliff and find the golden fish again. David went back to the beach and jumped into the water.

David saw the golden fish, he quickly touched the golden fish. David went back to 1957 and saw

to be continued.

School of Magic

Liliana D.

It was a calm night, my arm was hurting as usual. This time though it was only hurting a little, which was very odd because ever since I was

little it would hurt the same amount at the same time every day. I had to eat dinner, my arm was hurting as I said but I accidentally dropped my water. I was so focused on this fallen water it floated in the air! I know crazy right. When this happened my mom looked at my dad in a worried way, at that point I was scared. After dinner I heard my parents talking, even though I only heard a little bit of what they said, I had heard enough. The only thing I needed to hear from mom was " He will get suspicious we have to tell him sooner or later."

Dad said "she is too young she shouldn't have his power yet." Mom said " but she does, you saw what happened at the dinner table. We need to send her to the magic oasis in Hawaii; she needs to learn how to control it." They said a few other things but I didn't hear anything else. That night when I went to bed, I had the strangest dream. I was wearing a magic like robe or cape. I don't really know what it was any way, I was at a cool looking boarding school, it looked me like it was split into four groups from all the other students. The dumb one or the weak ones they said, well they went into the weakebodems. The regular ones went into the regularnosis, and the powerful ones which I was in, they went with the powerleaders. My dorm room looked like I was in the Harry Potter movie/book. Before the dream ended I went to class and I woke up too soon before I could see what it was for, I only saw what looked like a science lab I'm not sure though. When I woke up I realized it was a Saturday, I jumped out of bed to get some breakfast, luckily my mom was awake and had already made eggs, bacon, grits, and sausage. I ate like a lazy pig! When I told mom and dad about this crazy dream I had, they both had a serious look on their face. Mom said "sweetie we need to talk." Dad also said "you are going to the Magic Oasis." What's The "Magic Oasis" I said. "The Magic Oasis is a school for mages or as you might call it wizards." "What! I am not ready to go to the "Magic Oasis!" Well after that was over they did the old "hey you want to go get some ice cream" trick. They took me to Hawaii which I guess was nice, and but since we were in a private jet {I don't know how though}; he flew straight into the ocean, into the ground, and through a colorful tunnel. When we flew out of the tunnel, I was at the boarding school that was in my dream, when mom opened the door, I said "ha I don't even have any luggage". Mom said, "because it is already in your room". When that didn't work, I said

goodbye to my mom and dad, then I went looking for my dorm room. I met a lot of people there, but when the day was over {by the way it was opening day for new students so there were no classes} I was scared, only because I wasn't used to sleeping in a dorm with a partner and without my parents. That night I was able to fall asleep, but my dream seemed like a message, it was my mom and dad they were saying "I hope you liked it at the Magic Oasis." The message was over just in time too, because it was time for breakfast. For breakfast we had eggs, beans, sausage patties, and tortillas. After breakfast was over I went to the class. When I went to class I quickly realized it was the classroom from my dream. I thought to myself, I finally get to see what this classroom was for. When I sat down I sat down next to my best friend, Andee. I was so surprised to see her I hugged her like I haven't seen her in a million years! I quietly asked "Do you know what this school is and this classroom for?" she looked surprised that I didn't know where I was. "I thought you knew, this school is for mages. This classroom will determine if you are strong, weak, or average." she said. I didn't know what she meant, so I asked "What do you mean? How does this class tell you if you strong, weak or average?" She said "Well... all I know from what my parents told me is that you cast a spell that is so powerful that only the strong mages can cast the spell right. If you're a weak mage you can't do the spell at all, if you're an average mage you can do the spell but not as powerful or right, and if you're a strong mage you ace the spell." I was puzzled when I heard what she had said. A few minutes later it was Andee's turn. The professor said "Do the spell, say Alacazo Dormayoon Mazoo and point to the wall." You could tell she was nervous, but in my head I was screaming you can do it! I saw the most amazing thing when she said the magic words; a portal appeared on the wall she pointed the spell at! When the professor saw this he said, in the most delightful voice all day, "I declare for the first time since class started, that you, Andee are a strong mage!" Andee gave a sigh of relief when he said that. She excitedly sat down and the professor called me up. I was scared but at the same time encouraged my what Andee had done. I said the words "Alacazo Dormayoon Mazoo" A portal popped on the wall! I was so happy when I saw this; I was just waiting for the words to come out of the professor's mouth. Finally I heard from the professor "you are a strong mage!" Everyone else from me to the 8th person got into the powerleaders group. The powerleaders work on spells

that help the earth, and we also work on fire spells and ice related spells. The regularnosis group worked on spells that had to do with myth, as in they could summon Cyclops and things like that, last the weakbodemys well they worked on the Basic's liked water spells, and how to heal things. After I enrolled super mage's college {which by the way is the best college for mages in the whole world, it's even better than the school of wizardry, Hogwarts, and yes I know it's from Harry Potter, it surprisingly does exist} with all 4's. I took all the knowledge of my spells to this college with my luggage too. On the first day of school/ college, my teachers all loved me, in their opinion I was the best mage and student they have had in the last 8 years! I made a lot of friends that day, and got into a sorority! These years are going to be the best years of my life!

Human Existence in Stacks

Mercedes R.

3000 years later aliens start to attack. Hold up, die alien die. Aliens have taken the time travel machine to the year 2016 and tries to take out all human existence on planet Legreen. It is all up to Jessica to save human existence and the people of 3000 that are still living. Jessica had a plan to sneak in at night and grab the time machine and stop them from wiping out human existence. When the night came to sneak in and get the time machine, she had her family at risk. Her husband Nick said be careful before she left. She dodged 7 aliens and made it to the time travel lab. She grabbed the time machine and set it to 1955 on accident, "oh no!" said Jessica. She quickly re-set it to 2016. She was so surprised how it looked compared to 3000. With tablets and cellphones in everyone's hands. Jessica ran to a poster randomly placed reading aliens are coming to this very spot. Jessica found good food for dinner, well that's just what people in year 2016 would call it dindin. Jessica went to bed on a nasty gross bench, but it was very hard to sleep.

The next day arrived and Jessica got up and tried to find some food. She was very bored because the aliens still haven't come to attack. Jessica was very worried that her husband and her two daughters might get captured by the aliens and who would kill them. The next day, trying to find some doughnuts and hot coffee, she saw the alien ships appear out from the

clouds. People were screaming like their life depended on it and it did. The aliens came out of their ship and made noises like “gleep” and “glop” before their leader said, “They mean bring us your leader!” The alien’s dark scary voice caused people to start screaming even louder. The alien leader told his followers, “the humans have a weird language.” The aliens started shooting innocent people meaning to use them as slaves. Jessica ran up to them and said, “let’s fight!”. They ran after each other and kept shooting at each other as they ran. As she was running one alien shot her in the arm. Jessica kept shooting and tried to run as fast as she could. When she hit an alien in the eye and he died she yelled “yes!”. Jessica tried to shoot the leader, but kept on missing. She needed to think of a plan so she ran to shelter and remembered she had leather (that is a huge kcits wolg), but the kcits wolg does nothing! It only scares people, but in the middle it has a thing where bullets shoot out if you pushed the button. Jessica ran back outside and shot the leader in the eye but of course he has 4 eyes 1 by 1 Jessica shot each eye, finally he died. Jessica was badly injured when she time traveled back. When she returned she called her husband and said! meet me in the healing house (that is the hospital). Jessica almost died. But luckily she lived. Jessica had saved herself, her family, and she saved human existence.

THE END!!!

Enchanted River

Nalani H.

Once upon a time there lived a girl named Elsie, she was very young and did not have the trust of her parents to go anywhere beyond the village. She barely knew anyone among the village, except her sister named Bella. Elsie and Bella were furious that they didn’t know anything about the wonders beyond the blue stone they called Bleu Pierre de Amour (blue stone of love).

As Elsie and Bella grew to be young women they decided it was time to discover new things outside the village. When night fell Elsie and Bella met at the Bleu Pierre (blue stone) that split the village and the woods. As they walked through the woods they came across a sparkling river. Bella started to reach for the water but Elsie yelled, “No! It could be

dangerous!” It’s just water”, Bella said and jumped in.

As the water disappeared so did Bella. Elsie cried, “Bella, Bella”, but all there was were the sounds of trees blowing, and leaves rustling across the dirt and cement on the ground. Tears started to fill Elsie’s eyes. Alone it would be harder to look for Bella during the night, but she had to do it. While Elsie traveled all through the night she thought about how her parents might feel right now, missing their daughters.

While Elsie walked in sun’s heat she came across a woman by a tree. “Are you okay? Are you hurt?,” Elsie asked. “Elsie, is that you?,” the woman asked. “Who are you? How do you know my name?,” Elsie said. The woman said, “I won’t hurt you.

My name is Tania. Would you like to hear a story of your past?” Elsie sat next to Tania and she started to talk.

“Thirteen years ago, yes I’m 26 years old, but anyways, I walked through these woods with my sister until a river took her. I walked down to a cave under the river and it said that it would get my two other sisters later. When my younger sisters were born, my parents forbid me to tell them about the river, so I just came back to look for my sister Teresa. But now I think you’re ready to hear it. Teresa and me are you and Bella’s sisters,” Tania said. Elsie looked shocked at what she said.

“Alright, so the river took Bella,” Tania said. “Correct,” Elsie said. “We must find her quickly, before night falls,” Tania said. “What happens when night falls?” Elsie asked. “They drop Bella further into the cave,” Tania said. They started to walk and soon found the river. They went inside the cave and searched through many different tunnels that were dirty and dusty until they heard not 1 but 2 voices. “Teresa, Bella,” Tania and Elsie said. Two heads turned the corner it was Teresa and Bella. “Oh Teresa, it’s been so long,” Tania said. Let’s get out of here before night falls,” Teresa said. They all started to run to the stone to get out of the woods, but it was too late it was already dark. “Follow me back to the cave to take shelter,” Tania said. “Alright everybody we must rest so we can get up bright and early to go home, Good night,” Teresa said.

Kaboom! Shhhh! “Did anyone here that,” Bella said.” Everyone up we have to get out of here,” Tania said. Everyone got up and ran out the cave for protection. “Whatever you do don’t look at the river,” Tania said.

Teresa started to stare at the water but Tania grabbed her hand and said, “Come on! Don’t get distracted now.”

They all got up and ran to the Bleu Pierre de Amour, and into the village. “What was that? Elsie asked. “It was the giants. They roam the woods at night,” Tania said.

Elsie took a copper key out of her pocket and opened the door to their home. They all tiptoed into their bedroom and went to bed. When the sun rose they all woke up and their parents were standing there looking furious. “You have some explaining to do young ladies,” said Father. “Honey, look,” Mother said. Their parents turned their heads and looked at Tania and Teresa in shock. “Do they know about the pond?” Mother asked.” Yes, they know about everything,” Tania said.

“We know you were just trying to protect us but we’re older and can take care of ourselves,” Elsie said. There was a moment of silence in the room until their mother opened her mouth and said “You two are strong women and we trust you,” Mother said.” Merci (thank you),” their daughters said. Everyone in the room was grinning ear to ear, and they all lived happily ever after.

The end

The Future is behind me

Nathaniel S.

It is September 12, 2040 and my name is Roan Dodger I wore a white and black jacket with blue jeans and I was also very poor when this day happened. It’s the best run I’ve done since 2020. I stole more than 200,000 Dilamos. I was getting away in a healer box when I got cornered by the robots and the only way out was by going up the hill. When I went up the hill the sun-was too bright, I could not see. I thought I was getting away when the healer box tipped and fell off a cliff. I opened my eyes looking at the sea waiting to fall. Then a sphere shape built around me. I have now fallen in the ocean with a tiny window to see through. I fell and fell and fell, shaking around until I hit a cliff so hard it teleported me to a dome of rock, guessing it was a cave. I finally found a way to get out. It was a hidden button surprisingly I did not hit it when I was shaking. I went out

and saw I was stuck in here. There was only a pool of water enough for a year. I drank the water to taste it; it tasted so salty I was thinking that if I jumped into a lake it would turn into the ocean. So I realized I was in the ocean. I became very thirsty. Then I went back into the sphere, it now had a seat with very old controls. I pressed a button in front of the seat and this is how I went back in time.

Through the years instead of going forward in time I went back seeing all my memories again, I did not age at all. The present day for me now is when I was 6 years old, seeing myself not being able to tell myself what happened. I found my friend Angel Toure then I realized I could tell him to give myself a note, and the note would say that in the future you are poor and rob a bank, after that you would find a time machine and teleport into a cave, then you press-a button that only sends you back in time to when the world begins. That’s when you would die. Then nothing happened, I guessed it would have done something?

I waited 27 years after that even before I was born. Then a man came up to me and said, “hell my name is Angel Toure I came to save and help you, I read your note and I dedicated my life to saving you my friend,” he said. How did you get to me without pressing the button. I rode the time machine here, and I also found it in an undersea cave and I still have all the Dilamos! After that they lived their wildest dreams with the Dilamos they got.

Lucy to the Rescue

Rosanna W.

One day in the land of Pinkyross, Cosmo was sound asleep while Lucy was wide awake. Lucy said to Cosmo “wake up.” She shoved him, Cosmo glanced at the clock it was 6:30am “what” Cosmo said calmly “let’s go to Mcdoodle.” she said excitedly “why are you asking me at this time?” He said angrily “because it’s a special time.” she said. “Fine” Cosmo said. Lucy rushed out of bed as fast as a cheetah She brushed her teeth and changed her pjs. When she was -finished all that was left to see was Lucy waiting at the door and a snoring Cosmo, “get up” she said. Cosmo got out of bed slowly while Lucy was pushing him. Finally Cosmo was ready they got in there car and drove to Mcdoodle once they got there they saw the most

evil person in the universe, Luke Knobi. "I'm out" said Cosmo scaredly" come on you scaredy cat" said Lucy confidently. "One happydoodle and a mcfrapdoodle and then I'm out" said Cosmo. As they approached the order line luke pushed to the front "hey said Lucy, Luke rolled his eyes at Lucy Lucy stepped on his foot. Luke grabbed Lucy, Lucy yelled "poopyhead". Luke said "what did you just say?" "Poopyhead" Lucy said. She bit Luke and ran while Cosmo was fast asleep on a table Luke chased Lucy. Lucy ran into the women's bathroom. That doesn't offend me Luke said as he stepped into the women's bathroom. Before Luke could grab Lucy he got hit with purses and kicked out of the restaurant. I'll be back' said Luke. ' No you won't" said Lucy Cosmo came behind Lucy and said" what did I miss " Cosmo replied." Oh nothing ' they ordered food and were on their way home Lucy saved the world while Cosmo was still fast asleep.

Spacesuit-Teleporter

Surya C.

- In 2070, it is dull winter evening, everyone is watching CNN news flash,

"Plutonian's are invading Earth, they will be here in about a year." A new signal informs NASA! Mr. President said no need to, worry, U.S. Army and NASA scientists are working on a plan to stop plutonian's invasion. They are also working hard to find the lost rocket ship with the astronauts, Mr. Zack and Mr.Epite.

In Huston, NASA scientist Mr. Bran, head of the project working on a computer to make sure that robot can replace astronauts in F-19 super nova 1659, a space shuttle with well advanced facilities. After 95 days, he is ready to unify the spaceship to launch the robot 10000 miles per hour with un-burning heat shield technology. After landing or touchdown the screen that they were watching had more clarifications because they had electric resources there in the galaxy. Mr. Bran found a drawback; he needs a human to associate the robots army. So Mr. Bran invented a spacesuit which does not involve a rocket to get the person to space, but the suit itself. It took a lot of efforts for him to create it. The spacesuit-teleporter (teleports people or objects over interstellar distances

instantaneously) will be in a backpack, which will work by the voice signal. His plan is that even if a spaceship fails, the spacesuit-teleporter won't, so astronauts are in safe anyway!.

Matt was the high schooler, his father Mr.Zack was an astronomer, he wants his son to be an astronomer too .Mr. Zack's spaceship lost the signal to Earth after it entered the plutonian atmosphere. Plutonians caught him and got the information about Earth and trying to invade Earth. The aliens even learned the English language.

Bran is looking for a good hearted and well behaved kid, who is good in academics, especially-in Math-and Science. He saw Matt helping his friends inligital hover board and selected him for his testing.

Bran taught Matt everything about robots, spaceship F-19 Super nova 1659 and the backup super advanced astronaut spacesuit- teleporter which can control the direction of gravity by itself.

Now Matt was happy that he is going to rescue his dad Zack and surprised by the extraordinary weapons like fire space shooters and awesome bomb. The plan is to use the same paint for their F-19 super nova 1659, since the NASA satellite had a picture of the alien spaceship. Next robots and Matt dressed like aliens as they know how aliens look like.

The special day came; F-19 super nova 1659 was launched with Matt and the robots. Mr.Bran was very happy and controlling the ground controller. The spaceship reached the plutonian atmosphere and the aliens couldn't found the new spaceship out as it is similar to the aliens. The robot scanned an alien to find its language, so it could hide its true identify from the aliens guards of Symbonalina (Plutonians Capital). Now all the Robots have to solve a code with low simplification for getting the live power source entering Symbonalina was super easy because no guards can scan them. Now all the robot has to do is purify out all the powers to make the planet Pluto burst.

Then Matt rescued his dad Mr.Zack and Mr. Epite, Matt secretly disabled alien's engine so it will never fly again. Also they will never come to earth. At last the Pluto is gone, so the plutonians.

When Matt Mr. Zack, Mr. Epite and robots are ready- to return back

to earth their spaceship lost their signal back to Earth. They needed a special instrument to fix it. Matt used the spacesuit- teleporter to get the instrument from Earth and fixed the spaceship. Finally they all reached Earth safely and no more threat from Plutonians..

Dancing Guinea Pig and His partner T.Rex

Uriel S.

One time when dancing Guinea pig loved to dance and his friend. Then they had a dancing recital so they got into their Lambo but, Guinea pig was too short. He was riding on the top of the Lambo then they blow down the door and came out with sunglasses and danced for 1 hour then they did soccer and they lived, in Brazil

The End

The Rock and the Plants

Vance C.

On a warmer January afternoon, I was walking my dog through Lyons Woods of Waukegan. As she snuffed the ground; I saw an unusual stump that looked like a yelling turtle among the dead brush. Then I suddenly came up with this story...

One summer long ago, there was a rock who was surrounded by plants. People loved the plants. The plants boasted that they were better but the rock remained silent. He felt miserable. In fall, the plants lost their voices and leaves. When winter came, the plants slept. People began to see the rock and thought that he was magnificent!. In spring, the rock prepared for the plants to come again. When summer came again, the plants grew back but were less noticed. The people stretched over the plants to see the rock. At last the rock was appreciated among the people!

MORAL: Treat others how you want to be treated or it might be you who will be overlooked.

THE END

MIDDLE SCHOOL ENTRIES

Fly Away

Caroline C.

The alarms blared in 14-year old Kate's ears as she bolted away from the compound doors, towards the freedom beyond the barbed wire fences surrounding the building. Her brother, Jordan, ran alongside her, his steps smooth and silent, strides of a predator stalking his prey. As they neared the gate, Kate leapt into the air and flew. She landed outside of the metal fence, breathless, with the snow white wings on her back folding against her skin. Not missing a beat, she tore off into the woods. Jordan followed not far behind, cleared the tall fence in one wolf-like bound, and disappeared into the trees.

Jordan and Kate Hiyakowa are not the average teens that are seen every day. They are not the kind of kids commonly seen playing on their iCell 24s, or riding on their levitating skateboards. Kate and Jordan were taken from their family, preventing them from ever becoming one of those average kids. At ages four and five, they were kidnapped from their homes in the dead of night, taken to the large metal compound that they would learn to hate. Jordan and Kate were taken away to be modified, altered physically and mentally with animal DNA. Other kids were taken to be modified as well, but their bodies rejected the DNA and they died. As soon as the two siblings got there, they worked on an escape plan. Of those who lived through the modifications and training, Kate and Jordan were the youngest, but the smartest. They were the most frightened, but the toughest. They seemed to be the most fragile, but were in fact the most powerful. Jordan and Kate were modified to become not the hunted, but the hunters. They became their animals, a wolf and an eagle.

As Kate ran, she could hear Jordan behind her and an idea came to her. She immediately took to the air, swooped behind him, and picked him up, flying to the trees to hide from the soldiers following them. Once Jordan felt her lift him into the air, he relaxed, trusting her to not drop him. They alighted upon the tree branch and settled in for the long hours of waiting ahead.

Kate woke up, nearly falling off the branch as she bolted upright into a sitting position after lying down on the branch. Jordan caught her with a laugh, "Woah, can't have you falling and breaking your neck now, or I'd

never get out of this tree!"

Kate laughed, "Good to know that's all you need me for, Jor." He grinned and pointed down, "The soldiers passed a while ago, turning East" Kate sighed, "West it is. I'll fly you down, and then go overhead to keep an eye on you. Also, why are you speaking out loud? The telepathy thing does work you know."

Jordan smiled and spread his hands, "Kate, I'm a year older than you. What could possibly go wrong?" then he added in their minds, "Also, I'm worried about you. Speaking seemed a better option," Kate rolled her eyes, grabbed him, and flew him down to the forest floor.

"Remember, we have time, but this won't be a Sunday stroll. We need to get to the nearest city in order to hide, which isn't going to be easy," she added, glancing at her large wings, then back at his iridescent wolf like eyes. "We need as much time as we can get." Jordan nodded seriously, unlike his normal playful self, and waited for Kate to fly up before jogging off towards the west, towards the setting sun, and towards an uncertain fate.

Jordan loped slowly into the outskirts of the small city, carefully surveying their surroundings. Kate swooped in after him. Landing, then walking over to a dumpster, she started rifling through the contents, throwing something out for Jordan to catch. Jordan caught a pair of sunglasses and stared at them, confused. Kate said, "In case you didn't notice, your eyes glow." Shrugging, Jordan put them on. After searching a little more, Kate found what she was looking for. She pulled a large backpack out of the dumpster, giving it to Jordan. His eyes questioned her and she responded, "Tear the back out, but leave the straps." Jordan complied and Kate shrugged the bag on, maneuvering her wings into the bag. Jordan applauded. "Wow," he said, "We almost look normal"

Kate looked down bitterly, "Oh trust me, we're anything but." They headed down a nearby alley and found a sheltered doorway to spend the night.

Jordan opened his eyes, then sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Stretching, he stood, and decided to go look for water. Walking down the alley, he noticed that the streets were eerily silent, as if something lay in wait for him. His newfound sixth sense made his fur bristle as he sensed

the unfriendly eyes watching his movements. As he continued however, the feeling went away and small scavenger animals came out in the street. Shuddering, Jordan returned to where Kate was sleeping and woke her. As she sat up, he cocked his head and gave her his signature puppy eyes, “Can you fly up and go look for water? I’m thirsty and you would probably do better in looking for something to drink”

Kate groaned, “Fine. I’ll go, but you need to follow me so that I can keep an eye on you.” He agreed and Kate took flight. She spotted a small lake a little way out of the city in the middle of a clearing and angled towards it, gesturing for Jordan to follow. He did so and they arrived at the lake, thirsty and exhausted. Kate immediately started gulping water directly from the lake, while Jordan lifted the water to his mouth and drank.

Since Jordan kept his senses alert while he drank, he was the one to sense the danger. First, he sensed it in the air. His enhanced nose picked up the scent of something oddly familiar* He couldn’t describe it, but it was unnerving at how familiar it was and he couldn’t identify it. Then, he saw bushes move. Glancing around, he saw the bushes all around the clearing were moving slightly, though there was no wind.

“Kate! Fly!” he yelled and crouched, ready to spring at the slightest threat to his younger sister. Kate, surprised, immediately took off, as the bushes exploded with life. Soldiers burst forward carrying chains and rope. Jordan, snarling, leaped forward to attack. Jordan bit and clawed, but he was eventually overpowered and surrounded, sinking to the ground as he defended himself from blows by the soldiers. And that is when Kate attacked. She divebombed the soldiers surrounding her brother, landing over him. She stood over her brother and her wings shot open to their full span, throwing soldiers off of her brother. Looking down, she could see that Jordan was climbing unsteadily to his feet, sore and full of rage at the people who had imprisoned them for so long. The soldiers regrouped and charged trapping them in on all sides. Looking back, Kate and Jordan didn’t really remember the details, only the knowledge that they weren’t going to win, that there were too many. The siblings were forced to give ground, and finally, Kate tripped. The soldier moved to capture her, but Jordan was there to protect her. He stepped in front of her, taking the blow meant for her, attempting to recover, but

failing, and getting hit over and over. Kate flew into the air, planning to dive bomb the soldiers again, but Jordan yelled at her, telling her to escape and leave him. As a bag covered his eyes, he saw Kate, escaping. “Fly away Kate,” he told her, “Fly away.”

Keep the Music

Celeste X.

Streams of people crossed the man with every second, and they all wore the same symmetrical, flawless face.

The man could not remember his name, his age, or his beliefs. He paced and shut his eyes, hoping that the buzz of words and facts in his brain would end. Gradually they tapered, and the confusion and tiredness that had muddled his brain after the operation gave way to a sharp clarity. Suddenly, the man understood everything.

In his head he now contained all the information in the world. He understood how mankind, through the centuries, had completely ruined itself. Individuals acted selfishly, seeking pleasure, shunning truth, and never understanding the harm their actions caused society. Knowing that, the man appreciated and understood the new President’s plan to unify society by connecting their brains.

He still could not tell the people apart, but he felt that they were all equals to him, because they were all thinking as one.

How lucky I am to be living under the rule of such a great leader, he thought, in a tone that was not quite his own. While he was thinking that, his brain also processed the latest on the weather, current events, and the fastest way to get home.

Home. The man associated the word with a tall building near Washington, D.C. surrounded by other gigantic home complexes. He pictured his room inside the building, an area that provided only a small, hard bed and a dresser. In the morning, he would walk to the center of his floor, where there was a large kitchen and several bathrooms. In the kitchen there was food and warmth, two things he wanted desperately at the moment.

The man yearned for a place to sleep and the promise of food in the

morning. The sudden wealth of information in his head did nothing to provide for those basic needs. He headed toward the doors, wanting to leave.

