

Everybody Writes!

Vol. II

# It's a Mystery...

7<sup>th</sup> Grade & ELL

Winter 2017-2018

Bronx Park Middle School, X556

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Ms. Stack

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Teachers & Writers Collaborative

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## Introduction

From November 2017 to March 2018, I had opportunities to work with each and every member of the Bronx Park community. We called this program “Everybody Writes!” because the focus was on giving every student and every teacher a chance to explore creative writing and develop as creative learners. I worked with Bronx Park teachers in professional development sessions, creating space and time for them to experiment as writers and articulate their own philosophies of teaching and writing. I also visited ELA classrooms in each grade (6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup>, and 8<sup>th</sup>), working directly with the students to support their creative writing and reading. I even had a chance to work with English Language Learner students on writing that blends languages and embraces linguistic diversity. In the process, I got to know a vibrant and committed community of learners and educators, and an inspiring group of creative minds.

This is one of three anthologies that gather the creative work that Bronx Park students and teachers created during this residency; it features the work of 7<sup>th</sup> grade and ELL (English Language Learner) students.

I visited the 7<sup>th</sup> grade classes during their Murder Mystery unit. In our time together, we talked a lot about that special mix of fear and excitement that keeps you turning the pages in a murder mystery, and we worked on writing poems that would capture that same mood.

We turned ordinary rooms into mysterious crime scenes, experimenting with ways to make items like refrigerators and televisions into something spooky. Using the work of poets Thomas James and Danielle Pafunda as inspiration, students took on the perspective of a dead body, and wrote poems that imagine what would be said if the dead could speak. They used vocabulary from the model poems to add life to their dead body poems, and worked on descriptions that are both beautiful and ugly.

Finally, students learned that *writing is rewriting*, as they revised their poems for publication, making each one the best that it can be. This anthology also has illustrations contributed by Mr. Jacobs from his art classes, where students were asked to create “ugly art”—I think it makes a perfect pairing with the ugly (and beautiful) details of a murder mystery!

As I read these poems, I am struck by the vivid descriptions that students created, and their strong sense of suspense and intrigue. I think that, even in the briefest examples, they’ve managed to capture the essence of the murder mystery genre, that mix of excitement and fear. Reader beware—some of these poems are pretty mysterious!

When I worked with ELL students, we looked at a different sort of mystery—that mysterious space that exists between languages, or in languages that we don’t yet know. We explored how poetry can give us a window into another language, or into our own.

Together, we read a few of Guillaume Apollinaire’s French *caligrammes*, poems where the words take the shape of the subject of the poem. We discovered that, even without knowing French, it was possible to glean meaning from these poems, and even to translate them! Students designed their own caligrammes that will teach you a word in their native language.

We also read John Clare’s “Transcription of a Nightingale’s Song,” where the poet finds a way to convey that beautiful birdcall through our English alphabet. Students responded with a New York

twist—transcribing the song of a pigeon in an alphabet of their choosing. With Spanish-speaking students, we also talked about poetry that crosses the language divide, that is written in “Spanglish,” and students wrote their own multilingual Spanglish poems.

Throughout my work with Bronx Park’s English Language Learners, I was astonished by their capacity for linguistic creativity—working within, and among, and between languages, in a space that sometimes feels mysterious, but can also feel like home.

I’d like to thank Principal Rinaldi and Assistant Principal Hammack for making this residency possible, along with the 7<sup>th</sup> grade and ELL teachers—Ms. Meyer, Ms. Clavell, Ms. Garrett, and Ms. Stack—who welcomed me into their classrooms and collaborated in this creative writing experience. Thanks also to the whole staff at Bronx Park, for building such a positive and creative environment for learning. And above all, thank you to the students whose words are contained within these pages. To everyone at Bronx Park: keep on writing!

Erika Luckert  
March 2018

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**-701-**

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VLADIMIR G.

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### Just a Classic Dead Body

My dead body turned into a combination of obsidian and fungus. It was so nasty that the person who killed me also died when he saw how nasty my dead body was. My face was covered in blisters and knuckles made out of rotten honey. My thighs were so fat, my blood turned black, then my thighs exploded. Now that's what I call a classic dead body. A unique one. Oh, and I was murdered by being stabbed in the neck with a knife.

---

NATHAN C.

---

### Killed

Under my toenails are dead scabs.  
And under my fingernails are rotten flesh.  
I swayed to the smell of other people's rotten flesh when I was alive.  
I hate the funk of other people's fungus.  
I also hate the smell of other people's rotten flesh.

---



## **Moonlight Murder**

As I swayed in the night the day I was murdered,

I smell of perfume as I dance with my true love,

As I left to retrieve something valuable,

I fell to death underneath the moonlight,

A man ran away with the valuable emerald I got from my love,

I was left on the cold hard floor waiting for more as my soul left to light above the night,

As I rest in an otherworldly plain,

As police search to end the game,

As I rest tonight underneath the moonlight,

I smelled of sweet honey in the night,

For that was my final aroma tonight,

As I fly to the light,

Goodbye and Goodnight,

As I go into the Moonlight.

---

ANTHONY P.

---

My head was soft as a pillow.  
My chest was hard as stone.  
My meat was like rotten.  
My legs were like lava and water.  
My hair was soft and rough like stuff.

---

JAVY B.

---

### **Nasty Body**

My body was rotting and I had obsidian melted on my hair. I had my heart stabbed and it became valuable because pieces of emerald were in it. My body is at Bobby's Fish Market that was shut down 3 years ago.

The person that killed me was wearing perfume and was my dad's girlfriend, my step-mom. A couple years later, out of nowhere I woke up alive and my body was still the same as I was when I was dead. Then I walked up to a police officer and he shot me 7 times, 3 in the head and 2 in the lungs and chest.

---

MICHAEL T.

---

### **Zombie**

Nani? Omai wa mou shindeiru  
I was walking at the street then there was a sound like  
(SSHHSSH)  
then I was running to see what was that.  
Then it was a zombie then I go back to my house,  
but there were zombies everywhere.  
Then they walk to me and say zombie:  
"Hey you want to be my friend,"  
then I was like, "Of course."  
But I realized that I was dead  
and I was just a zombie too.



---

DAVID G.

---

### Strange Things

The food will be gone. Blood stains everywhere. There's a dead body on the ground. The window was open. The paper towel is full of blood and the pipe is gone. Bugs are everywhere. It smells like dried grapes. Broken bodies. People using guns.

---

MELANIE C.

---

### The Ugly I Don't See Now

Out the window I went,  
Felt ugly and fat, slit wrist,  
Veins filled with bacteria,  
Complexion no more alive,  
Dead there I lie, meeting angels  
In the sky, with god I reside,  
But my ears still hear my mother cry,  
"Melanie, love yourself"  
But it was too late mindset was there,  
I was there I was already broken,  
My life stolen by thoughts in my head,  
Thoughts I was fed, I wished I was dead,  
Got my wish but now I'm at my funeral,  
And I now know my heart empty, bones  
No longer precious, meat I can't digest it  
My life is restless my life is precious I am #1  
On my list, suicide don't digest it, don't compel it  
You're beautiful, child, remember.

---

SCHANKOY S.

---

### **The Dead Boy Speaks**

When we are dead our bodies are real ugly our skin is grey and dry with cold sores it's like we were made of entirely bacteria when we are dead and our lips are parched our smell is like meat you get outta the garbage and our veins were popped out bleeding our breath smelled like dog poop.

---

ABRAHAM C.

---

### **The Death of Perfume**

When I was walking to the train station I see someone with a weapon.  
It was coming to me.  
The weapon smells like perfume and made out of obsidian for no reason.  
I walk faster and faster but then I trip on the sidewalk and then I died.  
I was near! Block away from Bronx Park East train station near at the park.  
And then I smell like perfume and the weapon was perfume and I smell like perfume.

---

JOTAN A.

---

### **The Unforgettable Dream**

Went to school and straight to then I ran to the room quiet with no one there the door shut closed I tried to open the door it was locked but now suddenly I see some monster-like figures come through the wall And then I see my favorite actors from *Stranger Things* Mike and Dustin, came to protect me. Then I woke up and found out it was it was a dream, a dream that was scary but unforgettable. Next thing I see is the actual Mike and Dustin outside of my door I open the door and they said, Green, what did you dream? "You guys saving me from the monster." Well you dreamed right.



LEO V.

---

### **The way I looked**

The obsidian on my eyes were more valuable than rubies on my knuckles.

---

TASHANNA A.

---

### **Tonight I died**

When I died, when I died they threw me away and I cried, they threw me in the dirt I wiped my eyes, my eyes dried when the dirt when in my eyes, the memory I have come to me, the memory that comes go to sleep, bugs up and down crawling in my mouth, My skins peels shedding like a snake, my eyes red like a bell peppers, tonight tonight I died, never did I think that I would lie in the ground

---

JAYDEN G.

---

### **The New Life**

I smell like perfume but my body rots away—I feel like obsidian.

---

ETHAN R.

---

### **WEIRD BODY**

My obsidian body is more important than my skull. The honey beneath my toenails comes off my feet. It reminds of a mask I had that was made of fungus. It was melted as bacteria. My teeth were made out of honey, and it was melted honey on my teeth.

---

LEALE K.

---

## **My Dead and Alive Personality**

I used to be alive, but now I am dead.  
I had valuable perfume, but now  
I am rotting.

I was more valuable than rubies and emeralds  
that people have  
seen.

I looked like I was more important  
than anyone in this  
world.

But now I must wait till someone  
digs for me so I can  
see the world for a  
long time.

---

NATHALIE A.

---

## **Underground Room**

I was in the room that was so dark it looked like a blackout. I went to charge my phone. I lay down on the carpet; once I do I hear knocking on the door, three times. I open, nobody's there, I turn on the flashlight and then the power goes off, there is blood on me, blood that says look back! I look back and I disappear and scream. Then I appear in the underworld with dead people and bugs everywhere. When I start screaming demons come and try to possess me and there were many possessed people. Then I lose all my memories and I start acting crazy, all you see is knives, black water, then I wake up. I was in a hospital of crazy people. Then I was scared. I did not know why I was in the room.

---

JESUA R.

---

## The Devil's Toy

On a cold and windy night I was in the living room and I heard weird small thumping in the other room so I went to investigate and found out what was going on and I saw a bunch of stuff all over the floor and a creepy baby toy on its back and then I had a weird nasty smell like rotten meat. I looked at the toy and it was looking back with the white pale eyes and the creepy smile he gives me and I look away because I heard a noise then I look back and he was gone. I got weirded out and went back and there was the toy again. Now I started to go crazy then I got dizzy and passed out.

---

JARELENE D.

---

## ZOMBIE ATTACKS

I'm in a closet, my body looks ugly.

My skin is green, I have big eyes and bloody teeth.

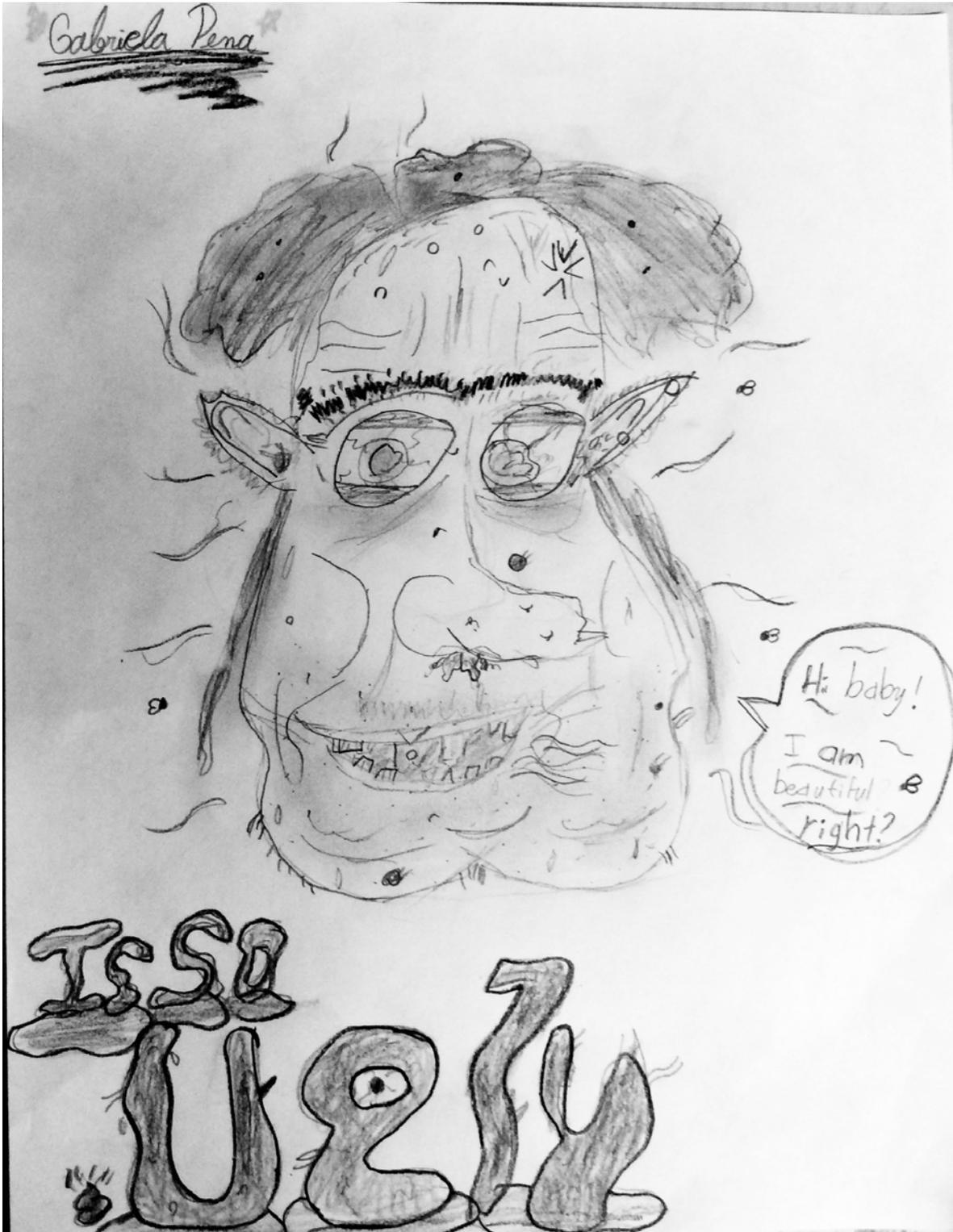
One day I was running down my school hallway with zombies chasing me and tripped and fell so then they got to me and ate my brains.

