

STEPPING

OUT

OF

THE

SHADE



**A COLLECTION OF POEMS, TRUE STORIES,
FICTIONS, AND SURPRISES**

FROM EAST TECH HIGH SCHOOL

BY MS. GERMAN AND MS. CLEMENT'S STUDENTS

**East Tech High School
Cleveland, Ohio
2021**

Introduction

Most of the work in this anthology was written during weekly workshops from February through May in six sections of English at East Tech High school.

Inspired by the poetry of Amanda Gorman, students explored poetry and poetic devices both independently and as a creative collaboration.

They explored point of view through ekphrastic writing (writing in response to or inspired by other artistic forms) and through speculative second person flash fictions.

They wrote descriptively about the people and places in their lives.

They also wrote individual and collaborative dramatic dialogues, which led us to our final project, the choose your own adventure stories at the back of this anthology.

Students were encouraged to choose their favorite pieces to submit for the anthology, which meant that they could also choose poems and personal essays written during our fall residency, which was supported by the Maltz Museum, and in which they wrote and shared powerful poems and stories about hate, discrimination, bias, and standing up.

We hope you enjoy and are inspired by the way they have stepped out of the shade by using their voices and their imaginations this year.

POETRY

Poems inspired by “Chorus of the Captains) by Amanda Gorman

My Branch

By Reauna W.

1. A part of me
2. A part of the family tree
3. Close to the eye
4. I recognize
5. That's what inspires me
6. Is right in front of me
7. In sight to see
8. Close to what I'm encouraged to be
9. A confident competitive competitor
10. That targets tough tasks
11. Whose shoe is like the crack in the door
12. Ready for something much more
13. The apple doesn't fall too far from the tree
14. My mother is what has inspired me
15. As the fire in my eye runs wild
16. I would like to thank my hero for awhile

Ode to My Best Friends

By Ja'Vae E.

My best friends are the apples of my eye
Voices so soothing to me it's like an ocean's cry
They listen to my problems as if I was singing a symphony
They make me laugh I feel euphoria every time they're with me
When together you can feel the energy dance through the room

My best friends always caring and catering to others' needs
Talks with them always lead to paths of joy and peace
Hugs from them my sigh of relief a peaceful dream I never wanna leave
Our friendship to me is so truly divine something one may only see every eon
My love for them extends to infinity and beyond

My best friends exalt empathy in extraordinary ways
Talking to them can turn hours into days
My best friends are warriors who battle displays of bullying
Their bright spirits shine like diamonds in the sky
Such a beautiful balance them and I like a scale every piece as important as each

Granny Is My Hero

By Darrylreona S.

Granny is my hero
She's the calm to my storm
The light to my darkness
And most importantly my comfort
Granny loves like no other
Always there for me
She my shoulder to cry on
My shoulder to lean on
The hand that pick me up when I'm down
Most importantly she's my heart
Granny is my safe haven
The one I can call on
The one I can depend on
The one who makes it happen
Most importantly she is the one who was put in my life for a reason

Ode to Dukes

By Jeremiah M.

Mommy lately I been sick of you
but I know that we forever
and I'm sorry for all them times I dissing you
but mom, the streets then grew a part of me
Ain't no turning back now
& you can't take yo anger out on me
because you know that most of my brothers died on me
All them times I seen you come get me from trouble
I know you was mad as a tiger
I'm going to right my wrongs mom & I'm going to spin again like a ferris wheel
and mom I love you more than I love my game system
but mom how I live I be playing my cards
mommy I love you more than you love yourself
but mommy I ain't stopping at no red lights
so until we talk again from your son G's.

Ode to my Uncle, Little Rich

By Donte B.

I'm going to pick my uncle Little Rich

He is a very nice person literally

He'll do anything and everything to make

His family happy

Every time the Browns come on he turns into a little kid

Every time the Browns win he goes outside in the wind

Every weekend he picks me and my cousins up to have fun

When my uncle plays the game 21 he's not really good

it's a 21 rule

if you're down by 21, game over

and he gets beat all the time

he gets mad like a little baby but still I feel sometimes

He loves to see his family happy

Because of him I travel a lot

He's going to teach me how to drive in a parking lot

Every time he gives me money I feel like I'm on top

Of the world

My uncle is so rich

Every time he gives me money I itch

Ode to Mom

By Charles F.

Ode to mom

My mother is as sweet as honey

My mother is bright like the sky

Mother mother I'm blessed to have thy

My mother love is warm like the sun

My mother is my rock

My mother can be fierce as a wolf

Mom I love you, you are

Passionate and loving to me

Without you there wouldn't be a me

Grandpa

By Jeante J.

My Grandpa is a nice old man, and he loves pecans.
My Grandpa is so old that he's bald and has grey facial hair, but also he can be fair.
Even though he has a prosthetic leg, he works real hard to keep me fed.
I always tell him that he needs to stop being fat.
Even though he's old, his heart is made out of gold.
My grandpa may be tall, but don't forget he is still bald.
My grandpa is always on a quest so therefore he never gets any rest.
My grandpa is always trying to teach me like he owns the test.
He drives his car so slow, I can't believe he's on the road.
Even though he irritates me, in a way he is motivating me.

To My Bestie, DaDa

From Lataya S.

DaDa is as light and bright as the sun
But almost tall as the moon
Helpful smart and independent
she/he because LGBT is his community
He is always near never far from me
My bestfriend is my rock that brings in better days
A person who cares and shows emotions
Also very hilarious when doing so
someone you enjoy
DaDa is six foot seven foot like Lil Wayne said
He is always teaching but mostly leaching
We share the same birthday
It's our favorite holiday
So we are almost more like twins than friends
Forever DaDa will be near
Never far from me

Ode to my Mom

By Mckayla B.

My mom is beautiful

With hair like silk

Heart as big as a river

And smile as big as the sun

She's soft as a butterfly

But hard as a rock

She loves to help others

Even when they don't want to be helped

Her hugs are as soft as a teddy bear

And as light as the air

She brightens up the room as she lightly steps

Without even making a sound

She my world of worlds

The love of my life

She makes me a better person

Without even knowing

I love you mom

MAYOR FRANK JACKSON

By De'Asia B.

He is the longest serving mayor of time in Cleveland history
& his plans for transforming schools is a mystery
A graduate from Cleveland schools, community colleges, and Cleveland University

Building partnerships with state & federal law
Wanting to stop the gun violence that he saw
Investing over \$265 million in Cleveland neighborhoods
That it's so much money I could build a mansion in the woods

For his community he makes sure there is unity
He is caring & has a heart made of gold
& is very hardworking for someone to be old
I know he is loving deep down in his soul

Mayor Frank Jackson advanced Downtown Cleveland's Lakefront
For economic development that made most people grunt
Using crime data analysis for crime hot spots
So that crime rates go down & no one else can plot

Mr. Frank Jackson has done alot for us & has a lot to show
Even though he may not know
He is greatly appreciated and is a superhero

Ode to Coach Hall

By Maurice B.