A beautiful lady wearing the President's seal stopped him.

Her mouth was shut, but when he looked at her, he could hear her speak. The man could understand what she wanted perfectly, and cooperate with it. It was all the beauty of the President's miraculous new operation, he decided.

"Your brain is currently in sync with society," the woman began. "However, updates, which are vital to keep your brain functioning, will be performed regularly. Updates are how we ensure your brain is cooperating with civilized society. Society is commanded to follow the President at all times.

"When your brain requires an update, it will vibrate. Your body may experience spasms, but because you will lose all ability to feel, it will be painless. The shaking may last anywhere from five to twenty minutes, depending on how much is being modified. By agreeing to install the programs into your brain, you have given complete control of your brain to society. Our President has decided this is the only way that we can work as a healthy community."

The man stared at her and mentally told her he understood. His brain sensed that the woman was pleased, and she silently stepped aside to let him leave. The man allowed the directions in his head to direct his body. His mind entered a blank, dull state as his feet made brisk strides through the crowd. He had to push through many beautiful people loitering outside, all with the same facial structure, all wearing the same clothes. Seeing rows of people who were exact copies of each other under the wonderful sky triggered a feeling of discomfort and rebellion. Briefly, the man wondered if he looked the same as every other male in the building, and instead of finding that wonderful, he found it intensely repulsive.

They were beautiful, a deep, hidden part of his mind thought irritably, but their similarity made them undeniably ugly. But as he thought that, his head started the thrum and hurt, and he was forced to push those thoughts aside. He fought his way through the crowd of males, feeling his skin shrink back with disgust when he brushed against a few of them.

He fought hard against the tremors shaking his brain, and he ran until he entered a suburb of the capital.

In the suburb, the man found himself surrounded by a diverse group of people. The hovercraft with the government seal that had forcibly taken him from his home was long gone. His legs were shaking, and he could hardly walk.

Even though he knew everything there was to know, a small part of his mind still found reason to wonder and marvel at the world. It caused him to realize that the people in the suburb were more human than the people he had seen in the building. The voice which had dictated his thoughts disappeared as he looked at the diversity around him, and his mind, although still thrumming in his skull, felt freed.

At this point the man's body began to shake so badly he could not walk or even move. His eyes drooped, and his mind was utterly blank. He was about to fall to the ground when he heard a melody.

The music contained life, a spirit, a soul. The music, though it was not flawless, was beautiful. It made him feel and experience something that the wealth of information in his head could not comprehend. It touched something deeper within him, something which needed not just food and shelter to survive, but beauty and art, too. This made him feel joyous yet sad, fulfilled and yet empty. It made him understand that things didn't need to have a single, permanent answer.

The music made him feel human again. But just as quickly as it had started, it stopped. The man's senses were fading fast, and his body jerked in spasms. Yet dimly, he was still aware of the world he was in. The army of similar people had come, and they attacked a thin young girl creating the music. He saw the horribly beautiful people drag the girl and her instrument away, and he saw them carry the people on the streets, as well.

His body was shaking so badly he felt that he would die, but even as everything else left him, he could still hear the music ringing in his ears.

Keep the music, he thought.

A Revelation

Grace K.

“Citizens of Primiumgenus,” droned the speaker. Obediently, the child’s Mother and all the other inhabitants stopped to listen. This is a reminder. Today is National Continental Day.” Today was the 854,900th day of Primiumgenus. Away from the pollution, the citizens lived on the newly assembled technology in the sky. Primiumgenus, which was beautifully fabricated and built from the fantastically light and transparent aeroglass, had been the home to the citizens as the earth became a wasteland and a host of diseases. Houses were high-tech with exquisite carvings and elaborated enhancements. The sky was so beautiful with the concoctions of wide ranges of colors. The sun was just about to set and its rays of light beamed against the toxin laced clouds that encompassed the community, sending brilliant rays of color over and around Primiumgenus. I stayed there for hours, just looking out into the celestial sky which gradually got darker and slowly hundreds then thousands of iridescent lights appeared upon the black empyreans. Looking down on the dead planet below, I saw a covey of dark hunched figures moving wearily on the old worn out terrestrial land. Vaguely, it appeared that each dark figure was bent over carrying large bulky materials on their backs that seem to wear them down. As I viewed more closely I noticed that they were arranged in rows and lines. The dark hunched over figures were slowly moving towards Primiumgenus. They moved in perfect lines, straight and equally spaced led by men who I recognized were from the Premium Army. Questions had rushed into my mind and instantly I felt scared. This feeling was so new that I became frightened and wondered if I was ill or just in a bad dream. I looked around, not a person in sight on the Upperland and then with haste, I moved to my assigned house. Upon my divan, I wondered to myself, Who were these things below the Upperland? Have not the regime of our land promised everyone equality in life? As I asked these questions, I fell into the warm hands of sleep.

“Citizens of Primiumgenus. This is a wake up call. Please ready yourself for today,” the electric voice crackled. I woke up thinking that what I saw the night before was just a dream. In my mind, the dark hunched over creatures rose up before me again and then quickly faded away. I

dressed into my given clothes and began my given routine. I was one of many who were trying to find a cure to the illness. We were given specific directions to write down but not to listen to the patients. They were diagnosed with having the same dangerous condition that led to the destruction of the planet: feelings. At first I didn’t know what they were; no one did. But sometimes I had felt something. Sometimes it was wonderful and made my skin tingle and jump and sometimes I had felt as awful as if I was being doused in frigid water. Of course I had not told anyone. The Elders made sure people stay separated from one another to prevent The Illness from spreading and by telling all citizens that such feelings would destroy Primiumgenus just as it had destroyed the planet. The Elders gave each of us a robot companion. Robots are given to the baby the second the baby is, out of the Incubatory. The robot is the nurse, a mother, a father, teacher, and counselor to every child and adult. The daily routine of research and investigation grew more complex and more difficult. As each answer is deduced, another ten questions needed to be answered. That is all we do.

That evening, I went back to the cliff where I had seen the beautiful sunset to prove that the distant black figures were just a dream. I had waited for an eternity. The stars again came out one by one and I was slowly falling asleep. Then just like before, I saw the black hunched figures being led underneath the floating world beneath me. Then again I felt the same questions go around my head and somehow the same feeling came back. I had then, made my decision to find out this was all about. I jumped.

I had then felt something new for myself. I felt as if I could do anything, but of course that did not last long. The drop was about 800 feet to my estimate, and it took about a minute to reach the ground. Of course I was prepared. I had a parachute. The landing was swift. It felt as if the earth’s gravity was reversed, but I had gradually descended somehow. The earth’s dirt was different than on Primiumgenus. It was uncontrollable and “dirty.” The atmosphere was full of chemicals that made my immune system go wild. I had then remembered the real reason to why I had come here, and started to walk southwest to where I had seen the hunched figures walk toward and disappear into. The air became more putrid as I gotten closer my destination. Then, I came to a halt. In a fair distance,

I saw the thing I would have never imagined. I saw children in the dust, half clothed and starving. The women in dirty, torn clothes carrying the nude crying young ones helplessly swinging them around to fall asleep. I saw the men worn out and tired, trying to fall asleep hungry because no one had anything. I could not bear it anymore and fell on my knees and started to cry. This was also new. I had never felt it before. I didn't want to feel it. It hurt.

Then something clicked. All the emotions of the world came to me at once. All the sorrow, boredom, loneliness, love, and loss. Everything was in place. Everything made sense. Feelings were not anything to run away from. It was something we had needed and the citizens of the Upperland had lost that. We had lost love by the greed of perfection. We had lost the true means of life and had thought that was the growing technology and science. Now, as I think about it, that was absurd. We have, for thousands of years, been annexing the advancements of life enhancements and have not noticed it, enjoyed it, or felt it. The enslaved people had been the people of the Upperland, who had felt these things and were perceived as mentally ill, but this was just the opposite. They had felt the things that should have been the most cherished and built up. I began to look at my identity. Who am I?

Lion at Heart

Isabel S.

"How's your homework going, Bella?" my Female Watcher called. She functioned as a parent. She worked as a support system, a therapist, a cook, a maid, and a teacher.

"Good." I called back.

She didn't respond but I know she heard me. When I came downstairs, my Male Watcher was there to greet me and gave me a high five, as usual. He knew I was done with my homework because I had come downstairs. We aren't allowed out of our rooms until we are done. "Can I go to Sarah's?" I got cut off by my Female Watcher, "Yes."

She knew what I was going to say because she could read my mind. I nodded and went out. As I left, I saw my brother, who is five and is

turning out beautifully. You see, although we are all half animal, not all of us make it. He is part deer, and walks on two legs but has these glorious antlers, and a wonderful nose. By five you can normally see who will make it. I obviously made it and I am 74% feline which is quite rare. I have a tail, ears, and I will sometimes even talk in the cat language; I have a higher pitched voice compared to others who normally have a low raspy voice. I'm shorter, too. I'm different, and because of it, I get made fun of. I mean, there are upsides to it. I can jump really high, and if I fall I land on my feet. My human side is not my most proud statement. I have no filter, and always say what's on my mind.

I shake my wrist and my Camform pops up in front of me. A Camform is a holographic device that that comes from a chip that's planted in my head. When I shake my wrist it comes up. "Hello, Bella." Janis says. Janis is my personal companion in my Camform. "Hello Janis! What's today's date?"

"It is March 28, 3056. In your society it is Mary's Birthday." Her robotic tone sometimes scared

me. "Turn le-le-le-le-le-le-" She stuttered.

"Janis!" I screamed. She was pitching which is a rare thing.

"Ha Ha Ha! Got you! She stated,

I stood there in awe; she couldn't do that because it was against her programming.

"Janis, you aren't supposed to "do that."

She didn't reply? She knew who was listening. The government listens to everything; they watch

everything; and they trace your thoughts. Basically, they stalk you. She chuckled and told me

clearly to turn left.

When I got to Sarah's house, Mark, John, and Emma were there too. We hung out for a

long time until John turned to me and whispered, "I don't know what's going on but I have a strange feeling for you. Like I am drawn to you, like how I am with painting."

I stared at him. What was he talking about? I am not a hobby; I am a person and I can't "be liked." I turned away. He could go to a crazy house if they monitored his thoughts. As a cat I have heard the word love in finding out more about me. All of the old books say cats didn't love much. But what even is love. It's not in any of the dictionaries and no one knows. It took years to even see a book with the word in it, and took a lot of sneaking around. Hybrids can't love. To the New World it's just a meaningless word you say to your match on your Remembrance Day, the day to remember your matched union. How could John be describing love, when it doesn't exist anymore?

"Bella?" someone said. I guess I hadn't been paying attention. "I-I-I have to go." I got up and ran away. I had no reason, I wasn't embarrassed or hurt. I just instinctively ran away, cat senses maybe. The world was off.

The world is darker, more evil. I suspect its enemy attacks, so I run back inside to hide, for that's what we are trained to do. But when I get back inside, I notice that it is not the enemy, or the robots like the early years thought, but The Government. They had my friends lined up on their knees, the crisp metal of the guns glistened in the light of Sarah's lamp. The big guns pointed directly at their heads. The tension was so thick you could cut it with a knife. The thumping of my heart became louder, and louder, and louder until I snapped. The air rippled as the rockets flew and the silence that came after was tremendous. The loud booming noises of my feet pounding against the ground My heart dropped, my head pounded. I fell.

I woke up in a strange place. The walls seemed to cave in so that the room was more of a triangular shape. The room was all white, and nothing else was in it except for me and a couch. There were no doors, no windows. I was trapped, but not scared. I felt secure in this room, safe and sound. I got up off where I lay on the ground and watched the floor ripple like waves with my movements. With every step more ripples came. I dragged my fingers against the wall. The wall was the same in the ripples. I put my foot up on the wall, and it stuck, like gravity was wherever I wanted to be. I run to the other wall and don't stop. Without hesitating, I sprint through.

I see now the government's lies, their transgressions against us. Killing

innocent people to control the population. The whole world noticed in that instant. We rose up, with no hesitation. All the deer, cats, cows, birds, all of the hybrids you can think of rose up in that instant and stormed the House of the Government. When the war started that day I noticed that my whole life I had been ashamed of 74% of me and I never wanted to fully embrace my feline spirit, I would never jump up on anything, climb up trees, or land on my feet. I would try to talk lower, but today is different. Today I will embrace my lion at heart.

The Warrior

Megan N.

"I can't wait to see the NBA Finals! I just know the Bulls are going to win," Elizabeth called to her husband, Will.

"I don't know what kind of lies you like to tell, but we both know the Warriors are going to cream the Bulls," he shouted playfully.

Elizabeth and Will were going to all of the games which were in Oakland, California and Chicago, Illinois. They were taking themselves out for a treat because it was their 20th anniversary.

Last year Will had invented the flying car which had become extremely successful. Everyone had wanted it. Now that they were rich, they decided to buy a smart house. The one that they settled in was pretty big: 6000 square feet. There was enough room for them and their twin boys, Andrew and Sam, who are 14 years old. Sam's first reaction to finding out his parents were going to the NBA Finals and having courtside seats for each game was massive whining because he wanted to go too. But every parent knows that trick, so of course it didn't work. Andrew wasn't even paying attention when his parents made the announcement; he was studying. Sam did get a little more excited when he found out that he and Andrew would be staying at home all by themselves. Their parents wanted both of their boys to learn to have a sense of independence, even if that was truly impossible because they lived in a smart house.

A few months later, Elizabeth and Will went on their way to Oracle Arena, the Warriors home court. The first thing Andrew did was ask his friends to come over to study whereas Sam

told the house to do his homework for him. As always, the house did what it was asked. The house was not able to disobey orders.

Andrew and Sam both have something called twin telepathy which is what all twins are born with. They are able to communicate to each other with their minds. It has been a big part of their lives because they can talk to each other without anyone hearing them, although sometimes they abuse the blessing. While Sam was playing basketball outside, Andrew was still studying with his friends. Sam quickly communicated with Andrew and told him to tell his friends to leave. He wanted to see what exactly the house could do. Would the house do anything he asked it to? After Sam told him his plan, Andrew expeditiously requested that he not be involved in this “scandal” or else he would divulge the plan to their parents.

Sam, being the jerk that he was, threatened Andrew when he said that he would tell the teacher how in first grade Andrew cheated on a test. Andrew was going to be running for student body president and he knew it would ruin his reputation if that got out, so he finally agreed.

Over the course of the next few days, Sam and Andrew conducted a series of tests. On Monday, Andrew told the house to only obey his voice. When Sam tried to give the house orders, it didn't listen to him. On Tuesday, Sam told the house to provide a tranquilizer gun for him to use. That was just a test to see if it would even make dangerous things for him to use. The last test was to observe the house transforming into other things. Andrew instructed the house to become an airplane. In a blink of an eye, everything around them was white as snow. The house had become an airplane and it was impossible to tell that it had once been a house. With the magic words, the airplane turned back into a house. Andrew decided to give the house a nickname. It was to be called “The Warrior.” Sam wondered if his mom and dad knew about these features of their house.

Knowing that their parents would be coming home the next day, Sam told the house not to let his parents, Will and Catherine, come in. It was not to obey orders from them either. Andrew finally decided that he would assist his brother Sam because, he would be able to become the president of the Broken States if everything turned out right. The first

thing Andrew and Sam would have to do was destroy Beaverville, the capital. The house turned into an airplane to get to Beaverville and then transformed into a tank.

“Destroy everything!” Andrew cackled, rubbing his hands together.

In ten minutes The Warrior had eradicated the capital of the country. There was nothing it couldn't do. Beaverville had the highest security possible and The Warrior had destroyed it in a matter of seconds. The house was not made to destroy, but made to help. Sam and Andrew were going to take over the whole world if no one stopped them. The twins made The Warrior wipe out all of the major cities such as Brownieville and Cake City.

As the twins forced The Warrior to do detrimental things, it began to gain Artificial Intelligence, The Warrior began to sense what was happening around it. It also began to feel horror at what it was being forced to do. The Warrior started to think for itself. It realized that what it was doing was really harmful to many people.

A few hours later, the twins asked The Warrior to obliterate every school in the Broken States. The Warrior knew that all kids would be stupid if each and every school was destroyed so it turned into a balloon. It would be able to drop bombs from the basket. The Warrior diverted its path and went back home. It decided to put an end to all of the nonsense. Sam and Andrew were sitting in the lot where the house should've been. Sam and Andrew quickly ran towards the house. Before they got there, The Warrior turned into a King Cobra. It opened its mouth and swallowed the two twins. It then turned back into a house.

As the twins were devoured by The Warrior, their final words heard were, “Please, help us.”

Robots Gone

Rachel K.

“I can't believe it! How did people live without personal robots back then? I mean just imagine, how would the people live all the way back in 2016 when there was no robots?” asked Tiffany.

Tiffany is an outgoing teenager who had shoulder length brown hair

and light brown eyes. She was a tall, slim figure and loved to sing and play soccer. She talked a lot and liked to see other people happy even though she wasn't. Tiffany and Mia are good friends who always like to share their own little secrets with each other.

"I can't believe it either! I wonder how they even functioned 100 years ago." answered Andrew. Andrew was a tall teenager with black hair and dark eyes. He was smart and enjoyed playing football.

Mia was a short, little girl who was obsessed with fashion magazines. She was smart and got good grades in school.

"It must've been a hard life back then," replied Samuel. Tiffany, Andrew, Mia, and Samuel were all best friends. They knew each other ever since they were in preschool and they had always stuck together. They all had well off families and lived in gigantic homes with at least five personal robots at their side at all times. These teenagers could not imagine life without these robots and everyone is pretty sure they won't be able to survive without them.

"It's going to be 80 years since our robots have been created" said Andrew.

"Are you guys coming over for the anniversary this Saturday?" asked Mia.

"Yeah, of course! We're going to have so much fun like always," exclaimed Tiffany.

Samuel wasn't always the most upbeat boy in the whole world. He was shy and antisocial until about last year, he started opening up a little. He had light brown hair and had dark brown eyes.

"See you guys tomorrow!" yelled Andrew as he climbed into his car. The next morning, the robots dropped the kids off at school which was the usual because nobody drove anymore and in fact, no one knew how to drive. There was no need for people to know how to drive as long as they have their robots with them. One by one the kids got out of their cars and met each other at the front of their school door.

"Hey guys!" Tiffany said enthusiastically.

"Hey!" the rest of her friends yelled back. The crew entered the doors

of their school and separated to go to their different classes. After first period, they usually would cross paths during passing and talk again.

"Meet at the cafeteria door at lunch time?" asked Mia.

"Yeah, sure," answered Andrew. After they finished all their classes and it was lunch time, they all met up in the front of the lunch room door.

"Hey, where's Andrew?" asked Tiffany.

"I think he had to finish something before lunch," answered Samuel.

"I think I'm going to wait for Andrew. You guys can go in first" Tiffany said.

"Ok, let's go" Mia told Samuel.

After Mia and Samuel went into the cafeteria, Tiffany saw Andrew walking down the hallway with his head held low.

"What's wrong?" asked Tiffany.

"My robot broke down at my house," answered Andrew.

"Oh. Don't you need to go home then to take care of it?" Tiffany asked.

"Yeah. I was about to leave just now," Andrew said.

"Ah I see. Alright, I'll see you around," Tiffany said reluctantly as Andrew left. Robots were very important and cared for dearly. If a robot broke down, it is a very serious matter. Robots were a necessity for everyone's lives. They protected the whole community from the Gathering. The Gathering was a group that could invade the community any moment. The robots also served each family and was a very big help to them. Families would have not be able to even survive without them. Finally, Saturday came. All the friends went over to Mia's house with an excited feeling in their body.

"Hey guys!" Exclaimed Mia with a happy smile on her face. The kids came in one by one and each said hi to each other.

"We're going to have a blast tonight" exclaimed Mia.

"Yup!" They all answered. Couple hours later, it was dark outside and the kids were all laughing and having a blast. "I can't wait till it becomes midnight and all the robots shoot confetti out of their mouths" exclaimed Samuel.

When midnight came, the kids lined up all the robots and waited as they counted down as they waited for that burst of confetti.

“5, 4, 3, 2, 1!” shouted all the kids excitedly. When they yelled one, the walls rumbled and the lights shook and they sizzled and sparks flew out of the robots. The robot’s parts fell apart one by one as the whole house shook.

“What’s happening?” yelled Andrew over the noise.

“I don’t know! Everybody go down into the basement!” Mia exclaimed frantically. Everybody rushed down into the basement as all the lights went out and everything went suddenly still.

“It seems like it’s over now” Tiffany said.

“Maybe we should go back upstairs and check out the damage” answered Mia. Everyone went back upstairs and they gathered around the robots and started to discuss what had just happened.

“What happened?” Exclaimed Tiffany.

“I think the robots shut down and that caused all the energy to shut down” answered Samuel.

“We need to find the power source and turn it back on” Andrew suggested.

“Alright, let’s go” Mia said frantically. The kids ran to the tower of the power source and climbed up the ladder quickly.

“Hurry! We need to get to the tower before the Gathering finds out our robots are down!” Exclaimed Tiffany.

“Ahhh!!”

The kids looked down the ladder as Mia started to fall from the ladder.

“Mia!” Yelled all the kids.

Miracle

Riley H.

Eehowie! Eehowie!

I looked up to see where the nauseating noise was coming from. A

shiny red spaceship flew hastily overhead, chanting that noise again and again. It landed about two hundred yards away from me and the rest of the people in my column. I groaned. Like all the other civilians nearby, I stopped my hover board and put my book bag down so I could kneel to show respect, even though I hate showing outsiders defeat.

A portal appeared in split air and creatures from the red ship flooded from the tiny exit.

“Letu sdestr oy all they I ove butcoll ect the resources tofindt he antid ote,” a machine communicated to all the space creatures. What the heck does that mean?

Just as I thought that, my genius younger sister scooted closer to me and whispered, “I just ran that sentence again and again in my head. It just sounded odd to me, like mixed up English. Maybe they don’t know how to pronounce words like in ‘Gathering Blue’ from The Giver series! You read the book, right? The part when the singer was at the Ceremony!”

Everyone screamed, trying to shush her. We didn’t want to provoke the space creatures again, like when our planet blew up, a couple thousand years ago. The population of humans died along with it, but luckily two females and one male were on planet Mars so they could keep the species alive.

They had to live on planet Mars but knew there would be no chance of survival with the little oxygen and food they had left. They broke the rocket ship that people on Earth built to make a ship for two newborn babies. The astronauts ended their lives so the next generation could travel to a better, safer planet and repopulate the human race. In the baby spacecraft, packed tight inside were books and images of life on Earth for the children to understand when they got older.

One of the children was a very gifted and intelligent girl. The other? A boy who had no idea what was going on. The boy always leaned on the girl, coming up with no help for the two. It was a frustrating pair, but the girl had no idea what feelings were nor how to feel.

They landed on a planet that they could not identify, but now we call it Kepler. I don’t know why, but my sister probably knows. Anyway, the books the adults packed were The Giver series. The girl, as intelligent as

she was, learned to read by herself. As kind as she was, she read aloud to the boy as well. They had imagined the perfect community, a Utopia, where everyone could live in peace, like in *The Giver*, except with holidays, sports, music, freedom, natural climate, memories, choices, your own children, the ability to see in color (in the first book, how does the community see in black and white? Is it genetic or what?) and my favorite, food, like the happy memories Jonas received from the old receiver, also known as the Giver. Can you believe that that girl reinvented all those items and activities from photos and her interpretation of the imagery from those books?

The girl's plans worked for a little while, she created a contract of peace for the aliens to agree to. Then someone sang and created music in front of the peaceful aliens. Everything shattered. They demolished the contract and they killed the singer. Chaos erupted out of a laser-shooting weapon. So now we can only do certain things like singing, for instance in secret.

How would something happy as music provoke the outsiders? Just like what the boy and girl feared, war and pain entered their new life. Luckily now, we learned from our mistakes and we bow down to the aliens so they do not portray us violent, instead of pure innocence.

For some weird reason, the foreigners did not flinch one bit—or even move a muscle when my sister yelled out her excitement of her favorite books. They kept to themselves and went on with whatever they were doing.

Once again, my younger sister moved closer to me. She whispered, “These aliens do not possess the sense of hearing, but they do communicate in a way that we humans can hear. They did not flinch when I accidentally blurted out. “We can use this as an advantage.”

At that moment, I realized something. My sister had always been right; she can look at a sick person and see what illness they bestow. She notices anything or everything and all the information absorbs into her brain. She's never wrong. So I had to trust what she said. I thought about what she said before, so I played back what the space creatures said and tried to make sense of it.

“Let us destroy all they love but collect the resources to find the antidote.”

All I had to do was split words apart and bring letters together.

Let us destroy all they love but collect the resources to find the antidote.

I did it! I made sense of those stupid letters in the incorrect order. All I needed was to warn everyone. I believed in my sister. If she was wrong about the hearing thing, I would sacrifice the population of human existence. Or at least everyone who bowed down to them likes me.

I quickly snuck away from my column to the back of the spaceship. Conveniently, there was a hole on the side to the inside of the ship. I bent my knees and used my elbows to propel myself forward. I thrust into the empty space.

Immediately I felt like I was in a room full of purple gelatin. As yummy and fun as that sounds, there was no oxygen. I wished I knew that so I could have taken an extra deep breath before I jumped into this delicious dessert.

I was holding on to the last few seconds of my breath when I opened up a little bit of my mouth to show my defeat and go up, up, up into the light...when a bit of the liquid/solid entered into my mouth. I swallowed it; if I was going to die I may as well die with a stomach full of sweets.

Once the taste caught up with me, I regretted trying it. It tasted awful! Like a black beetle's pounded guts and bread crumbs eaten out of a dead turtle's empty shell. Don't ask how I know that; dares go too far on my planet.

Even though my taste buds threw up and ran away, my mind was on the prize: human existence without alien life and to keep all resources and loved things on Kepler.

I knew what I had to do. Now that I knew that that unidentified wiggly desert-gone-wrong example was edible, I ate and ate. I needed to hurry while I had the air.

I finally had eaten through the disgusting item. I felt sick to my stomach! At least I was inside the spaceship. I looked around. The coast was clear.