I have turned into a zombie, once classes were dismissed humans have seen me and police came in and had shot me.





Gabriela Pena



-702-

## The purge....

I died in the most painfulest way...

It was the purge that day

I go outside and I don't know what's going on...

People are dying and it was nearly dawn

There are people with masks committing crimes and breaking into innocent people's homes

I was getting scared and I knew it was the wrong time...

I felt like I was being watched....

My stomach starts getting butterflies and I knew there were humans behind me that were gonna hurt me

I turn around slowly.....

I GASP and I feel light headed...

People with creepy masks, blood all over, weapons all on them....are surrounding me

I knew it was the last for me....

Before I could ever say anything...a bullet flies through my chest and a knife being stabbed in my heart...

It was so painful and I fell face first...

I felt so disappointed in myself for making my decision...

## The Darkness

Death is dark and ugly  
Broken and disgusting  
Sutures on my arms

Veins filled with bacteria  
Bones broken up in pieces  
Empty inside  
Ripping me piece by piece

Darkness building up inside me  
I used to go outside and see all the colors  
But now I just see gray and black

Like the world changed on me  
Everyone says you are going to be ok  
But I can tell everyone was lying

I can never forget the colors in the world  
But that memory is fading away

## Gone

A black cat jumped through my window and meowed at me and then ran quickly out the window

I got up from my bed and started in the dark looking for my mom but then

It was a bad smell like gas and rotten eggs together and when I got to the kitchen

Everything was so dark I couldn't tell if it was blood or not I got closer and touched it

I looked on my hand and it was blood I was scared I went to wash my hand it wasn't water it was more blood

Blood everywhere I followed the trail of blood to the living room it looked like a body dragged there

When I got into the living room the TV was smashed and my family picture was ripped up

Then in the middle of living room there was my mom dead all in blood she was cut by her hands

I went running down the stair but then as I was running I fell down the stair

Everything was dark again I opened my eyes I was in my bed I saw the black cat

But this time he was just staring at me didn't meow so I ran to the kitchen no blood

In the living room everything was gone, no blood in the living room nothing at all

Everything was gone

JESSICA T.

---

### **Being Saved**

It all started from a scream I heard outside the noise became louder and then a person fell to the ground and then I ran up to that person who had been killed their blood oozed and I called for help. And then I fell I called my mom and told and my parents it was important to tell my parents. My parents saved me and for that I thanked them and for that person who got killed they were gone. In the end I thanked my parents for saving me and I love them.

---

CHRISTIAN S.

---

### **The Devils Are Here**

I am a ugly dead body  
Speckled my skin is  
Wretched blood oozed from my veins  
They scoured my skin clean  
Half of my face was smeared into parts  
The other half was preserved to be scoured later  
I was lying in my bed  
Then all of a sudden I saw two weird-looking people  
I thought I was seeing spirits  
I got up and they went downstairs  
I went to go wash my face in the bathroom  
I then looked into the mirror and saw a strange-looking creature behind me  
When I looked back I saw nothing  
The next day I woke up in an elevator very strange  
When I left the elevator I saw a red person  
That person looked like a creature and had horns  
Everything then became on fire  
At that point I had just realized something  
I had entered another dimension  
And the dimension was Hell!

---

LAELA K.

---

## Florida Nightmare

The kitchen was spotless. Then, I went into my bedroom's bathroom. But I heard something from the kitchen and when I ran to the kitchen I was worried. I saw that there was a complete stranger in the kitchen. But when I got the landline, I saw that the stranger was gone. But there was food everywhere and this weird-looking red stuff. But now I needed to go get a broom and a mop and a dustpan. So I went to the closet in the kitchen and I saw two dead bodies. I felt very nauseous. I felt like I was going to pass out. But first I was so tired that I wanted to go take a quick nap. So I went to my bedroom, but the closet was wide open and so was the window, but the bathroom door creaked open and so I ran like my life depended on it. I went outside where my family was and I just did not want to deal with it because I was on vacation. So I just did nothing to that problem so I went outside and relaxed because the police were going to take care of everything.

---

XCARET G.

---

## Hangman

Hanging yourself is the worst way  
To die. But in this case I didn't kill myself.  
Some old man named Timmy was living  
Under my bed like he was living there.  
But I did not realize until one day I wake up  
get dressed and play games on my PS4 and  
SNAP!! I was gone. He hanged me and then  
He ate me and digested me into his stomach  
Like I was cooked meat. All I saw was a man  
With a prison suit choking me with a belt then  
My eyesight went black. I hope my mom is  
In the store or else she will see me in the same  
Place.

---

JALENE A.

---

## I died in Hawaii

I'm dead if you find out where I died you will cry where? How? Why?

When you see me you think, where is that sentimental place?

I died at my mom's funeral I couldn't digest the food and choked on a piece of chicken my pores were filled with fungal veins my skin peels every 20 seconds when I move

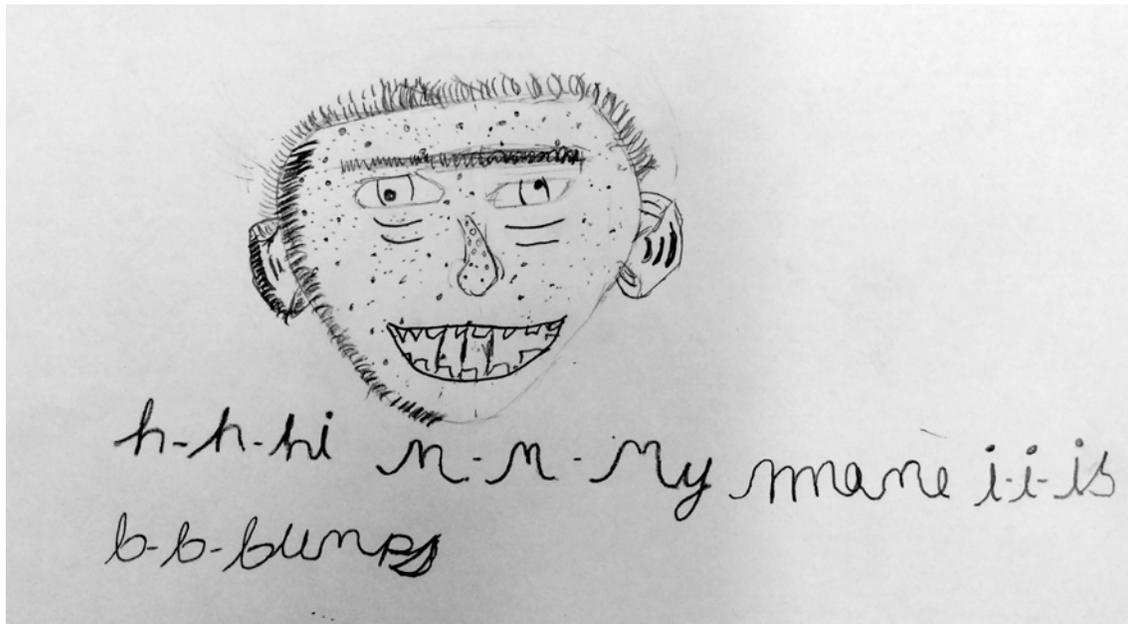
I'm dead but I'm alive sounds weird I'm the most pinprick person in the world the more you look at me I get uglier.

WHY HOW AND WHEN WILL

THIS STOP!

Sincerely, Jalene

---



NYLA M.

---

## Monster Bed

Someone was here, and now he's not....

Room a mess everything thrown around.

I started to clean up and I turn my head and see my bed talking.

At first I thought I was delusional cause what the heck my bed talking.

It started to smell like dried blood. So I pick up the mattress and see my friend's dead body and a puddle of blood.

He had his head torn off blood everywhere.

My bed starts to close I try to fight back and get out but I can't I'm stuck.

My head was torn off blood everywhere.

I'm writing this poem from heaven cause my bed ate me alive.

See you in heaven when your bed eats you alive.

KENNETH V.

---

### **Ghost of my Ocean**

I was faded away from land. I oozed off the number of  
people in this world.  
My body felt like obsidian cause people could see  
through me. My bones  
felt loose and my body felt empty. Voices swayed over  
my body. I always  
felt ugly. Fungus grew in and over me. My wishes never  
came true my goal was to  
travel over sea in peace. There were many incisions  
over me. My body was  
unguent so people avoid. After all they left my body in  
an ocean filled with bacteria.

---

JAIRO D

---

### **Siri Poem**

At 2:23 pm Siri said, "I'm sorry, JJ, I don't know the answer for that question."

I opened my eyes really big and slowly turned with fear.

My heart dropped down to my stomach when I looked at the question.

It said, "Hello, it's me, Siri, remember." I dropped my phone and ran to my parents' room with fear.

My hands shaking, my whole body covered with goosebumps.

I began to sweat a lot my hands cold and my body and mind starting to become blocked.

That will be the scariest moment in my life.

After that night I switched to Samsungs and never used iPhones.

---

BRIAN Z

---

## The Body who looks for revenge

Once I was alive. I was just a little boy when it happened. A man came up to me and asked me if I wanted candy, but I ran away from him. The next day when I was going to school he GOT ME! He came to do it. He pinned me to the wall and took out the knife. As blood oozed from my body. He knew what he was to me, he was killing me? A 10-year-old! I was slowly dying and he watched me die, and I saw him as I was dying he took out a gun to finish it. He hid my body in the park. That is where I'm talking to you right now. You, YOU KILLED ME! I'm coming for you. You cannot run, you cannot hide. I was flesh, I was alive. I feel empty and you do too. I'm coming. "AHH," a person yelled. You are gone now.

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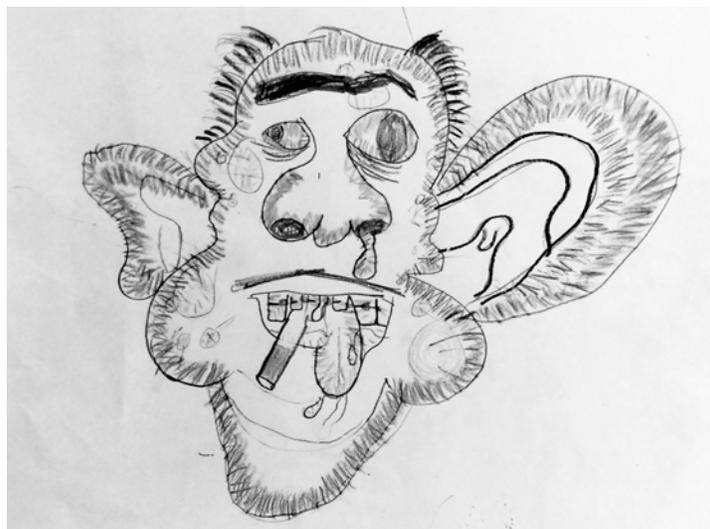
ASIA O.

---

## The death

I'm dead but alive. I know it sounds weird. When you look at me you wanna cry. I died in the most sentimental space. My toes are filled with fungus all around my feet. My skin has speckled spots. I look disgusting really, trust me. I have all bacteria all over my body. My pores are filled with fungled veins; ugh, I'm so ugly.

---



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ELIZABETH J.

---

### **The Devil of the Desert**

I was incisioned from life  
My body was exhausted from the real world  
Even though being a Devil of the Desert gives you freedom,  
It's not always easy to accept your death  
I remember the way I died  
It was a late afternoon, I was walking home  
Some guys that I owed money to came up to me  
And oh my! I was scared  
I was shaking from the fear that they might hurt me  
I was right, they threw me in the floor, kicked me  
And left me in blood. Since there was no one around,  
I died. Now my face is ugly, I have scars, and wounds.  
The best part is, I can hurt people or hunt them  
So yeah, it's not over yet....

---

TYSHAWN V.

---

### **The Devil's Wife**

My pores oozing with puss, my toenail has fungus growing on it every day. My empty heart has no mercy. I'm disgusted that fungus is on my breast and every time I breastfeed puss come out. The baby dies from the puss, but it said she hunts for kids under 13.

RAFAEL M.

---

## The Mysterious Murder

I am killed by a ghost  
I'm lying down in bed with my eyes open and bones broken  
I'm in a mysterious place with meat all around me and it's dangerous  
I was murdered mentally  
My body doesn't feel right I can't move!  
I feel empty inside but I smell a precious smell  
Also I hear voices surrounding me  
I'm scared I don't feel right I'm really scared

---

NATHAN M.