Coach Hall is tough as a rock

Coach Hall's voice is loud as a microphone

Coach Hall smells better than 1000 dollar cologne

Coach Hall is funny as a clown

but he's also mean as an old math teacher like in the movies

He taught me how to be the best man I can be

That's why he's my favorite coach

I love you Coach Hall

My Mother is Beautiful

By AARON H.

My Mother is Beautiful like the blue sky
She can sometimes be hard as a rock
But her love for me is like stars in the sky
And my love for her is like diamonds in the sky
She is my RIB
A confident and a strong black woman
My mother is the mother that I am so
Blessed to have in my life.

Ode to Zookeepers

By JaiBreion R.

Zookeepers keep the animals alive so the species can stay around
They round up as many as they can so they can be found
They feed all the herbivores, carnivores, and omnivores the foods they need
Zookeepers have a role to play, in hopes that the animals have a comfortable stay
They bring a new meaning to biologist cause zookeepers are zoologists

Zoology is the study of the animals in their care and everything about them
They are as important on earth as the food and water we eat
Some people think zookeepers are bad but the zookeepers treat the animals sweet
I can't speak for all the zoos and I know they all got the same goal
They study the animals to find their life habits and play an important role

Then they adjust how they treat the animals at the zoos
The zookeepers are knights in shining armor for the animals they save
Zookeepers are the heroes in the animal community
Being a zookeeper is a dangerous job and you got to be brave to deal with the dangers
of the job daily
Being a zookeeper--it's a big responsibility--taking care of the animals

Ode To A Hero

By Taniah J.

The calm before the storm
A bull with no horns
Has grown to be a clever cleanfreak church boy

Can be as quiet as a student in the library
His past makes him careful--he is wary
He's not good with dating. I wonder will he ever get married

The errands he runs through the day keep him steady
He takes longer than a woman on her wedding day to get ready
Instead he makes up for it, always lightening the mood, like taking a box when things
get heavy

A severely stylish shoeaholic is what I'd call him
With over 150 shoes in his collection he hasn't even worn all of 'em
He teaches me to control my anger
And holds it down better than an anchor

He has a lot of hair
Is sincere to those who care
And I cannot deny
He's the apple of my eye
My dad is my greatest ally

I Am Me

By Jasmin V.

I am happy
I am sometimes loud
I am nice
But what I am not is
I am not quiet
I am not always mad or sad
I am not a mean person
I am me

Unity

By Chyann J.

Unity is what we want
Unity is what we want to feel
Unity is what makes us whole
Unity is what we are when we stick by one another
We must come together as a whole
we must fight with each other and not against
We are unity
With all the color in the universe
Let's all join as one
What is a movement if it can't hold us together
Let's let go of the hate and bitterness
Rise from it
We are a unity

Navigating through a new storm

By Reauna W.

Going through a new door with unfamiliar faces
Led to a new room
Of journeys and places.
As another day goes by
We wish we could turn back, and open a now closed door.
Unfortunately we have to go through a newfound storm.
If we could go back to the door with familiar faces,
Everyone would know where their place is.
Filled with comfort and joy,
Instead of being filled with anxiety.
Trying to find yourself through the storm
Without listening to the whispers of the wind
To get through all you have to do is
Meet other travelers along the way.
No matter what, keep heading North
At last
You're free
You're free
To make your own choice
No matter
North, East, South, West
Whichever way your internal compass leads you
Should be the best.

Journey

By Aaron H.

My journey to my grandma house

I can see

Birds

Cars

The street

Trees

Poles

Lights

The sun

The sky

Wind turbine

Stop signs

Crossing signs

I could hear

Music

The sound of a car

The wind

Other horns

And I could also hear the rain

I could smell

Oil

The good incense

The fresh air

Gas

Fresh cut grass

And it smelled like rain outside

When I was on my way to my grandma and grandfather's house, that day I woke up, and it was raining outside and the sky was gloomy and gray. I went to go get myself together so that I would be ready whenever it was time to go. When I stepped outside you could see rain drops dropping from the tree and you could hear my shoes squeaking because the ground was wet. When I was on the road I could see lots of birds and the rain hitting the glass on the car windows. And while I was in the car I smelled fresh incense and the air just smelled fresh. Then when we were on our way back home it was very dark and you could hear lots of crickets and see lots of lights.

INDIVIDUAL POEMS INSPIRED BY AMANDA GORMAN'S INAUGURAL POEM: THE HILL WE CLIMB

Freedom

After Amanda Gorman

By McKayla B.

Where can we find light in this never-ending shade
A place where everyone is equal and not afraid
A place where you can actually be free and not free
Because of the color of your skin
A place where when we step out of the shade
there's no one dying because of the color of their skin
A place where an African-American accomplishing something isn't a surprise
A place where everyone loves each other
and there is no more never-ending shade

We Lay Out Our Arms

After Amanda Gorman

By Maurice Banks

We must first put our differences aside We lay out our arms
Like a big soft bear and stop the violence we must come
Together and treat each other with respect and as equals
We must first put our differences aside we lay out our arms
It doesn't matter what's the color of your skin we all should treat
Each other equal whether you like the person or not
We must first put our differences aside we lay out our arms
Like we were all brothers and sisters.

If Only We Dare
After Amanda Gorman
By Lataya S.

If only we dare
to upset him and the men up there
that wouldn't be pleasant so we share

If only we dare
Our gifts we cherish may be gifted to most
may they cherish and give it to the next host

If only we dare...

the dream
after Amanda Gorman
By Charles F.

Where a skinny black girl
Descended from slaves and raised by a single mother
Can dream of becoming president
where a black girl
can dream of being a movie star
where a black girl
can no longer feel looked down upon because of her color
where a black girl
can be whoever she wants to be

Close the Divide
After Amanda Gorman

By Marissa H.

We close the divide because we know to put our future first
We must first put our differences aside
We lay down our arms
So we can reach out our arms
To one another.
It's time for the positive
Forget about the negative
It's time for us to get along
We must stop this hate
We must think about our future
It's time for us to be united
United is more powerful than divided

black girl dreams
After Amanda Gorman

By Aaron H.

Where becoming a president of the United States isn't just a skinny black girl dream

Proving all the people that said she couldn't do it because she was a skinny black girl

By continuing to follow her dreams showing people she is a strong black skinny woman

a skinny black girl becoming president when everyone thought she couldn't do it just
because she was a skinny black woman that is now changing the world.