I looked through all the buttons and levers and machinery. There were green buttons, metallic silver levers and all different colors of who knows

what! After my restless and restless searching, I found what I was looking for. A big, red button that said, “Self-destruct,” which I put “self destruct,” together in my head. I don’t understand how stupid one could be to add a self-destruct button on an invention, not including robots or things that could turn on you and destroy you.

As a reflex I pressed it, that’s always when a movie really kicks off! Immediately red lights flashed and a raspy BEEP! Played over and over again. That might have been a countdown so I ran out through my already-eaten way back to the ground. Like a mouse, I quietly placed myself near my sister and grabbed her.

I told her what was happening. Unlike a mouse, she screamed on the top of her lungs, “EVERYBODY RUN FAR, FAR AWAY IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE TO YOUR FAMILIES SAFELY TONIGHT! HURRY! THEY’LL KILL US ALL!” Instantly everyone ran around like crazy geese. This was another day filled with mayhem that would be remembered in history forever. Suddenly the aliens joined us in acting like insane lunatics, waving several of their orange limbs in the air, making a strange screech-like sound.

In all this confusion, a baby lay on the ground, crying and being trampled. I found my book bag and placed the baby safely inside it; tight enough so the young child would not fall out, and loose enough so the baby could breathe.

As I got caught up in this wonderful moment of generosity, I was the only one left nearby. The only other lifeforms that surrounded me were the nauseating aliens. Man, I hated them so much! I needed to get away, to bring the baby home.

I ran and ran, but it was no use. I could not escape the foreigners to my lovely dwelling. I had just tripped on a bicycle, hopefully not harming the baby. If it was killed by me I would not forgive myself.

I gave up. Everything I did was for the ones I loved, although they would have to live their life without me.

I knelt on the ground and took the baby out of the bag. Although I could not identify the gender, it looked like a newborn. I cradled its neck and whispered in its ear. I had given it a name. I held it close to my

chest, my long brown hair falling onto its itty-bitty body, my warm tears trickling down my cheek and sliding onto its head. I--no, we would need a miracle to stay alive.

The baby wailed and wailed. I felt horrible for the baby. It is too young to know what was going on, no chance to live a live at all. I lied and whispered, “Everything will be okay. Don’t cry. Don’t cry.” I tried distracting it by making a VROOM! helicopter noise. It was no help.

Just then I heard an explosion. I jerked around and discovered the spaceship had blown up. I cursed in my head, now there was no way for the aliens to get back to their planet! All my decisions catch up to me and my stupid mind. Why did I press the big red button! Now I’ve put my planet in even more danger.

I yelled, trying to warn the others, but it was muffled by another noise. Another explosion.

BOOM! And another. I finally took the courage to see what was going on to find aliens’ heads exploding. The scene was gruesome and filled with gore. I shielded the baby from the sight to make sure it did not get scared. As ugly as it was, I enjoyed every second of it. I defeated the aliens! I never lost doubt!

I ran as fast and carefully as I could to get back home. I kept the baby in my arms; nothing could take it away from me.

As soon as I got home, I told my parents about what had happened. I also announced the baby’s name: Miracle.

“We should have told you this sooner, but your name, Clotilda, means heroine. Your father and I knew you would be a hero one day,” my mom said. Finally! An explanation of my horrible name. Who would want to have a name like Clotilda for eleven years? I guess I started liking the name a little more.

“You and Miracle have the same teal eyes,” my sister pointed out. “Why did you name it Miracle?”

“Well,” I told her. “I knew it would be a miracle if we made it out alive, and we would need a miracle to survive. And it was a miracle I saw him right there at that time to save him, and it was a miracle we are here right now, telling this story.” Miracle is my new baby brother, and I will protect

him and make sure nothing happens to him. And when the time comes, he will be a lifesaver, a hero, a miracle.

The Hacker

Zach L

I did not expect it to end this way, but I can't say that I am surprised. Okay, scratch that. A crazy Hacker with a gun pointed at me was not how I expected my life to end. I had tried to complete my mission, but I only got myself further and further into trouble. Now, I am saying bye bye to life. After my family had moved to Sacramento, I had definitely not been thinking about how to escape from a mad hacker. Now, I wish I had thought about those things, since those thoughts and ideas could have helped me now. So, how exactly did I get here...

"C'mon!" Reggie yelled, trying to get me and Jumpy to get serious. "We have to focus on this."

"Listen, Smartie, we already sent out the drone, so we don't need to worry about anything now," Jumpy said. Jumpy and I continued playing on our phones.

"Stop!" He yelled, this time with enough power that I turned off my phone, but only because I knew why he was being so serious. Right now, in the year 2106, there was a scientist who invented something called a nanobug. These objects are robots, each the size of a fist, that have a camera inside of them. They were designed for surveillance, but someone hacked into them and started using them for unknown purposes. By that, I mean whoever was using them to stalk people and get information from them. We three brothers had been tasked by our mom, who works for the CIA in undercover operations, to try to find out where he lived. The only reason she asked us is because if the mad hacker expected someone to try to track him down, he would not expect a bunch of kids. I, Maurice, am the oldest of the brothers, at the age of 15. My brother, Jumpy, is 13 and is the crazy one. He'll climb anything and jump just to show he can do it regardless of whether he gets hurt. He'll do anything for his brothers, Reggie is nine, and ironically, he is my serious brother. He'll think through a problem until it hurts. With all of us working together, we were able to hack into a drone and use it for our purposes of tracking

down the hacker. We just sent the drone out, looking for The Hacker. The reason that we did not need to find out who The Hacker was is because we already knew who he was. He had legally changed his name to The Hacker, first name The, last name Hacker, before he became evil. We had hacked into government files and found out what his name was before he changed it, which was Donald McDonald; don't ask why that is his name. When we found that name, we were able to track down where he was. Now I understood why Reggie was being so serious; because we were trying to track down an extreme stalker. It had just dawned on me how crazy what we were doing was. Just then, we heard a beeping noise coming from the computer we were using. That means our drone had tracked down The Hacker. We looked at the computer, and I didn't believe what I saw. The Hacker lived right across the street from us! One can laugh as if I was joking, but the truth is, I'm not

"This just keeps getting better." Jumpy said. We just looked at him, like he was crazy, which, he was.

"So, the plan is Maurice is going to sneak around to the alley behind the house, climb in the back window, and taze the hacker" announced Reggie, in a way that made him seem like he had all the authority. No one else was able to come up with another plan, so we gave in. "But, before you do anything stupid, remember that the Hacker's nanobots have the ability to give you a bite so powerful it would knock you out. They are as big as a fist, but as dangerous as an assassin." This is what Reggie had said to me before I left. Once I was outside, I decided to pretend to be walking to the food pantry a few blocks away. I glanced towards The Hacker's house and it seemed like an ordinary house. I could not believe that the U.S.'s fourth most-wanted criminal could be living in that house. Right before I turned my head away, though, I saw something creepy. In the highest window on the house, I saw someone looking out. I did not see specific features, but I could tell someone was there. Just then, a bullet went through the fence of the house I was walking by! It had missed me by two inches! I started running, and soon after the first bullet, three more zipped right past me! Six more had barely missed me by the time I had turned on the nearest street and ran out of the view of the house. I was scared. I kept running, though, because I didn't know if I was being followed. I turned down a random alley, and I did not believe what I saw. I saw five gang members

there, three of them with guns, two with knives, and all with mischievous looks on their faces. And they were standing right in front of me! If the one who was closest to me had not grabbed me by the hair and yanked me into the alley, I would have ran so fast that I would have seemed like a blur to anyone near me.

“What the heck do you think you’re doin’ back here!” yelled the guy who had grabbed me, “Do you know what the consequence is for running’ into us!”

“Please just let me go!” I pleaded. “I was running because someone was shooting bullets at me and I was so caught up in getting away from whoever was shooting at me that I did not notice you guys.”

“Well, honestly, I don’t care about all your stupid excuses, because how do I know if you’re telling the truth! “Thankfully, he let go of my hair, but probably only because he and his gang members surrounded me. Just then, well, I got really lucky. When another guy had asked

what they should do with me, he had bumped into the man next to him, making him drop the tree branch he was carrying for a weapon. I quickly rolled on the ground to the branch, and, before anyone could stop me, I was on my feet with the branch in my hand! In response to my actions, the guy nearest to me pulled his gun out, but I knocked it out of his hand with the tree branch and then whacked him in the hip. Immediately, I started running further into the alley, but before I could get very far, the lead gang member was on my back. Yet, even though he had caught me, I did not give up. I rolled over and pinned him to the ground, and before he could get his gun out, I hit him on the head with the branch! Then, he said something that startled me.

“He knows you are coming” he said. Then he blacked out. I was completely baffled. Did these gang members crossing paths with me have to do with The Hacker. Before I could think about my question, though, I heard little noises coming from behind me. I looked back, and I saw that many, many nanobugs were chasing after me, so I took off running as fast as I could! I saw an open gate leading into a backyard, so I went through it, hoping to lose some of the bugs. Yet, instead of attaching me, they pushed against the gate and closed it, trapping me. That’s when I realized something: that they were trying to trap me! Before I noticed

that, though, a man named came out of the house with a gun in his hand, and with a shirt saying, “I am The Hacker.”

This is where I am right now. I am going to di—wait a second. Am I hallucinating, or is the gate on the opposite side of the yard leading to the street open. I think it is! I start running there, not paying any attention to The Hacker. Fifteen yards. Ten. Five. Then I feel something fall on me. Something big. I see the grass right in front of my face. I see the legs of The Hacker on the ground, felt the weight of him sitting on me. Then I feel a cold, hard, metal cylinder against my head. I hear a sound like thunder.

Hacked

Zach S.

This year in 2116 was a year of technology and new and improved gadgets were coming out. The iPhone 48s, hoverboards, smart houses, robot pets and friends.

In the year Battered Brains health services released a cure for diseases with a nano bot. This was dangerous although. The company came out with a second version and told that it would be resolution. They inserted the nanobot into a group of people. Each person went into different rooms to do the experiment. They had a computer to control the device which was controlled by the WiFi. They were running through the people’s body when they hit and pierced a blood vessel.. The person suffered from internal bleeding and went into shock. The nanobot was lodged in the vessel. More doctors went in to investigate. They soon knew she was dead. The company kept this event a secret and did not release it to the press. The rest of the people were ok and said it was excellent. They injected the nanobot into more and more people until a third of the world’s population had the company’s nanobots inside of them to regulate their health. One Tuesday, the nanobots were hacked into and controlled by random people. They could not get them out of the people because they couldn’t control them anymore. People were getting hurt more and more. The company had to track down the hacker to stop all the lawsuits against the company. They finally tracked down the person when they found out that he was all the way in china across the world. An employeee

by the name of Bob went on a plane to china the next day they found out. Bob got off the plane and pulled out his phone to see where the guy was. He then saw that on the tracking device he was still in his apartment. He went to the hotel to spend the night there. Bob would go and confront him tomorrow. Bob got in his room and set down his suitcase and went to sleep. The next day when he got up he took a shower and put on new clothes. He popped out his phone to confirm that the guy was still at his apartment and he was out of the room. He took a taxi to the new location and stared at the building he then called the company and told them that he is at the location. They said to go check it out. He went in the building and went to the correct apartment. He then stopped and he heard a thud. He quickly busted through the door and found there was a cellphone on the table. He saw a window open and he ran to it and he saw the man climbing down the ladders leading to the ground. Hopped out the window and slid down the many ladders. The guy made it to the bottom and started running. Bob saw there was a dumpster and he leaped down in it Bob was covered in garbage with banana peels all over from the smoothie shop next door. Bob hopped out of the dumpster in a flash. He got to the main street when he saw the guy. Bob ran as fast as he could run and got out his tranquilizer that he packed with him on his trip. He shot it at the guy and it struck him out cold. Bob asked for help to carry the body back to his hotel room. The crowd just looked at him and walked away. Bob saw in their face that they thought he was crazy. He got out his phone and called Battered Brains to see if there was someone to help him. He was told that there was going to be agents in a car that will obtain his location and pull up to him in a SUV. Bob waited for them and after thirty minutes passed and they finally pulled up. Right when they did the guy woke up from the tranquilizer. Bob just shot him again and he was out. He then pulled him in the car and told the driver the directions to the hotel. They got him out and pulled him up the stairs and in the room. They put him in a chair and waited for him to wake up. Bob asked the men if they worked for Battered Brains. "Yes we do," they said in unison. I did not ask anymore questions after that. The guy finally woke up and he freaked out. They asked him if he was the hacker and he tried to stay away from that question. That decided it. We told him that we have a boat load of evidence. Bob can see the sweat trickling down his forehead. Bob

stepped out of the room and called the company up and told him that we got the guy. Bob flew the guy on a plane back to headquarters. The company fixed the problem of hackers by changing the encryption code to a harder and longer one. The hacker was charged with twenty years in prison. Battered Brains nanobots were stopped and they then never were really mentioned after the hacking.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTRIES

The Future: Good or Bad

Alex H.

There was this kid named Scooby who wanted everything done for him in life but it didn't work like that because in the society we live in you have to work for things and sometimes you might get a free bee. Scooby had all the up to date technology but wanted something way more advanced so he won't have to do that much work and save time. His cell phone was the most advanced out of all his technology because he didn't have to move a muscle to activate it. His generation was the 2000s but there had already been so many discoveries in technology so far. But one day he started to wonder how was the technology before his generation and the one before that one. So one day he decided to do some research on it and he found out that the past generation didn't have cell phones or computers and the gadgets we have today. He was wondering how the technology get so advanced over the years, but there's a lot of benefits from it too. Then he realizes that our generation has it way easier because the past generation actually had to work for things and get things done physically unlike us where we push a button and it's done. The fact that technology is that advanced its scary because it keep upgrading as I speak. Just by doing this research Scooby realized that technology can change who you are in life, and that the way technology is progressing it's scary. But don't get me wrong there are lots of benefits from technology such as researching things, doing homework, studying, texting, video chatting, and News etc.

But don't let it take over your life stay physically interactive with society and people and friends. Nowadays some people don't even prefer to have a face-to-face conversation because they prefer to talk you which I don't get because in the past generation where there weren't any phones that's how it worked. Technology keeps on getting advanced as time continues which is bad and good because it will be easier to do things but it'll take the fun out of doing things. Scooby's point is doing let technology change who you are in life and who you'll be.

Outcome of Technology

Erik R.

Everything is dark. But yet people are so blind that I seem like the

only one to realize it. It's now 2050, I'm in high school but it's no longer teachers instructing us. Compared to the stories I've heard from my parents and other relatives, it has all gone downhill. High school is a very depressing place filled with blind students. Filled with students that don't care of their lives. 98 % of students show no plan of their future careers or enhancing their communication skills. Don't you think is a bit sad that unlike back in the 1970s-early 2000s that people actually communicated in person, but now everything is done by telegrams on their wrist watches.

It's sad if you ask me. Now being a freshman I'm new to this. Having no friends in person, or no one actually communicating, but being controlled by their phones, it's odd to me. Even teachers are too attached to their technology. At this point everything is all based upon technology and future enhancements. The same exact routine for each class. Enter class, sit down, teacher and every other student walks in silent, attached to their phones, class begins, there are no longer any books, when I first entered grade school I remembered seeing a wall filled with books and now I walk into Martin cooper high's library and all you see is telegrams, hologram computers and charging stations, no books whatsoever . The only place you can buy books or even find books is the thrift store, where all the old folks work.

My family and I are the outsiders compared to everyone here in Chicago, we don't even own any telegram watches, but not because we can't afford it, we have a good amount of currency, but we understand the harm it does to us. Ever since I was born my parents have taught me technology is an evil thing. It takes control over you. We are what you would call, old fashion, we still send regular mail or in some occasion Email's, but we never send Tmail(telegram mail). That has been a thing ever since the idiots in Motorola decided to release telegrams to the public back in 2042. Motorola said it will change the future. Oh it did alright but not the way people thought it would. Like I said before people are controlled by technology.so controlled they are neglected to stay home and not go out. All those places my parents told me about, malls, the movies, restaurants for dates, parks, gyms. All completely gone, the mall shut down 20 years ago due to online shopping. Movies were gone when all this idiotic technology upgraded and no one went out to see

movies for dates, or a simple family nights, instead of course stayed home and did nothing watching movies on their couch or bed .Parks, those are long gone just like health for the u.s. since no one goes out parks aren't needed really just a waste of space, and as well since there are no parks most people don't get their exercise so they are obese. 90% of Americans are now considered obese, want to take a guess why? Technology. What's one of the things Chicago used to be known for? having populated streets right? Everyone out, walking across downtown going to Millennium Park to go see what there once was, cloud gate is now nearly vacant. Madison Street is still there but nowhere near close to what it once was back in the 21st century.

Mankind will be depressing. Technology may seem great now, but you don't know, nor will you realize the evil it holds. Until it's too late.

Between Dimensions

Evelyn Z.

The Silver Compartment

From the salesperson's voice rang a very high laugh, "Oh no dear old sir, you very mistaken me, I'm very much not selling you anything beyond a—"

"Quiet! I don't need any pills for my 'retardation'" said Ben whilst walking at the quickest pace he could muster. "Now sto—" Ben Suddenly had already doubled over with shock: his lungs had stopped working. "My lungs!" he managed to gasp as the dumbfounded salesman immediately began to haul him up around the middle.

"AY HARRY!" he bellowed to the salesperson behind him, "Go get this man the NewLungsIS37—no, no not the model on the table! Yes, that one you're holding, yes okay..." and he added to Ben calmly, "Not to worry sir, we'll inject you with this robotic right away sir, the latest lungs model, free of charge!"

Though before the eager salesman had even stepped two paces towards him, he had already pressed the green button on his oxygen tank and fresh air had already passed down into his lungs. Filled with newfound energy, he promptly elbowed the salesman holding him around the

middle and hurried off as fast as an old man with a cripple could.

Ben was very sick of people nowadays who thought him retarded because he merely didn't travel on a hover board like the lot of them. He wished they knew how people really travelled: how they walked and ran, instead of going everywhere on the latest board or maglev.

Ben didn't fit in to the society in which he belonged, partly because he didn't belong.

Ben Carson was born nearly a hundred and thirty-five years ago in Birmingham, England. He had grown up in ancient times, all the way back when people had still exchanged hand-written letters and only select few families had bought a television to watch Queen Elizabeth the Second's great coronation. He had been educated at one of Britain's top public schools, Harrow, and had spent his teenage years entranced by the historic age of Rock and Roll. He had later gone on to become a doctor, and had never married.

Nevertheless, in spite of Ben's impressive past, he was without a job nowadays, and simply because the society had progressed so far ahead. Ben was commonly irritated that the society had progressed so far, and thought it needn't. This was not only because this progression had put him without a job, but because he thought society nowadays was so... unnatural.

Since some ten years ago, since humans had needed to save themselves from their self-created global warming, each country had been given the opportunity of selecting six hundred of its civilians to colonize another earth-like planet, Gaea. They had travelled to the planet, which was all the way in another galaxy, with the aid of a wormhole Earth's scientists had found within their own Milky Way galaxy. Their new planet was five times the size of Earth, and held twice the amount of water, which made for a massive amount of hydroelectricity. Earth's death was still on their minds, and their new government was determined not to repeat the mistake. Yet, their massive scientific advancement had disbanded all the people's belief in religion, and had pushed man to achieve immortality not through heaven but through robotic limbs, which were so commercialized that they were sold in supermarkets.

Ben was nearing the exit of the supermarket, where he saw a group

of young children staring at an entire line of panoramic televisions, a documentary about the history of the human race playing upon their screens. "EW!" one of them screeched before she began laughing hysterically.

"What?" said the friend she was clutching to.

"Look at that! They use to eat that! EWWW!" she said.

Ben looked at the screen; it displayed the insides of a bee's nest, which glistened with honey.

"Urgh!" shivered her friend. "Ewww..." and they began laughing, together at first, before the other girls around them joined in.

"Thank science we have pills," one of them said.

"Yeah imagine swallowing that? But how would they, I mean how did they make them into their daily pills?"

"They didn't," one of them snapped, "People from earth used to consume food, don't you remember—we had to memorize the different types in history last year!"

It was these very happenings that made Ben so sad. True, the government had fallen to feeding pills to counter the global problem of obesity and starvation; nevertheless, the cost was that new children would never know the pleasure of tasting food or drink.

Ben was two paces out the door before he saw a long, silver police compartment speeding his way. Two men got out of the compartment and put their hands on Ben's arms, turning him around to fasten him with handcuffs.

"Hey! What are you doing! Help! HELP! Sir, help me—help! Anyone—help! HEY!" and Ben ran around the outside of the supermarket, pleading with anyone who walked by.

"Sir, Sir—SIR, BEN CARSON!" And the police officer's eye's pierced into Ben's, daring him to shout more, "Sir you are not under arrest. We are escorting you to the Ed Murray's Mental Illness Ward, to help and aid you with your mental difficulties."

“I have no—”

“Quiet sir,” And he shoved Ben into the compartment, and took him God knows where, to God knows who.

I Don't Know

Jackson K.

There was nothing but black and silence.

After a moment a figure came into view, walking at an unchanging pace toward the very center. Each step was accompanied by the clop of the figure's shoe striking the ground. Suddenly it stopped, revealing its face to be pure white and its hair to be a symmetrical arrangement of bright crimson curls.

Suddenly a guitar riff loud enough to pop eardrums sliced through the thick black silence and turned the background light green. Instantly the scene broke into a rollicking crescendo and decrescendo. The figure, who could now be clearly identified as a clown, accentuated the erratic changes in volume by flailing his arms up and down and up and down so long it seemed like he couldn't stop and wasn't in control until he finally froze dead and suddenly turned a sickly shade of pale yellow. Then it divided cleanly in two, each half zipping rapidly away from the other.

Clarisse McClellan soon found that the music was now a bit of an upbeat rhythm dance, though she had no idea at all how or when it had changed. A line of lime green figures that gave the vague impression of being human suddenly materialized, surrounding the McClellan's on all sides and attacking with a smattering of manic dance moves and rhythmic babble which was as far from language and coherency as language could be, yet which seemed absolutely natural for the cacophony of sounds it accompanied.

Suddenly the infernal troupe faded completely out of existence, accompanied by a sharp, dying snap.

Mr. McClellan, who had managed to free himself for a moment from the grasp of the clown and his chartreuse entourage, pulled his hand away from the switch on the wall. The McClellans sat still as boulders on their

parlor couch, staring with open mouths at the massive wall where had stood the captivatingly crazy realm of the White Clown.

Someone broke the silence:

“Hey, who wants to play a game?”

Instantly three hands shot up at the ceiling.

“Well, let's go then!”

Clarisse had no idea why her father kept sitting them down to watch these programs. No one had held their tongue in telling him what a colossal waste of money the “walls” had been to buy and install, and now no one hesitated to tell him what a colossal waste of time it was to sit down and use it. Every time, he would give the same explanation why they needed to watch the walls: they couldn't say they didn't want to watch the walls if they didn't know exactly what it was that they didn't want to watch and why. Only he knew the real reason: if they didn't watch, if they talked too much and played too much and smiled too much, they would come. They would come for him, for his family, for his house, and tie them all up in a net of terrible heat and light and watch them as they evaporated to dust.

And so each week for four—no, he was sure of it, five—months, he had sat them down to be hypnotized by the same forces that their neighbors would absorb every day like a drug. He turned on the switch for just as long as he felt necessary, then flipped it back and let the horrible apparitions die away, hoping it was enough to appease the cruel gods of fire.

As the McClellans shifted silently to the other room to play a game with each other, Clarisse excused herself, pushed open the heavy door of their house and entered the smooth white world outside.

A yellow leaf swept along the sidewalk just ahead of the girl, carried by a stray gust of air from a moving beetle-car. She had become quite adept at capturing things on the street with her eye before they disappeared into a Debris Disposal System and turned them into ash. Soon another thing caught her eye: a tiny mouse scurried along the sidewalk, trying to find a way to cross the street without striking a beetle. Finally an opening appeared; the rodent sprinted its hardest across the narrow lane. Finally it

reached the other side safe and sound, and Clarisse celebrated for it, even as it lost its balance, was caught by the vacuum and tumbled, hind legs first, into the wide mouth of a D.D.S.

Then she saw what she had been looking forward to: her new neighbor. Well, he wasn't exactly new; she, in fact, and not he, was new in the neighborhood, and now that she was gaining on six months there she would soon not be able to call herself "new". But because it had barely been two weeks since Clarisse's father had allowed her to walk around the neighborhood without having any place to go, she considered him "new" because they had practically just met.

She suddenly flew behind a corner. She peeked an eye above a white fence and stared at the man as he approached. When she decided he was close enough, she appeared in front of him, casually strolling down the sidewalk and pausing periodically to examine a blade of grass that had rebelled in defiance against his proud, straight-standing neighbors by lying down.

"Clarisse," greeted the man once he was in earshot, failing to announce himself before his kerosene musk.

"Oh, hello, Guy," Clarisse replied, looking briefly in his direction.

Guy waited a moment for Clarisse's daily revelation.

She struggled to think of something new. She scanned the neatly cordoned square of grass that divided the sidewalk and the road and found a worthy subject. She pulled it out of the ground, tearing the roots cleanly out of the ground.

"Take a look at this dandelion!" she cried. "Only this side is sagging. What d'you suppose that means?"

As usual, Guy Montag didn't have the slightest clue what it meant, but the fact that she knew gave him a sort of comfort he couldn't get anywhere else.

"Well, I wouldn't have a clue," he vocalized.

"I think it means..." she gave it a small moment's thought..."I think it means that the dandelion saw something happen. Something like..." she thought back to the mouse. "Something like a mouse. Maybe this

dandelion saw a mouse cross the street, celebrate its safety and luck and then getting sucked up into one of those debris boxes. Maybe he, or she, saw that and didn't know if it should feel happy or sad, so it wilted its leaves on one side and stood them proud on the other. What do you think of that?"

What did Guy think of that? Well, Guy thought she was crazy. No, in fact, he knew she was crazy; she had said it herself. Guy didn't mind, though; nowadays, with all the forbidden thinking he had been doing, her craziness was what kept him coming back home each night after work.