---

## TRAPHOUSE

Room started to rumble food  
On shelf begin to crumble bed moved  
opposite directions then the door crackled wall  
becomes moist

Floor began cold like ice lights keep flicking  
on and off room started to smell like sweaty men  
then the door knob spontaneously came off

Trapped in my room for a good 10 hours  
then suddenly hearing noises like CREEKK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
Then I knew I should scream SCREAM  
SCREAM I run in flee

What I saw was nowhere to be seen  
horrifying to the human eye it was like the  
frighteners but more creepy then he ate me  
I couldn't escape

My life stays dark then die in blazing flames  
and I die doing what I loved.

---

TYLER R.

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### **The Crooked Boy**

I am ugly. My pores are filled with fungus. But I loved myself. But I love myself. I feel like I am a ghost when I am alone. I was nervous before I hanged myself off the bridge. Plus my bones were precious, my meat was empty. When I am sleeping I think of death all the time in my dreams also in my bag too. It all started when a stupid car ran me over and he damaged my beautiful body. Then I got possessed but then it was all good after they took me out the fever in the demonic world of demons and evil spirits. It was so scary and terrifying. Then a few days later I die in my sleep.

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NICHOLAS G.

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### **The Zombie**

I woke drowsy and lightheaded. I then walk to the ER and I faint. After I wake up I have broken fingers and my liver is ripped with pores of maggots coming out. When I look in the mirror, I'm dark and purple and look like I haven't eaten so then I thought it was a dream so I slapped myself and went to sleep. The next day I woke up and started eating my family. I felt like I was sick so I looked in the mirror and slapped myself and woke up and noticed it wasn't a dream. I then kept eating people and never stopped.



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LYLA J.

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## The After Life

To some people death seems better than most things. For reasons of depression or insecurity such as being ugly or being fat. It makes you feel broken and you can't fix yourself because it's just impossible. Bones dreams and hearts are broken. They think it's a good idea to hurt themselves, cutting wrists, physically and mentally abusing themselves, attempting suicide is the worst. You don't know how much you are wanted or appreciated when you're gone. You have a life to live for the future will help you soon.

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DONTRELL T.

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As I walk home through the dark streets of New York I head home

I walk through the door but the door is cracked and I hear my TV is on

as I walk past the kitchen I see my signed picture of Michael Jordan was on the floor

I head to my bedroom and past the bathroom with the flickering lights and blood coming from the sink

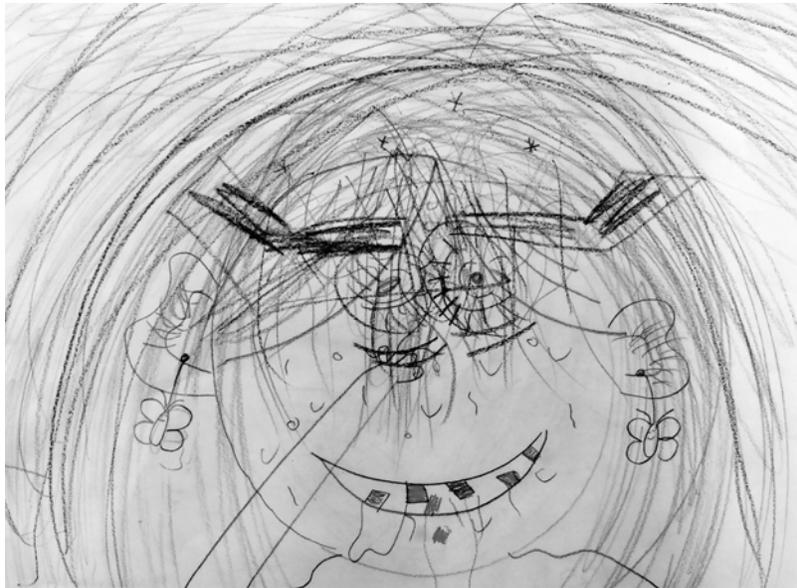
and I go in my room that was completely empty with a guy on the floor covered with blood.

He gets up and says, "Gimme your soul" and starts chasing me and I turn around and he is gone and everything is back to normal.

## The Bad Memory

I still remember how I died.  
My face was messed up  
and was not alive  
other people that I know + I did not breathe well at all.  
I was not beautiful at all.  
People always did that look-away thing where they look at you in a weird way  
and when you are looking at them they look away acting like if nothing happened.  
My skin is dry and my veins have big bacteria in them.  
My lungs do not function right  
because I cannot breathe right.  
My heart would do that back=  
And=forth thing where it beats and stops for a while (that was the pattern).  
I am not like any other person  
the only person that is different is me.  
Every time that I would eat  
my food would not go through my digestive system properly.  
I would always have a stomach ache,  
I never felt fine.

---



## The Passage to the Flaming Place

On Earth I was such a beauty  
until,  
the man killed me.  
I was in the woods  
then BOOM  
the gunshot.  
In an instant I was dead  
because of my fragile body.  
Now my body has decayed  
it smells like rotten eggs.  
I am pure bone.  
My skin is peeling off the pink tissue  
turning brown, purple, and blue.  
I will forever have goosebumps.





-703-

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NOORRAZA

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A boy was in his school only and he saw a man was scared of the boy, he was thinking about who is he, but he did not know that he is here to take his heart. Taking his theory was a box he was going to take the heart and the skin in the box to his friend.

---

CINTHIA C.

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It was a beautiful sunny hot day. I was in the park. I went home and I saw a dead body. It was my neighborhood. The kitchen was filled with blood everywhere. The body was in different part of the kitchen like the hands and feet burning inside the microwave, blood coming down from the microwave. The head was in the refrigerator inside a plastic bag. The body chopped with a bloody knife in the sink. The cops came they had these thick gloves they we're trying to put the body in the black bag. But they couldn't, the body was very big. I went to my mom's room and she was at work and I saw a body hanging from the ceiling it was unknown because it did not have a head. I screamed and fainted, I'm asking myself, what kind of person would do this?

---

JOVANI

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## **DEAD BODY!!!!!!**

HELP! I'm in a box it's brownish I can barely breathe dirt is hitting my face I don't like this. I can't even feel my heartbeat, I could see my lung and one of my eyes is not in my face; this is how it feels being dead.

I remember how I died; it was really painful; my friend survived, I didn't. We went skydiving and I was checking if I had a parachute. I jumped out of the plane and then I reached for the parachute. I realized it wasn't a parachute, it was my book bag. Everything I had in my book bag fell then I fell to the floor and then BOOM everything in my body was everywhere, even my brain you see why zombies always asking for brain; that's why it was so bloody it was everywhere but now I'm in a worse place because before I died I did something really bad. I killed someone but now I'm in hell.

So yeah you should not kill someone or do something bad because the devil has so much space and it's bad here. I'm burning right now but that doesn't matter. I should've thought that when I was alive. I hate this so much; I want peace but nope I'm down here; and try to live life to the fullest. I think the devil is calling me I'm sorry, the guy I killed. Ffamily, bye, have a good life, don't end up like ME!!

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MAMADOU

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## **DEAD BODY**

He came behind and stabbed me in the back. I did not know who was; I was just blacked out. I was down and I was bleeding

Also I saw people were running and I was scared

The ambulance came and took me, but before I was there I was dead because I was bleeding and I was dead; also I hear my parents crying.

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**-704-**

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JOEL C.

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## DEATH APPROACHED ME

I just got back from the market regretting the decision I have made. Oh why did I sell my soul? I was drunk. I didn't really want that! But it happened. I'll expose them, I said, and I'll run Away! The next day someone came to my apartment. He spoke the scariest words I've Ever heard. He said you will burn in hell.

I thought it was a joke. I was wrong though. THEY CAUGHT ME!!!!

I was scared, no not even, I was frightened. They cut into my head like a can and a can opener. They filled my head up with the hearts of recent victims. And now I burn in hell.

---

SHAZANIE R.

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I remember my death; it was bittersweet. The way how I died was bitter but seeing my beautiful body lay was sweet, my skin was luminous and bronze as I lay on a sunset, my bones as white and fresh as alabaster, my big brain filled with knowledge, but I was no longer there to use it. My hair dark brown and coiled, my skinny thighs suddenly filled with meat, my lips big and glossed, but I can no longer voice my opinion through them. But let's get to the bitter part... how I died. It was a rainy Monday night. I lived in a New York apartment with my little poodle. Right when I walked into my home I found my beautiful clean poodle covered in blood on the ground dead. Right when I was about to call the cops a man in an all-black suit came upon me; he looked familiar, he was my neighbor for years. He was a nice man until he pulled out a knife and stabbed me several times in my stomach; that's all I can remember from that night. Even though that evil man killed me I still forgive him. And I sleep in peace every day & night, and my physical features can no longer be used but my presence still stands.

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YOUSEF T.

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## **ABC WHERE ARE YOU MY FRIEND?**

My body was washed with blood!

My lungs were filled with bacteria.

WHERE ARE YOUUUUUUUU?

My skull was moist and thirsty for air!

We were broke

We were ugly

We were murdered by jack in the box

He buries you in the nearest school yard.

Then on Christmas gives it to the body's family

On the box it says surprise

They open the box.....

Oh gooddddd.

---

HELEN M.

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Someone was here and now they're not. I came home at exactly 3:10 pm and I notice my mom lying down on the floor of her room with her eyes open and pointing at the closet. That's where he jumped out and put chloroform on my nose. I didn't know where I was. He starting talking about how this was the first place that he took my mom. That's where I remember my mom telling me she was dating this one guy who took her to a restaurant where they serve live animals. Then later that day she told him that she didn't want to be with him; that's where he starting threatening her that someday he was going to kill her in the future. He stated that once he kills me he's going to send the rest of my body to my dad. Nobody knew where I gone, not even my dad. I went missing for 20 years until they found me, but it was too late

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GUSTAVO S.

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### **The Roblox Man**

A Roblox Man named David Bazooka wanted whoever bullied him to be bone and rot to death. When David killed people they would, "OOF." He wanted his bullies to rot because they would bully him in the worse way. He would also want his bullies to also be skinless. He would even go from island to island trying to kill people there.

He didn't wish to do it, but his bullies made him what he is now. He did what he wanted to do. Nowadays for him he is happy because he got what he wanted for his bullies.

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SHAIMAA A.

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### **The Bloody Basement**

It was that day I can never forget, the day I died. I heard a sound in the basement. My heart galloped with fear. My skin scattered with goose bumps. I heard a whisper to my NAME in the basement. I slowly tip-toed downstairs to the basement. Suddenly, something frightened me! I wanted to run; I didn't have time to escape...Then someone grabbed my hair trying to pull me down to the basement. I SCREAMED fearfully. Then I saw a black figure of a man dragging me down. I see a chainsaw with the man, scared what's going to happen next. As he goes RIPPING through my skull as I SCREAM, blood scattered dripping everywhere. As he ties me to a rope from my neck, AND THERE I AM HANGING swaying from the chandelier.



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ROSELYN R.

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Once I was at Orlando at the Wyndham Grand Hotel; it was a large building with a lot of palm trees. I was having a great time. The next day, I went downstairs to the pool and I was relaxing in the cabana drinking a piña colada and finally relaxing and taking a view of the beautiful sky. I remember taking a deep breath and closing my eyes. Right when I'm about to go to sleep, I heard a woman scream, "HELP!" I asked the bartender, did you hear that then he said, "It's fine." I got up and decided to go to my room and take a shower. When I got to my room, I went go to the bathroom and opened the curtains and I saw a dead body lying on the shower floor. I screamed, "HELP," took the phone and called security. Just then, the the maid and the hotel manager ran into the room and asked, "Is everything okay?" "No," I yelled. They told me to take a deep breath and walk out to the balcony to calm down and get some air. Then I saw a dead body hanging from the balcony above me. I began to feel like there was a killer on the loose. I said to the manager, "Can I check out? Something really weird is happening here," The manager told me to stay for a little while longer, "Everything will be fine," he said. As I turned around to leave the room, he grabbed me and stabbed me with a knife. I fell to the floor and began to feel the blood coming out from my side. Then the manager ran to another room. I could hear him going from room to room and people screaming for help. Next the police came into my room; I am brought to the hospital.

---

WANDY B

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### **The Day When I Die**

I was walking one day in the road when I saw a car coming really fast, but I did not have time to move out of the road.

Them I woke up in an emergency room in a hospital in a big wood box. When I was in that wood box I can't breathe or move my body.

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CHRISTOPHER E.

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### **Dead in the Desert**

I remember everything that happened to me when I was getting killed. I was in the desert. It was so hot, dry, and lonely. I really needed water. Three travelers came to me and told me where to get water. I followed them, but it was all a trap. I fell into a prison. I was killed by those travelers. When they killed me they took me to a dark place with a box of tools. There were a lot of dangerous tools that could kill me. I was killed with a knife. Now, I'm ugly. My heart doesn't beat any more. I'm full of blood. Now, I'm dead in the middle of the desert.

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LOREMY H

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### **The Death Life**

I feel like I was born again. Everything feels so different, but at the same time the same. Well, my heart is darker and more bloody. Plus, we are more hideous; our hairs are always up and somehow you can see our scalps. Our eyes are gone but somehow we can see. I love the way we sleep; some of us sleep upside down like a bat or some of us keep walking until we sleep. The majority of us sleep on the street so you might come and see all on the floor. My point is that we were all hideous when we were alive and now we are even more hideous, so what the point of life because what I'm noticing is that there is no good meaning of life, before and after death.

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ALEXANDER P.