THE LIGHT WHEN THE DARK FORMS

After Amanda Gorman

By Darrylreona

Where can we find light in this never-ending shade,
The world is such a dark place,
Gun violence
Where can we find light in this never-ending shade
Police brutality
In the black of night these get pushed into the shade

When the light forms the dark goes away
The world can be a bright place
Gun control
When the light forms the dark goes away
Reform the police
maybe if we change into the light we wouldn't have
to find light

COLLABORATIVE POEMS INSPIRED BY AMANDA GORMAN'S INAUGURAL POEM: THE HILL WE CLIMB

A Fight to Remember

By Jeante, Daijana, Dasani

We will not be turned around or interrupted by intimidation
We go out and do what we gotta do throughout the day and no one tells us what to do
We will not be silenced! they will get what they deserve
We will not get pushed around
We will stand our ground
As a whole
We will look out for one another
We will not march back to what was but move to what shall be,
I will go on to be the best me I can give,
We will not be turned around without a fight

America was Never Great, After Amanda Gorman

By Couryon, Maxx, Nana, Jai'Breion

America was never great
slavery and racism here in the u.s. has never ended
people fail to act when they are quiet in the face of injustice
All we're doing is driving ourselves to extinction.
there are many people walking the streets
let alone poor
with no family or shelter out in the cold.
And there is global warming
We as people can make it better
Yes we are far from polished and no one is perfect
but strive to make yourself better
Yes we are far from polished
but people need to help people and raise each other up not down
We've heard that quiet isn't always peace
people should not be quiet in the face of injustice.
We've heard that quiet isn't always peace
Closed mouths do not get fed.
We must lay down our arms so we can reach out our arms to one another.
We are far from polished
We should be trying to help and love one another
Quiet isn't always peace!

A Nation Unfinished, After Amanda Gorman

By Kaleb, Reauna

imperfect perfect union
a nation that isn't broken but simply unfinished
where every culture has rights and is treated equally

But prisons are built based on your 3rd grade scores

We are far from pristine
Here in our country, our democracy
Where darker skin color means you might get kicked out of class or suspended easier
Where being trans won't allow you in the military
Where being slower with your work makes you a target

If you look or act different, assumptions are made
You don't think you can make it
With anxiety roaring
Your dreams and your future killed by the opinions of others

We are striving to form an objective
of becoming one as a whole
Where different notes merge to make a beautiful song
where we build bonds based on personality traits instead of skin color
with unbiased unprejudiced opinion
We are striving to forge our union with purpose

What is a thesis statement without support?
What is a union without unity?
Three words
Not a country
Not a democracy
Not a whole

Picking up the pieces
We're making something new
a nation that isn't broken but simply unfinished

Brave Enough to See it, After Amanda Gorman

By C'Najia, Michael, Rachel, Nashyra, Nadia, K'Shawn

Our world is in tears today
somewhere in the world
there is a baby crying in the trash
because its mother doesn't want her
If only we were brave enough to see it.

"i'm just a little girl" she says,
Sitting on a man's knee
Begging for mercy

If only we were brave enough to see it.

A mother overflowing with grief
feels like her life is an abyss
Because her family hasn't filled their pockets
Or their empty dry stomachs in days

If only we were brave enough to see it.

not able to speak on the tip of a knife
Quiet isn't always peace
how can you not see what's going on
with your eyes closed so tight
if only we were brave enough to see it.

when we're outside to see the light
if only we were brave enough to see it.
when we step into the world
if only we were brave enough to be it.

The loss we carry is the love we can gain
If we let others help with the load.
if only we are brave enough to see it.
if only we are brave enough to be it.

This Wounded World, After Amanda Gorman

By Truston, Chyann, Jaylon, Lanceaira

We will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
Where the norms and notions
change through time
no two persons have the same lines

We will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
We are far from polished
far from pristine
but that does not mean we are not classy

We are not
striving to form a union that is perfect.
we are just striving to make a decent union
At the end of the day race should not matter, we are all equal
where we can live in a world without people judging us

We will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
where a young black boy doesn't have to feel scared to be pulled over by a cop
We will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
where a gay boy doesn't have to hide in the closet just to be accepted
We will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.

Love as our Legacy, After Amanda Gorman

By Donte, Amir, Maurice, Torri

When love becomes our legacy
We lay out our arms
Like a big soft bear
Body full of laughter
we find the power
to author a new chapter.

The hill we climb
Is a legacy of love
we are all brothers and sisters
It doesn't matter what's the color of your skin
Let's come together and treat each other with respect and as equals
Victory won't lie in the blind
if only you are brave enough to see it--
You can have an impact on the world--
If only you are brave enough to be it.

The Belly of the Beast

By Patrick, Ianmarcos, Averianna

We braved the belly of the beast for far too long
We must first put our differences aside
And stop this beast that brought nothing but hate and violence with his darkness
We braved the belly of the beast for far too long
Now we want change after surviving years without change
We must first put our differences aside
Seek the hidden treasure of peace, the hidden wonders of peace
Instead of fighting, we should celebrate our similarities
As well as recognize and respect our differences
We learned that quiet isn't always peace
We braved the belly of the beast for far too long
And now with this new light that was brought to us
We will change everything in this world
Learn the ways of nature, learn peace
We braved the belly of the beast for far too long

We Step Out of the Shade, After Amanda Gorman

By Malike, Erika, Zyire

We step out of the shade
When a difference in opinion, culture, or skin shade
Doesn't cost someone their lives
Where Society doesn't have the mindset that black people are overall bad people
Where it doesn't look at young black people and think we are criminals and monsters,
We can step out of the shade when that happens
We step out of the shade
When we will be judged not by what we are
But who we are
We step out of the shade
When our fellow black brothers and sisters aren't being killed just for "being black"
When a "black man's" killer is prosecuted and brought to justice
We step out of the shade
We step out of the shade
When united cities and states merge in one purpose
When we can just get along

with hope, light will rise

By Ray, Salvador, Da'Shun, Dymond, Demarius, Arrie

Life is like a chess game
We just got to make the right move
Before we know it
Somehow we do it

we make mistakes but we learn from them
and become better people because of it.
Even when we see no change that doesn't mean stop
Just know whatever I said I meant that

In the last 4 years there's been no positive impact
They hated to see a black skinny president,
But a skinny black girl can dream.
When one is wrong
does not mean our whole nation is wrong
we all can make a difference
the color of our skin doesn't matter

Where can we find light in this never-ending shade?
The shade that is this year.
I hope the light is 2021.
If 2021 is not that light then I hope there is another one.

If we merge mercy with might,
and might with right,
We give people the chance to change
We will see each other in the light.

If we only dare, after Amanda Gorman

By Tramayne Jasmin Takeya

We step out of the shade into the light
We will be what they said we couldn't be
We will be who they said we shouldn't be
We will be who they doubted us to be
We will live the dream we wanted to be
We step out of the shade into the light
If only we dare.