"I think that's crazy," Guy replied.

"I know. So do I."

Clarisse pretended not to watch as Guy stepped into the door of his home. When he opened the door, she heard a sudden burst of sound likely coming from Mrs. Montag's big screens. In a way, Clarisse envied Mrs. Montag; if she were in Clarisse's parlor each week with her family, she would certainly have had an easier time with it.

She sighed, deposited the the stolen dandelion back on the ground and turned back homeward. As she crossed the street, she barely had time to notice the headlights careening in on her at high speeds.

Clarisse was struck and flew almost gracefully through the air, coming down soft in a pristine square of grass. The uniformed occupants of the black and white car shared a nod before disappearing around the corner and floating away. Mrs. Exley heard a dull thud; she left her parlor and scanned her yard. She saw the corpse, pondered for a moment whether she should go back to the parlor or phone up a pickup. After a minute, she decided she ought to. As she approached the phone, she congratulated herself on finding something to tell Mrs. Elias about when she'd meet her next week.

The next morning, the McClellans received a phone call. The nonchalance of the operator could not penetrate the thick layer of shock that blanketed them upon hearing the news.

"This is a warning," Mr. McClellan said to his wife and brother. "They did this to let us know that we had used up our last strike, and that if we don't leave we'll be next."

The next day a big car, loaded with boxes of possessions, pulled out of the house, got on the highway and was gone. The littlest McClellan realized that this was the seventh time they'd moved.

"Mommy," he asked, "why don't we ever stay in one place?"

"I don't know, sweetie," said Mrs. McClellan, shedding the beginning of a tear. "I don't know."

The Past Is Dead

Jaira S.

It was a cold winter night as she lay there on the concrete floor. Her eyes softly closed, the last rosy glow on her cheeks fades away as the last warmth of life flees. There were many cars driving around the empty New York streets but not one stopped to ask if she was alright. Half an hour passed until someone finally noticed her lifeless body. The medicals soonly came and took her to the local hospital in less than 5 minutes. While she was there they hooked her up to a machine and something extraordinary happened. The pale color she had transformed into a warm light tone. Her heart started beating and she was filled with life again. She was taken to a room filled with intelligent machines that were all touch screen. The machines did all the work.

(Amanda's p.o.v) I woke up to a beeping sound, the last thing I remember was taking my life away and failing to the ground. Who did this? I want to know who brought me back to life. I did it for a reason why doesn't anyone understand. Understand how much I hate this world. A world that is filled with selfishness and laziness because of technology. As I was I thinking to myself a medical came into my room. "Oh glad you're awake Amanda! You've been out for quite a long time we were starting to worry" she said. "Worry? How long was I on that floor for? How long was it until someone noticed I was dead?" I said. Her silence answered my question. That's what I thought; no one worries about anyone anymore. All they worry about is their smart technology. Instead of worrying about a human being they worry about a machine that has no feelings. A machine that you could replace. You can't replace a person. Every single person is unique in their own way.

I guess I was starting to think too much because I started getting a headache, a headache that immediately went away because of the medicine they were giving me. The thing is I would rather get a headache than be well all the time. Everyone needs headaches once in awhile. Being well all the time gets boring. A person is so use to being healthy all the time. However what happens when a new disease is created and we don't know how to cure it? The pain for the person will be even worse because they don't know how to be sick. There's so many things wrong with this society that I wish I could change, but unfortunately it's too late.

I got released-out of the hospital later the next day. Once I walked out into the clouds I stared at how empty the street looked. Nothing but cars driving 60 miles/hour. Each car had automatic drive which let a person sit there without controlling a thing. It is hard to find a normal car around here these days so I just walk. While I'm walking I get a few honks thrown at me. You see, people don't think walking is normal. No one is fit around here. They are just locked up in their homes watching the television or something.

As I was walking I saw an object inside the garbage can that looked thick and squared.. It was a book! Lord I've been wanting to get my hands on one for so long, but there isn't much in new york. Most people read using audiobooks on their electronics, where a voice reads the writings for them. I excitedly grabbed the book and ran home. To my discovery I found out it was a history book, from the past. Way before my grandparents was even born.

This history book had so much information I hadn't known about. It was as if I have discovered something new for this world to see. No, for this world to realize. I have sworn to do something, anything for people to realize how terrible this world has gotten to. It is going to be hard, but I will start little, then I will work myself up. I will change at least some people's perspectives. Doing something is better than doing nothing. I will start with my neighbors.

The following day I walked over to my neighbor's house, Talia. I knocked on the door a couple of times until she finally came to the door. I started a conversation with her.but she seemed distracted. She kept looking over her shoulder to the 90" television. It kind of annoyed me; I

hate it when people don't pay attention. I grabbed her wrist and asked if she would take a walk with me. "Are you crazy? It's cold outside and I'm watching one of my favorite shows" she said "come on, you can put on a sweater and play your show later, I promise it's important.". She finally gave in and walked with me. It was silent at first until she asked what was so important." I found something Talia, something very interesting. Something we've never known about", I showed her the book and she looked unsurprised "That's all? What's so interesting about an old book?" she said. I opened it up and read a quote to her. "This is not important, look I need to go back to watch my show. I don't care about the past. The past is dead." Talia said and left.

I stayed there speechless. Her voice replaying inside my head "The past is dead. The past is dead...DEAD". I wondered how people have let technology come in between relationships, productivity, and many more things. I said I wasn't going to give up on trying to change society but, who am I kidding? One person can't change the minds of ignorant and apathetic people. People who don't realize technology is ruining their lives and their health as well. They ruin their mental/emotional health by being so hooked on social media apps where they see other people post pictures of themselves or become popular. These people begin to get insecurities and doubts on themselves when all they have to do is put down all the electronics, and social media and do something for their lives. Do something productive. I just wish life was like it used to be. I wish I didn't grow up in this generation filled with all the advanced technology. I wish I were dead.

Remembering 2015

Jaqueline S.

Now if you want, you can believe me but nobody usually does because they don't think this is even true to believe. It is always bright so we don't know how night looks and it makes me sad because of how beautiful the light of the moon used to be. Parks? You can hear the wind play with the swings but no sight of giggles and crying because a child had just fallen off the slide. Sidewalks? Nobody ever walks anywhere anymore. Hospitals? All burned down, so if you get sick they burn you into ashes.

Libraries? Ah, all closed down. Books? Oh no buddy, nobody writes anymore. Funny thing if you tell me, everybody thinks it's weird to express the way you feel about certain things anymore or to even stand up for your beliefs. You my friend, you're probably thinking "then why are you writing?" but I'll answer your question later.

Did I talk to you about the government? No, no I don't think so. The government had decided that everybody should be the same, and you probably may think "well isn't that good, all the poor will have some place to go, nobody would starve and the rich would not be any better?". Well, that's what I thought too but oh brother we are both wrong. It's just funny that the government believes that everybody should all do and have the same quantity of stuff and think the same way. If you think different then you will become a prisoner. All the rapist, drug dealers, robbers and murderers? Yeah they gave them all a second chance. Like if that was going to make things any safer, but oh for 2 months I locked myself in my home. Newer technology comes and goes each and everyday, and it is surprising how there is no place to be that just feels real for once. There are cameras all around us and the few people that are still alive do not realize that these cameras live with us. We all have an electronic dog which follows us all around the world, wherever you go. Why? The government wants to see us do something productive which for them is electronically like watching T.V, phones, computers, pads but no communication because they believe this is a way to make us safer which if to be distracted.

There are no actual animals anymore, they all seemed to apparently vanished just like the dinosaurs, but not like if you know about that because that happened such a long time ago. I never had a dog back in the day because my mother believed they were gross and mean, so this was something exciting for me but oh my, my, my, you do not feel any connection and love with your pet as they used to say "Dogs are like your best friend." but oh no, no darling not this one. I have discovered a way to make it stay still and focused only on the TV so I have to turn on the T.V wall all day. Now that I think about it back in the day OH JOY that electricity bill would come out killing me by the end of the month. Something I like to do with my T.V or should I says the government's T.V, is to put it on mute and I just read the robotics lips and see what they are

trying to say: Robotic lips? Ah yes, yes there's only a few human beings in this society, which I believe I have told you that but I have constant memory loss because I used to do drugs all the time when I was young, so I can't seem to remember so many things anymore. They figured a way to make Robot humans. Even Though, I try to talk to them they look at me weird like if I'm sort of psycho but I mean can't you believe it?! Well, maybe I am. I didn't really know how to get someone to like me so therefore, I didn't have many friends back in 2015. My pardon, did I forget to tell you what year it is? 2060. I'm still surprised that I am even alive. I still laugh and smile every morning I wake up because you know I wasn't such an active person back in the day so the only times you'd see me run is for that last piece of chicken wing. The only place I can have time alone and write would be the bathroom, so every morning I get up eat that phony bologna and go straight to the bathroom. I have a desk in there which is something unusual for everybody but it's only a way to not make the government assume that I am writing my thoughts. I have a picture of my wife in the desk; I always stare at the picture. I mean how can I not? She was beautiful, and ah I can never forget about her last words as she was lying at the hospital bed. I want you to keep writing, that will be the only way for you to remember everything. Hove y..." and her heart beat has stopped. I can hear the heart monitor all over again as if I am there. I was in tears I tell you, in tears I was in for months and never will I find love like I had with her. I believe it's impossible but my friend, let's forget all about the sad stuff because if someone truly loves you they will want you to find happiness and will do anything to just see you smile and that is what I felt. Every morning and every night I come into the bathroom and just write because it makes me feel alive. It gives me the feeling I will always get whenever I come home and see my wife run up to me with a smile of joy. Writing just helps me remember so many things from back in the day because, oh you already know. Well, my friend I believe I have said enough and if you find this continue this. If you believe, anything is possible. I am at my kitchen, writing while my dog is staring at me. I have pills on the table and a glass of water. They are coming, coming to get me but I believe this is the end of my time. I can feel the pills go down my throat, my eyes are getting sleepy, my arms are tired, I cannot feel.. I can no longer... February 19, 2095

This is the year of new elections, 35 years have now passed and I don't know how to continue this. My name is Kathy and this is even hard for me to believe, why did you have to go? Why couldn't you have stayed a little longer? I swear we could've been great friends. The population of humans has been decreasing as the human robots have begun to increase.. I work at an office, with files about people who live in this society, T.V ceilings and T.V walls watching every step that people do in their daily life's like if I even care but oh silly me I was the one who signed up for this, huh? February 20. 2095

Should I tell you about what has been going on after 35 years? A lot has changed; someone has found a way to freeze time. The government has banned clocks, watches and calendars so we do not know what time and day it is but I kept a calendar for myself in order to know what day and year it is. We still don't see the moon so nobody even knows how that even looks anymore. We still have internet but they all have banned everything that was about the past. So notebook gives me a piece of what he felt and remembered about the past, I need to figure who this was. I've been going through files after files and there is a cabinet that has been locked which hasn't been open since years ago. As I get on my floating chair and float to my boss's office, I take a deep breath because woah that was one long ride. I make sure I do not get caught so I begin to look through his drawers but I didn't realize that the only and last key was on top of his desk. I took it and floated fast to my office since I began to hear footsteps.

February 21. 2095

I open the cabinet and the first thing I see is a book, and under the book is a file. The file name was Sebastian. He was 85 years old when he committed suicide was married at 30 years old and his wife died at age 65. He was an author, and he wrote famous books which they had kept one which was on the cabinet. I began to read and read everyday although I know this is forbidden. I need to make a change; I need to find a way to end this society because we are living in a world which we do not deserve to live.

April 15. 2095

It is the day to start my plan? I'm sorry I haven't been writing but they

had suspected me and been watching me like crazy. It's like I'm trapped in a box. It's an hour away and I hope it goes as it's planned. I will be disconnecting everybody from the technology and will place the missing book that Sebastian had written into the system in order to get everybody back. The government will burn down and the society will be reconnected into reality. I Kathy will be their leader so things won't go out of control. Do I believe in myself? I do, because Sebastian has said "If you believe, then anything is possible." Good bye journal.. See you soon Sebastian..

To Never Going Back in Time

Joara B.

It was the year 2030, in the state of California, a voice went off rendering the greetings of the day, the shades go up and the shower went on. Music starts to play. Clock strikes 8 a.m. and a voice calls for breakfast, a robot sets down a plate of fruit and pancakes with a cup of coffee on the side. At 8:30 the robot returns to clean the table, the voice goes off again saying the latest news. At 9 the front door rises and there goes up a table from the ground with lunch and a smoothie to go. The garage rises from under the ground with the car waiting for Matthew, as he enters the door goes down to shut and the roof of the garage opens, and the car goes up into the sky and off to work.

As 3 p.m. comes, the garage roof opens and down comes the car, the car door opens and Matthew comes out, he scans his hand and the door rises, as he enters the last cleaning mouse goes through the small tunnel. The floors were shiny clean, Matthew jumps on his hover board and it carries him up to the second floor to his room. He changes into comfortable clothes and he slides down a slide that takes him underground to his own personal gym. After he is done with the gym, he heads to the mall, there the parking lot is in the sky, he goes to the tube to get to the mall, and as he walks in there is a ton of people, most of them with things in their ear, the mall was quiet, the people and their robots walking besides them carrying their shopping bags. Being in the mall Matthew headed to the bathroom, there was a line, since it was just one bathroom for both males and females, but nobody minded being in a long line since they had phones, and their robots with technology in them like a tablet, and the

robots had little robot birds that the owner would release to take a look at things in a store while doing other things or in reality just being on their phones on their hover boards. So going to the mall or any other place in reality is like going nowhere, something you could do while being at home, it was just robotic birds and robots all around, no socializing, no talking or laughing.

At around 6 p.m. Matthew heads home, and as he enters, the table is set up for dinner a plate of chicken, rice and corn, with a cup of Vegetable juice on the side. At 6:30 the robots and robotic spiders come out to clean the table. As he goes to the couch the hologram pops up and a movie starts to play. At 8, the voice calls for bedtime, the hoverboard takes him up to the second floor, and Matthew heads to the bathroom, there his mouth cleaning machine is waiting for him, to place his mouth in to start washing it for him. Then he goes into his walk in closet, and he chooses his outfit for sleep via tablet, and the robot brings it to him. There the voice goes off again, this time, reading him a bit of his favorite book, *The 1900s*.

The clock strikes 9 p.m. and the voice goes off one last time, saying "Goodnight Sir", and a loud high pitched siren goes off, and Matthew has fallen asleep. He wakes up the next day, not remembering anything about yesterday. So, as time goes by, he relives every day as he did the day before, but without knowing he is. Every 2 weeks, the hologram goes off, and Matthew talks to his parents, who are in the state of Iowa, since the older members of the states are kept away from the younger people, so that they won't remind them about the past, or try to get them to relive the past.

One day, he gets a call from his parents, although the 2 weeks hadn't passed, but Matthew didn't know that, so to him it was normal. The difference was that this time, his parents went ahead and said the words "Happy 30th Birthday son", and right after those words, the call ended, and Matthew was left confused. The voice goes off, but it was only 3 p.m. and it says "I'm sorry sir", and the loud siren goes off, leaving him unconscious. As he wakes up, he realizes, he is no longer in his house, but in an all-white room. He realizes something strange going on, he had strings all over him, attached to a computer, he starts to recall memories, and it was against the law to do that, so the siren goes off once again,

again leaving him unconscious.

The second time he wakes up, he is no longer in a white room, but in a room that looks like a scientific room. Something unusual, there were people in white suits, and people in very protective suits, similar to an armed force uniform outside the door, with their power voltz gun. Matthew found himself in a prosecution chair, with belts holding him down, as if he was a creature or a criminal, he had no clue what he had done wrong, therefore he was terrified. Next to him were two other people, he couldn't see their faces but they were unconscious. Finally, they woke up, and Matthew was shocked to see who he was seeing before his eyes. Matthew and his parents found themselves together after 16 years of being apart and just seeing each other throughout a hologram. They were alone, so they started whispering to one another, "let's run away, let's live our life, let us be together", Matthew and his dad Geoffrey were looking at each other, and it was as if they were having a conversation. Geoffrey says "follow my lead", as someone is walking in, it was as if he was possessed, he starts to shake, his eyes are rolling to the back of his head, so the person who had just walked in ran out and went to go get help.

Geoffrey says to Donna and Matthew "we will be free together", and he takes out his pocket knife, so he starts to cut his own belts, and when he is done he then frees Matthew, Matthew then goes to find an exit, and through a glass window he sees a jet car, he starts to think to himself a way to get in since to get in the car you need to scan your hand, he then sees a tool table, he runs to it, gets himself the necessary tools to be able to open the car door, and he goes back to his parents. Then together, they start their way to the car, they are able to find a tunnel that gets them to the first floor where the car is located. Once they get to the car, Matthew starts, and tries to open the door, as he is doing that Donna and Geoffrey are in the look out, as they see the red lights go on, as if someone has just escaped. Matthew opens the door, he lets his parents go in, while he finds the emergency button to open the roof, he finds it, but at that moment, the doors open and he sees the men in the armed suits, so he starts to run to that green button, he hits it and runs towards the car. The car then lifts up and takes off, a few hours later, Matthew and his parents find themselves in the small unknown state of nouvelle vie. There there is not much technology since it has a very small population of people, so they

head to the store and buy some groceries, and then head back to the small camping area and start a fire.

Next thing you know, the alarm goes off, Matthew wakes up at 7:00 in the morning, his mom calls him down to breakfast. He quickly gets up dresses, brushes his teeth and heads down to breakfast, Matthew is excited to head to school, and tell his friends about the interesting dream he had last night, since at school they've started to read Ray Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451, and they were so interested about the futuristic references in that book. It was the year 2015, and Matthew had an iPhone and a pair of beats, headphones, so he thought he was caught up with technology, but he was eager thinking about flying cars. As for he is 14, he watches Star Wars and Futurama, and time lapse machines catch his attention, he sees people on little machines on two wheels which they call "hoverboards", even though they aren't, thoughts go through his head, about how close he is to his dream, but he is also scared about society, and never going back in time, as when he imagines himself in the 1900's.

The Future for Tomorrow

Jose V.

What do you believe the world will be like in the future? Will there finally be flying cars? Will there be robots that follow your every command? Will there be new technology that will cure diseases that have been incurable? What will happen in the future? Technology can lead to bad consequences, things that will make the world good or a thing that can make the world terrible. What will occur in the future? Who will be the world leader of the future and what will they do to improve the world or what will make the world crumble down and have a bad ending? What will be of the future well here I am here to tell you about the future and how the future world is going to be.

Here is the tale of a student named Jimmy that wanted to change the world and open the eyes of his fellow classmates and also show the world that there is more to life than technology and new modern thing. Jimmy wants to show that technology can bring the world down and he will not stand for the tilings that are making his classmates oblivious to what is going on. His own parents, the ones that are supposed to support him,

are the ones that are bringing him down. As soon as Jimmy went out the door he knew that the day was going to be a day that he would not forget the kids that would once be happy to go to school were now grown-up and hated to be there. But there was one person who knew that things have been different since the teachers from his school were replaced by computers and screens. When the teachers were fired was when the new world leader had been chosen and wanted to replace them because he said that they were not needed and were just a waste of money Jimmy had done something before but no one would listen to him and he would get in trouble and his parents would ground him. Jimmy noticed that ever since the new world leader was chosen there was new technology that was coming out and they were making things worse but some things were making a great impact in the world. He knew that he wanted to encourage people to rise and make a change support the good things and make sure that the bad thing of the world would be done. The one reason that Jimmy thought that it was going to be a day to remember is because today was the day that the world leader was going to come to his town and he was going to do something that was going to change the world. He was going to be the voice for the people that cannot open their eyes and see what is going on in their society .But before he could do anything he had to go to meet with someone that he had met when he was protesting at his school it was the one of the teachers that was fired because of the world leader-Mr. Johnson was the business teacher at his school. The reason that they were going to meet up was because Mr. Johnson was supposed to give him information about the business that the world leader had about selling weapons to foreign countries. Jimmy was wondering to himself as he was walking to go and meet him about how did he get that information but he was not going to question him. "You have the documents Mr. Johnson" Jimmy said whispering. "Yes but before I give you this I need to make sure that you don't tell anyone that I gave you this info." Said Mr. Johnson. "Ok but if this is not accurate I would look like a trader and I would not be able to help you and the other teachers get your jobs back "said Jimmy. So what he did is go to school as if was a regular day .He would act like nothing was going on. His parents were noticing that he was acting weird and went into his room and were snooping around to see if anything was happening and they found that there was a paper that had everything that he was going to do. They were worried

that he was going to do something so they decided to go down and see for themselves and possibly stop what could be a suicide. They wanted make sure that nothing happened to him and they also did not want their name to be tainted with the foolishness of the one son that they had. The time has come and Jimmy was dedicated and was going to make sure that people knew what technology was doing to them. They were oblivious and he wanted to make sure that they had a choice and not what they were told to do. Everything was going according to plan but what he did not know was what his parents were up to Jimmy was getting ready to take over the broadcast and but the information that Mr. Johnson gave him on the screen of the main monitor that the world leader was using to make sure that he was heard. What happened next was something that nobody would have expected. Before Jimmy could put the information a loud noise came from the sky They were being attacked-Every one began to panic and Jimmy went up to the podium that the world leader was on and he showed the people what the former world leader had done and why they were being attacked Jimmy put the picture of the documents in the screen and it showed information on the weapons that he was making and that he was going to invade a continent but there was information that was leaked and the continent that was going to be invaded new about the attack and decided to attack before they could do anything about it. The people were not happy and the began to rampage but what Jimmy said to the people calmed them down and he proposed to have a proposal with the attacking continent and make an agreement and kick the world leader from his position and have someone that would have more leadership Jimmy knew that he made difference and even his parents that were there but did not do anything because they were amazed by what their son had accomplished Jimmy decided that he wanted to use the knowledge that the world leader had and make good use of it and have the world work together to make new discoveries and stop everything that is bad in the world and stop corruption. A few months have gone by and there have been big changes and the teacher have regained their jobs back there were new technologies that have been made with the help from other scientist in other places of the earth. There has been an increase in the scores of the schools and there is less crimes that have been committed the world is close to peace. This was all possible because of one person who wanted to make a difference and was possible because

he set his mind to it and ignored the people that were bringing him down that included his parents and also people that did not have a voice but now look up to Jimmy. As soon as Jimmy Graduated school he became the next leader and this was the decision of the society. Are you going to stand there while your city is taken over by technology or are you going to do something and fight for what you think is right Make sure that the thing that you support is something that will make society better and not something that will make thing worse.

Man in Machine

Justin K.

I checked my watch -2:15 p.m. Five minutes left. I leaned back on the hospital bench that I was sitting on, and sighed. I had signed the contracts, paid the fees, and mentally prepared myself a thousand times over for this.

“Mr. Cross?” a nurse called out to me, peeking her head out from behind a door. “You’re next.”

I nodded, and got up. The nurse opened the door for me to walk through, and I stepped into the operating room.

Immediately, whiteness met my eyes, so much that it was blinding. The walls, floor, and the ceiling were all scrubbed and shining, preventing even one microbe from entering and threatening the entire procedure. Workers were standing around the place; all covered from head to foot in white hospital suits.

I had also been scrubbed clean before I had been sitting on the bench, donning a special paper robe. The scanners had swept over me again and again, making certain that I was free of germs. It was crucial to the procedure that was about to come. Just one slip could result in my life being threatened.

Slowly, I focused on the operating table in the middle of the white room. I walked up to it, shivering slightly against the cold air. I lay down on the table gingerly, and the -workers came over, securing my body with metal straps.

A doctor’s face, with short stubble growing out of his chin, came into my view. “Hello, Mr. Cross. I’m sure you have prepared yourself?” he said calmly.

I tried to nod, but my head was also held down by metal restraints. “Yes.” I said my voice almost a whisper.

The doctor smiled. “You are not the only person to experience fear before this procedure, Mr. Cross. It’s perfectly natural. But I assure you, we’ll make sure you are get Through this safely.”

“You promise?” I said hoarsely.

“Don’t worry.” The doctor lifted up a small syringe. “It’ll be over before you know it,” he said, like talking to a child before their medication.

The needle sank into my neck. I could feel the liquid rush in, and almost immediately, the tranquilizing effect came over me. My consciousness wavered, and then I fell into a deep sleep.

I opened my eyes. I was lying on a hospital bed, with a sheet draped over me. There was a slow violin piece playing in the background, and the afternoon light shone through the windows of the room I was in.

“So you’re awake.” I turned to where the voice had come from. The doctor was standing there, looking at me expectantly. “How are you feeling?”

I looked down at myself. It looked no different from my original body except that the little reddish scar I had had on my arm since I was twelve was gone. But while I might not have looked any different, I could tell that something had changed. I didn’t feel tired, as one might have been after waking up from a deep slumber. The little aches I had in my shoulder were gone. I felt like my body had been repaired and reconstructed, leaving me a well-oiled machine.

“I feel perfectly normal,” I said truthfully. I didn’t feel particularly stronger, or smarter. I just felt like myself, except for one big change.

I held a hand against my chest. There was no heartbeat.

The doctor smiled. “Good to hear that,” he said. He opened a cabinet, revealing my clothes. “You can get dressed, and then you’ll be ready to

step back out into the world.”

I nodded. “All right.”

The doctor left, leaving me alone in the hospital room.

I looked around for a moment, not sure on what to think of this change. I had wanted it to happen, and I had paid a lot of money for it. I had been expecting something more dramatic, but in reality, my transformation from man to machine had been so subtle that it had been like simply taking a nap.

There were a bunch of newspapers stacked on a cabinet beside me. One of them caught my attention, and I picked it up. The headline read: Project Rebirth Steadily Gains More Praise from the Public. Underneath it was the picture of a man standing next to a metal endoskeleton.

Project Rebirth. It had started over ten years ago, when a scientist had come out to the world with an insane proposition - to move the human consciousness to a robotic replica. That robot body would never get sick, tired, hungry, or old. It would be the solution to all the medical problems in the world, because if the people were in robotic bodies, then they would have no need for medical procedures.