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### **A dream**

It's 4:30 am, it's so dark that I can only see the outlines of the walls, everybody is sleeping, dreaming, except me. I had a terrible nightmare. I heard footsteps outside the room. I get out of bed silently so I don't wake anyone up. I make it out of the room and I go to the living room. I should make it to the living room because my grandma leaves the lights on. I make it to the living room and catch a glimpse of a dark figure. My blood runs cold like it froze; I hear my name whispered. The dark figure is whispering my name, then turns slowly and everything goes dark, I see myself lying on the floor. Am I dead? Then everything goes dark again. I'm back in the room I was sleeping in and it's morning. It was all a dream!

---

SAFA A.

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## The Unexpected Murder

The lights are out, all you can hear are droplets of blood from the ceiling,

As you get closer, you smell the suspicious smell of something rotting,

YOU STOP! You startle by the sound of a shoved chair.

You keep walking slowly as your hands shake with fear...

The sound of someone breathing heavily races your mind.

You finally get to the dull door horrified of opening it.

Your hands shake fearfully as you put your hand on the door knob and prepare to open it...

The door SMASHES and you hit the ground looking up to a tall guy covered in dark clothing...

The guy pulls you over next to a young girl hung up on a chandelier with a rope around her neck.

He ties a long piece of rope around your neck as you scream in horror.

He takes a chair, makes you stand on it, and hangs you on the chandelier...

He shoves the chair and leaves you hanging...

After 12 seconds you black out,

The world isn't all sunshine anymore.

---

JUSTINA P

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Late night between 1:00 am and 2:00 am a scream was heard at Mulberry Hotel. The next day, Erica Greenwald was found dead in her room. She had been stabbed right in the throat. It was not very shocking news due to the fact she had been staying there for months and everyone was tired of her. Right now Detective Smith has five suspects: the maid who was tired of the messes, the cook who Erica fought with over the kind of meat that they use, her husband who she was planning on divorcing, her mother who had been visiting her and who got into an argument with her before leaving, and her boyfriend she got after deciding to divorce her husband who got mad when she said she was having second thoughts about it. While Detective Smith was looking into the case, he found that the last person to visit and leave was her boyfriend who she kissed and happily waved goodbye to.

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AMONE C.

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I was sitting there in peace and it was quiet. Pretty lonely if you ask me, but BOOM! I look outside, it was pretty dark, to see what it was or who it was. I didn't make a big deal of it, though I chilled for

four hours forgetting about that big BOOM sound. I got up from my bed to get a snack and I heard a big SPLASH as if someone spilled a big bucket of water, so I checked everywhere, EXCEPT THE BATHROOM! So as I walk in there is a big old guy and he takes me and stabs me in my heart! I WAS RIGHT.

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## YARELI S.

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He was masked in his black mask, everything was a mess, he did not leave a single print, he was covered in blood. The only footprint was Jimmy Johnson's, which was found right around the hotel where his victim was murdered. Jimmy Johnson is known for killing 1,000 people EACH YEAR. Mr. Billy was killed with a toothbrush; take this seriously because you can do a lot of stuff with a toothbrush, but this time Jimmy found a way to murder Mr. Billy. He took the toothbrush and shoved it all the way down his throat, but right before he was killed Mr. Billy ordered a meal, which was one soda, a burger, and some fries. Jimmy put rat poison in the soda where the ice was, but the ice melted and all the rat poison went to the actual drink. Mr. Billy's body was found in the bathtub filled with red water, which was obviously his blood, Mr. Billy was "missing" for a whole week; his body was found by his mom because she noticed he had not been sending her letters every day because right before Mr. Billy was found dead he usually used to send her letters to tell her he was okay and maybe was sending her some money. Billy's mom went to his hotel room, which was in New York, Brooklyn; his mom then opened the door and saw a huge mess Mr. Billy had left, and went looking for him and got to the bathroom and there he was, floating in the water. His mom then screamed and then a glass fell over the table and she turned around and there he was, Jimmy Johnson. Since the people heard Billy's mom scream, they rushed to the hotel room and there they were a 25-year-old man named Billy Haron and a 68-year-old women named Samantha Haron. Billy was still floating in the bloody water and Samantha was on the floor with blood near her eyeball. They never found Jimmy Johnson, also known as the serial killer.

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## CHRISTINA V.

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The blood started to clot as time passed, the skin getting paler and paler as minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and even years passed. Very slowly, and very painfully. Blood and dead bodies all over the town. There are still bodies from weeks ago still on the ground, the few people who are still alive not picking them up, but instead running for their lives in fear that they're next. The town did stink a

lot with all with all the bodies there are. Most of the people, dead. Citizens, police, animals, doctors. Everyone. I recently have died. My body was lying there, pale.

---

LUIS M.

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Dear Diary,

I'm so bored and I want to go visit a beautiful place. Maybe for vacation and take a break from work. I found this perfect hotel and I think this place is fantastic for me and my break. This scenery is awesome and there's a nice swimming pool, also a beach, and this hotel serves free food. But a few days ago something happened and it was suspicious. All of sudden I notice my maid, she was acting weird. I met a guy and he told me that this hotel is bad for people like me. But then he was killed and his apartment was 10D. I went inside and his neck was slit and I was shocked I started to believe him and thought this was my end of my vacation.

---

SAUL R.

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## Escape Island

### Scene 1: plane

(me): Ahhh I'm finally away from the city and my crazy friends can't wait to get to the resort

(pilot): Island ahead!

(me): wo hooooo

### Scene 2: Island

(me) ha I'm so happy so joyful so amused I love this island their dogs their ice cream their .....

(guard 1) sir I think you should leave there has been a murder they killed Jack and Paul (tntntn nnnn)

### Scene 3: maid's room

(maid) haha this plan is foolproof Jack and Paul are gone now it's just Jenny left

(murderer) yeah yeah yeah you can keep your laughs but all I want is the money

(maid) I'll pay you if you kill the other suspects Jenny and Saul HAHAHA

Scene 4: jacuzzi

(guard 2) sir there has been a murder  
(me) (gasp) who was it this time  
(guard1) we're really sorry but it was your friend  
(me) no no  
(guard2) yes it was jenny  
(me) NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Scene 5: my room

(me) guards I want all my dogs and supplies in my jacuzzi boat counting my DOGS!  
(both guards) yes sir  
(maid) (splitch!) oh \$%!# I mean ohh no (knock knock) hello hello  
(guard1 quietly) sir go and we distract her  
(me) no! I stay and fight  
(guards) just go there is an **ESCAPE exit behind the waterfall go there now**

Scene 6: waterfall

(me) finally I'm here  
(something) **AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA**  
(maid) is anyone or **ANYTHING Here**  
(me) (thoughts: run run run run)  
(me whisper) the escape I'm finally here  
(me) yes a rock slide  
(maid) nononononono  
**BOOM!**  
(me) yes my pups my cream  
**(JUMP)**  
(me) ahhh I'm finally going back to the city and see my crazy friends can't wait to get off this place





-705-

AFIA R.

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### **Stuck in the Box**

It's like being in a small box with no escape and no one to find you,  
There were two people and now there are zero.  
A small door that cannot close that shows a dark world.

A crack that looks like someone is inside watching your every move.  
A place where it is unsafe and a door that shows mystery and nightmares.  
And a room with someone inside waiting for their victim.

I hid inside,  
My heart beating rapidly as I hope he does not hear me.  
I saw a dark shadow.

I looked up,  
He was there with a big smile and his eyes are hungry for blood.  
This will be the end of me.

I took my last breath as I'm greeting death.

---

AMAYA W.

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### **Beautiful and Luscious of the Dead**

Lying in this bed of mine called a casket, looking beautiful and luscious on the day I have been called home. Make-up on my face and curls in my hair. Not a sound coming from me. As tears fall down from friends; and family's faces, I lie in peace wishing I can kiss them goodbye. This silence was my goodbye and it meant I now got to lie in peace. No more incisions or injections. These injections and incisions seemed to make me weaker and weaker. But this was now for a good cause. I am now happy. Goodbye world.

---

BRANDIN J.

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### **My death...in pieces**

My life was precious  
until my blood streaked fluidly  
from my head  
then my arms  
left  
then right  
oh there go my legs  
cutting them all into little pieces  
but it started to smell different, not like fresh air  
but more like gasoline  
then I felt it dripping  
one drop to another  
all the way across my body  
but I knew what was coming...  
There I go in a crisp  
that's how I remembered my death

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STANVILLE A.

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### **City Lights**

4am, currently the city is sleeping, but I am awake. I sit and listen to the deafening silence of the city streets. My thoughts begin to form as my emotions fade. The stress of the day slowly begins to fade as I become sleepier and sleepier. My room is dark and quiet. I feel safe, alone, but safe. A stream of wind flows through my window. I whisper to myself, now I must wait. For silence to turn into noise. For safety to turn into insecurity. I wait for a new day, full of new emotions, new experiences, I wait for a sunrise, happiness, and tranquility. But now I must rest.

## Life and Death

Death isn't that much different than life really.

We all expect death to be cold and lifeless.

That death lacks the warmth that you get when you're with loved one.

That death will never be the warm embrace that they say it will be like.

But really it's nothing.

Literally, you're just there.

You could see what's happening in the world, you can see people caring about things that really don't matter in the end, and you know that cause, you're, well, dead.

I guess it does have some cons.

Like the fact that you can't eat what you see your alive friends and family devour in a second.

The fact that you can see your family and friends move on from your death so quickly.

To see your body which is littered with stab wounds and infected scars.

To see doctors who couldn't less about you and what happened to you search your body for DNA to figure out who killed you.

To see the people you held dearly to you, the people you share DNA with deal with killing you with cold blood so well.

To see your killers blend in with loved ones at your funeral so well and to see them trick the police even with crocodile tears.

In the end I guess it doesn't matter, we all die in no matter if you die by the hands of a loved one determined on getting your insurance, a car accident, or when death decides that you have lived your time on earth.

But I guess the fact that no one really knows or thinks about when they're alive is the fact that in the end nothing matters, not money, not the size of your insurance check that some people want to get their hands on, friends or family, or even who you are or look like.

What really matters is what you did in your lifetime, not the length.

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ABRIHYM A.

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### **Gazed in the Trap**

High in the attic,  
Taking a stairway up to your worst nightmare,  
Opening the door you wish you never opened,  
Going inside the place your whispers told you to,  
The lights flickering as you take each step inside,  
Taking a look at the bloody knives in the bloody box itself,  
As it is written, "Death is the near," in the bloody box  
There you are standing with a spirit full of fear,  
Getting ready to get slaughtered by the figure standing behind you.

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NYATHESIA B.

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### **I see humans but no humanity.**

However I do see humans kill  
animals that benefit the earth  
more than they do.

I do see humans  
hurt their loved ones for  
Poison to put in their veins.

I do  
see humans play with each  
other's emotions for no reason  
other than to benefit themselves.

I see humans do not have humanity  
we don't have the ability, no, they  
don't use their ability to feel, love  
and show compassion.

---

ASHLEY L.

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## **I Remember My Death**

My nostrils filled up with the aroma of cigarettes, sazón, weed, sweat, burned pizza, and feces.

I felt dried-out blood standing on my cheeks.

My eyes seem to be the only organ untouched.

I whimpered for help but the words were never heard.

For my lips were stitched.

My fingernails trembled feeling the sensation of a simplistic garden tool pulling out all of my nails.

I saw a shadow triumphantly standing upon my exhausted corpse, and I heard police sirens, barks, and trains passing through.

The hammer gave an impact to my skull, and as it went up again for a second smash, I saw my own brain; it was pinkish and I could see the disappointment I caused it.

My thick head took in about five bloody impacts.

My heart beat fast on the last one.

My skin was trembling and had already started to turn blue.

I remember my death.

---

DAWOUD T.

---

## **If only I had time**

I remember exactly how I died. I was outside of my apartment when I got stabbed. BLOOD spilled all over the floor and I could do nothing to stop it. I was there lying on the floor until I saw light flash before my eyes. All I saw was my past memories flash. I had a family, I had a wife, I had kids. But I wish I still had time, but god called me to the heavens so I can rest in peace.

---

JUSTIN P.

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## TRASH

My body, treated as if luggage in a duffel bag.

My gorgeous mustache harvested for a not-so-glorious toupee.

My skin cut for psychotic bandages.

My eyes removed and dried for marbles.

As I'm being thrown on top of papery plastic bags and sharp edges of glass, I feel the absence of my inner workings, which have been donated to a children's hospital.

I lie here missing my ability to move. But of course the only purpose my limbs serve now is to be feasted on by unsettling roaches and vicious rats, very vicious rats.

Whoever did this has left me nothing but a cracked shell.

And hopefully one day, they themselves will get dissected.

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MICHAEL B.

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### **My Own Human Combustion**

Why I'd never thought I'd be the one in the pot  
It feels weird being the one to rot  
The sensation of burning  
If I had been alive  
My stomach would be churning  
With the burning fire, I see my skin  
Burned black being thrown into a bin  
Wait, is that a spice?  
"To get the good meat," they say, "let's throw dice"  
They treat me no more than charred meat  
I have been set ablaze  
Now from above I set upon them my sad gaze

Now I thought I had Death beat  
Alas, now I am nothing more  
Then the value of a cooked boar  
For what I have done  
It has damned me  
Burning, I feel like a bun

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JUSTIN V.

---

This similar taste of blood is sweet yet so dark.

Nothing in this world can change my ways of what I did today.

The beautiful scenery that I made, of guts and blood I licked today.

The tongue so squishy, so yummy, I can't wait for more another day.

I had my fun, now I am done, I will be beneath the shadows, it has just begun.

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JANELLY L.