We step out of the shade into the light
We reach out our arms
To one another.
We may stand and we shall fight for one another
We are a nation that isn't broken
But simply unfinished.
We will grow bigger and stronger
We will live bigger and longer
And set all differences aside
No matter what skin tone we are.
We will all find the strength within

NONFICTION

My Definition

By Jeante J.

Jay is a quiet person, but he's also loud in many ways. Jay is a focused person, he is always serious, he can't take a joke, Jay is too stubborn, he is always angry and stuck in his thoughts, but He tries his hardest to please everyone. He cares for everyone and is always there for them.

Jeante Johnson is a good student, he's a good son, he's a good hard worker, Jeante Johnson does mess up sometimes but he realizes his mistakes and makes up for them, He tries his hardest to please everyone he cares for everyone and is always there for them.

Jay Jay is a good friend, he's a loyal person, he's a little childish. Is the best that he can do in basketball, he's hyper but it's good for him in basketball because he can get back up when he's kicked down. You can see that he has potential. He sometimes holds back or doesn't try his hardest. He tries his hardest to please everyone. He cares for everyone and is always there for them.

Journey to the Windermere Bus Station

By Josiah R

I leave the house while it's still dark out. I pass by cats staring deep into my soul like I disgust them. I see a RTA bus pass going up the Main Street. I cut through the parking lot, then pass the closed corner store. I look to see cars driving past, that's when I realize I made it to the Main Street. I cross the Main Street to see bright lights coming from a gas station. I see people going in and out of the gas station, getting into cars. I see a RTA bus pull up right in front of me with bright lights. I get into the bus and see the driver sitting looking forward onto the road and people staring at me. I sit on the bus...

On my way to Grandma and Grandfather's House

By Aaron H.

When I was on my way to my grandma and grandfather's house, that day I woke up, and it was raining outside and the sky was gloomy and gray. I went to go get myself together so that I would be ready whenever it was time to go. When I stepped outside you could see rain drops dropping from the tree and you could hear my shoes squeaking because the ground was wet. When I was on the road I could see lots of birds and the rain hitting the glass on the car windows. And while I was in the car I smelled fresh incense and the air just smelled fresh. Then when we were on our way back home it was very dark and you could hear lots of crickets and see lots of lights.

First Person Point of View

By Maurice B.

When I was in middle school my basketball coach took me to every single East tech basketball game. The team was so great but they had this one particular player. Number 1. He was the main player on the team. He scored all the points, made a lot of three point shots and he even was dunking. I was so in shock when I saw that dunk. He was the star of the team. My coach introduced me to the players. I gave every one of them high fives and I even used to go to their basketball practices.

EKPHRASTIC WRITING

Inspired by Photographs in the News

Full Court Press

By Ian

During the pre workouts the coach told the team, "You guys gotta play like you mean it." After all, it is the semifinals so of course we're gonna try not to lose but some of the team didn't feel ready. I guess that's what happens when you miss practice for the whole week.

During the 1st quarter our center was able to get an early stop so I decided to go for a layup and the score was 2-0. Since it's the semi finals you really can't make too many mistakes so I got subbed out for the whole 1st quarter. I didn't think too much of it, the more energy the better.

The 1st quarter came to an end. The score was 15-22. We were down by 7. The coach was really mad right now so he told me to be in for most of the 2nd quarter. As I started off the game with a 3, the defense is gonna focus on me more than anyone so I pass to our shooting guard and he makes a 3.

Now we're getting some momentum so since I'm getting double teamed I pass it to the center, but he gets blocked. Then they score with a 3. A few minutes left and right now I have 12 points and 4 assists and 1 steals, the score is now 40-35.

It got more competitive during the 2nd quarter so I had to be even more focused than usual. I score back to back buckets and the score is 46 to 40. The other team also score back to back buckets so now we're tied up. It's up to me to score the last 2 shots. We basically have left 59 seconds left on the clock. I score a 2 and then they score a 2. We're tied so we have to score a 3.

As I'm walking up court for some reason our shooting guard is open so I pass it to him and he scores a 3 but we're at the edge of our seats because there's 20 seconds left and coach wants us to play half court defense so with 15 seconds on the clock they're trying to wind the clock down.

Now there's 10 seconds left and they score 3 and we have 10 seconds to score.

Coach calls for a timeout and he says, "Give it to number 10," and since I'm number 10, I tell Coach, "We have a better chance with number 3 to score, but he told me, "No, you're scoring last."

So 10 seconds left and we run a pick and roll play. I get open with 5 seconds on the clock. I score and now we're playing full court press, and as we knew it, the buzzer rang. The final score is 54-51.

Getting Hyped for the Game

By Cyanna B.

Teammate #1: I am not ready for this game, what if I hurt my arm again?

Teammate #2: Don't think like that, just worry about the game and all the points you can score.

Teammate #3: Yeah and my stomach has been hurting, I'm nervous for this one. We lost our first game to them.

Teammate #2: Man you guys sound like a bunch of wimps and whiners, where's my basketball players at? Come on guys, get hyped! We got a game in the next hour and we're about to win it!

Teammate #3: Yeah you're right. We did only lose by 5 points last time we played them.

Teammate #1: Yeah, and my arm hasn't been hurting, I have nothing to worry about..

Teammate #2: Now that's the spirit, come on guys let's get even more amped!

The Excellence & Resistance Of Ladies Jumping In A Pool!

By Jeremiah M.

This is a story of excellence and resistance...I chose to have a little competition with a swimming contest. As you see in my little picture you see some young strong athletes racing and what this contest is for--it's not about who's going to win this race. I mean, it is, but it's not. It's about a community coming together and having a little fun, also competitive and fun again!

But the reason why you see all these ladies is because people don't give women credit for nothing and as I see it people think women ain't capable of nothing. So me personally, I wanted to give women a chance to have some fun and enjoy themselves. I also want to let the women of this competition be a message to every person or women or men who have a passion for anything--women are capable of many things as men are too, but in the end, you can see some of these ladies resisting not to lose, but some just care less, winning or losing, they just want to have fun and this is my tale of Excellence and Resistance Nicely Demonstrated. Bravo.

SECOND PERSON POINT OF VIEW NARRATIVES

Yourself Love

By Chyann J.

After you decide to move it from your life, it is okay for you to come back every once in a while to remind you it's still around and you're doing fine without it. Treat yourself like you would something you love. You have to accept that different chapters in your life will not always have a good ending. Everything does not have to have a beginning and an end; some things just have to start in the middle. Be happy when you lean into a new goal. Practice being in the here moment, accept your imperfections and allow yourself to make mistakes, and be okay with them because you will always grow from them. You can't find happiness without a meaningful purpose. One day you'll look back and realize that what you worried about back then didn't matter. All endings will have new beginnings, trust your path.