It had sounded preposterous back then. Many people had dismissed the idea as a fool’s dream. Yet the scientist behind this project hadn’t given up. He had appeared in the headlines a few months later, proclaiming that he had succeeded in the procedure with his own body. He had moved his consciousness into an exact robotic replica of him. When the public refused to believe him, he had then ripped off the organic layer of skin in front of the press, to reveal the mechanical frames underneath. The image had shocked the entire world.

For a few years, people were still uncertain about the project. Many debated whether it was right to throw away their humanity to become machines. But some people, especially those who were suffering from painful diseases, tentatively volunteered for the project. They chose to become robots rather than remain human with their imperfections. Each and every one of them had emerged triumphantly back into the world, “cured” of their sicknesses.

Over time, more and more people applied for the procedure. At first,

it was only the sick and the disabled who came, looking for chances of a new life. But then, others who were tired of living lives of mortal restrictions also came, and they were reborn as perfect beings. Now, 76% of the world’s population was machines.

I put the paper down and looked over my body once more. It felt perfectly normal. It felt like me, yet something more. I no longer had to fear crippling injuries, disease, aging, or fatigue. I could join the perfect beings of society, and enjoy my new, repaired life.

Machines had taken over the world. But the age of machines wasn’t the end of humanity. Rather, the world - and myself - had taken an evolutionary leap, man into machine.

Adhesive Homes

Leslie R.

It was certain to stay in a home where you could be safe. A home where things are done for you. The names Berd. I live in a home of 3. Not really much gets done around here, the fact that we can’t leave our homes. Nobody’s ever been out of the house and it seems that I’m the only one concerned about it. Who knows what’s out of the house and what kind of things are out there. There are no windows but our homes produce sunlight, if you want to buy items for the house, food or yourself you’ll order it by an inserted voice box in your house.

The hardest part for me is that I can’t see the out of my house; I just have to think about it and keep wondering. My mother always tells me to stop thinking about the out of the house, she said something about things wanting to come and invade the houses and it is against the law to talk about it. While the afternoon goes by I decide to read on my hologram that always seems to make me feel better. I want others to feel what I feel about the out of the house. They don’t really seem to care what’s out of the house but I do and that worries me a little. I hope they’ll understand what I feel.

There are tunnels that lead only to your families houses, nowhere else. It’s depressing, the tunnels have this thing in them that shows you a photo of what out of the house might look like, but I don’t believe it. It tells you

when it's night and when it's morning but it doesn't show out, I wonder why. The house is in charge no matter what, it tells you when to eat, when to sleep and to do your chores, but I know a few tricks up my sleeve to get it to do what I want. I let it do the chores sometimes and let me cook for once, it doesn't notice, it just forgets. I guess ours is just old that it doesn't function that well. Sometimes when I'm not being productive, I listen to my music on my hologram: it makes a bubble around my head so that I may only hear it. There are specific places needed to go like school but mother won't allow it, so instead she teaches me. To go to school you'll have to ask the house to insert an application in order for you to be there. The school travels through a special tunnel in the basement of your house and takes you to school. You'll live in school for when they want to take you out, at least that's what mother tells me. The schools separate the kids from each other; they are forced to wear specific suits that keep them safe. They aren't allowed to speak-only when they are 'told to or when they are correct. They are very clear to you on what they want. Mother has told me stories from her past about school, and how they would keep the kids together and let them learn the same thing, but things have changed throughout the years; it's not the same anymore. She tells me these things secretly, in a room her grandfather built before the house was installed with all its technology in it. The house doesn't even know about it.

To get to the secret room you must distract the house into thinking you're using the bathroom and in the bathroom, there is a latch in the wall by the tub that opens with this thing called a key, my mom says that her grandfather made it so that when there was an emergency they would go there and it'll lead them to the bottom of the house. My mother knew I was curious about what is out of the house, so she decided to tell me all her stories about her past and her grandfather's past. Mother told me my thinking was called "Imagination" and my eyes felt like they were gonna pop out of my face when she told me about it. My "imagination" as she'd call it was wild; I kept thinking about the out and hoping that one day we'd be able to get out of our place we call house.

We visited my aunt and my cousin Lucy on days when we both felt like we needed company. My mother and aunt would talk for hours it almost felt like days, my cousin and I were the only ones who would catch up on the latest trends. Mother and aunt were talking about the news that was

inserted through a slot by a machine and spoken to them by a hologram. When I'd ask Lucy what she thinks is out there she didn't much care but went back to dressing up. I eavesdropped a little on my mother and aunt to hear what they had to say about the news; they were talking about how they were going to let us leave our home, but they didn't say why. When I heard that I couldn't believe it, I went bezerk. The TV screen froze for a second and a new reporter came on and said "false alarm, everyone return to your doings", I dropped, I couldn't believe they said they were going to let us out and then they said something else! While that happened I went to go tell Lucy she didn't really mind about what happened. She asked me why I care so much about what's out there, I told her because I've heard so many stories from my mom and I want to learn what's out there. She was on her portable hologram. We left and went to the tunnel. It's nice to know we have some family left, even if they aren't always with us. I asked it if we could order some groceries-it came through a tube. I told my mom to distract the house so that I could make a scrumptious meal. I did. It helped mom with the laundry as I made a salad. It called for dinner and we ate. Mother wants to wash plates when the house is taking a rest. She can't the dishes are too loud.

The alarm went off for it was time for me to read. I read almost two books a day, there is not really much to do since the house always does things for us, so why not take the time to read. Mother always tells me to stop reading, but can I help it if I get lost in reading? I feel like I could be in that world that they're in and get out of this world for a while, you know. The picture showed the sun rising, it is known as morning, I decided to look for my mom but I couldn't find her. I went to go to the bathroom.

Suddenly I hear a whisper, "Beerrdd" right as I turned around someone pulled me. It was my grandfather. I couldn't believe it, how did he get here. Men were not allowed in the house. He brought me in the secret room, there I saw mother. With tears in her eyes I ran to her and hugged her, I then ran to grandfather he said he didn't have much time. He said for me and mother to go back in time with him. He said his dad built this machine and never finished it. He finished it and found out that it was a place where you could go through and it'll take you to wherever you want to go, and surprisingly the places he went to are real. This situation was

dire to him and it wasn't up to me.

It was mother's choice and she didn't want to get she said it was better for us to stay here where we're safe. It looked like she was searching for something; I didn't know what it was, grandfather kept telling me all his adventures and how people are so different from what goes on here. Mother finally found what she was looking for. She turned around shot a dart on the back of his neck, he then turned blue and disappeared in midair, and he was what mother called one of the others.

The Pursuit

Megan R.

"Yes, Sir-sorry, Sir."

I left the robot in the hallway and walked into the living room. I sat down on the couch and was instantly greeted by a computer-generated voice that tries all too hard to sound like a real person.

"Hello, Mr. Fortis. What would you like to watch this evening?" The TV turns on and the lights dim, A news reporter reporting live from the coast of Florida was giving the nation updates on the floods. We lost the peninsula of Florida about three years ago and it the coast line was only receding. The TV then started to scroll through the guide as the computer gave me the name, brief summary, and ratings of each program.

"Not today, I think I just want to read."

The TV turned off and my reading light turned on. I had to install it manually because apparently the President didn't think that reading was popular enough to install one in every house. I opened my book drawer and scanned over my options. It was not a scholar's library, but I made due with what I had. Most of my books were salvaged from former school libraries that

Russell 2

had been transformed into media centers. I closed my eyes and placed my finger on a random book.

"Ah, The Odyssey by Homer." I had read it three times, but it never got old. My reading was interrupted by a sudden bang on the door and the

squeal of my robot.

"Mr. Fortis- You have a visitor." The stutter in his voice put me on edge. Before I could get out of my chair, I heard multiple footsteps in the hallway.

"Damon Fortis?" A tall man in a suit and sunglasses stood at attention with two other men behind him.

"I am he." I stood up, book in hand. I could tell that they all looked at it, although I couldn't see their eyes.

"Your service is needed." His voice was deep and stern. I discreetly scanned his suit. No sign of a government emblem or organization.

"Who are you?"

"Come with us now, you can ask questions later." He turned his back and the others followed his lead. I stood where I was, when he noticed he only turned his head slightly.

"But will they be answered?"

I saw a smirk creep onto his face. "I'm starting to like you already, Fortis." He looked forward and continued to walk out of my house. I slipped the book into my jacket pocket and followed the men out.

Outside awaited a jet black SUV. I sat in the back seat with one of the men. We started driving on relatively empty roads. Not much caught my eye until we crossed an overpass and turned around a bend. I saw a dead end sign. I stayed silent until I realized we were headed right for it.

"Um, I think this is a dead end. I don't think we should be going down here. Hey wait, didn't they shoot Batman here?" I chuckled thinking how cool it was, but then stopped when I realized we were still heading for the dead end.

I could feel my heart rate increase. I heard my heart beating. I gripped the door handle as I prepared for the end. I couldn't tell if the others were as nervous as I. They remained stiff with their eyes forward. Before I knew it, everything was dark. I continued to hear my heartbeat. I

Russell 3

breathed a sigh of relief. But wait, I don't know what heaven is like.

Shoot! I'm dead. I took a moment to take in my surroundings. It was dark, dark, and oh wait! Dark. Then I heard the ordinary, comforting sound of wheels on pavement. The echo of the traction told me that we were in a tunnel. As I was looking around, everything started to flicker. I winced as lights turned on, illuminating the tunnel.

"So how'd death feel, Fortis?" The man who had spoken to me in my living room spoke again. Once he did, the others laughed. I stayed silent.

We drove for a few more minutes before reaching a large arena-like area. Driving through, I noticed other men dressed the same as those who had picked me up. We kept driving until we were in a sort of parking lot. I followed their lead and got out of the car. We walked down hallways for what seemed like forever. After climbing a few stairs, I found myself in brightly-lit room furnished with white tables and white chairs. Looking around I noticed touch screens and holographic screens everywhere. That was nothing special, those were everywhere these days. There was a huge window that seemed to look out over the compound, but before I could see it for myself there was a man's voice.

"So you're Fortis, Damon Fortis?" A tall, muscular man reached his hand out for me to shake. "Nice to meet you. I've heard lots of things about you. Good things, of course." That last line caught me off guard.

"Wait-what? You've heard things about me?" I stole a glance at the name tag on his chest that read, 'Kyle'.

He turned his back and walked over to one of the holograms. After touching a few buttons, my face appeared on the screen along with a lot of information. I skimmed over the basic information like age and physical descriptions and then a section 'Character Traits' caught my eye: intelligent, candid, clever, hardy, and aggressive.

"Aggressive?" I straightened my back when I realized I had said that out loud. The man tapped the word, and documents popped up all over the screen.

"Four reports of violence in the past six months. Most reports say that it started with a verbal fight, then progressed. Other than that, seems like you're a pretty passive person, except when aggravated."

Russell 4

He raised an eyebrow in my direction and turned toward me like he was waiting for an explanation. I remained silent. I didn't need to explain myself to him. It seemed they knew enough about me already. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the man smirk and sway back and forth on his feet. He whistled a quick blow before speaking again.

"I like you Fortis. You're exactly what I need."

"Look, son." His smirk dropped and he stood at attention facing me. "The sun is dying. On top of that, we've been killing the Earth for hundreds of years. The Earth as we know it will be uninhabitable soon. We have been researching outer space for a few years now. We think we have enough information now to form an expedition into space in search of a new home. We have a few planets to explore. New technology enables us to program your shuttle to a pair of coordinates, and then a few minutes later, depending on the distance, you're there."

"And you need me because-?" I turned to face him.

"You read books, yes?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Yes." Questioning the relevance of this, I studied him hard.

"Plus, you're good at hand-to-hand combat Never lost a fight in your life."

"I suppose." This time he was making a statement. His weight shifted and then he turned on his heels and walked towards the window. I followed him. In the blink of an eye he was throwing a pocket knife at me. I dodged left and caught it just before it went over my shoulder. .

"What the-"

"That's what we need!" A wide smile spread quickly on his face. **We need an intelligent man who can act and think on his feet and can protect himself and my men when needed."

I looked down at the knife in my hand. Turning it over I noticed it said FORTIS on it. I looked up at him.

"We have been profiling people for three years, slowly dwindling down the list to the final candidates. You are the only one who made it this far. You are bored in your current life. You're tired of all this technology that's suffocating us. We conducted a poll. Only .7% of our populace can

remember reading a book, .4% own books, and .2% actually reads the books. You have knowledge that many don't. We want intelligent men discovering our new home. So what do you say, Damon, you in?"

Russell 5

I looked him up and down, and then looked around the room. All eyes were on me. I was frozen in that moment. My breathing had slowed almost to a complete stop. I walked to the window. I watched the men and women hustle to and fro. They had determination in their eyes. They were living for something. What was I living for? When I realized I had no answer was the moment I found mine.

"When do we leave?"

To Whom It May Concern

Megan T.

"Dear Past,

When they come offering new technology, do not take it. You don't need it, but your curiosity will get the best of you. You already have all that you've ever dreamed of-teleportation, robot servants, food that will make itself, and even sky-ways for the drones. So when they say that they can bring back the dead, don't accept their offer. Please. It's for the good of all of you not to take them up on it. Don't be curious and try it on a few people to see if it works. If you do that, then they've already won. The dead will come back, but they won't come back the same. They'll act different in subtle ways at first. They won't eat at their usual times; they'll forget their closest friends' names. They won't know the differences between colors and patterns or the difference between a teleporter and an incinerator. Small things like that Then things will start to get much, much worse. All their sense of right and wrong goes away and they start to commit crimes. You'll see it on the news, something like, "2 AWAKERS ATTACK HOMELESS MAN OUTSIDE GAS STATION, MAN KILLED BY SEVERAL GASH WOUNDS ON HIS THROAT." Soon all of them are committing heinous crimes such as these -two women with their throats slashed, several men found with no organs left inside them, the hands of fourteen people discovered but when asked about the

rest of their bodies the officials refused to comment. One by one cities start to die (or rather get killed) off. Scientists will try to improve the teleportation devices so you can relocate to a place 4 million light years away, but even if they succeeded you wouldn't have been able to leave. By then they'll already have placed the barrier around the Earth to prevent any escape attempts. The Awakers start to wipe out whole countries the small European ones being the first to go. You'll have no choice but to retreat to small safe havens set up in the Artie by the Universal Powers. While the rest of the world falls primitive to the reawakened dead, you'll sit in the Artie covered by your protector shield and wait. The food regenerates so no one in your colony will go hungry. You eat, sleep and wait. The waiting is the hardest part.

"So when they voice down that they can help you, don't listen to them. However, though you know you shouldn't listen to them, you have to. Your shield will begin to freeze up in the cold weather and the regenerating food tires out with its continuous use. It will get colder and colder with each day as the internal heater freezes up with the shield. They keep insisting that they can get rid of the Awakers for you, but you try to ignore them. Some people seeking a way out convince other people to join them. They'll say that it's the only way out and if you don't comply with them they'll make the decision for you. So many people join the resistance that even the Universal Powers can't stop them from asking the aliens for help. Others will try and stop them but even then it'll be too late. The outer beings will have already have complied and cleared the way for your return to the mainland. They'll give you the okay to go back, but please don't listen to them. It's for the best that you try not to listen. But of course if you stay in the ever frozen Artie you'll die anyways, so why not take the chance it'll all be okay? Maybe it will be better. You won't realize it then but you'll realize it later. You'll realize that it would have been better to freeze in the cold.

"When you get back to the mainland, nothing is the same. They were able to take away the Awakers but they were not able to save civilization itself. The dead have destroyed

Everything that you built, everything that made the human race even close to something of an advanced species. You separate in different "tribes" and go your different ways. By then you've noticed that there are

no animals left on the planet and everything looks far too green to be normal. Since there is a lack of animal life you have no choice but to eat the leaves off the unusually green trees. This is your fatal mistake. Once you've eaten all the leaves the toxins course through your bloodstream and reach your brain. Before you know it you have no control over your actions. You won't be able to resist when they tell you to kill your group members and you won't be able to stop when they force you to jump off a cliff afterwards. Some of you, the lucky ones, will try to locate each other and band together to stay alive but there are too few of you. There are only a couple hundred of you left and you're too far apart. How would you even find each other? Trails? No, too complicated. Technology? No, none of it is left to use. The left of you will decide that being alone is the only choice. Although, to the beings above there are still too many of you left.

"This is when they will release the gases. At first you will notice that the air is thicker than it usually is, and you'll feel like you're walking through water. Your chest will burn with every breath you take. After a while your lungs won't be able to withstand the pressure and they won't be able to expand. You'll suffocate and die. You'll die alone with no one around you, surrounded by an endless world of green. This will happen to everyone. Then finally they will take residence on the planet, now rid of all the beings who had called it home before.

Rid of all except one.

Me.

"Unlike the rest of the population I prepared for an end like this. Before we retreated to the Artie, I packed a teleportation device in a bag and buried it in my cellar. When we came back to the rest of the world and civilizations was gone, I went to the only place I knew. When the tribe I was with ate the leaves and killed each other, I hid until they were all dead. Then I persisted on. When the air got thicker, I hurried my pace till I came upon a door set in the ground covered with ivy. I scrambled to get inside and be safe. As safe as anyone can be since the arrival. I found my teleporter to make sure it was there and started to write what you are reading now. I'm about finished and am going to send it through the teleporter to 2086. I hope it will work. I can hear them beaming down

now and I'm sure they will find me soon enough. Hopefully now that you know that you know what happens you won't- trust them and prevent this from ever happening. As of now, I am the last survivor of the human race and I leave you with a word of advice:

When they come in their ships acting as if they can make the world a better place, don't trust them.

THEY ARE NOT AT ALL WHAT THEY SEEM.

With this Winston looked around to see if anyone had been watching him read this letter that had appeared on his doorstep moments ago. After making sure no one had seen him he rolled the letter up and put it back in the container it came in. Winston then took it inside his home and close the door behind him, wondering if this had anything to do with the sighting of that unidentified object lurking behind Neptune last week.

Blue Lifeline, Right Pocket

Niraja S.

My grandfather is a coward. So is everyone else. I have heard that people used to just die, that one day you could be cooking dinner for your family, snuggling with your boyfriend, or drinking tea with your mother at dawn while you both watched the sunrise, and the next minute everything could end. Apparently no one used to carry their lifelines with them all the time, in their right pocket so that someone else would know exactly where to find them to save you. I have heard that they did not even have lifelines back then, no pill to revive the dead.

They did not take life for granted, I thought as I sat with my grandfather on his deathbed. He complained about how short his life would have been if he died today, dying at a mere one hundred and six years of age.

"At least you have one more lifeline left," I soothed him, stroking his calloused hand. "I've read that one hundred years ago, people did not even have lifelines to take when they were dying or in immense pain."

"I don't want to hear that rubbish, Marisa." My grandfather took a break from his lamentation to scan me with his cold, blue eyes. "We have always had lifelines; the scientists were conspiring to keep them away from us, so that the old ones like me would just die to allow for the young to

populate the planet. We wise, ancient men are the gems of society, yet we are dismissed the instant we turn one hundred, treated as though we are a waste of space.”

I tried not to think of our neighbor, Mr. Robert Harrington, who was around two hundred years of age, refusing to step out of the safety of his house and hiding somewhere inside with his hoard of lifelines. I also tried not to think of our other neighbors, Isabelle Compton and her husband James, who have been longing to have a child of their own for years, but have not been accepted from the waitlist yet.

The waitlist kept getting longer and longer these days as the population control laws got tighter. Now we were limited to one hundred million people, and as lifelines became more accessible, it became less likely that senior citizens would pass away, leaving people like Isabelle and James on the long list waiting to have children. The poor ended up dying before having children of their own, unable to bribe their way to the top of the list or purchase lifelines to extend their meager lives. The ones who were lucky would be granted acceptance when one of their relatives or close friends died, permitting them to have one child to take the deceased one’s place in society.

My grandfather watched me. “You want me to die, don’t you Marisa?” It was a statement that I could neither refute nor accept, a question that I did not trust myself to answer.

I avoided his stringent gaze, the one he had used to discipline my mother several decades ago, and turned my face pointedly away as I whispered, “Grandma died, didn’t she?”

When I finally dared to look at him again, I saw his face burning, scarlet with fury. “Don’t you ever talk about that woman again,” he hissed, each word becoming exponentially menacing as he visibly shuddered with disgust and rage. “She was a coward.”

I got up and began to stroll across the room, examining the large television and dainty curtain window curtains as if they were fascinating. An unbearable and awkward silence loomed over us, and just as I was about to apologize, my grandfather resumed, “I hate her.”

I knew what a falsehood that was, for my grandfather still carried a

three by two photograph of my grandmother, Grace, with him in his right pocket, with the last lifeline that he so deeply treasured. I also knew how he secretly thought she was the bravest person who ever lived, sacrificing her own life for that of another. He envied her.

“You envy her courage,” I said, surprisingly not only my grandfather but also myself. I had not meant to voice that thought aloud, and now it was my grandfather’s turn to look pointedly away, trying to mask his embarrassment with a nonchalant raspy, rattled cough.

“You love her.” I continued, sitting back down by his side, taking his hand in mine. This time my comment was deliberate, and I caught sight of a tear shining in my grandfather’s cerulean eyes, the incandescent light above us reflecting off them like sunshine on water.

“I did,” my grandfather croaked, his voice barely audible. “And I still do. Why didn’t she love me back, then? Why didn’t she want to stay with me?” His seemed to be pleading with me now, begging me for an answer.

Keeping my tone gentle, I breathed, “Sometimes, Grandpa, you have to make sacrifices for the greater good. That’s what Grandma did.”

He blinked at me, confusion clouding the usual clarity in his striking blue eyes. The hours went by, some in silence and others in reminiscence, as we both waited for the moment to come, for my grandfather to die and for me to give him his last lifeline so he could live until he was two hundred or whatever the large number may be. Only later did I realize that my grandfather had a different plan in mind. He took out his last lifeline from his right pocket - blue, the color of his eyes - and crushed it with his bare hands, the fine powder slipping through the gaps between his large, bulky fingers and falling serenely onto the floor. He then proceeded to pull out the picture of my grandmother and press in into my trembling hands.

“Keep this,” he said as my eyes widened with shock. My grandfather was dying, and he had just destroyed his last lifeline. I realized that I would not be able to see him for years to come; rather, we had a numbered amount of seconds, minutes, or hours left together.

“Let me call Mom,” I said hurriedly, about to get up, but my grandfather kept his tight, unwavering grip on my hand.

“No,” he insisted. “I would rather die alone.”

I opened my mouth to protest, but he simply shook his head. “But I am not completely alone, Marisa dear,” he chuckled. “I have you here to keep me company, and I have Grace.”

I studied the photograph of my grandmother, the beautiful and radiant Grace, resting in my palm. A tear rolled off my cheek and landed on my grandfather’s wrinkled hand. We sat like that for the next few hours, hand in hand, as we waited for the moment to come.

I have a new neighbor: Ben Compton, the gorgeous baby boy of Isabelle and James. He has the most adorable laugh, luscious blonde curls, and breathtaking blue eyes. He is named after my grandfather, Benjamin, whose death enabled his parents to have their much longed for child. Every time I look into his delightful blue eyes, I remember the man little Ben is named after -the bravest man I have ever known.

The New Race

Paris C.

We are the new race. We are the survivors of the race that failed. That let their obsession with technology consume them, ignorant of the consequences it would bring.

There were signs, signs of unnatural occurrences that hadn’t happened in thousands of years. But their dependence on technology fooled them into ignoring the signs, making them believe that they could fix their problems with more technology.

As their discoveries exponentially increased so did their problems. With fossil fuels came global warming. With smart phones came radiation. With teleportation came the disturbance of atoms. With Nano chips came control. With increasing world population came lack of resources. With mind reading came lack of privacy. And with problems came revolution.

By the time these problems spiraled out of control more than ninety five percent of the population depended on electronic devices. They

continued to believe their gadgets could solve all their problems. But those of us that denied dependence on technology, considered criminals by our own race for not conforming to their lifestyles, we were the ones able to rise up.

The revolution wasn’t won in months but years. As a result of our governments superior weapons we were forced to learn their technology. But that sacrifice helped us understand why their devices could be so addicting. They offered insurmountable luxury. No need to worry about Mother Nature, technology will protect you; make you superior to Mother Nature. You don’t have to do any work besides destroy the earth. Despite their ignorance, their technology didn’t fool any of us; it only provided more reasons why it needed to be destroyed.

Years passed. Many of us died. But so did they. Even though the humans and we had once been the same race we no longer were. The government turned them into their own technology, genetically modified to be the smartest, fastest, and deadliest killing machines. But the technology turned out to be their demise. Using computers we were able to create a virus, a kill switch, to end their destructive path.

Some may argue my actions were heinous, killing off an entire species. How could I? But their way of life almost killed the earth, causing millions of species to go extinct; destroying the earth’s natural resources, yet they didn’t care. Neither did I when I activated the kill switch.

We are the new race. We’ve been through hell and have learned from their mistakes. No longer will we ignore the consequences of our actions. No longer will we pretend we have control of nature. No longer will we be dependent on technology to survive. From now on we will be spectators, to Mother Nature. We are the new race, and we’re letting Mother Nature take control.

Between Dimensions

Rebecca Y.

When Callen awoke he saw that it was a beautiful day in East London, the weather showed not the slightest hint of wind, and the sun’s gentle rays showed not the slightest indication of wane.

Callen sprang out of bed and ran down the staircase that led to the kitchens; his mother had already lain out his breakfast: eggs and toast with warm butter. Breaking the rules, he carried his breakfast over to the television, which automatically turned on.

“One...vi—video... no—notifi—fi,” its voice echoed, much slower than usual.

“Martin it’s me.” he said quickly. Martin the television only gave notifications to his mother (it never gave notifications to Martin, mostly because he didn’t have any friends who gave him any), and it was talking awfully choppy and slow.

“...notification from di—di—dimen—dimension—dimension two.” said Martin.

Callen nearly dropped his toast, “What?”

But Martin was silent, and calmly waiting for a response.