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## **Suicide**

I remember it like it was yesterday. It was like “13 reasons why” all over again. I could hear my heart beating in my ears! I was nervous, hesitating to pass the knife by my wrist. My skin began to grow bumps, the more tense the moment got, the more bumps I grew on my arms. But then it just happened! Red bubbles started forming on my arm, blood for sure. That day I realized what is done cannot be taken back.

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SUMAIYA N.

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## **The Bloody Serial Killer**

The sound of the heater got louder and louder.

Screaming coming from corner to corner.

Street lights flashing on and off.

Window covered with blood.

The words “Help Me” written in bold red ink all over the white bed.

An arm found in the dark, dark closet, wrapped in a blue fabric.

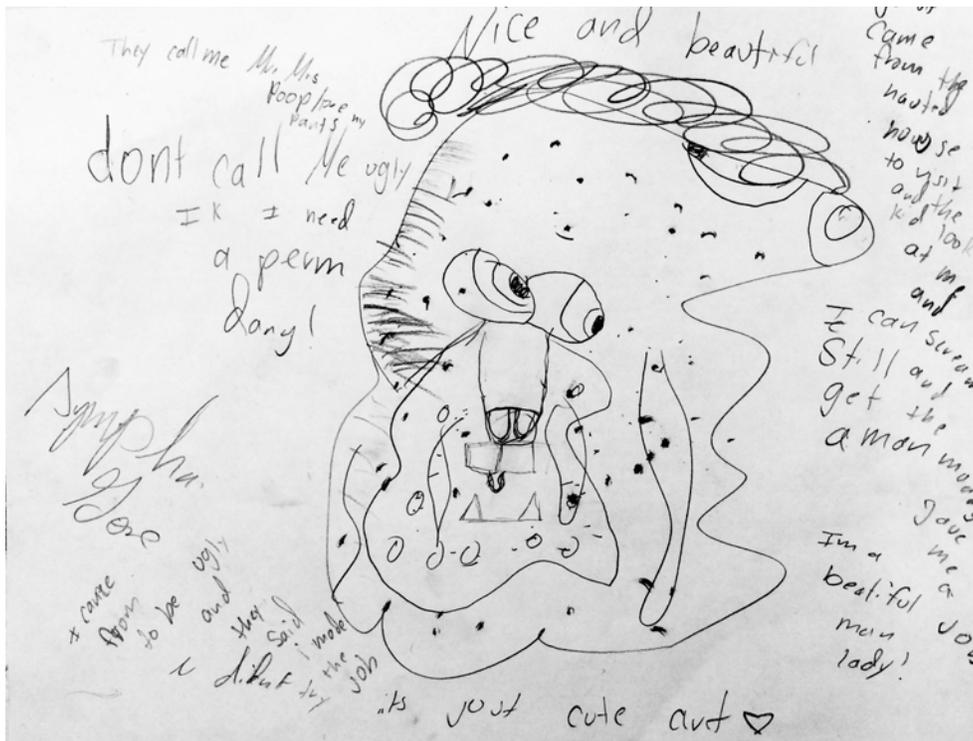
The room no longer smells like cinnamon roll, instead it smells like funeral flowers.

A note found next to her that says, “I WILL BE BACK”.

I know she was here, with her little doll along her side waiting to see who’s her next victim.

## Walking into the Darkness

It's a Friday night, I walk home  
From a school party. While  
I'm walking, I pass by a dark alley, when  
All of a sudden I hear a loud scream,  
I freaked out but I decided not to go,  
Until Abrihym my best friend pulled me to go with him,  
We put on our flashlight on our phones...  
Only to find... A body!!!  
We freak out not knowing what to do  
We go to check the body and suddenly....  
Bang! Bang! Bang! Gunshots pierce through me and Abrihym.  
We fall slowly fading away, and at last say our goodbyes,  
But then I woke up, surrounded, by my family.  
I can't believe it I survived! I pinch myself only to realize  
That I'm now in a forever dream.



## Is That Me

I woke up and I felt very tall and light.

I looked around me and I saw many unusual tools and objects.

I saw some people crowded around a big light.

I was feeling curious and at this point uneasy, so I decided to ask where I was, but no one seemed to notice.

I tried telling, but still no one even moved.

My body filled with fear and curiosity.

I went to see what all these people were looking at and my eyes widened.

My heart rate rapidly increased as sweat ran down my face.

I suddenly felt a lot of fear, but not a normal fear, more than ever before.

Was that me?

But it can't be I was lying down and was hurt.

Was I dead?

I couldn't believe it so I closely studied the body.

It was a weird grayish-green color and was gushing with blood.

There were open wounds everywhere.

The whole body could make a good five people pass out at the same time, but one thing mostly caught my eye.

There was a gigantic bullet hole straight through the brain letting everyone see what brain insides look like.

Now the real question was, who did this to me?

### How I was murdered.

My eyes were sewn shut  
I could hear tools being sharpened ready to cut into my skin  
Pain from injections covering my body  
My nails ripped from my fingertips  
A weird, awful aroma settling in the room  
A strong grab to my foot  
Boiling hot liquid poured on my foot  
I tried to scream for help but my mouth was muffled by a hand  
Suddenly an injection to my neck  
All of the noise and pain slowly faded away



## I Remember How I Died

I was looking at myself.  
No, not my reflection,  
not a mirror nor a lake.  
I was standing above by my body!  
I was somewhere in a beautiful field.  
Looking down,  
I was lying on dark green grass.  
Flowers crushed from footprints,  
leaving a trail of blood.  
The warmth of the sun shining on my face.  
A person that seemed familiar looking at me from a distance before vanishing.  
However, I cannot define this person's face.  
My brown eyes were sparkling looking up into the sky.  
My pale hands over my chest.  
I smelled of roses.  
I feel every little weight that's on my body,  
on my soul.  
Of which my soul is exhausted.  
Blood dripping from my torso  
staining my white floral dress.  
My soft lips were cut left to right,  
exposing my dry mouth.  
The top of my nose was scraped.  
My diamond earrings were taken off my ears.  
Knife marks on my chest.  
My long legs crossed over each other.  
My thick hair has been cut off, uneven.  
My body is gone  
but I'm not.  
It's all over.  
All my sins and good deeds are done.  
Therefore,  
I've been murdered.  
My body cold and bloody.  
Oh jealousy such hatred around me leading to my death?!  
Thou shalt never I felt vexed by anyone.

## Where I Say Goodbye

On the horizon is where I stand,  
my toes sinking into the luscious sand.  
My hair swaying in the wind,  
at a peaceful state,

never did I know my death would begin.

I saunter into the ocean  
waves splash upon my face  
I feel as if I am not in motion.

My heart stopped as I saw a tentacle,  
it brushed up upon my foot,  
ink exuding into the water  
it is as black as soot.  
It grabbed me by the leg  
and pulled me down,

I struggled to come up out of the water  
and, I pushed up against the wet moldable sand.  
Each breakthrough only made matters worse,

crying to my death  
my tears began to disperse.  
My head is underwater,  
I am completely drenched,

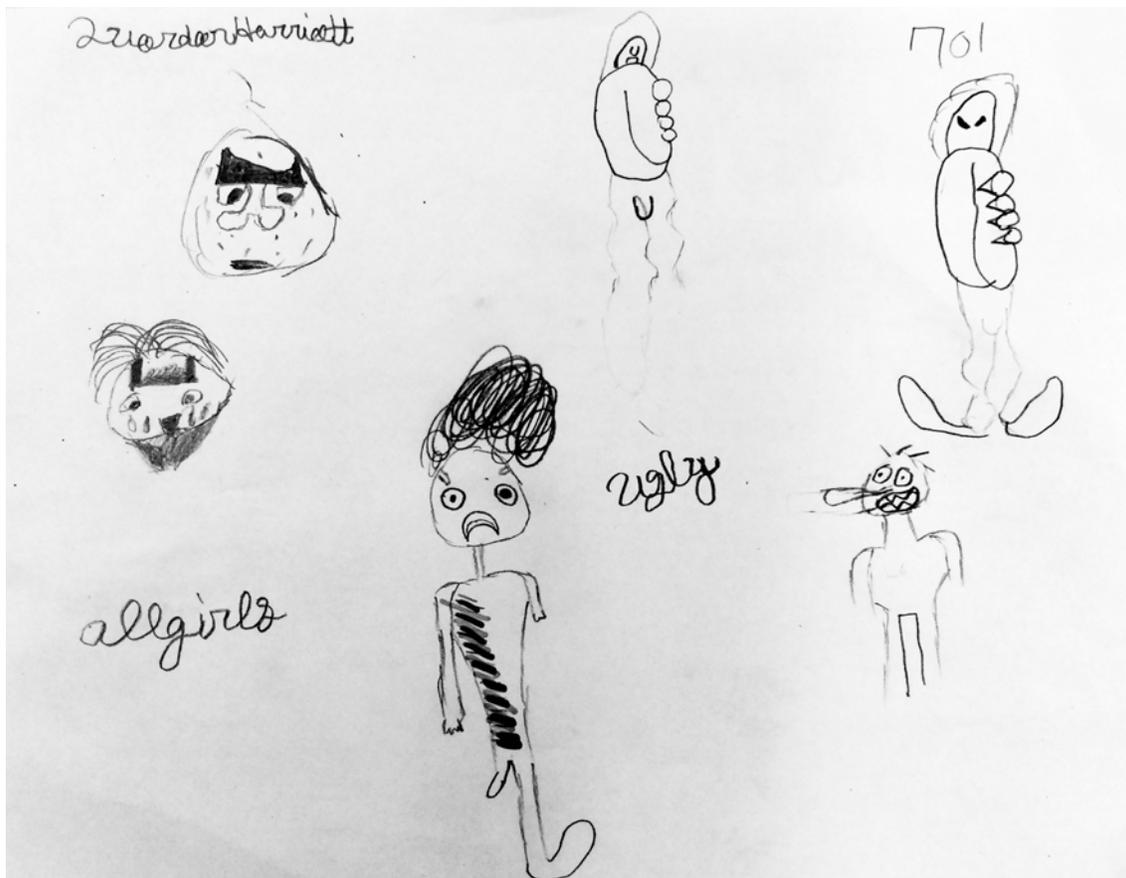
I saw a light  
so I stretched,  
my body shut down  
and I couldn't breathe.  
My lungs ached

and to think this was my death  
I couldn't believe.

My heart and body disintegrated  
my soul can never leave.

While upset that they were never able to say  
goodbye,

I was on my way to the sky.