The Three Doors

By Tealjah

You are all alone in a dark cold forest, then come across three doors you have to choose between to go back home. One door will take you home, one door will bring you to your death sentence, and the last door will trap you with all of your nightmares. The one that you choose will reflect on your life. You are trying to think hard about this but are too overwhelmed. Then you hear a little voice taking over, persuading you to not pick a door at all.

When this happens, all the doors open at the same time. You are shaking in fear and can't move. That voice laughs at your fear, then says "gotcha," to have you thinking there was no right answer, when there was. Now you have to face the fact that you are stuck in these nightmares for the rest of your life.

The Sitter

By Taniah J.

You're checking your phone as you drive to your boss's house to sit while he goes on a business trip. Upset that you've been evicted due to falling behind on bills, you practice how to ask your boss for a raise.

It's spring break, and boy is it rush hour. Cars are honking, bees are stinging, and flowers are blooming. The GPS tells you you'll arrive in 2 minutes. Scratching your whole plan, you make the decision to just come all out with it as you pull into the driveway. Luckily he's understanding, he agrees to raise your pay and give you just enough to get an apartment as long as you dog sit for him for a week while he's away on business. You agree, knowing how much you love dogs and that he has 3 of them makes you feel like this is easy money.

Relieved, you look in the sky. Feeling the warm sun on your face, the bright yellow star burns your eyes so you shield them and smell the air. There's a faint smell of wet dog and freshly cut grass. Kids play up and down the street in the sprinklers, on bikes, skates and scooters, while their parents grill in their driveways. Your boss gets in his car and starts to reverse out of the driveway, but not before he gives you a warning. "Be careful with my babies. We might be in for a storm tonight." The thought of that makes your stomach churn, you've been scared of thunderstorms since you were a kid.

It becomes night pretty soon, you give the dogs their dinner, make yourself some, and settle down on the couch for a late night movie in your house shoes and pajamas. All you can hear is the pitter-patter sound of the rain as it hits the window, while you silently pick a movie. The rain begins to pour and turns into a storm. The thunder is loud and the lightning is startling, but the dogs stay at the door, quietly growling then suddenly getting louder, refusing to stop.

You peek through the curtain, but don't see anyone. You look through the peephole, still no one. Assuming it was nothing you return to your spot on the couch and resume your movie, until a sharp loud knock at the door makes you jump out of your skin as a scream erupts from the tv. You groan, as you're walking to the door to open it; you slow down. As you look through the light colored curtains you see a shadow standing dripping wet at the door staring at you, grinning. You go to the door and look through the peephole, he's looking right at you.

Can he see you through the door? Looking through the peephole?? You become uneasy as the dogs start going crazy, barking and foaming at the mouth like rabid animals. You contemplate what to do as you settle down the dogs and answer the door. You were reluctant at first but finally gave in after 10 minutes of the shadow repeatedly knocking on the door, refusing to leave. Leaving you with no other way to get them to leave your only option is to tell them off.

Opening the door you see a man, he looks tired and cold and his head is down. Shivering, he says he's here to fix the tv for your boss. Hm? That's weird, weren't you just watching a movie? He then says it's for the tv upstairs, but why didn't your boss say that before he left? You think to call your boss so you ask the man for his name.

He says it's Mr. Morph laughing to himself. You think in your head why do they call him that? He answers with, "you'll see," like he read your mind or something. You don't have a good feeling about this. As the phone rings for your boss the man says to tell him he's the guy here to fix the power, which isn't out. Didn't he say he was here to fix the tv? Your boss answers and you ask him if someone was supposed to come and fix the power which isn't out. You put the phone to your ear as he tells you to get out of there, now. For the first time the man looks up, letting the porch light show his face and clothes.

You startle back into the door as a force slams it closed and lightning strikes a tree and knocks out all the power on the street, except for the porch light right where you're standing. You drop your phone still able to hear your boss on the other line yelling at you to run. The man's eyes are completely black and he's stained in blood. He asks to come in, but you can't answer, you can't even speak. You try to scream, terrified of what you're looking at, no sound. Clearly agitated, his eyes begin to twitch and bulge as he yells at you, saying that you shouldn't be here, then switches and cries saying that he's sorry. He says it over and over, and twitches so much it looks like he's glitching between 2 different people.

You try to back away but you can't, you're frozen in fear. You hear the dogs are behind the door going crazy as he twists and morphs into a nightmare right in front of your eyes. He's huge and dark and slimy. He's as dark as obsidian, as tall as slenderman and looks even more scary than the devil. You feel like you're sinking, scared out of your mind, your stomach is uneasy and you're crying, still with no sound. Motionless and mute, you silently scream so hard you feel like your insides are gonna fall out. You finally hear your scream come out, but it's quickly cut off.

It's too late, you're done. His mouth opens so wide it's bigger than you, his teeth are so sharp they look like knives, covered in red blood and yellow plague, and his breath reeks of dead bodies. He bites your head off cleaner than a knife going through butter and spits it so far it lands in the street. Head rolling over, your last seconds of life are spent watching the creature rip your body at the torso, eating the top half and throwing the bottom half onto the roof. You have died, game over.

You startle awake, panting in your bed covered in sweat, tears, and your dog anxiously pawing at your side. It's 9:47 am and you have to house sit for your boss today, how ironic. You go downstairs for breakfast and turn on the news. Your boss's house is on the news, oh no. Man's body found ripped in half after storm causes power outage. Your boss's name moves across the bottom of the screen as your head spins

trying to wrap it around everything. You stare in shock while the news anchor tries to explain his unknown cause of death. Talk about Deja Vu.

The Sword by Ray Cole

You slowly climb up the hill towards the sword. Your mother always told you not to touch the sword because it's dangerous, but you do not have a choice right now. You can feel the Eerie yellow eyes behind you, and you can hear the grass parting for the great creature that is coming for you.

You stumble up the hill and towards the hilt of the sword. Then you grab it with sweaty Palms. Your hand slowly heats up, and suddenly your veins feel like there's lava in your blood. With a mighty Roar you pull out the sword fully out the ground and turn around to face the beast that's been hunting you like prey. Now it's ITS turn to be the prey.

Demon Dog

By Josiah R.

You must've forgotten. I mean, when you turn, you do lose two to three hours of your memory. I'll explain--you can turn into an eight foot tall demon dog with sharp long fangs and long six inch claws. Yeah... scary isn't it?

You need to be wary. This power is a gift and a curse. You just saved a young girl from getting raped by five guys. You have to remember this: "Each time you turn, two or three hours of memories burn." You have to be wary every time you turn, so keep a firm grasp on your anger because if you don't, you can lose your memories forever.

Not knowing your life as a human being, you can completely forget and think that you're actually a demon dog. Never to return again, stuck in an endless rage.

Halloween doors

By Salvador C.