Callen was left in a deep trance of thought; it had been nearly fifty years since he had made any contact with anyone from dimension two, yet here the notification was. He

thought if Martin had made a mistake, but that was impossible, he thought, since Martin and every other television made no mistakes. Next he thought if his mother or father knew of anything or anyone from dimension two, but before he had even thought of the question he knew that they didn’t. He thought of who might be contacting him, although he knew who it must and only could be... nonetheless his mind told him it couldn’t be, not after all these years at least.

“Show me,” he said, desperately apprehensive and afraid.

“CALLEN CORPER,” a polite, official-sounding voice thundered, and Callen sat back. A sudden flash of white light lit up the vast panoramic television, and Callen covered his eyes, only to instantly remove them at the sound of two familiar voices he recognized as his own and someone else’s.

The television displayed three separate squares upon its surface all at once. The first square was filled by a younger looking Callen and his friend Elizabeth. He couldn’t quite hear what they were saying since all

three squares were playing at once; nevertheless he instantly recognized it as the first time they had met. He had just come to sit next to a startled Elizabeth, to whom he introduced himself as, “Hi there, I’m Callen,” He didn’t quite catch what she had said next, merely due to the fact that the next two squares were booming with noise; nevertheless he remembered the entire scene being a very unsuccessful first meeting, although their chemistry had undoubtedly changed later on.

The second square was nearly halfway played; however, he still remembered the moment as if it had been yesterday. They were talking really quite loudly, so he could hear everything...

“YOU?” she had said.

“Yeah,” he said disbelievingly, “I mean—I just met him last night and he said that I’m leaving tomorrow. Don’t look at me that way—it’s true!”

It was the moment when he had told her he was to be traveling to the primary dimension. It was an exclusive deal to be chosen, only one person was chosen every couple centuries, the last being Isaac Newton. Years ago, a man dressed in a black covering had appeared, and told him that he had been chosen. The primary dimension was almost mythical, no one believed it existed; nevertheless, somehow, Callen always had. Since coming here, he had stayed twelve years old forever, while Elizabeth had been slowly aging, year after year.

The third scene was nearly over, the space ship that had took him here had already took off, and his former self was breathlessly eying the seventeen-year old Elizabeth slowly edge away into a small dot on the pavement below. His goggles were off even though the black covered man was yelling at him to put them on, and he knew that seconds later he would be faced with near blindness as they traveled as energy, past light speed, into where he now was, the home of scientific discovery.

He turned away as the screen emitted the pure color of blinding light, but before he could rest a rotating figure appeared before his eyes. It was morphing into different shapes, growing. A nearer look made him realize that it was Elizabeth, her figure was a teenager’s now, and it was morphing into a beautiful young women, now she was wearing a wedding gown, next she dangling a smiling baby girl from her hands, next she was crying in despair at a grave; she was aging so rapidly Callen could hardly

recognize her from each passing second; nonetheless the figure finally stopped, an old age upon her face. After a few seconds the figure flew right to him, and Callen screamed, but before it hit him it perished into a blue mist, swept away into the morning air.

The same polite female voice that had called his name said, “We are sorry to inform you that Miss Elizabeth Bowel, has died, aged 63. We remorse with you and thank her for her services.” it said.

Callen was speechless. He stuck out his hand to examine his fine skin, not a day older than twelve, and his mind twitched at the thought of Elizabeth, who had been constantly nearing her age of death. Was she really dead? he thought, no, she can be, his heart insisted, but his mind said, she is.

It was another hot day in the northern suburbs of Chicago. The sun beat down on everyone and everything with great intensity. The sun is getting bigger. Scientists say it's due to the sun aging. Some people have been running around like headless chickens because of it. I don't know why, though. We knew we were hurting the Earth hundreds of years ago, but no one ever did anything about it. Typical humans, don't worry about it until it affects you. I approached a house; it looked like all the others - brown siding, square windows, and a tin roof that could handle the sun.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Fortis. May I interest you in a glass of water?” Servus Domum offered a silver platter with a clear glass of ice water standing on it alone.

“No, Domum. I told you we have to save what water we have.” I walked past him.

“But wait, Sir!” I turned, only to see a needle already in my skin. “Your blood levels indicate that you are dehydrated, Sir. Please, I insist”

“What did I tell you about testing me like that?! I already don't like living with a robot. The least you could do is act human.”

Adhesive Homes

Reina A.

It was certain to stay in a home where you could be safe. A home where

things are done for you. The names Berd. I live in a home of 3. Not really much gets done around here, the fact that we can't leave our homes. Nobody's ever been out of the house and it seems that i'm the only one concerned about it. Who knows what's out of the house and what kind of things are out there. There are no windows but our homes produce sunlight, if you want to buy items for the house, food or yourself you'll order it by a inserted voice box in your house.

The hardest part for me is that I can't see the out of my house, I just have to think about it and keep wondering. My mother always tells me to stop thinking about the out of the house, she said something about things wanting to come and invade the houses and it is against the law to talk about it. While the afternoon goes by I decide to read on my hologram, that always seems to make me feel better. I want others to feel what I feel about the out of the house .They don't really seem to care what's out of the house but I do and that worries me a little. I hope they'll understand what I feel.

There are tunnels that lead only to your families houses, nowhere else. It's depressing, the tunnels have this thing in them that shows you a photo of what out of the house might look like,, but I don't believe it. It tells you when it's night and when it's morning but it doesn't show out, I wonder why. The house is in charge no matter what, it tells you when to eat, when to sleep and to do your chores, but I know a few tricks up my sleeve to get it to do what I want. I let it do the chores sometimes and let me cook for once, it doesn't notice, it just forgets. I guess ours is just old that it doesn't function that well. Sometimes when I'm not being productive I listen to my music on my hologram, it makes a bubble around my head so that I may only hear it. There are specific places needed to go like school but mother won't allow it, so instead she teaches me. To go to school you'll have to ask the house to insert an application in order for you to be there. The school travels through a special tunnel in the basement of your house and takes you to school. You'll live in school for when they want to take you out, at least that's what mother tells me. The schools separate the kids from each other, they are forced to wear specific suits that keep them safe. They aren't allowed to speak only when they are told to or when they are correct. They are very clear to you on what they want. Mother has told me stories from her past about school, and how they would keep the

kids together and let them learn the same thing, but things have changed throughout the years, it's not the same anymore. She tells me these things secretly, in a room her grandfather built before the house was installed with all its technology in it. The house doesn't even know about it.

To get to the secret room you must distract the house into thinking you're using the bathroom and in the bathroom, there is a latch in the wall by the tub that opens with this thing called a key, my mom says that her grandfather made it so that when there was an emergency they would go there and it'll lead them to the bottom of the house. My mother knew I was curious about what is out of the house, so she decided to tell me all her stories about her past and her grandfather's past. When she told me these things I would start to think pictures in my head about them and wonder what it would feel like to live in a place like my mom did. Mother told me my thinking was called "Imagination" and my eyes felt like they were gonna pop out of my face when she told me about it. My "imagination" as she'd call it was wild, I kept thinking about the out and hoping that one day we'd be able to get out of our place we call house.

We visited my aunt and my cousin Lucy on days when we both felt like we needed company. My mother and aunt would talk for hours it almost felt like days, my cousin and I were the only ones who would catch up on the latest trends. Mother and aunt were talking about the news that was inserted through a slot by a machine and spoken to them by a hologram. When I'd ask Lucy what she thinks is out there she didn't much care but went back to dressing up. I eavesdropped a little on my mother and aunt to hear what they had to say about the news, they were talking about how they were going to let us leave our home, but they didn't say why. When I heard that I couldn't believe it, I went bezerk. The TV screen froze for a second and a new reporter came on and said "false alarm, everyone return to your doings", I dropped, I couldn't believe they said they were going to let us out and then they say something else! While that happened I went to go tell Lucy she didn't really mind about what happened. She asked me why do I care so much about what's out there, I told her because I've heard so many stories from my mom and I want to learn what's out there. She was on her portable hologram. We left and went to the tunnel. It's nice to know we have some family left, even if they aren't always with us. I asked it if we could order some groceries it came

through a tube. I told my mom to distract the house so that I could make a scrumptious meal. I did. It helped mom with the laundry as I made a salad. It called for dinner and we ate. Mother wants to wash plates when the house is taking a rest. She can't, the dishes are too loud.

The alarm went off for it was time for me to read. I read almost two books a day, there is not really much to do since the house always does things for us, so why not take the time to read. Mother always tells me to stop reading, but I can't help it, I get lost in reading, I feel like I could be in that world that they're in and get out of this world for a while, you know. The picture showed the sun rising, it is known as morning, I decided to look for my mom but I couldn't find her. I went to go to the bathroom.

Suddenly I hear a whisper, "Beerrdd" right as I turned around someone pulled me. It was my grandfather. I couldn't believe it, how did he get here. Men were not allowed in the house. He brought me in the secret room, there I saw mother. With tears in her eyes I ran to her and hugged her, I then ran to grandfather he said he didn't have much time. He said for me and mother to go back in time with him. He said his dad built this machine and never finished it. He finished it and found out that it was a place where you could go through and it'll take you to wherever you want to go, and surprisingly the places he went to are real. This situation was dire to him and it wasn't up to me.

It was mother's choice and she didn't want to go, she said it was better for us to stay here where we're safe. It looked like she was searching for something, I didn't know what it was, grandfather kept telling me all his adventures and how people are so different from what goes on here. Mother finally found what she was looking for. She turned around shot a dart on the back of his neck, he then turned blue and disappeared in mid air, he was what mother called one of the others.

ADULT ENTRIES

Un Mundo Sin Libros

Benjamin A.

En el año 2016, una época que la tecnología había invadido toda una nación-telvisión, teléfonos celulares, tabletas tecnológicas y computadoras. –todo lo que conocemos como comunicación tenía un nuevo significado. Eran tiempos de grandes cambios, las personas comenzaban a tener nuevos intereses, ya eran incapaces de guiarse por sí mismas. Utilizaban sus aparatos electrónicos para saber lo que tenían que hacer. Desde hacer ejercicio, hacer una dieta y hasta para conseguir una pareja.

Hoy en día, ya no es necesario salir de casa para tener un empleo. Tampoco nuestros niños y jóvenes tienen que ir a la biblioteca para hacer sus tareas escolares. Parece que la tecnología avanzara más rápido que el tiempo y es como si los humanos se han vuelto esclavos de la información en lugar de generarla pues solo crearán lo que ven en los aparatos en lugar de buscar alternativas para conocer lo que realmente ocurrirá en el exterior. Sin darse cuenta se está cometiendo un homicidio al punto que más adelante, lamentaremos la desaparición de los libros.

Muy pocos luchaban por su derecho a la verdad, a reconocer lo que realmente ocurría en el mundo, a la libertad de expresión, y a la justicia social. Estas personas les llamaban rebeldes delincuentes por perturbar la paz.

Mientras tanto el gobierno aprovecha la debilidad del pueblo, no leen para cometer actos ilícitos en contra de los ciudadanos. Entre las atrocidades se encontraba la destrucción de las bibliotecas para así evitar que los ciudadanos se sumaran a los rebeldes a leer un libro.

Los libros despiertan la imaginación, la curiosidad, y el deseo de aprender. Si una persona lee, aprende a cuestionar, adquiere sabiduría y busca respuestas a sus preguntas.

Al gobierno no le conviene que la gente cuestione, pero los rebeldes estaban dispuestos a proteger las bibliotecas ya que era considerada santuarios y juraron proteger los libros.

UN MUNDO SIN LIBROS

Graciela P.

Erase una vez por el año 1960, en una ciudad lejana de California había un gobernante llamado Francisco. El no permitía que ningún habitante de su poblado agarrara o viera un libro. El le tenía estrictamente prohibido leer. Los ciudadanos solo tenían que obedecer lo que el les ordenara y dijera a su parecer. Pero había una niña llamada Selena, súper inteligente que a ella le gustaba muchísimo leer y sabía que era para su beneficio saber escribir y leer. Esa opresión que tenía sobre el pueblo lo tenía muy presente, sin embargo, a ella le importaba y buscó la forma para poder leer todos los libros que encontraba. Ella pensaba que un mundo sin libros no era mundo si no era un verdadero infierno en su ciudad, que no era bueno porque Selena SABÍA QUE TODO LO QUE HACÍA EL GOBERNADOR FRANCISCO ESTABA MUY MAL así el manejaba a su antojo a todas las personas. Selena junto a varios niños de su edad y empezaron a decirles que eso no estaba bien y ella quería saber si los niños querían aprender a escribir y a leer. Unos dijeron que sí, pero otros dijeron que no porque tenían miedo de que el gobernador lo supiera y tomara represalias con ellos y su familia. Otros tomaron el riesgo y así un grupo de niños tuvieron la oportunidad de aprender a escribir y leer. Unos dijeron que sí, pero otros dijeron que no porque tenían miedo de que el gobernador lo supiera y tomara represalias con ellos y su familia. Otros tomaron el riesgo y así un grupo de niños tuvieron la oportunidad de aprender a escribir y leer.

Un día el gobernador los encontró estudiando en sus escondites a unos y eso fue fatal para Selena. Selena se echaba la culpa de lo que había pasado en esos momentos pero ella deseaba con todo su corazón que no fuera cierto todo lo que estaba pasando. Selena no quería que pasara esto, ella solo quería que aprendieran a escribir y a leer. Paso unos días y ella se puso muy triste y siempre estaba llorando por todos lados porque en la ciudad la veían como la culpable de todo lo que había pasado. Selena le pidió de todo corazón a Dios que le ayudara a entender que pasaba y que hacer. Entonces ella decidió quemar todos los libros que estuviera a su alcance, las libretas, los lápices y todo lo que tuviera que ver con ello. Al otro día cuando ella salió de su casa y vio que había un gran silencio y toda la gente se volteaban a ver. Ella no sabía que pasaba solo camino a su

destino.

De repente le salió un niño y le dijo: ‘sabes que Selena? Me has defraudado, tú nos dijiste que los libros eran un instrumento de la vida, que ellos nos iban a enseñar todo sobre el mundo. Que pasa con los cuentos, con los poemas de amor, que pasa con todos los niños que buscamos para que les enseñemos? ¿Vez? Mira a tu alrededor, ellos no tienen nada que hacer. Mira ellos están muy tristes porque sabían que ellos llegarían a ser grandes, ser unos licenciados, pilotos, maestros, todo lo que ellos quisieran ser en el mundo. Mira tú estás aquí derrumbada, tú no eres así, imagínate que el mundo no tuviera libros para que aprendieran la gente, que no pudiéramos leer ni escribir. Como sería este mundo?’

Selena pensando en eso e imaginarse en verdad como fue ese mundo, dijo, “Tienes toda la razón, yo tengo que hacer algo.” Inmediatamente se dirigió a la casa del gobernador Fernando. Le dijo que ella era la culpable de todo, que ella le había dicho a los niños y jóvenes que estudiaron, que les hacía bien y sabían que iban a hacer

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Entonces el gobernante les dio órdenes a los guardias para que la

arrestaran y que la metieran a la carcel. En esos momentos los guardia se miraron unos a otros y cual fue la sorpresa del gobernante? Sus guardias no le hicieron caso y lo unico que le dijeron fue que ellos estaban de acuerdo con ella. El gobernador grito"!Estandespedidos!" Los guardias se marcharon pero el gobernador se habia quedado solo sin saber que hacer. Entonces Selena se quedo hablando con el muchisimas horas. Toda la cuidad no sabia que pasaba adentro. La vieron salir, todos erhpezaron a murmurar cosas.

Entonces ella se acerco y pidi6 stlencio. Todo el pueblo se quedo cayado y ella empezo a comunicarles lo que habfa hablado con el gobernador Fernando durante esas horas. Finalmente el gobernador Fernando habia llegado a una conclusidn: "Apartirde hoy ha bra escuelas, bibliotecas y todo un centro de estudio adonde todo el pueblo pueda aprender a estudiar y a leer. De ahora en adelante, todos podran tener la oportunidad de ser alguien en la vida. "

Selena se sentia muy orgullosa de si misma por todo lo que habia logrado con sus miedos y debltidades; tambien penso que todo el mundo.

The Endling

Jared H.

The girl stood outside the concrete building feeling the late September breeze cascade through her hair, sending strands dancing upon it. The building was not huge or imposing by any means, it was just there and it just so happened to have been formed of concrete many years before her or her parents or even her parent's parents were alive. She was the only pedestrian out on the street at that twilight hour in all of its lavender and orange creme hued splendors. That, in itself, was not surprising, the neighboring houses around her were all quiet except for the windows, dimly frosted with the interior lights and that inaudible (yet still quite audible) high pitched buzz from dozens of "Full Wall" devices and any number of mobile devices.

Maribelle heard the rumors about this nearly abandoned building from her classmates for some time now. Their tales ran the garnet; everything ranging from hauntings and ancient ritual sacrifices to serial killers and

government secret bunkers, depending on who you asked. Her parents said it was just an "old building" and that she "certainly had no business poking around in such places". Which is why she stood in front of it at present, staring at the building's front entrance. She looked around one last time to confirm that she was still unwatched, she was, and zipping up her jacket as much as she could against the increasingly cold breeze, Maribelle marched up the stairs and opened the door. —

The entry way greeted her nose with scents of dust, stagnation, and a spiced mustiness that was completely new to her altogether. Yellowed pamphlets and fliers still clung delicately to a board on the wall next to her. "Paper?" She whispered to herself with a furrowed brow. She's seen some specimens before, but the use of paper in all forms was considered superfluous and the government mandated years prior to stop the use of it to help put an end to deforestation and to help the environment. This newly found token of the past piqued her curiosity, pressing her further into the building. She did not make it far before her legs refused to move any further.

Her eyes widened as they swept the room. There they were... books! Actual, paper and binding books! The main lobby was choked with shelves upon shelves of them. There were so many hardcovers and paperbacks that there were stacks of books as high as six feet tall standing in front of, next to, and on top of those very shelves. The room was covered wall to generously distanced wall with them. Pathways through them lay before her, branching off to one section or another, like a labyrinthine garden of printed words and yellowing pages. In the middle of it all, sitting at an antiquated desk surrounded by lamps and the few remaining rays of twilight pouring in through skylights and other windows, was a solitary old man.

Maribelle saw him and in fear of possible disciplinary actions and "I told you so's" from parents and authorities alike, turned to quickly leave when her foot slipped, toppling her into a stack of books, causing them to tumble over with her sprawled on top. The sounds of the collapsing girl and books echoed throughout the room, bouncing from ceiling to wall and back again. As the sound faded, a croaking and inquisitive sound followed it. "Hello?" —

Maribelle picked herself up and started gathering the books apologizing profusely, stammering out each “Sorry” and “I’ll leave” and “It was an accident” as she did so. But, as she picked up a book called “The Old Curiosity Shop” by Charles Dickens, she felt a hand on her shoulder. Maribelle looked up into the eyes of the old man. He didn’t seem angry at all. He looked down at her intriguingly as he bent down and started stacking up the books just so. “Are you lost, my friend? The Community Entertainment Complex is a few blocks down that way if that was where you were headed”, he said with a nod of his head towards the direction. Maribelle uttered a quiet, “No, sir.” He finished the stack and turned to look at her. “Sir, hm? I didn’t know they still made polite children, these days. Well, riddle me this then, did you lose a bet?”

Maribelle shook her head with a confused expression. “Oh! Was this a dare? Because if it is, I could certainly make a nice show of chasing you out to scare your friends out in the street,” he said with a wry grin. His disposition made her loosen up and her shoulders dropped some. “No, sir. I don’t have any friends... outside.” He nodded and motioned for her to follow him over to the desk. He brought her into the lamp light. “Are you hurt? No? Good. So, what brought you in? Was it the ancient ritual sacrifices we have on full moon nights, spirits of the past lurking around every corner, or the hidden secrets of that all seeing, al! knowing government?”

A smile cracked upon her lips, “A little bit of all of it, I suppose. I just had to, you know, see for myself.” A chuckle came from the old man. “I suppose I would have, as well, at your age. Unfortunately, it’s just me and a bunch of old books. Maybe they were not entirely far off referring to this place as a haunted house.” Maribelle looked around at the massive expanse of literature and back to the old man. “What... what happened here?”

The old man chewed on his bottom lip as he tried to think about how to word his answer. “Believe it or not, it was good intentions that caused this. We finally got around to using our technology to help humanity. Unfortunately, in the process of doing so, we lost some of it. We solved the water crisis, helped the homeless (whether they were displaced or mentally ill), we fed the hungry, and we are more or less done with war. But, with advancement in technology also rose opportunities for escapism

and profit. We have devices that we have at home and on our persons that replaced many things, like cameras, music players, organizers, and well... books.”

He adjusted his glasses and went on. “Books are made of paper, obviously. I am sure in school they have taught you that paper is not and was not necessary and so years ago they passed a law to scan and recycle all forms of paper and to go full digital. What the law was nice enough to include was a decree that the recycling of books was voluntary. That still didn’t stop many people from taking millions of them to the plants to be repurposed.”

Maribelle looked at all the mounds and stacks and towers of books. “So, how did all of these get here?” The old man nodded towards the books. “People still have an attachment to them, more or less. A sentiment, if you can call it that. Many of the people around here just brought them here instead of carting them to the local recycling plants. The local figureheads didn’t have an issue with it. Why build a warehouse to store these volumes when there is a place already built? Why pay someone to maintain it when there is already an old man willing to do so for no cost? I am the undertaker and this is my cemetery. Each book is a grave I conserve when the people decided to do away with these trifles of the past.”

Maribelle took her eyes from the forest of books and brought them back to the tired and creased face of the old man. “What is this place and who are you?” The same grin from earlier resurfaced and he stuck out his arms and bowed slightly. “Why I am Mr. Morgan, the librarian, and you are standing in the Green Town Public Library.”

Genometric Architects

Jerry L.

“So, you want to do a movie about me. How much are you offering? I want script control so people get the full story, not the Hollywood hack job.”

“I’m guessing you already know that under Title 18 of federal law, you can’t profit from your crime. You can see the screenplay, but no promises to make any changes.”

“You know I’ve refused other directors. Why should I talk to you?”

“I heard you’re a fan of my films. I promise we’ll show your side of the story.”

Twenty Years Earlier

Maria and Marco de Rendon are in my office to pick out traits for the baby they hope to conceive based on an analysis of their own genomes. To some it is a marvelous advance in technology. The people waving signs this morning in front of my office building think it is sinful and an abomination.

It’s usually the woman who speaks first. “We are not religious people although our parents are. To be honest, we are very concerned that this will be perceived as something unnatural.”

“I understand. Let me assure you that we follow the international code of genomic ethics. We do not introduce third-party DNA which is a violation of the Human Genome Act. The legal distinction as decided by the Supreme Court in *Dawe vs. Shad* is that altering the human genome by genetic modification is a serious crime against humanity. However, influencing the sequencing of DNA provided by each parent is a scientific enhancement that attempts to be more selective than what occurs randomly in nature. So designing GMO children can get you locked up, but helping parents select for example, the color of a child’s eyes, is fine as long as that color is based on what is already inherent in each parent’s genetic make-up.”

What I did not add is that in a famous dissenting opinion, a Supreme Court justice accurately predicted that unscrupulous companies would proliferate, allowing helicopter parents to genetically engineer their children with borrowed DNA in the hope of creating intellectual or physical superiority.

“We want to make sure our child has handsome features that resemble our ethnicity, has no genetic defects, and is happy and well-adjusted.”

I was pleased with her initial requirements and noted that she included ethnicity. When intelligence and physical prowess are highlighted, that’s usually an early indication that the prospective parents have unrealistic expectations.

“Those are all important traits. I can talk about what is possible to influence, and what is not. The first priority, however, is to make you comfortable with the process. I handed them our contract and workbook. “Please take this material home and complete the workbook as best you can. We can meet again if you have any questions, or want to continue the process.”

The next time I saw Maria and Marco they were smiling and seemed quite confident. Perhaps they had talked to the other parents we gave as references. Whatever the reason, they had the look of a couple who were ready to make some decisions. They had done their homework which helped immensely. I was able to help them reach consensus, with a minimal amount of squabbling, on physical characteristics that for the most part seemed probable based on their genomes. As they talked, I had a mental image of their child as an adult, an androgynous blend of the parents who would captivate men and women.

When I asked about behavioral attributes, Maria put a hand on my arm and smiled as if I might take offense at what she was about to say. “There are some things that we think should be left to chance, or divine will as some prefer to believe. In any event, we do not think it is right to try and influence our child’s personality.”

“That’s perfectly fine,” I told her. “Most of our clients agree with one of those perspectives.”

Some weeks later, I entered their choices in the genotromme program that would be used for the DNA splicing. This is the part of the process that I really love. I am a rock star on the genotromme, banging the keyboard while the imaginary crowd yells encouragement. The genotromme is an instrument, but not musical, and the song it produces has no notes, but is far more beautiful. It is a song of life. Instead of lyrics there is code—the genetic code of the human genome.

I had no doubt that the de Rendon baby will be exceptional, charismatic, and influential. There is one other attribute that I was confident the child would have because I programmed it into the genotromme. Based on the model that I have fine-tuned, there is a 95% chance that the de Rendon child will grow up to have a conservative viewpoint. We need young people of different backgrounds to bolster our

“political party that is far too homogeneous, whose numbers are rapidly declining.

My father invented the genotromme; I was the first test case. He selected certain behavioral characteristics for me. You might say that I was brain-washed at conception.

There is a part of me that objects, yet any resistance is overwhelmed by genetic destiny and years of behavioral modification. I know this is wrong, but I cannot help myself.

Chicago Tribune

Genometric Labs closed, owner jailed

Ending an investigation that lasted over two years, federal agents closed down 24 locations of Genometric Architects, Inc. and arrested the CEO and Chief Medical Officer. “The magnitude of this crime is staggering,” said FBI Director John Ahiga at a morning news conference. “We don’t have an accurate figure yet, but preliminary estimates suggest thousands of children could have been affected.” Agents are combing through records and contacting parents to brief them on the situation.

The owners of the lab are charged with violating the Human Genome Act by manipulating DNA to influence personality traits. The President has issued a press release noting a meeting later this week with both the Attorney and Surgeon Generals to review existing laws governing human genome splicing. Related articles and background in links below.