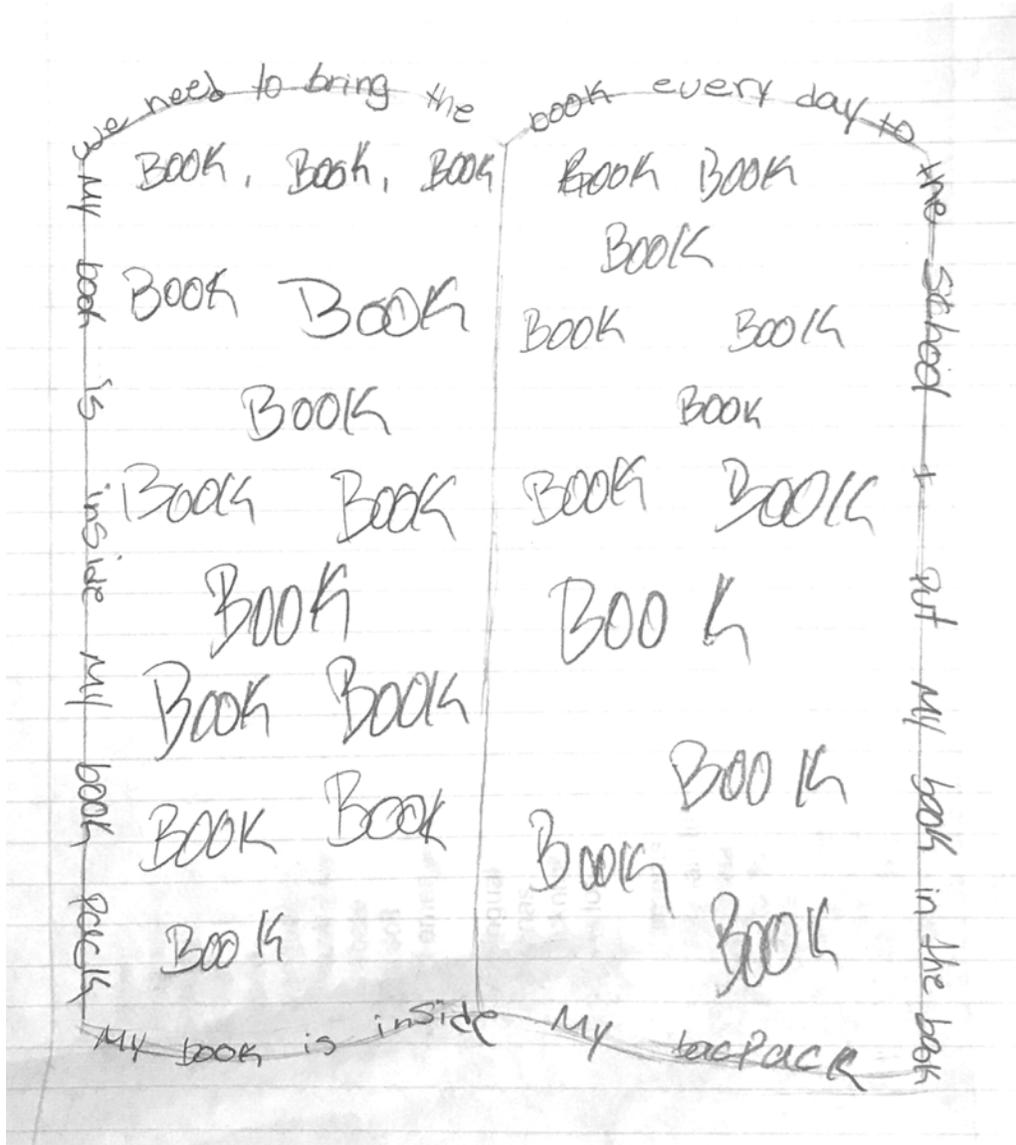


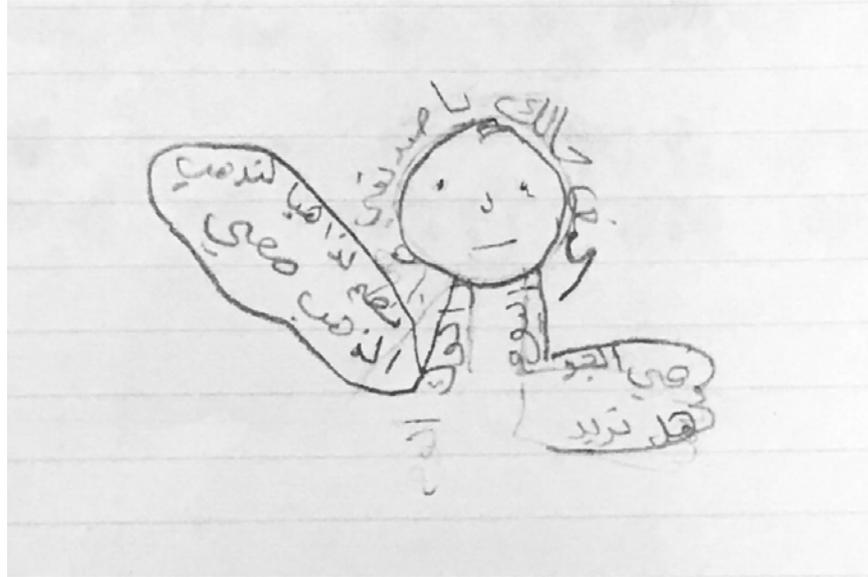
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BHRENNYS C.

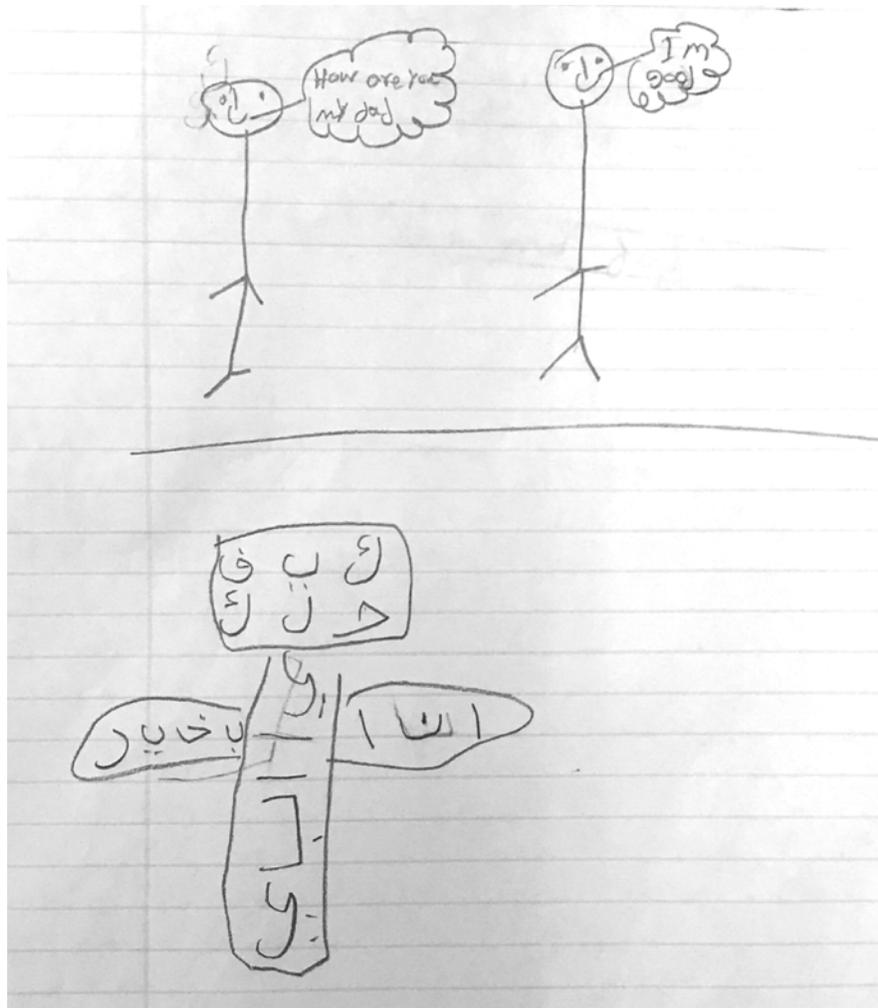
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Habia una vez que un pez estaba en la piscina y el pez estaba jumping then the fish get out of the la casita y se murio me da mucha peña porque el pobre estaba disfrutando por estar brincando and he died having fun. Después yo fui para mi casa y me puse a ver novelas dominicanas y I see the señora acero, después yo fui a los juegos y me estaba divirtiendo mucho and then my mom said Bhrennys we are leaving and I was sad, then we get home and we were cooking y nosotros hicimos un mangú con salami y sabia buenisimos y después nos dormimos.

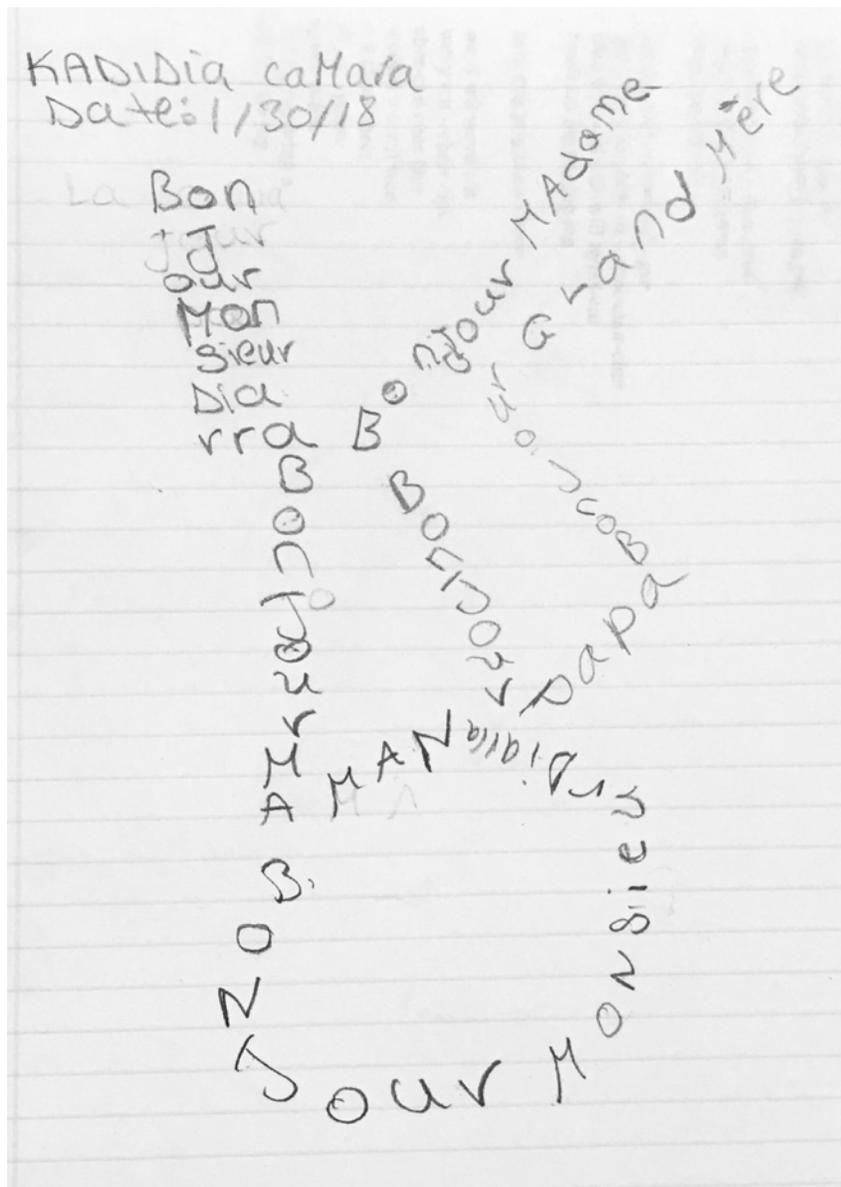




I'm from the cat on the car.  
From cheese and milk.  
I'm from a bed, a PS4, and a TV.  
I'm from red and yellow flowers.  
From new clothes on Eid and fasting on Ramadan.  
I'm from "small mouse" and "crazy baby."



If my I could teach you one word in my language it would be كيف حالك because every day we use it when you see someone.



**calligram/calligramme**

- Bonjour monsieur diarra.
- Bonjour madame.
- Bonjour maman.
- Bonjour papa.
- Bonjour monsieur diarra.

I am from vegetables.  
From tissues and dish soap.  
I am from the TV on the table in the kitchen.  
I am from a picture of brown flowers brown.  
I am from Muslim celebrations.  
I am from my family eating together.  
From “wash the dishes” and “clean up.”  
I am Africa.  
I am from peanut sauce and onion sauce.  
I am from games with my sisters and brother  
I am from my stepmom’s long hair.  
I am from restaurants.  
I am from photographs.

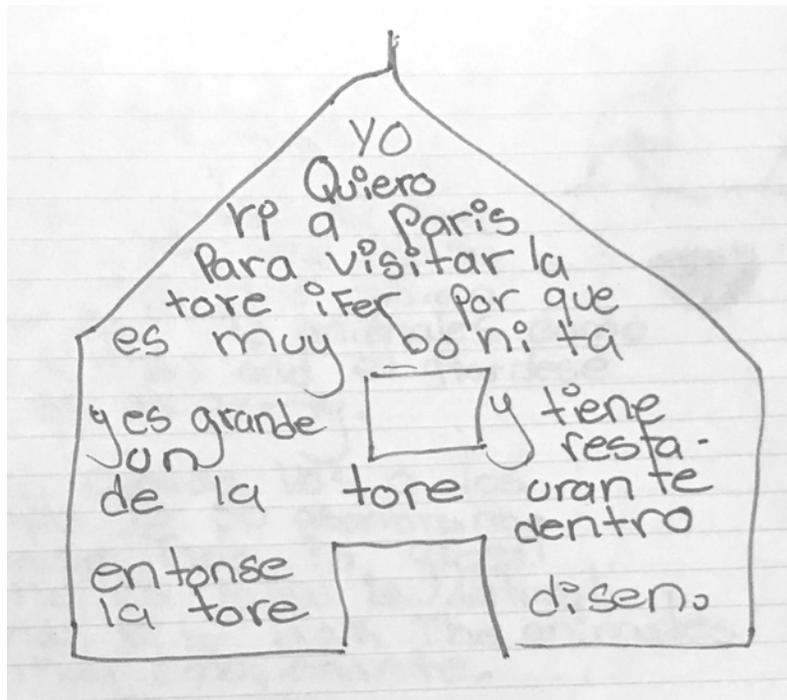
### **Transcription of a pigeon’s song**

Hip woooo .  
Woooo.  
Cwooo wrooo.  
Crick croooo.  
Get a clue.  
Toown’t.  
To wooo.  
Clue-clue.  
gri-gri.

---

JULIANNA P.

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I like New York porque es lindo and I like the escuela pero lo que mas me gusta is la nieve pero tambien look the animales como las ardillas and el hatardeser que es so lindo.

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GABRIELA P.

---

I'm from the sofa and the table

I'm from perfume and shampoo

I'm from TV, cortinas, y la bicicleta

I'm from a mini palmera verde, no tenia olor

I'm from navidades

I'm from alguien cumplia años

I'm from el que es flojo trabaja en doble

I'm from a hospital

I'm from hallacas and pan con jamón

I'm from mi hermano estaba nadando en lo más hondo y mi hermano lo saco por que no sabia nadar

I'm from my mom se pone bonito el pelo

I'm from my uncle toma cerveza

I'm from my grandfather is amable  
I'm from an album de pictures in the armario  
I'm from for the recordar this moment's good in que todos estaban reunidos.

## Spanglish

A mi like Italia ya que is  
Beautiful, the person are  
Alegre, la food is so  
Deliciosa, incluso la pasta  
Me algun day intentare  
Visitarla, and the world like  
Japan is so genial, Argentina,  
Colombia, Chile, España, and  
Otros... and voy a tomar  
Muchas picture for the recuerdos.

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EMAD A.

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## Alex and the bullies

There was a boy named Alex. He was a nine-year-old boy. He was in grade 5. He lived with his busy father who was always very busy typing and editing news articles for the newspaper he worked for. Alex was always bullied by three big boys whenever he was going to school. He had told his father and his father said, "Only brave boys can fight bullies," and went back to type on the computer. He had tried several times to avoid them, but they always found him and bullied him. One day as Alex was preparing to go to school, he had an idea. He wore his father's Indiana Jones hat, large spectacles, a big t-shirt, and pants on his school uniform. When he saw the bullies in the distance, he started walking like a grown up. He tried to walk past them, but was caught. The three bullies stripped him of his hat and spectacles, but he snatched them right back and started to run as fast as he could. The three bullies chased him down the road, but did not catch up with him. Alex ran to a place where a fair had been organized and hid under a table. When the three bullies arrived they did not find him.