It's Halloween, and everyone told you not to enter the old broken-down house. You touch the cold door knob and open it. You hesitate to walk in the house but you walk in anyway. The door shuts behind you once you're far enough in. You walk through the freezing house for hours until you see four doors. You think one of those doors may lead you out of the house. You open the third door, and there's a tiger on the other side. So when it tries to jump on you, you close it just in time. You slowly walk to the fourth door. You put your hand on the knob, and you slowly turn it. Once you open the door you're sucked into a portal. Then the door closes. *To be continued*

How You Join the Team

By Jeremiah M.

So you are the person who keeps coming into my gym to play basketball even though you didn't make the team. Why do you keep coming in the gym without any of the team players on the team?

Sir, you do not say who can come in the gym because this is not your school gym and you is not a coach who will give anybody a chance probably to make it.

Coach, you should give him a chance. It's only right, coach, so we'll give him a chance, only if he can do 30 push ups. If he can, he will join the team.

You can start now. So after you do the push ups go get your hooping shoes and join the team. After you join the team, you have a game on Saturday, so be game.

From there, you became the star of the team.

Stories

By Dejanique J.

1. when you touched some poison ivy it could go bad--that's what your friends had said. You didn't believe it so you had touched the poison ivy and an hour later it went bad. You had to get a cure to help it go down. Your friends ask what happened so you tell them what happened and they listen. You told them about this young boy and his friends who were outside playing one day and they touched poison ivy because he didn't want to believe his friends. Later on he had to go to the hospital to get the stuff to cure it so it can go down little by little. So the young boy didn't go next to the poison ivy ever again.

2. You were walking around and found 4 doors and you had to choose between doors. One door was a trap with poison mouse traps, the other was snakes, the other was money filled with gas that can kill you, and the last one was spider bats. You made a choice and you went through the door that was made with money that was filled with gas. Don't worry you have survived.

3. There was a little girl who was gifted to be the smartest person there was. She was so smart that people were bullying her and because of that she didn't let her stop being so smart and wanted to be one of the popular people. But she later on changed her mind from wanting to be popular cause she saw how they had treated people and her. She also had skipped class and she was the youngest person ever to go to college.

4. There once was an animal shelter nearby when the town was nice. It was this couple who went to the animal shelter to look for a dog to adopt so they saw this one dog who only has one eye and one ear. But they didn't have the money to get it and so they both got a second job to get the dog. So two weeks later they went to the animal shelter to get the same dog they were looking at because they just got paid that day. They got the dog and named him Buddy and they went back home and they fed and bathed him. Also they played with him and later that day they all went to sleep happy ever after.

5. One day it was this teenage girl who was driving by and saw this boy who was a teenager sitting on the ground with no shoes on. The girl stopped and pulled over to give him some of her old shoes that she couldn't fit anymore but little did she know he was strange. So they talked for a while and talked about how his life was before he became homeless. Four weeks later she found out he was following her the whole time. She had the cops before he could do something to her and the cops came but it was too late. He was already gone. The whole time he was faking to be homeless to follow another girl.

SELECTED STOP THE HATE ESSAYS

Basketball and Peace

By Donte B.

Last summer, we drove out of Cleveland to play basketball on the Caucasian people's basketball court because their courts are better than ours. They have better competition and better lights on their backboards. When we got there, we saw a lot of Caucasian people playing basketball. They looked at us and then kept playing.

I called, "Next." I stretched and drank water to keep my body right.

When that game ended, I thought, we're going to win, but the boys on the other side of the court played fundamentally sound basketball. I could tell from their body language, that they were thinking we would be tough to beat.

The game was intense, but we came out with a win. Afterward, I told them, "Y'all good," and they said the same thing. One of the boys said, "Man, you play hard-nosed defense, and you can shoot well too." We decided we should meet up again to play.

Then a white truck arrived, and I had a bad feeling. A Caucasian lady came up and said, "Son, are you ok?" I thought, OH MY GOD.

The parents mumbled under their breath, and one kid said, "He's not like that. He's good people." The parents just looked at me with a straight face and got in the car.

We had already exchanged numbers so we stayed in touch, and we visited each other's houses to play basketball until covid. I still talk to them on a daily basis.

The very first time I came over to the house, we talked about the first time we met, and then we had dinner. One of their parents told me, "My bad. I am sorry. It's crazy out here. I was just trying to make sure no one harmed my kids. It was a misunderstanding."

I learned from this experience that I can stand up and make a good point when someone acts racist. Just because I'm black doesn't mean I'm going to hurt someone. Also, I had an effect on their lives. The kids look up to me and come to me when they need advice. I think I also taught the parents that they shouldn't treat people differently based on skin color, but instead they should be more open-minded. I hope that when I'm not around if they meet someone who is of a different race, it will be easier to interact in a respectful and friendly manner.

Ever since then, I've tried to be a mentor to my friends and a better person even though I'm already a good person. My plan in the community is to bring peace. Using basketball as a platform, I'm going to change how we treat each other. I'm going to bring that positive energy into our community. It's amazing how the game I love, basketball, can build stronger relationships outside of basketball.

Fearful Night

By Ja'Vae E.

I have witnessed and been victim to racism and discrimination, and I probably will see and deal with it until the day that I die. Racism intruded into my family's home the day the police wrongfully profiled and almost killed my dad. They pointed huge guns at him because he looked suspicious just sitting in his car in our driveway.

One warm summer night, we were in the house relaxing. The house was loud with laughter and joy. My dad backed into the driveway and sat there like he normally does when he gets off work. Suddenly, I saw red and blue lights flash outside our living room window. My sister ran to the window and said to me, "Come here now!" as the Caucasian police officer got out of the car, immediately pulled out his firearm, and started yelling commands. My dad was scared for his life. He showed his hands, frozen in fear, afraid to move in case they thought he was reaching for something. My siblings started crying, but I couldn't. I was in shock. All I could think was that I was about to watch my dad die. Fear

The officer called for backup because my dad wouldn't move. Other police arrived, and they handed the first one a big gun with a scope. I thought they were about to kill him, so I ran downstairs, and an officer with a shotgun told me to go back upstairs. Eventually, the officers pulled him out of the car. They drove him down to the police station. He was released that same night because they didn't find anything. Later, crying in relief, the salty tears rolled down my face.

I had always heard about police brutality, but to see it up close when it's your family at the end of the barrel is something I'll never forget. The images were stamped in my brain. From that day on, I have been terrified of the police. How could the people who I'm supposed to call when I'm scared just aim guns at someone because they looked suspicious? I always wanted to ask the police what made him look suspicious. Was it his red hoodie or his black skin?