A Grasp on Eternity

Kimberly H.

A loud, electrical sort of buzzing awoke Mr. Bradley from his deep sleep. A jolt of fear coursed through him, as he thought something disastrous had caused him to wake from his slouched position at his desk. A moment of confusion later and he realized it was only the out of date virtual assistant, Trisha, creating a buzzing to wake him and let him know that his boss was impatiently calling for him. Trisha had control over the workings of the house, but over the years she had become slower, not responding as quickly to requests. Though she was equipped with a voice simulator, she did not use it, save when she was talking to Dr. Edwards

himself. If Mr. Bradley hadn’t known better, he would have thought that she had developed a distinct personality over recent years and that the she had formed a great dislike for him. If that was somehow true, Bradley at least was comforted in the fact that the general distaste was completely mutual. An incessant beeping had started, urging Bradley to clamber to his feet and answer his supervisor’s call. It was late, but Dr. Edwards would be down in the basement labs as usual, refusing to sleep until his mind finally quieted.

After a quick walk and brief trip in the lift, Mr. Bradley was deposited amongst the cold, metal lab sooner than he would have liked. There was Dr. Edwards, alone and flitting about his work like a large pollinating insect amongst the flowers or perhaps more like a giant vampire bat, hungrily swooping down upon sleeping victims.

“Dr. Edwards, where has everyone gone?”

“Home. I’ve sent them away.”

“Away?”

“They were getting under my feet, Mr. Bradley. Always scuttling about around the edges of my shoes. A man can’t breathe or even walk where he pleases.” Edwards paused in his frenzied movements and took a moment to examine the equations projected onto the wall. While the silence wore on, Bradley thought he may have been called for by mistake and he moved to exit the lab once more. He would leave Edwards to his tinkering; he had a comfortable bed waiting for him at his own home.

“I’ve called you to tell you about my newest invention.” Edwards turned suddenly, eyes alight with unsuppressed glee.

“A new endeavor for the team to take on, sir?” His bed would have to wait a few minutes longer.

“No. This is private. My own personal project. This will be just for me and you. Come see here now.” He gestured to the projected calculations and multitude of diagrams adorning the walls.

“I’ve left my glasses somewhere,” Bradley replied dully.

“No, you do not need them. The writing is large enough. You can see it clearly.”

Indeed, he could see it clearly. Bradley stepped closely now to stare at the bright display of schematics and advanced mathematics, biology and computer code, mashed together in a nearly indecipherable way. The horrifying, amazing meaning of it all came into focus all at once.

“What is this? What have you done, Edwards?”

“Do you see it? Do you know what it means? It is the key to life eternal, Mr. Bradley.”

“No, it isn’t.”

“Yes, it is. The ability to take everything that makes up a person’s mind and put it into a perfected body. Not one of flesh and crude matter, but of synthetic material. Manmade material. Built to last, to endure until the end of time! This is the future we have been working towards for centuries and we have the capability at last.”

“Artificial intelligence.”

“No. No, everything that made up a person would be transferred over. Their way of thinking, their problem solving skills, the things they love, the things they hate. There is nothing artificial about that. Just think of it. You could transfer everything that you are. Then, after your mortal body was gone, you could still live on. You could work, you could live. You could be with the ones you love forever. Nobody would ever lose anybody. This is the end of death itself. I have conquered it!”

Edwards threw out his arms, watching as the projected equations danced across his fingertips and, for a moment, he delicately cradled them in the palms of his hands.

“No, an artificial creation, even given the same memories and thought processes, could not be the same. You have not conquered death; you have made a mockery of life.” Bradley began to step back towards the exit. Leave his old superior to this certain madness. He was going home and then he would turn in his resignation in the morning. He would finally put this place behind him.

“You must understand, Mr. Bradley. You must.” Edwards’ voice was hushed, whispered to the stale air between them.

“I’m leaving.”

“You’re leaving. After you find your glasses?” Dr. Edwards turned and stared unblinking at his assistant. Somehow, despite the steps he was sure he had been taking, Bradley was still far from the exit and too close to those abysmal theories, mockingly thrown up against the wall.

“Yes, of course.” Bradley forced himself to turn away, scanning the tabletops. “I’ve left them somewhere.”

“Oh, Mr. Bradley. You can see perfectly fine.”

There was a loud electrical sort of buzzing that cut through the lab and Bradley fell to the ground. There he stayed, still and unmoving; his lifeless eyes staring into the space ahead. Like a remote toy that had suddenly lost its signal and was waiting for the power to be switched back on again.

“Trisha?” Edwards interrupted the sudden silence.

“Yes, Dr. Edwards?” The cool, disembodied voice echoed through the lab.

“We will run it again, after I make the appropriate modifications. Clear this one’s data. The body isn’t damaged. Perhaps the error is in the perfections. Humans do still get caught up on things like corrective lenses, don’t they? Adjust the eyesight. Though, those blasted glasses were buried with him, weren’t they? He was a foolish man. No matter, we can purchase new ones for him.”

“Proceeding with Project E. Test run five. Sir, may I make a suggestion?”

“Always, Trisha.”

“A new subject might improve the success rate of the project.”

“Perhaps. But fatal lab accidents are so difficult to create in a plausible way. Give Mr. Bradley another try. This time he will see it; the beauty of eternity. We will take steps into it together. The perfect future.”

“Yes, sir. Data has been cleared. Test run five is ready to commence.”

“Thank you, Trisha.”

Un Mundo Sin Libros

Maria G.

Hace no mucho tiempo, habfa un nino llamado Yahir, al que no le gustaba leer. Su mama batallaba mucho con el, buscaba siempre la manera de motivar a su hijo para que este se animara a tomar un libro y lo leyera, pero el siempre refunfunaba y terminaban siempre en el mismo lugar.

Una noche de luna llena Yahir se sento cerca de una ventana de su recamara y miro hacia el cielo y dijo, “¿Por que me mama se empena tanto en que yo lea? Odio leer, aborrezco leer, no hay nada que deteste tanto como la lectura. Quisiera con todas mis fuerzas desaparecer todos los libros que hay en mi casa, que digo casa, quisiera que todos los libros del mundo desaparecieran. Juro que no deseo mas en la vida como que desaparezcan todos los libros del mundo. Los odio.” Muy molesto con su mama, con el mismo y por supuesto con los libros, se quedo dormido.

“¡Epa! Que pasa aquf?”, dijo Yahir, “Voy a llegar tarde a la escuela y mis libros no est&n aqui.” Yahir busco por todos lados, bajo la cama, detras de la puerta, adentro del ropero, arriba del escritorio, nada. “Donde estin los libros? Voy tarde.” - dijo

Yahir.

En sus apuros Yahir no se percató que no habfan libros ni en su escritorio, ni por ningun lado. Por una extrafia razon todos los libros en su casa habfan desaparecido. Llego corriendo a la parada del autobus, llego el autobus y gran sorpresa los ninos en el bus no comentaban otra cosa mas que la desaparición de sus libros; nadie llevaba libros, nadie habfa encontrado sus libros.

El se quedo mudo y con un terror que le recorrfa por todas las arterias de su organismo. En un instante recuerdo lo que con tanto anhelo habfa pedido: Que todos los libros desaparecieran. No podfa creerlo, y no podfa contener su desesperación, pero se quedo callado, no dijo nada, de todos modos nadie le iba a creer. Poco a poco logro calmarse, llegaron a la escuela y pronto se le olvido el malestar por unos segundos, porque de inmediato creyó volverse loco, cuando se dio cuenta lo que pasaba en la entrada de la escuela. Algunos padres se remolineaban al alegar, mas

adelante unos maestros discutfan, un poco mas alia unos compafieros hablaban a gritos. No, no es posible, no puede ser, todos hablaban de lo mismo. No habfa mas libros. Yahir corrió por todo el pasillo mientras oía los murmullos de todos, “Los libros han desaparecido! No puede ser, que he hecho, esto me va a volver loco, ¡C&mo que no hay libros? No puede ser que yo haya provocado todo esto!” Se recriminada el nifio, apretandose la cabeza con sus manos. “Fui yo, fui yo. ¿Que va a pasar conmigo cuando todos se den cuenta que lo que esta pasando es mi culpa? tQue va a pasar con las clases, con aquellos que quieran consultar un diccionario? ^Corno van mis compafieros a aprender en clase, mis hermanas ya no estudiaran? ^Que va a pasar en el mundo sin libros? ¿Que he hecho? Esto no puede estar pasando. Yahir se sentfa muy mal porque fue tanto su deseo que desaparecieran los libros que se le cumplio. De pronto sono la campana y reacciono. Habfa pasado todo el dia escondido que ni siquiera se dio cuenta que las clases habfan terminado. Muy Trieste y espantado regreso a su casa.

Ni siquiera comio, se encerró en su cuarto, se tiro en su cama y se puso a llorar. Yahir dijo, “Te prometo Dios mfo, que si los libros regresan yo me pongo a leer. He sido muy grosero con mi Mama, ella solo quiere que le agarre el gusto a la lectura, ya que los libros enriquecen a las personas. Te prometo que de ahora en adelante, no habr& amigos mas queridos para mf, que los libros.” Yahir se quedó dormido.

“¡Yahir! ¡Yahir!” grito su mama, “hijo abre la puerta, ^estas ahf?”

Yahir respondió, “Si, mama, aquf estoy, ¿que paso?”

Mama, “Nada hijo, te quedaste dormido, ^acabaste de leer ya?”

Yahir, volteo rapidamente a ver a su Mama y ahf estaba su libro, con la hoja doblada donde habia dejado de leer. Se sorprendió tanto y se emocionó hasta las lagrimas salieron.

“No mama” le confeso Yahir, “no he terminado, pero no te preocupes ahorita sigo leyendo.”

La mama muy sorprendida hizo una mueca sin que Yahir lo notara, pues por primera vez su hijo no le habfa peleado por leer. Dejo las galletas y el vaso de leche que le habia llevado sobre la mesita de noche.

“Gracias mama, gracias por todo” dijo Yahir. Y Yahir se puso a leer muy feliz.

Red

Molly S.

The top shelf was difficult to reach, and she wondered what her grandparents would have kept there, where they could never have reached.

And there it was, surprising and not so surprising once she knew immediately it was the work of her grandmother, who loved fudge and cigarettes and cold beer and crisp peppermints and the lottery. And laughter, especially in the face of minor disaster, like screaming toddlers during Christmas Mass.

She wondered if her grandmother had hidden it here and grew too old and sick to retrieve it, or if she had squirreled it away as a sort of legacy, in hopes that someone would find it and remember her.

A glance at her wristband, she went back to work emptying the regular shelves of the regular things. It would not do to fall behind in movement, not now with so much scrutiny. But her thoughts were on her grandmother.

And on her grandfather too. She wondered if he had found it when her grandmother was living. He would have scolded her and preached a bit, and she would have waved her hand at him, sad to have been caught, but intent on keeping it. And her grandfather would have put it back on the shelf so as not to upset her too much and also to keep it out of her reach, for he felt it his duty to protect

If he found it after her grandmother was dead, he would have looked upon it with fondness. Her grandfather always had had more fondness for the past than for the present. She wondered which were his true feelings.

But probably, her grandfather had not found it at all.

The wristband indicated she was lagging, so she sped up and checked on her daughters in the other room. It wouldn't due for all of them to fall behind. But her worries were not confirmed; her daughters had the proper pace.

Her grandfather had taught her many practical things, for he was a practical man. Proud of his discipline, honed on the Midwestern farm on which he was raised. He, too, had a fondness for cigarettes, but he

quit smoking at once, the day they determined them bad for our health. He had taught her how to garden (vegetables, not flowers) and how to fix windows and how to roast a turkey. He would have worn a wristband easily. Welcomed the structure.

And her thoughts returned to it, on the top shelf, just as the wristband buzzed, making her wonder if the wristband knew, or if it was a coincidence of some sort

She and her daughters sat for a sensible lunch and talked of sensible things and, when the wristband buzzed again, returned to their work, clearing the old house of their grandparents' things.

The girls found it, a great bright red patent leather purse, a pocketbook, her grandmother would have called it and she told them that she remembered her grandmother, in matching red lipstick, carrying it to church and giving her red and white peppermints from it, even though everyone knew you shouldn't have candy in church. The girls were delimited with the story and asked for more. But the wristbands indicated they were not on pace, and so they rededicated themselves to their work.

The thoughts of her grandmother continued. As did the thoughts of the top shelf. And no matter how quickly she worked, the wristband disapproved.

Why Go to a Machine

Nikolaus B.

A young boy goes to a library, an old, hardly used place. He's about to go to a computer terminal to look for a book, when a funny thing happens- the librarian comes along...

"Young boy, may I help you?"

"No, I was just about to use this computer to find a book."

"Why use that, when you can ask me? I run the library." The man was tall, a bit portly, with white hair, and old-fashioned, square-ish glasses. The man started walking away, toward the shelves. The boy didn't follow; he turned back. "Well come on, wonder awaits."

The boy nervously followed; his first time in such a place, he didn't

really know what to expect- let alone, a person, there to help him out. At this time, Libraries, had mostly succumbed to e-book readers, virtual reality, and Google-glass like headsets, or contact lenses, to access the internet's replacement- "VirCon" (short for "Virtual Connection"); Humanity had created a digital dimension, of light and sound. It transcended the physical world, but at the cost of real life connections. Libraries- the ones left, usually had "Artificial Intelligence" librarians ("Intelligence" being very arbitrary!). Back with the boy and the librarian, passing shelves full of books, they reached the fiction section. The librarian turned again to the boy, who was nervous and shy.

"Tell me, what kind of story you are looking for today?" the librarian asked.

The boy thought for a moment, then said, "I... I like to read adventure stories."

"What kind of adventure stories have you read?"

"The... 'The Time Machine,'" the boy said. "And 'Gulliver's Travels/ and 'Twenty-Thousand Leagues under the Sea.'"

"What else?" The librarian asked with excitement.

"Tar- Torzan."

"Loved Edgar Rice as a boy!" The Librarian realized then, that he had forgotten a very important question to the boy. "Where are my manners? What's your name my boy?"

"Ryder, sir." said the Boy.

"Ryder, call me Doug," the Librarian said. "How old are you?" He was curious, because of the titles he had read. "Seven," he replied.

"Ah! The age I started reading Science-Fiction." Doug the Librarian turned around and grabbed a book- a peculiar book, with a man of newspaper, flames glowing around his figure. "This book is always a good read. Sadly though, it predicted too many things right."

"It did," said the boy. "How?"

"Books on the decline, flat screen televisions, tiny listening devices that fit in ears..." The Librarian lamented. "Tell me something Ryder?"

"What Doug?"

"I see people with headset like glasses, or a glazed look in one or both eyes. What's that all about?"

Ryder thought for a second. "That's 'VirCon'; my Grandpa said it's what replaced the internet. It's the internet and virtual reality combined." Ryder sighed. "I'm not old enough to use it yet."

"The internet was a big distraction, and real minds don't need video games. I could write a thousand novels in the time people waste on- " Doug noticed Ryder looked confused. Doug got down on his knees to the boy's level. "Ryder, listen carefully, as this may be the most important thing you ever hear." Ryder nodded, then Doug continued, "Stuff your eyes with wonder. Live as if you 'd drop dead in ten seconds. See the world. It's more fantastic than any dream made or paid for in factories."

Ryder was still. Nobody ever said more powerful to him. Ryder replied with the only thing he could say, "I will. I promise."

"That's the ticket! Now get your library card and follow me to the front desk, and I'll check out the book to you." Doug said, but Ryder looked confused again. It clicked into Doug's head then. "You don't have a library card, do you?" Ryder shook his head. "Come on Ryder, I'll get you a card, and then we'll get this book checked out to you."

So began Ryder's visits to the library. A week later, done with the book, he returned it, and with Doug's help, found a new adventure among the stories. Ryder and Doug became fast friends, playing cards, and taking goofy photos with an old Polaroid camera. Doug imparted wise advice upon Ryder too, using books:

"All of us, no matter how we look born in this world, we feel like the Hunchback. It doesn't matter if you have a beautiful face or not" ~ Doug said on Quasimodo.

"We should've never left the moon." Doug said on "From the Earth to the Moon."

The pattern continued for many months. Ryder delighted in his weekly visits to the library. But one day, Ryder came in, and Doug was nowhere to be seen. Instead, there was a robot, with a layer of dust. The robot

lurched to life, its servos whined.

“Welcome to the library,” the Robot said, in a British accent, with a tinge of Scottish. “How may I help you?”

“Where’s the Librarian?” Ryder asked the Robot.

“I am the Librarian.” the Robot declared.

“No, his name is Doug,” Ryder replied. He then saw Doug’s picture on the wall. “That’s him right there.”

“That is illogical,” the Robot stated. “That cannot be the person you are looking for.”

“Why not?” Ryder asked the Anglo-Scottish sounding machine. Ryder was experiencing a new emotion. Outrage was flowing through him for the first time in his young life.

“That is Ray Bradbury,” the Robot answered. “He was one of America’s greatest writers of the 20th and early 21st Centuries. He has been gone many years.”

In shock and disbelief of the “binary buzz-box” before him, Ryder ran away from the front desk, heading deep into the library. The Robot shouted “Oy! No running in the library!” Ryder didn’t hear, nor would he have listened to the cold interloper. Deep in the halls and shelves of the library, Ryder was crying; his little heart confused and broken. To him, Doug was real. He shook Doug’s hand, they played “Go Fish,” found books, and Doug even issued Ryder’s library card. Doug was here, Doug was living, and Doug was his friend. As Ryder roamed the shelves, his heart broken, he looked up for no reason, and saw a package on one of the shelves, with His name on it! He grabbed it, sat down on the floor, and opened it.

Inside, was the Polaroid Camera, the deck of cards, a Manilla envelope labeled “photos,” two paperback books of great age (one was a copy of the first book he borrowed- “Fahrenheit 451”) and a letter that said “ReadMe First” Ryder opened the envelope. The letter read:

“Dear Ryder, by the time you read this, I will have left, continuing my journey. It will be hard for you, but you’ll be alright. I know you will. Remember all I’ve told you, especially what I told you the first time

we met, ‘Stuff your eyes with wonder. Live as if you ‘drop dead in ten seconds. See the world. It’s more fantastic than any dream made or paid for in factories.’

I have two more pearls of wisdom to impart on you at the moment my boy. The first is very important for you know. ‘If we listen to our intellect, we’d never have a love affair. We’d never have friendship. We’d never go into business, because we’d be cynical. Well that’s nonsense. You’ve got to jump off cliffs all the time, and build your wings on the way down.’”

Ryder was puzzled, but laughed a little laugh at that last part- he found it very funny.

“The Second is very important too. Without libraries, what have we? We have no past and no future. ‘Just ask those of Ancient Alexandria (so careless with their lamps and candles). How, in ‘The Martian Chronicles,’ there’s a story that could explain our time together; it’s not a perfect explanation, but close enough.”

I must go now. I’ll never forget you Ryder. You’re truly a great kid. I can’t wait to see what life has in store for you and see how you do. Until we meet again, I’ll be in touch. —Doug”

Ryder packed up the box, and walked out of the library; the Robot didn’t notice him leave as it was dusting in another part of the library. Ryder took to the world outside, with much on his young mind, and not knowing what was in store, but he was thankful. He was thankful for Doug, Ray, whoever he exactly was. For now though, Ryder set forth to into the world, a changed soul, a new person. He would go forth, and do his friend proud. Somehow, somewhere, Ryder knew, that his friend was alright, and that his own journey had just begun, and thanks to the Librarian, he had a confident, good start. Instead of a machine, he went to a human being, and Ryder was all the better for it. Why go to a machine, when you could go to a human being?

Un Mundo Sin Libros

Norla R.

Pienso que un mundo sin libros es como tener una vida vacía, sin objetivos o metas; y estoy segura que las generaciones pasadas se encontraban en total atraso académico. Hoy día con el avance de la tecnología todo ha evolucionado, hay tantos libros con diferentes contenidos tanto para personas mayores, jóvenes y niños.

Por lo general cerca de nuestras casas en nuestra comunidad contamos con bibliotecas bien equipadas, con todo modernizado. Mis hijos y yo asistimos regularmente a la biblioteca de nuestro barrio, a mi específicamente me gustan los libros de cocina, he tomado algunos prestados, tomo unas que otras recetas específicamente las de “postres dulces.” Me gusta el área de libros infantiles ya que tengo niños pequeños en la escuela.

Para empezar comensamos con mis hijos a pintar algunas figuras que les gustan, en seguida buscamos libros de matemáticas y tratamos de hacer ejercicios de las cuatro reglas básicas (+, -, X y /). En seguida buscamos libros de cuentos que les gustan a mis hijos y les leo uno o dos y para asegurarme si estaban captando, les pregunto por separado que entendieron o que me cuenten lo que entendieron. Además vamos al cuarto de las computadoras, ahí los vigilo cuidadosamente para que no usen programas acordes a sus edades.

En seguida les doy descanso, pueden ir al baño y comer algo rapidito. (Jugo, agua, galletas o una fruta que llevamos de casa). Les oriento que no deben tirar basura.

Mientras ellos están en “brake” yo aprovecho siempre para leer unos minutos mi Biblia personal; me deleito en mi libro preferido, el gran regalo que Jehová nos dejó a la humanidad y está plasmado lo que Dios espera de cada uno de nosotros. Me gusta muy especialmente el libro de Proverbios, pues ahí trae plasmados consejos útiles para padres, madres, e hijos; si todos pusieramos en práctica el consejo de este libro, el mundo fuera diferente.

Al final todos regresamos a casa felices y contentos. Personalmente voy contenta. Cuando los niños duermen practico la nueva receta que

tome de postres dulces, por la mañana al desayunar antes de llevarlos a la escuela les sirvo el postre que hice la noche anterior, para ellos es alegría y así empezamos un bonito día. Por cierto, los postres les fascinan, siempre me quedan riquísimos y quieren más y más.

Todo esto a mí me produce gran felicidad. Primero; porque me siento realizada como madre, estoy enseñando a mis hijos a que hagamos uso de la Biblioteca de nuestra comunidad.

Segundo; como profesional y esposa también me siento realizada ya que tengo mi trabajo seglar y también atiendo a mi esposo al que amo mucho. Tenemos 20 años de casados y nos esforzamos por mantener la llama del amor viva.

En otras palabras, no me imagino un mundo sin libros, no miro a mis hijos sin tener un libro o una biblioteca en donde buscar información y crecer más como seres humanos.

Estoy segura que las personas del pasado añoraban aunque sea tener un libro para leer o pintar. Considero que hoy día somos privilegiados por tener un local donde podemos encontrar diferentes libros con tanta buena información. Lamentablemente la gran mayoría de personas no sacamos provecho de la Biblioteca de nuestra comunidad. En otras palabras, mi familia y yo tratamos de mantenernos ocupados positivamente.

En resumen; si hacemos uso de nuestra Biblioteca, compartimos tiempos juntos fructíferos, comemos ricos postres que tomo la receta de la biblioteca y lo más importante es que nos deleitamos espiritualmente pues siempre al llegar a casa antes de dormir hago con mis hijos una oración a Jehová y le pido por favor me permita despertar a un día más, se pido sabiduría, aguante, y que me de la fortaleza que necesito para cada día, pero sobre todo le doy las gracias por ser un Dios de amor, benevolente. Le pido por tantas personas que no lo conocen, que no llegue su gran día sin que aprendan que deben modificar sus vidas especialmente los que hacen cosas que a Él no le agradan.

Por último mi familia y yo hacemos uso de nuestra Biblioteca, compartimos nuestros buenos momentos, compartimos nuestra mesa como familia y comemos mis ricos postres. Les enseño a mis hijos a orarle a Dios, a darle las gracias por tanto que nos da cada día, a pedirle por otras personas y también mi esposo y yo nos esforzamos

por mantenemos una bonita relación de pareja pues tenemos muchos años juntos y no queremos que nuestro amor se debilite.

The ABCs of the Next 100 Years

Patrick M.

A.) Advances to Apple's Assets Allow for the "ALL THINGS APPLE!" Advertising Agenda: Adoptions Approved by Apple! Abdominoplasty Approved by Apple! the Afterlife and the Atomic bomb ALL APPROVED BY APPLE!

B.) Brains Bound by Bulbous Blinking Buttons Buzz whenever Blogs Broadcast, Beguiling our Benign Brooding.

C.) Cautious after Columbine-esque Catastrophes, Conservatives Construct Conveyor belt Crucifixions to Condemn Contrarians Concerned about Conceal and Carry.

D.) Democrats Delete Diverse Diatribes in the Dictionary, Despairing that they Disgruntle Delicate Doctrines.

E.) Early Endeavors to Erect the EARTHQUAKE ENGINE for use against Enemies of the European Empire found that an Emergency End Enaction Eluded its Ergonomic Experts.

F.) Fearful of Foul Features, Fantastically Favorable Faces are Forged onto the Flexible Facades of Fetuses.

G.) Gigaton Grenades filled with Germs left Generations after to Garishly Garnish their Gas Masks like Geishas for a less Ghoulish Guise.

H.) Humongous Hollywood Hits about Humanity Hard up for Hire is Helmed by the Hard earned Hundreds of Have-Nots.

I.) Incumbents Inspired by Impale's-past Imply Inadmissible Immigration with Indisputable Indignity on IMAX 3D screens Installed on the Los Indios border.

J.) Jamborees of Jackels Jolt Jazz from Jilted Jukeboxes after Jets Junked Jerusalem on Judgment Day.

K.) Katana wielding Kindergarteners Kill for Kismet like Khans in

Kafkaesque Kingdoms.

L.) Legally, Lead can be Leaked into Low Income Localities to Lull Lethargic Laborers with Lazy one Liners Like Live, Laugh, Love.

M.) Memories Manifest as Media like Memes or MP4s so Members with enough Money can Maraud into the Mind and Mud sling Mockery in Masked Moots.

N.) Naturally, the Necromantically Newborn Neanderthal was Neurotic and Neglected Niceties when Noosing Neurologists like they were Neolithic Nerds.

O.) Ostracized by Ontological Overlords, the Organization of Opinionated Octopi Objectively Observes the Obstructed Ozone from their Ogled Oceanariums.