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## ELIDANIA C.

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I am from the Dominican Republic

From streams.

I am from brooms and mops

I am from reguero.

I am from cloro hace trapiador y escoba.

I am from mi habitacion, tiene un espejo, una ventana, una cama, una coqueta.

I am from una planta

I am from Carnaval

I am from bailar

I am from hay hay hay

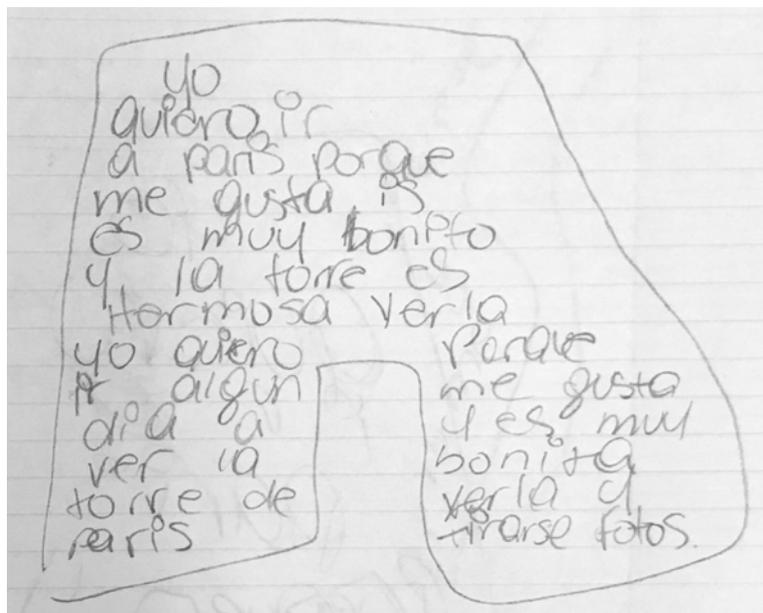
I am from un hospital

I am from mi hermana tuvo un accidente

I am from mi mama se preocupa

I am from album

I am from porque fueron momentos especiales



## Spanglish

I like Paris  
Porque me gusta  
And is beautiful  
Y la torre es linda  
Because you can  
Tomar fotos  
And visit parts  
De paris y  
Eat food of  
Paris talvez  
Es buena  
And you can repeat porque  
Esta buena  
La comida  
And I go to  
The park  
A jugar mucho  
Because maybe is beautiful and  
Puedes jugar and  
Take pictures.

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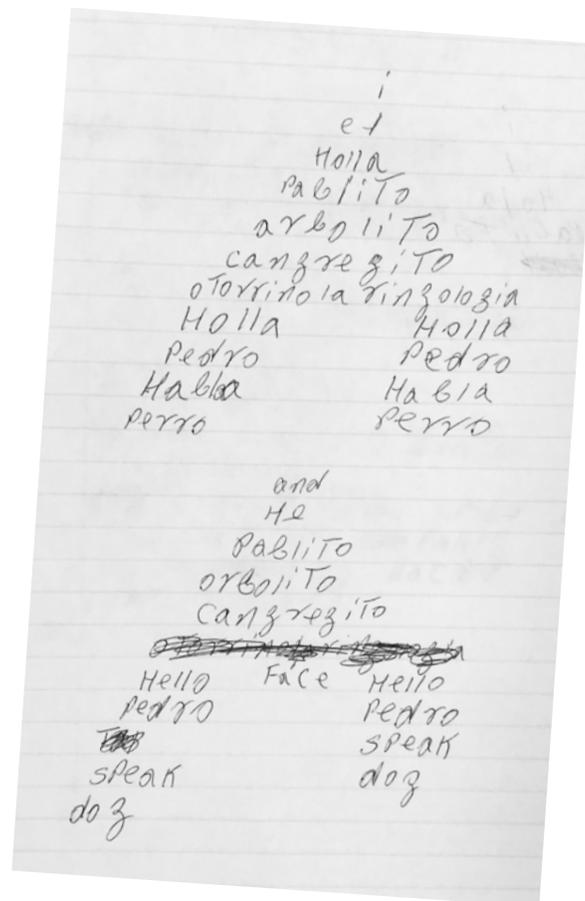
LUIS F.

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## Poemas

1-pan es pan vino es vino tu te fuiste y otra vino  
2-del cielo callo una rosa y mi madre la recogio ella me quiere mucho pero mas la quiero yo  
3-te amo, te quiero, te adoro para mi bales mas que el oro.

I am from juguetes.  
 I am from sal y arroz.  
 I am from paredes blancas con crema, alfombra suave y bonita.  
 I am from oregano, color verdes, olor a sazón.  
 I am from la playa.  
 I am from los cumpleaños.  
 I am from no te dejes llevar de pensamientos de gativos de las otras personas.  
 I am from en este tiempo son pocos los amigos verdaderos.  
 I am from en la clinica profamilia en Santiago.  
 I am from sancocho, puerco asado.  
 I am from buena personas.  
 I am from colaboradores.  
 I am from amistosa.  
 I am from en una pared que esta en la casa de mi abuela.  
 I am from porque recuerdan momentos de la familia.

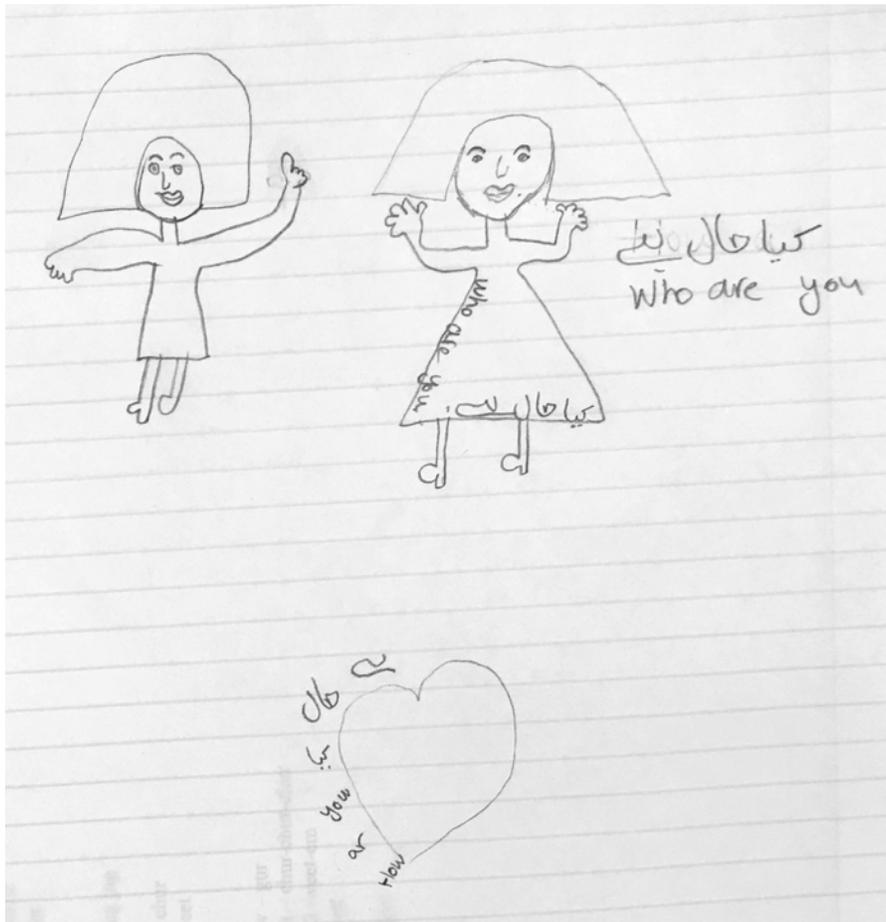


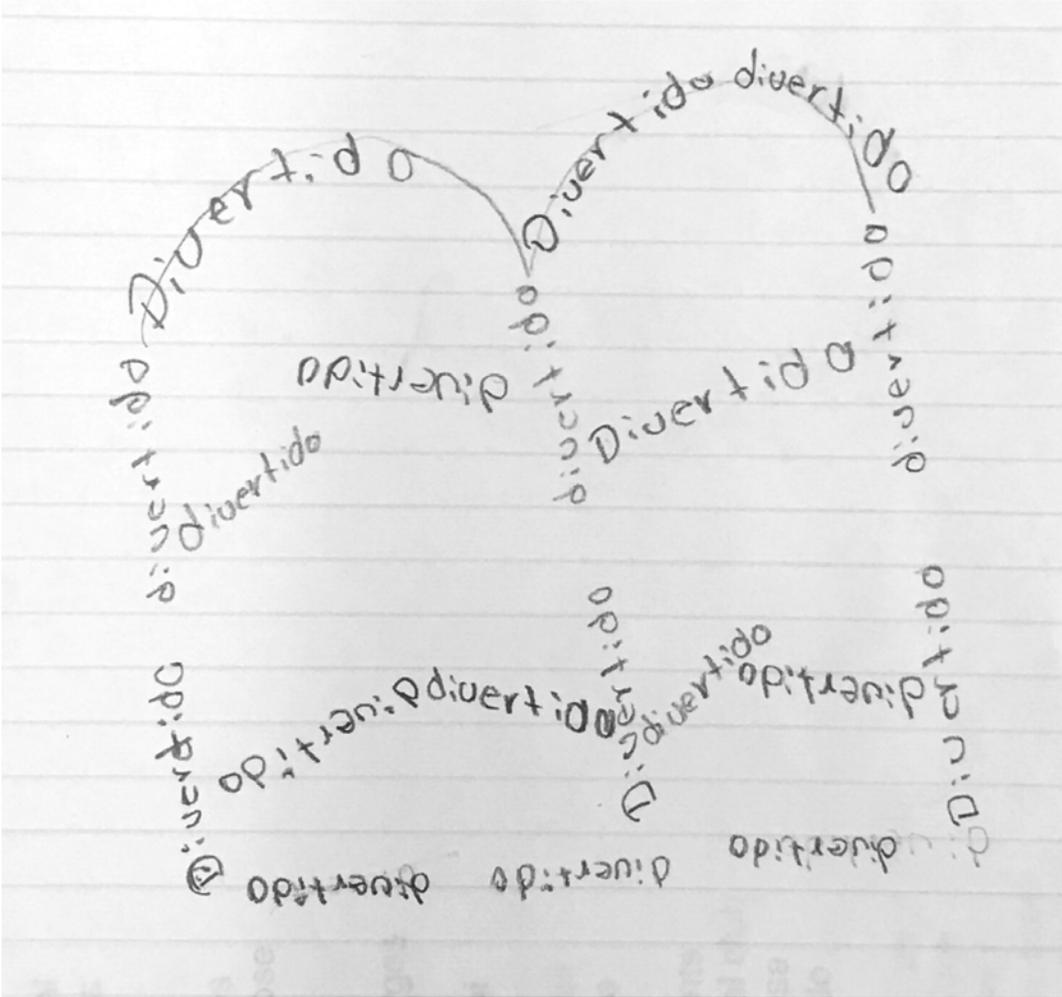
- 1-good doctor
- 2-persona internacional
- 3-dog grande
- 4-shoes bonitos
- 5-buena food
- 6-yo cabello is bonito
- 7-she is bonita
- 8-tu don't know usar el phone
- 9-a mi like tus pants
- 10-que te like hacer
- 11-what you haces

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## ISHRA N.

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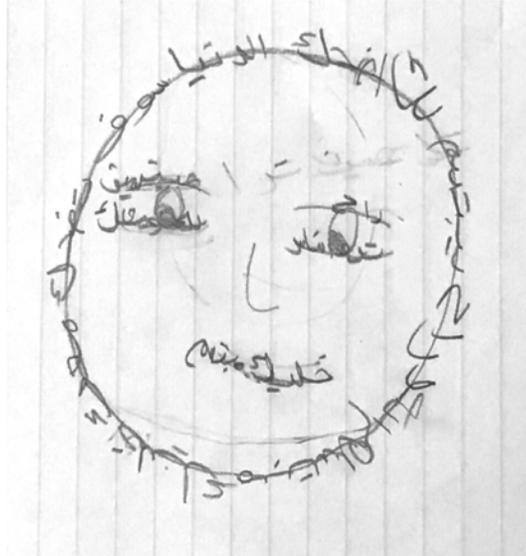




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DOAA H.

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### Transcription of a pigeon's songs

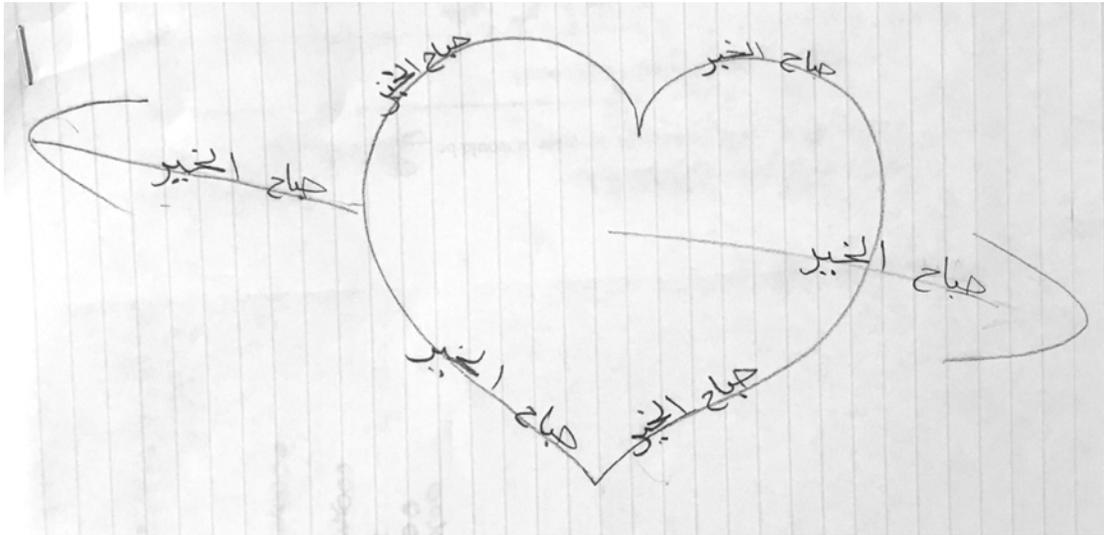
	واب واب واب	whip
	واووو	wooo
kcroooo	كرك	
waooo	تواااممو	
crooo	كوممووو	

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NATALIE F.