The sad thing is, I was powerless in this situation. I just had to watch as this went down and pray that God would protect my father. I will work to prevent police brutality, whether that's donating money to Black Lives Matter, protesting, or signing petitions to defund the police. Discrimination is something that not only has followed me but many people. Every day someone is being discriminated against, whether it's about the color of their skin, sexual preference, or even how much they weigh. People love to say times are changing, but it looks the same to me. I will make the change I want to see.

Anything Could Happen to my Brother

By Tramayne F.

One cool summer night six years ago I was watching tv when my mom got a phone call from my brother. He was walking home from his friend's house, just a few blocks down from our house when he noticed a car following him. He was scared to pull out his phone but he did it anyway. When he looked back around the second time to try and get a clear view of who it was without being noticed, he realized it was a police car. He quickly dialed the first ten numbers he could think of. He called his friend for help and then put the phone on a three way call because he was scared and wanted Mom to know what was going on.

I listened to the conversation from my room, turning the volume down on the medium sized box TV and sitting by the stairs on the soft carpet that smelled like dust and fresh fruits because of the new carpet freshener my mom bought. I lay flat down at the top of the staircase to listen.

My mom was talking fast and slightly getting louder by the second. "Where are you?" she asked him.

Then I heard running around as she said, "I'm coming right now. Don't do anything stupid and don't say anything till I get there." When I walked downstairs, my mom said, "Don't open the door, not even for me." I was confused but then realized she had keys in her hand. I obeyed and sat on the couch. Then I heard a slight yelling coming from outside... It was my mom.

I peeked out the window and saw my mom and my brother by a police officer. I saw a lot of hand movement and muffled talking. After about thirty minutes they came inside, and my mom called my grandma.

Apparently the officer asked my brother for his ID and asked if he was into any gangs, drugs or theft, but when my brother said no, he didn't believe him and started stereotyping him even more until my mom came out and started asking him questions like was my brother was under arrest and had he committed any type of crime. After my mom calmed down a bit, they talked and my brother was able to go home. He was in shock, my mom was kind of angry, my sisters and I were just confused.

This is how I realized that anything could happen to my brother. I see more and more police brutality, and I'm just thankful my brother was not hurt. I support my people. I sign and share petitions and try to spread awareness and support for those who have experienced racial profiling. I want everyone to see that this is not right and we need to make a change. I will continue to spread the word about this till the change is done.

Just Going Shopping: Racism at the Mall

By Torri L

It was nothing but smiles and laughter when my cousin and her cousins went to the mall for her birthday and we were with her godmother. We were inside a store with nice cases and earrings and things like that.

When we first walked the “white” lady just kept staring at us and following us and we were starting to get annoyed because just because we are young and black doesn't mean we're going to steal. That's when everybody's smiles and laughs went away because we felt like we were being watched. We still were walking around looking at things until her godmother had enough. She just was like, “Let's leave,” and as we were walking out all you hear is beep beep beep.

The alarm went off so she stopped us at the door and we all were very angry. She was in our face so my cousin's godmother got in her face and she went to get security and he checked us. She claimed one of us stole some earrings but none of us had any earrings on them. We never had the chance to find something we liked or get to buy anything because she was watching us. After security checked us, he didn't find anything so we left, but she didn't apologize or anything. We were just accused of something that we didn't do because of how we looked and there were other people in the store that could have stolen something but she wouldn't know because she was watching us.

After that we stayed in the mall and walked around talking about it just thinking that out of all the people that were in that store, anyone could have done it, but they weren't getting watched so the lady wouldn't know.

We all had money that day and we actually had other shopping bags from when we were looking before we made it to that store. I think since the riot happened back in 2016 or 2017 they feel if you're not older than 18 you're doing something wrong. Now at the mall after 5 pm you have to be with someone 18 or older. We just feel like since we are young we got picked on because there were multiple people in that store. I just didn't like that and I feel everybody, no matter what color you are, should be treated the same. Being a different color on the outside doesn't make you different from the inside and I just feel like “black” people will always get looked at differently from others!

Back Then

By Dasani H.

When I was in middle school, I stood by while someone was bullied. During the 4th hour, I turned the heat up all the way because it was ten degrees outside. The classroom smelled like the new Febreze the teacher bought for the class. I was sitting at my desk feeling blue because of the mood I was feeling from my classmates. They seemed sad because it was cold outside and nobody really wanted to come to school. We were wishing we had had a snow day.

Three students that sat across from me were making beats on the table, when my friend walked over to throw something away. Suddenly he turned around and threw the garbage can at a classmate's head. It was made of plastic so he wasn't injured badly. My friend called him names, tore up his work and pushed him out of his chair afterwards. The kid sat there on the floor, folded up and started crying.

When the teacher finally came back from the printer, she noticed the kid was crying "What's wrong with him?" she asked.

Nobody spoke up so she punished the whole class by taking away our recess in the gym.

Right then and there I knew I should have spoken up. When I saw my friend throw the garbage can, I felt bad for the victim. What could I have done differently? I could have told my friend to stop before he threw the garbage can at the victim's head. I could have said, "It's not funny no more," because the bully was a close friend of mine. Being a bystander and being silent is not the right choice because there is always someone who wishes you would have helped them.

Next time, I know I'm going to speak up because later, I went through the same experience the victim went through. When I was a freshman I used to get bullied by juniors in gym class because I looked weak. Now that I have experienced what it feels like, I will make sure I speak up and stop the situation from leading to anyone getting hurt.

In the future I will volunteer in a Youth Development program for kids that have experienced being bullied or are dealing with depression and anxiety because those types of things that middle schoolers go through eventually lead to suicide. The program I choose will help with the development of youth's social and emotional skills. I will be more of a role model for middle schoolers who go to school worried about getting bullied at school, and I will talk to them about how they can stand up to bullies or at least ignore bullies so eventually they will leave them alone. I will also talk to the bullies and tell them...bullying is not cool and it's not right to use your anger on students that you think are weaker than others.

Middle School Bullies

By De'Asia B.

My first time experiencing hate was in school and after that first time it was continuously a thing for one girl. It was an early morning in the 5th grade about 10 o'clock when the class took a bathroom break. A girl named J. wasn't like most kids because of her appearance which was something she got bullied for a lot. She didn't always have the newest or nicest shoes and clothes and her hair wasn't always done. She stuttered a lot and sucked her thumb which was two of the main reasons she was bullied. At the bathroom one girl and two boys made fun of her and were making jokes saying she looked like different things and talking about her school clothes because sometimes they would be ripped.

I didn't speak up and say anything at the time but she told a few teachers and some even knew about it but they didn't do anything to stop it or didn't do enough. And after that day I saw it happen almost everyday to her and I felt really bad. I remember one day in class, we had specials like music or art and again the kids were making fun of her and she started crying and left the class. Me and another girl went to go find her and she was in the bathroom stall crying. We asked her if she was ok and she kept saying things like wanted to go home or she wanted to die and that she didn't want to be here anymore.