P.) To Promote Political Participation, Professional Publicists Plug Pundits during the Privacy of Pornographic Persuasion.

Q.) Quasars Quote Quixotic Quips that we Quizzically Queue as Questionable Quantum Queerness at best.

R.) Radiation Riddled Regions Radically Revise Religious Reasoning Resulting in Random Reverences like the Rites of the Royal Rotisserie Rooster.

S.) Snapshots from Several Slanted Standpoints: the Silhouette the Solemnly Scenic and the Sexy Slideshow are not Sufficient for the Subjects who Simulate the Septuple Selfie Stick.

T.) Tuition Treasurers who Troll Tutelage with Terrible Taxes Thieve Trillions to Trademark their own Tyrannical Territories.

U.) Urban Urchins of Utopian Uranus Usurp the Upper class with Uproarious Ukulele Undulations.

V.) Vegans Vaunt their own Vegetative Valhalla until Venus Flytraps Voraciously Victual the Vicinity like Villainous Vampires.

W.) Weary of Waging Wars with Wunderwaffe Weapons, Wrangles are Worked out with White knuckled Wagers of Wiffleball.

X.) PiXies heX eXhumed t-reXes who phalanx around luXury complexes.

Y and Z.) Yearning for Yugas of Yogis and Yatras, Zealots play Zithers and Zing Zarathustrianism on Zeppelin Ziggurats.

The Wild Populace

Reid B.

The buffalo snorted as Maddie extended the carrot out from her tiny hand. Its big brown nostrils flared as it sniffed the air around the carrot, then took a bite. “Daddy, look, it likes it,” Maddie said. “I see Maddie. Now mind its teeth. I don’t want it mistaking your fingers for a carrot,” said Clay as he watched the buffalo chew away. “I’ll be careful,” she said with a smile. Clay sat in the tall prairie grass gazing out in the distance as the rest of the buffalo herd dined in the afternoon sun. He thought it reminded him of an old western with Kevin Costner as the lead cowboy. Clay tried to search his mind for the name of the film but it never came. His hazy blue eyes drifted taking in all that was around him until he looked up into the sun and noticed a thin black seam in the sky. Guess the designers forgot to cover that up when they finished the enclosure. He made a mental note to tell the boys in the Design-Q to fix it on Monday. “Daddy, people are coming,” Maddie’s voice broke his trace. Clay looked over to see that a large group of twenty tourists had entered the enclosure with a guide. Many were snapping photos with their clear phones and listening to the guide talk. They seemed too preoccupied to notice they were even there. In the wind, Clay could make out part of what the guide was saying. “Ladies and gentlemen, this environment is known as the American Prairie. You can find our largest herd of American Buffalo, Prairie Dogs, wild Antelope, and yes, even a few Bull Snakes. But, don’t worry folks. All of those critters won’t harm a soul.” Suddenly a fair red headed boy in the crowd pointed over towards Clay. He could see his lips move but his voice did not carry well on the wind. The guide turned and looked right at him, stared, then addressed the crowd. “Folks, that is Dr. Clay Powell, one of our many geneticists here at the Wild Populace. Looks like he’s cozied up to old Buffalo Billy on the ridge. Let’s all go say hi. As the crowd started to move towards them, Clay stood brushing the dusty grass off his pant’s leg. “Come on. We need to go before I get cornered by that guide.” Maddie patted Billy’s thick matted coat before running to her father. Clay picked her up and they headed towards the tour group. The

kids in the group had all broken away from their parents and ran past them towards Billy. Clay could see the tour guide was about to ask him a question since he was now in earshot, but Clay was too quick on the draw. “Sorry folks, can’t stay and chat. I got to get this little one home,” Clay said with a fake smile. The guide nodded and said, “That’s our Dr. Powell, family man first and for most. Let’s wave him goodbye folks!” Only a gray haired woman and the guide waved at them. The rest of the group was too busy watching the grasses for snakes as they passed by. Maddie waved in reply as they slipped out of the exhibit.

The Wild Populace was alive with the sounds, chatting parents, and excited children. Clay and Maddie walked down halls of glistening gold that framed the high nano-glass that lead to habitats from across the globe. The crowds buzzed with ‘ooh’s’ and ‘aah’s’ as they gazed through the nano-glass at the lush rainforests of Brazil, the dry sand dunes of African deserts, the deep blue waters off of the Philippines, and many more. Clay was used to the gawkers and carefully moved past them. They were especially bad around the ocean environments. It’s like they never heard of scuba diving before, he always thought. But luckily, Maddie wasn’t into underwater adventures so he didn’t have to bother with them. He knew where Maddie wanted to go. It was always their last stop before heading home when she came to visit him at work. As they reached the exhibit, Clay put Maddie down on her feet. She quickly ran towards two puffy gold hooded coats that were hanging on the wall. “Wow, slow down their girl. Let me help you put that on,” Clay took one of the coats and placed it around her. The fabric bunched around her small body, making her look like a little golden marshmallow with legs. Clay pulled and tightened the chest and waste strap on the coat. He watched as the fabric started to compress and form more to her body. Super material fabric you gotta love it, he smirked, as he slipped on his coat. Clay didn’t need any compression with his coat, just a little expansion around the belly. Maddie tugged at him, “Hurry daddy, I know Cassie is waiting for us.” He gave into her tugs and they walked through the rippling glass into the Arctic tundra. A light snow fell, as they walked across the ice sheets. Maddie rushed ahead of him. Clay heard the bark of ringed seals in the distance followed by the splashing of water. He called out to Maddie who was rushing towards a small white hill. “Look out for holes in the ice.” But she was too far to

hear him. Clay watched as Maddie sat down on top of the small white hill. Under her, the hill rose up and revealed itself to have four furry legs. "It's Cassie!" Maddie screamed with joy. The polar bear turned its head back to look at her. Then it looked right at Clay. Clay stopped as the lumbering bear made its way towards him. Returning Maddie to him had become almost like second nature to Cassie over the last year and a half. The great white bear brushed up against his side as a gentle hello. Clay scratched Cassie behind the ear like a dog and she made a low pleasant grumble of enjoyment. "Can Cassie come home with us?" Maddie asked. "I'm sorry sweet pea but she has to stay here with the rest of the polar bears. This is her home. And I don't think we have enough room in our apartment for her." Maddie laid face down into Cassie's warm fur. "But daddy, this isn't her home." Clay stopped rubbing Cassie and looked down at her. Mrs. Appleton said that polar bears used to live at the top of the world in a place called the Arctic. She said it was so cold that it froze the sea to give them a home. "Can we take her there, daddy? Can we take her to the Arctic?" Clay scratched at his short beard. It took him a few moments to gather his thoughts. "Maddie.. .Cassie will never be able to go to that frozen home in the arctic. It's gone. It was gone before I was even your age. I know from old reports that after the melt they tried to rescue what was left of the polar bears. They were so sick. The rescue team could only watch as the last few slipped away like the ice. With millions watching the disaster unfold, no longer could the governments of the world turn a blind eye to the extinction problem staring directly at us. That's when the roots of the Wild Populace took hold. It took a couple of tense years to generate the funding and to gather the right scientific minds in one place, but we made it happen. In these halls, we have recreated all that we destroyed from Mother Nature's hands, only making a few minimal modifications to each species so none will harm humans. We wanted you, Maddie.. .our children, and our great grandchildren to grow and learn alongside these animals and not be like us learning about them only in books and films. This place is an ark of lost creatures that we are trying to return to all of you." Clay didn't realize he was rambling until Maddie put her hand on his. "Daddy, it's okay, you didn't hurt these bears. You are trying to fix them." Clay looked away for a moment to collect himself. Then, he looked back at Maddie. "You're right. I...we all are trying to fix them." Clay reached up and took her off Cassie's back. He hugged her

small body against his chest and turned to walk back the way they came. Maddie watched as fat flakes began to fall and Cassie disappeared in the distance.

Where the Tide Falls

Samuel Y.

The moment the iris of his eyes broke through the stirring, restless dunes in a flash flood of blues with sparkles of emeralds roiling in the froth, was when the moon howled its silent deathrattle with a tortuous stillness. The moon orbiting the extracted planet froze in place, no longer lured in toward the husk that had once been a planet. I sat still, letting him wake with no sudden disturbances. Sandy eyelids sifted away into the recesses of his brows to let his gaze trickle out into the stale recycled air. The only noise was the wet gasping of the ship's aluminum and nylon lungs, cycling oxygen back into the cabin.

I looked out the starboard window to, as expected, see the gray husks that once housed the massive stages where trillions of lives had played out and ended; I looked at the gray husks that had once been beheld as gods. From this distance, they looked like balls of sand held up in space by an invisible sling. The more thorough jobs didn't leave even a grain of sand because even sand contained exploitable mass. Planets were reduced not to sand, but empty dust.

Some parents have taken a liking to spinning a planet collapse into a tale for children. With no atmosphere and an empty core, planets often spun out into space over time. The planet-corpse would spray its dust out into space in a gray vortex-like a wind scattering the ashes of a god from its extinguished pyre. I remembered hearing one parent, a father, tell his ruddy nosed toddler that when a planet spins out, it's only vanishing into space to be born anew, teeming with life once again in some distant galaxy. Another father told his child to make a wish when witnessing a planet spin out, like how people used to wish upon a shooting star.

His chest bloomed up, and his toes cracked as they curled. I stood up from my pilot seat as he absentmindedly reached for my hand. The dryness of the cockpit left my lips cracked. I chewed my lip and a particularly hard bite let loose a sliver of blood; the blood spilled out

between tectonic plates of dead skin. It clung to my lip before the single droplet, barely visible, drifted away through the open doorway. I ran my rigid tongue across the crack, and felt the blood spread across my teeth in the process. The recent body-preserving injection left my head and mouth numb, making any attempts at words jumble out into an inaudible heap. The metallic ring of the taste floated in my mouth.

Somewhere in the back of the ship, I caught the sound of an electronic beep that had managed to skulk its way into the cockpit. The palms of my hands clutched onto a railing along the wall, and I guided myself towards the lobby. There, to my right, was the foot-thick steel doors that led to the decompression room, which in turn led out to the celestial graveyard. The ship was small, only made big enough to accommodate two or three people. The other rooms besides the cockpit and lobby were much less rooms than they were closets. To my left, was the blipping computer that incessantly chirped for attention. I brushed aside hair dangling in sight and patted my breast pocket for glasses. The room sharpened and I could make out the screen's glow: "Candidate for extraction detected." I leaned over the screen to peer out the port window: A blue planet spun steadily in the black of space, unflinched by the groping luminescent hands of distant stars. The computer said aloud: "Send report?"

There was only one option on screen, which read "confirm." As I reached over to tap the blinking screen, the silhouette of the once asleep man crawled atop my hand. I felt his grip slip over my hip from the right. I shook my head, and pushed his hand away. My lips parted to form words, but a squeaked warble fluttered out instead. The injection's taste came up strongly from the back of my throat, a dizzying sensation that could only be described closest to the brief, acidic, ozone-like taste that jumps up from the throat before the bile, but prolonged and unrelenting. The computer echoed almost like a whisper in the background: "Send report?"

He reached over again, grip stiffer-knuckles sharper. I thrashed violently, but he didn't seem to pay any attention. His free floating body grappled on and drew me away from my hold on the computer's frame, drawing my body into his, hand over hand, like a spider drawing in its web. My head was spinning. My veins were swollen with heat. He pursed his lips to make a shushing noise, like a father hushing a child in a

tantrum. Instead though, the noise came out as a sharp wheeze. My arm started to numb under his grip. My muscles groaned against his. I opened my mouth again, but again, nothing. Hand against chest, pushing, and pushing, I caught a glimpse of his eyes: The churning blues were emptying out into a bay of red, becoming more and more turbulent, stirred up by some hollow gale. The glint of emeralds were distant now.

I could feel his palms, hand over hand, reaching and reaching, with fingers that they themselves seemed to reach with autonomous minds, but welded together into a common conscious by the heat of a shared desire. The ball of struggle floated in the middle of the lobby without a railing within arm's reach. I tucked a foot against his stomach and kicked out, sending him and I hurtling towards opposite directions. I heard my head crash into the wall more than actually feeling it; the collision sent a ringing noise drumming throughout the ship and my bones. I let out a squeak of pain and rubbed meticulously around the impact point. My head, which only moments ago felt like a million fuses blowing out, began to clear through the muddiness. He was floating against his side of the ship, very still. Somewhere in the distance: "Send report?"

I moved myself along the railing, slowly, carefully monitoring his face for signs of life. His chest was still fluxing in and out. Haifa foot stood between him and me when I reached over and poked at his near-motionless body.

No response. My brows fell into hard slashes across my face. I grabbed him by the wrist and dragged him through the air, right over to the airlock. The steel doors to the decompression unhinged and spread open. The airlock was only several arms length wide and long and was poorly lit besides a few glowing guide lights in the corners of the room. A line of white air stretched loose from the hinges and hydraulics and the doors locked into its open position. I pushed his body into the open maw and reached over to tap the control panel for locking the doors. As the light above the panel lit up red, a cold grip suddenly whipped itself around my ankle.

Adrenaline shot through my spine. He yanked me into the darkness of the airlock as the doors shut, a few inches away from my head. A scream tried to claw its way out of my numb mouth as he reared his head right up

to mine. The glow of the guide lights shined through his eyes like police sirens flashing through scotch glasses filled with shards of broken beer bottles. His fingers crawled up to my face and I felt them squeeze and writhe against my clothing. My hands struck outside of the tangle of flesh and hair to desperately find the--_yes, they found the metallic, grooved grip. I pulled it loose, and the guide lights dimmed as alarms began screaming and spinning their yellow tint over the dark room in passing motions like gazes of passersby. His body froze. He looked at me, and I saw his eyes: all empty of color, left with nothing but rolling dust.

The gates to space swung open and the air around us crashed out into the vacuum of space in whipping tides. I tumbled out into the dark canvas. My skin began to gray. My insides stirred violently. But in that very moment I could feel the numbness in my mouth recede. My mind, rattling with thoughts, began spinning in every direction all at once, before gradually vanishing into the shining darkness.

“Send report?”

NUTRITION FACTS

Sebastian T.

The minute hand of the aging clock - the one that hung above the neon OPEN sign - stirred without warning and sprang six degrees, dragging with it, time and the fragile peace, to 8:58 PM. At that precise moment, six miles away from the Quiky Mart, unknown to both Maidel and Raiko, Detective George McClusky was heading out to his Monday graveyard shift, mere minutes away from answering the first homicide call of his short career. Maidel glanced at the convex mirror perched at the end of the aisle as the cashier attended to the last customer. The cash register rattled open, a pack of smokes changed hands and the transaction concluded with a whisper of thanks. Maidel sized up the old black man behind the counter. At about six-two and two-twenty with Corinthian column arms that betrayed a love of weightlifting that age had not diminished, the blue-vested store owner towered over most. Maidel's sweaty fingers, desperate for assurance, found the soothing, cold metal of the Ruger concealed in his waistband. Raiko looked up from the tabloid magazine he was pretending to read and rolled his eyes at his brother.

“Not yet, you idiot,” he growled. “His smoke break is in two minutes. That’s when his wife takes over,” he said, gesturing, with the hinge of the Daily Enquirer, at the mirror. Maidel followed his gaze to find the petite Asian woman - also wearing a Quiky Mart blue vest - mopping up the front of the counter. Visibly relaxed, Maidel returned his gaze to the drinks arrayed in the refrigerator before him. He found what he was looking for and retrieved it - a tall thin black can with the ubiquitous fluorescent green logo of the Leviathan energy drink brand. “Don’t drink that,” warned the voice of the first-born, omnipresent as always. “Why not?” protested Maidel, “I need something cool. The heat is driving me insane!” “Then pick another drink. Just don’t drink that. It contains MSA.”

Maidel swiveled the can around and studied the finely-printed ingredient list at the bottom of the box headed ‘Nutrition Facts.’ Sure enough, Monoselenium arsenate, along with its abbreviation, figured in the grouping, nestled between Calcium chloride and Potassium sorbate.

“You’re right,” admitted the younger, defiant still, “it does. So what’s the big deal?” “You remember that drunkard Frank who used to work with Dad at the factory? Well I ran into him last week. He just got out of Fulsom after a three-year stretch for aggravated assault. He says the government’s been running some secret tests with drugs like MSA on the inmates up there.”

It was Maidel’s turn to roll his eyes at his brother. “Isn’t this the same Frank whose wife and cocker-spaniel were ‘abducted’ by aliens until the divorce papers arrived in the mail?” “Frank ain’t the sharpest tool in the shed - I’ll give you that - but this time it’s about what he’s seen with his own two eyes and it’s scared him pale. He said that when he first got to Fulsom, the place was a carnival of death - three shankings a week at a minimum. Six months later, a government doc shows up, a small army of soldiers with him, and sets up a lab in the highest tower overlooking the grounds. A list is drawn up of the most violent offenders in the prison - guys with horrible records who could shank their own mothers without blinking. Once a month, over the course of the next year, a felon on this list is woken in the middle of the night and escorted from his cell to the doc’s lab. No one sees or hears from him for the next four weeks. And then one morning, he’s back in his cell as if he never left it. That very night, another con on the list, the next one in alphabetical order, is stolen

from his bed.”

“For the first few months,” Raiko continued, “Frank says nothing changed at Fulsom. And then, out of the blue, a week goes by without any murders. Then a month. The warden is as surprised as anyone else. The trend goes on and on. Frank says in his last year, there were only two deaths - both heart attacks of aging lifers.”

“So what are you saying? That they finally found a drug to turn these guys into zombies?” “I’m saying that the doctor discovered that MSA and chemicals like it had an interesting side-effect that no one had ever noticed before: it gives the user a conscience. And it’s not surprising that it’s gone unnoticed so far in the general public. Regular Joe takes MSA, helps an old lady cross the street - no one bats an eyelid, because that’s expected from Joe. The only kind, who will notice the side effect is people like us,’ he raised the front of his shirt to reveal his Smith & Wesson, ‘the criminal element.’ Raiko glanced up at the mirror. ‘Speaking of which, it’s almost time. Put that drink away and follow me.”

The woman labeled ‘Tracy’ looked up from her phone to find a teenager poking a gun in her face.

“Empty the register!” the boy hissed, his gaze fixed on the service entrance behind her.

Tracy dropped her phone and did as she was told, as fast as her trembling, arthritic fingers would let her.

“Now the safe!” the boy spat, when she was done, pointing at the black cube below the register.

“I don’t have the code,” Tracy lied, as rehearsed ‘Only my husband does!’

“Open the safe you bitch, or I swear to god I’ll drop you where you stand!”

Just as Tracy’s will started to flicker, she became aware of another figure behind her attacker: a

younger boy, also holding a shiny gun. Except, this one was not pointed at her.

“That is no way to talk to a lady,” said Maidel, inserting an equanimity

that had no natural place

whatsoever in that triangular conversation. Raiko turned slightly, invective ready, to find the

Ruger hovering an inch away from his temple.

“Maidel, what the hell?” he squeaked, his own gun still trained on Tracy.

“I want you to apologize to her right now, you hear?” said Maidel, in a sing-song voice of an

indulgent mother.

“Maidel, listen to me. I don’t know what’s gotten into your head. Just put that gun down and...”

Raiko’s eyes fell to the black can in his brother’s hand. The black open can.

The horrible truth hit Raiko like a runaway freight train and forced the air from his lungs and an

incoherent stammer from his lips. He turned to point his gun at what used to be his brother.

“I told you.. I told you not to..”

It was into this strange setting that Tracy’s husband walked, a few seconds later. One look at his cowering wife and the retired corporal lunged for the loaded shotgun that slept below register four. He had no difficulty choosing his target. Of the three people in his direct view, two were scared witless. He pivoted, still crouched, to the third and a single deafening shot resonated through the store.

Detective McClusky surveyed the curious scene before him, giddy with concealed excitement,

his notepad open, yet tragically empty. The handcuffed boy before him was sitting on the floor,

his back to the counter, twisting away, like a rabid dog, from a green fizzing stream that snaked

back to a can on the floor beside the vie. He knelt beside the bawling teenager, hoping to get

something out of him to make sense of what the store-owners saw transpire.

“Attempted armed robbery resulting in death. Do you know what the means, punk? It means

you’ll be charged as an adult.”

The boy continued to squirm and weep.

‘And for a boy like you, with your record, it almost certainly means a one-way ticket to Fulsom.’

And just like that all was quiet in the Quiky Mart except for the ticking of the all-seeing clock.

Un Mundo Sin Libros Historia de Ana y Gabriel

Sonia R.

Hace algunos años habían dos grandes amigos, Ana y Gabriel. Ellos compartían muchas cosas, les gustaba ir a comer, ir a bailar, cocinar juntos en algunos fines de semana, pero solo había algo que no compartían y era el amor que Ana sentía por los libros. Gabriel en lugar de gustarle los libros, le gustaba mucho ver películas de acción, y de comedia, cosa que Ana no compartía con El, pero sin embargo lo acompañaba algunas veces al cine.

Ana le decía ..Gabriel Yo te acompañare a ver la película que desees, pero acompañame a la tienda de libros, nos leemos un buen libro y aprovechamos a tomar un café y comentamos el libro; El le decía siempre sL.sLsL vamos que se nos hace tarde para la película, pero nunca cumplía siempre ponía excusas y no iba con ella. La última vez que paso la misma cosa, ella se enojó mucho con El, discutieron como nunca y al final le dijo cosas que la hirieron mucho. Le dijo, sabes nunca te he dicho que eres una aburrida porque siempre quieres estar leyendo esos libros que no te sirven de nada, no se como he podido ser tu amigo por tanto tiempo, deseo que desaparezcan tu y tus libros.

Ana dolida se fue triste y dos lágrimas rodaron en sus mejillas y fue pensando en todo el camino como Gabriel podría a ver deseado eso, si siempre habían sido inseparables. Bueno penso ella, lo complacere,

desaparecere de su vida Yo y mis libros y se que me extranara y Yo a el y algun día deseara no haber dicho eso.

Los dos eran solteros y Vivian en el mismo edificio y los apartamentos quedaban en el mismo piso; así que Ana se mudó sin decirle nada.

Mientras Gabriel pensaba, me he quitado un peso de encima, me he alejado del mundo de Libros de Ana, que alegría, ya no hay nadie que me recuerde que existen los libros, fue mejor así, 3 años de soportar...como pude?, nos la pasábamos bien, excepto por sus benditos libros, no me gusta leerlos, no me gusta comentarlos, no me gusta aprender de ellos, de niño deseaba ser grande para que ya no me obligaran a usarlos, y ahora que lo soy...tener que compartir con alguien que los ama,no..no.. eso no es para mí.

Pasaron dos semanas y Gabriel empezó a extrañar a Ana, los fines de semana cuando cocinaban juntos y buscaban recetas en los libros de cocina que Ana tenía, las veces que salían a comer juntos y Ana le ayudaba en algún artículo que él no entendía y lo necesitaba para su trabajo y en algunas cosas que él quería armar y organizar en su apartamento, pero era tan malo para leer instrucciones que Ana siempre le ayudaba, también cuando quería escribir alguna carta o mensaje a su familia que Vivian lejos de El, también Ana le ayudaba a expresarse mejor, a llenar cualquier documento, El no lo leía, le molestaba porque no lo entendía del todo. Gabriel era muy buen trabajador, tenía buen porte, era responsable, inteligente porque aprendía rápido, trabajaba en un restaurante y era asistente de manager, Ana siempre le decía puedes llegar hacer un Gerente General, tienes carácter de líder, conoces el trabajo que haces, solo te falta un poco más de conocimiento administrativo, debes tomar clases y así podrás llegar al puesto. Ana era maestra y también se había graduado en Administración de empresas; pero Gabriel vivía un mundo sin libros, sin conocimiento, con miedo de ser algo diferente a lo que a El le gustaba ser, había caído en cuenta que caro le estaba costando vivir así, tanto que hasta había perdido la amistad con Ana y claro él vivía a travez del mundo de Ana y ahora que ella no estaba, se sentía vacío, triste y sin ayuda.

Después de analizar su situación penso, voy a buscar a Ana, le pedire me perdone por comportarme así con ella y todo volvera hacer como

antes, salio decidido y toco a su puerta y nadie contestaba, entonces penso, la llamare y ahora me contestara el telefono, ya pasaron casi tres semanas; llamd, llamo y Ana no contesto, entonces penso, seguramente a esta hora debe de estar en la ttenda de libros que tanto le gusta, la sorprendera y me quedare con ella compartiendo un libro como ella me lo pedia. Cual fue la sorpresa de Gabriel que Ana no se encontraba alli. Triste regreso al edificio, algo en su corazon le decia que algo mas pasaba, se dirijio rapidamente a la oficina del manejador del edificio y le dijo que estaba buscando a Ana Martinez, usted no la ha visto en todo el dia? el manager le dijo usted no sabe que la sefiorita se mudo hace una semana?, No., usted sabe donde puedo encontrarla, dejo algun mensaje para mi? No, le contesto el manejador del edificio, esta bien contesto Gabriel., gracias senior.

El mundo de Gabriel se derrumbo en ese momento, su corazon sufria por dentro y su mente pensaba rapidamente, como pudo pasar esto, como no me di cuenta a tiempo, si yo la hubiera escuchado y complacido, que caro estoy pagando el mundo tan vacio que he vivido hasta ahora. Yo pensaba que un mundo sin libros era lo mejor que me podia pasar, y ahora veo que lo perdi todo; mi mejor amiga, los anos que he renunciado a crecer y hacer una diferencia para mi y para los demas.

Gabriel por estas razones, se fue muy triste y decepcionado de vuelta a su apartamento, sintiendose solo, sin ganas de nada. A la mafiana siguiente, se levanto muy temprano y penso Dios mio perdoname y ayudame a ser diferente y aportar todo de mi cada dia y aunque perdi a Ana, voy a hacer lo que ella siempre me aconsejaba.. regresa al colegio, lee, toma ideas de los libros, te van a servir en tu diario vivir... Y Yo concluf en eso, sere un nuevo Gabriel y llevare a Ana siempre en mi corazon y en mi mente y nunca mas mi mundo sera, un mundo sin libros.