---

La niña estaba con  
Una nueva libreta,  
Con muchos dibujos  
En el se encontraban,  
Muy feliz todos estaban  
En su libreta escribia,  
Su felicidad no paro



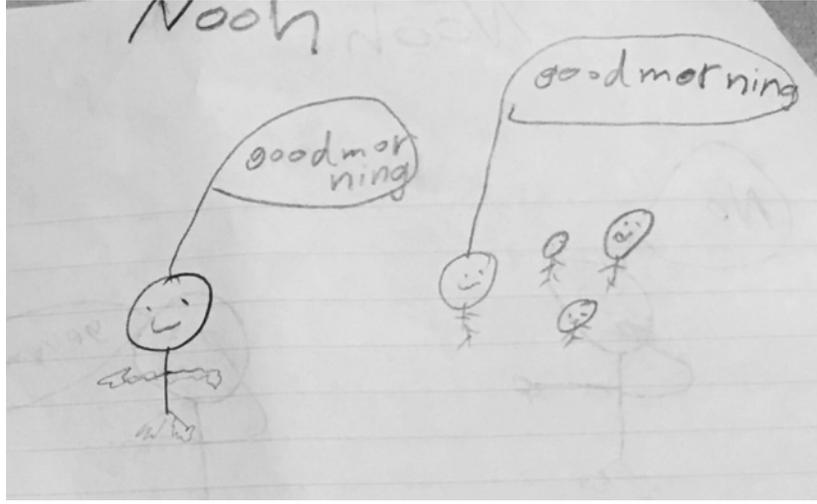
### Transcription of a Pigeon's Song

Whip wo000  
Wo000 wro00  
Getaclue  
Whip wo00  
Cwo0 wro0  
Toowit

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NOOH A.

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### Transcription of a pigeon's song

ويب وو وو کو ورو کریک کرو جیت اکلاف تو وت تو

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MARAM M.

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### Transcription of a pigeon's song

whip wo000-

بوق بوق بوق

to wo00-

بوق صو صو ووو

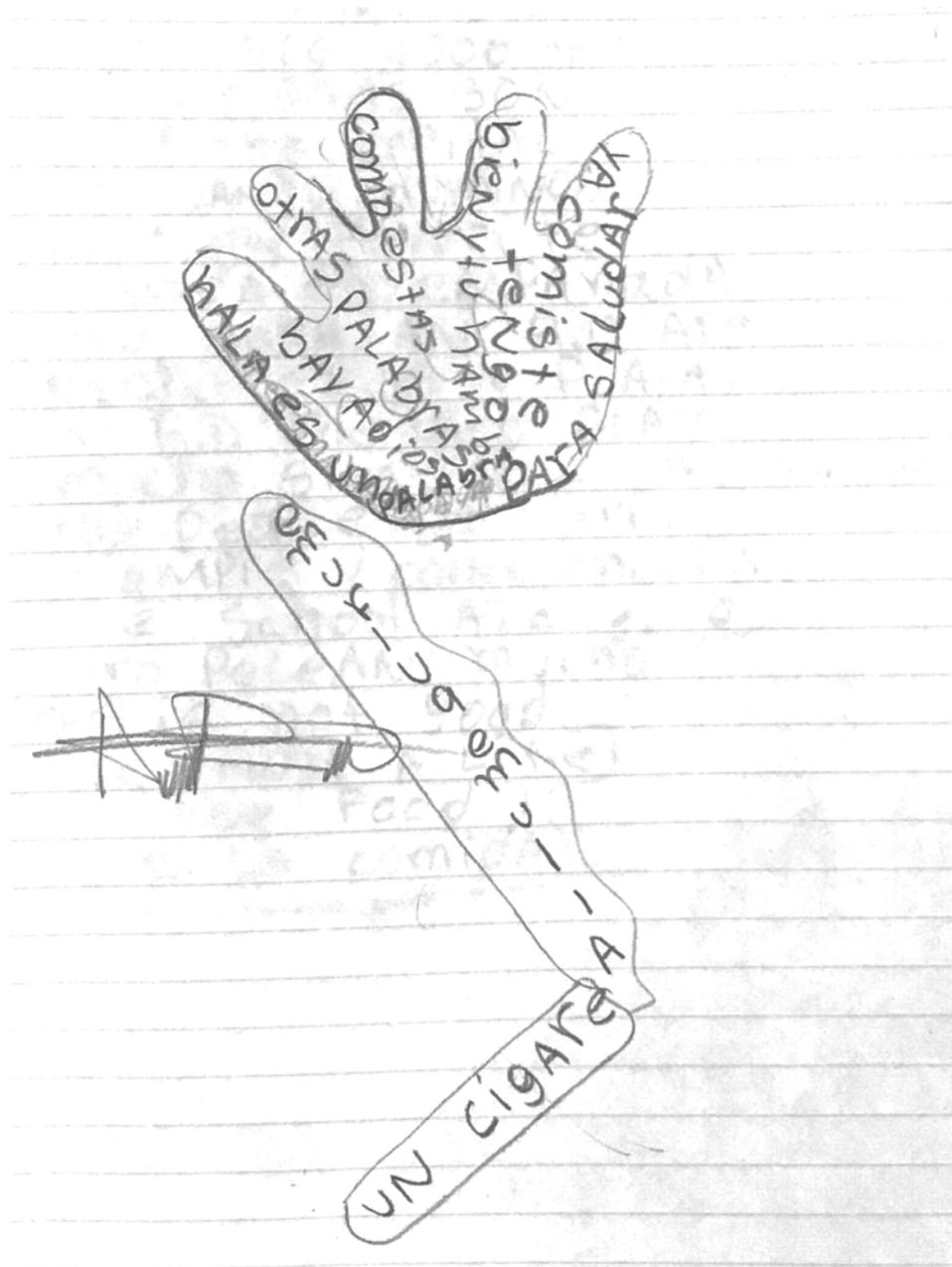
صیو صیو صیو

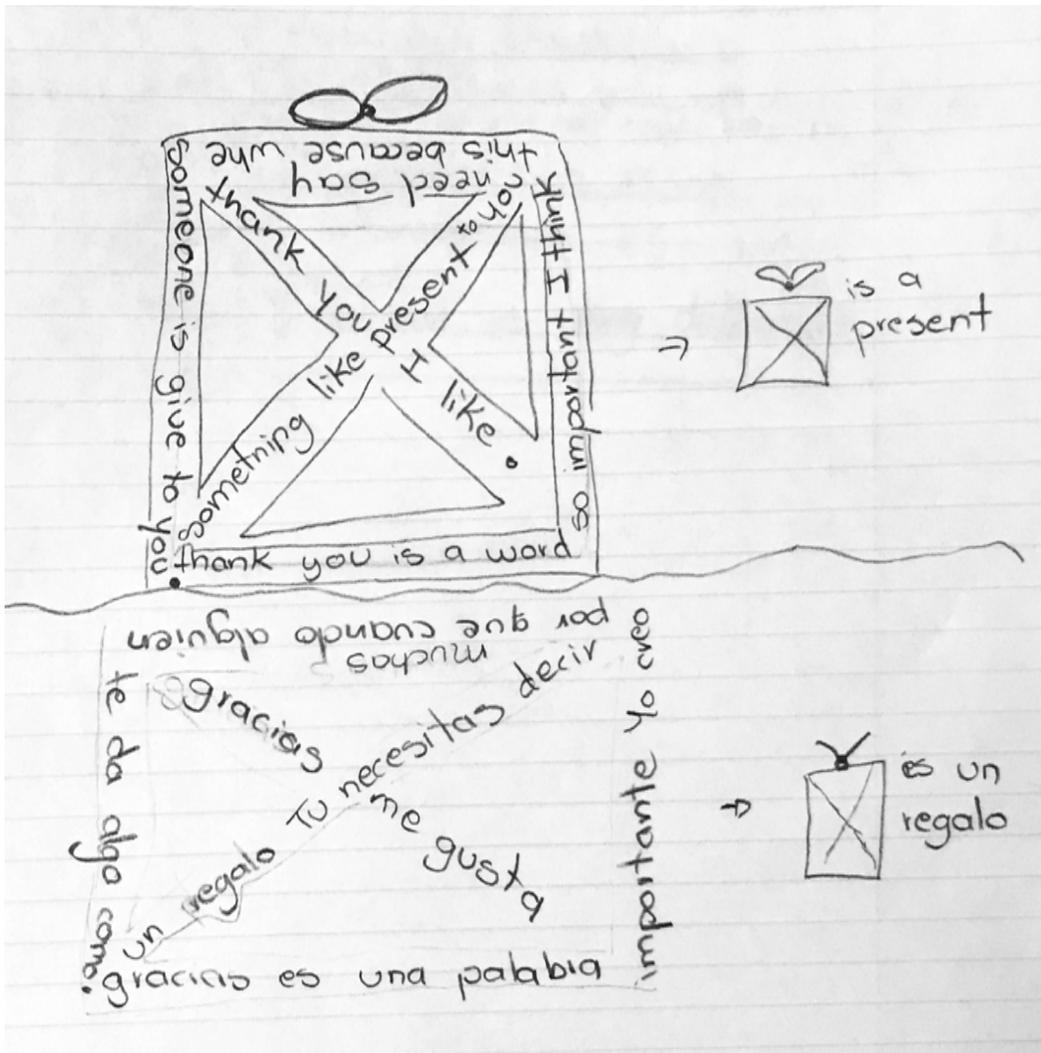
ووو کوووووووو

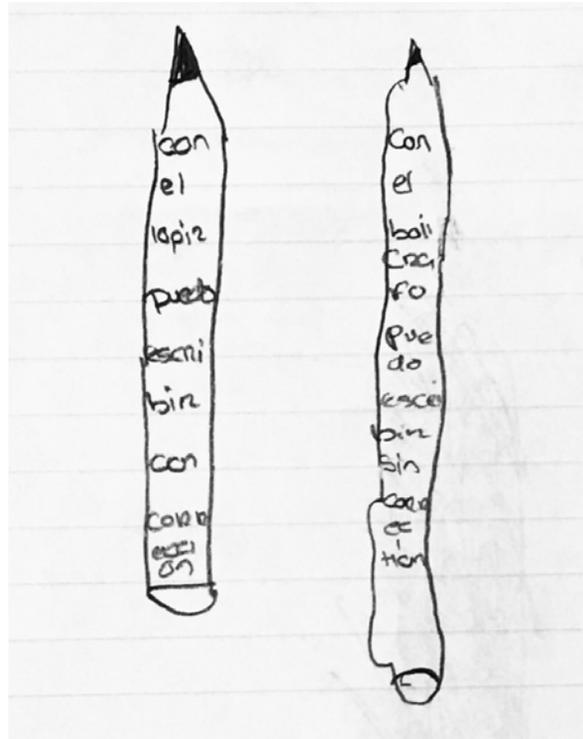
شششوو صقووو

واب واب

توووووواا







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ISHRA

---

I'm from tea and food.  
From shampoo and soap.  
I'm from the TV, mirror, and beads.  
From roses and white flowers.  
I'm from birthdays.  
From Ramadan.  
I'm from "go to sleep" and "so cute!"  
I'm from a hospital.  
From rice and chicken.  
I'm from grandmother's stories.  
From my grandmother getting medicine.  
I'm from my brother getting a job.  
From my mom's cooking.  
I'm from family photos.

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## JULIANA

---

I am from candy.  
From TV and games.  
I am from the yard and the kitchen,  
From the flower called violet.  
I am from resorts on birthdays,  
From “be a good student” and “annoying.”  
I am from hoops, beans, and meat.  
I am from good people.  
I am from workers  
I am from friendship  
I am from my room  
I am from the reminder that family is special.

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## LUIS M.

---

I am from REPUBLICA DOMINICANA DE LOS CABALLEROS.  
I am from mi pley teishon mi visicleta y mi patineta.  
I am from de la cocina y limpieza.  
I am from en el pasillo de mi casa hay graza.  
I am from hay una rosa roja y huele a perfume.  
I am from las canciones que escuchan en mi casa son bachata y merengue.  
I am from en mi pais se celebran el día del nacimiento del niño Jesus.  
I am from cuando yo era niño me decia que no me fuera por el camino equibocado y cuando me iba por ese camino me pasaban cosas malas y cuando no me iba por ese camino no me pasaba nada malo.  
I am from cuando me portaba mal que no lo hiciera porque me llamarian al kuko.  
I am from naci en el hospital del barrio.  
I am from en mi país se hace abichuelas con dulces.  
I am from mi tia mi tio mi abuela mi mama mi papa mis primos son los que viven conmigo.