It was like some days she could deal with the bullying but other days it would really get to her and she would break down. I always felt bad for her but I knew that kids these days wouldn't listen and they would keep doing it. I do regret not saying anything and helping her. I was always friendly to her because I knew it was hard for her to make friends but she was genuinely a really nice person.

The New Girl

By Couryon W.

"Oh, there's the new girl," people were saying, and when they said it, they smirked and laughed. When I finally saw her, she came into class, and instantly people started saying that her hair was stiff, and her shoes were big and ugly, picking on her for no reason.

I did not say anything. I felt that I shouldn't put myself in something that had nothing to do with me. I don't know whether she heard them, but I could tell something was wrong. She looked like she wanted to cry. After that day, I would hear her getting picked on daily.

One day during math class, I finally got to talk to her. She was very nice and polite. I asked her, "Do you like this school?" and she started telling me how she felt. It wasn't very good. After that day, it opened me, and I started thinking--put yourself in her shoes. Would you want somebody to say something if they saw you get bullied?

From then on, if I heard somebody say something mean to her I would say something to them. I became someone who speaks up when I see people getting treated unfairly.

One day I was in biology when the new girl came in and apologized to the teacher for walking out of class when students were talking about her. She started skipping classes because she was so sad. Weeks later, when she returned to her classes, she did her work and tried not to hear anybody talking about her. She was keeping people out of her ear.

Once she started talking to me in the hallway, and I told her, "Don't let nobody get into your head, keep doing you. Don't mind what others are saying to bring you down." I also said if she needed anybody to talk to she could come to me. Because I am the person I am, I love helping others and giving great advice in certain situations.

Shortly after that talk it was the end of the day. Everyone got on the bus. When the other students got off the bus, they took out their phones, pulled the new girl's hair, and ran off the bus. The next day, at school the video of somebody pulling the new girl's hair got sent to all the students. Students were sending it to other students. It got around the whole entire school. She really was getting talked about.

In conclusion, I think something I could have done better in this situation was speak up for those who are getting bullied. I regret that I did not do more. I feel like nobody should have to go through that. Because when I put myself into her shoes I would not want nobody to do it to me. In the future I will get involved with groups that are against bullying.

Changing my ways

By Ian B.

As a kid I never understood much about bullying and racism, so I made the mistake of making fun of someone for no good reason.

When I was in the fifth grade there was this new kid who dressed and looked weird to us. He wore sandals to his first day of school and a big shirt that looked like a dress. It seemed to be normal for him because he didn't seem embarrassed about what he was wearing, but it didn't seem normal to me. So I made fun of the kid for the way he looked. When I started making fun of him, other people thought that it was cool to make fun of him because I made fun of him.

As the year went on I realized I had made a kid suffer through his whole fifth grade year. So during the last day of school I apologized to him. I said, "Hey, bro, I just want to apologize for the way I acted on the first day."

"Don't worry about it. It's all good. Just start changing the way you act to other people," he said. He said that instead of making jokes about someone I should just stand up for them because a lot of kids don't have the nerve to stand up for themselves.

I thought about what he said, and I decided to change the way I acted. So I began to stand up for others when they felt powerless or too scared to make a difference by standing up to the bully.

In later years I truly did change the way I acted towards others. Through my sixth grade year I saw a certain amount of people that were getting bullied. I decided to stand up for those who were getting bullied because I felt like it wasn't cool.

One time I saw a girl getting bullied and I stood up to the guy that was bullying her. It made me a little nervous to get involved because back then I didn't like a lot of attention, but I decided to do the right thing and stand up for the girl, and I felt good about doing that. Sometimes I got into a lot of trouble standing up for others because it looked like I broke school rules. But as time went on, people in my class stopped bullying kids because of me and what I did for the kids that were getting bullied.

I would like to see kids and teens stop the hate between each other and come to an understanding that will let them be friends, instead of people seeing that one kid and saying things like, "I don't want to be friends with him because he did this or wore that." There's always going to be a kid that nobody wants to be around but once that one kid makes one friend, people will see he isn't that bad and stop judging a book by its cover.

Stop The Hate

By McKayla B.

I've seen and heard racism a lot in my life. Sometimes I don't think people know that they're being racist but the things they say, like, "Why are you so black?" or "Your hair is so nappy!" are very racist to me. When I hear people say things like that it affects me even though I know they're not talking to me. Just because you say something to a specific person doesn't mean that it isn't affecting the people around them. People have talked to me like that before but I never let it get to me and I never let them walk over me or say whatever they want to say about me.

I was impacted a lot by this in many ways. I looked at life and all of the people in it differently. I used to try to act differently around certain people but now I don't. I act myself and don't care what others think of me. I don't understand why some people act the way they do when we all are equal to each other. Some people try to act better than others which I really don't understand. I just want everyone to be treated equally and fairly not different. I've never really been picked on or bullied in my life because I've always been the type of person to take up for myself. There's always someone in your life that's not going to like something about you, but you don't have to give into their negative energy.

I would try in the future to take up for people if they don't take up for themselves because I don't like to see people get bullied. I don't really believe anything will change. It would've already happened by now. It might sound sad and all but I believe that's the truth. I would try to make a positive change in the community. I don't really know how yet but I know I will try.

Witnessing Racism at the Halloween Haunted House

By Tealjah S.

I believed I witnessed racism when I was with my friend's niece, and Nashrya at a haunted house a couple of weeks before halloween. I was standing in line waiting to buy a ticket for the haunted house. We heard these caucasian girls talking about other colored black people ahead of us. The caucasian girls called them out of their names saying they shouldn't be here because they can't afford a ticket for the haunted house, only people that can afford tickets should be in line.

I was impacted by what I saw because I think all people should be treated equally regardless of whether their skin is purple white green or black. Race simply shouldn't matter to anyone.

The Sad Truth of Being a Bully

By Charles F.

I am at school, and it's like near the end of the day. It's spring, and I'm 11 years old. I'm at school because I need education in my life. I was doing class work at the time. I think it was in social studies. My old middle school friends are there and they are also doing work. The weather is warm, and the air smells like dry erase marker, mixed with lead because of the sharpener. I have my notebook and pencil and social study book on my desk and I see funny teacher memes taped on the classroom walls. Also students all around us are sitting in rows.

I was feeling bored so I started talking about this boy who was diagonal from me. I started looking at his shoes. Then one of my friends also started looking at his shoes. Then we started laughing, and I started talking about his head because he had this mark in the middle of it, and I would say, "Ringworm head," in a fast high pitched voice. I was saying stuff like you wear that same shirt every day. He had this shirt that was black and a lil too big for him and my friend who had long arms who sat right next to the boy slapped his shoes and that made a loud noise, then he squeezed them and then the whole class started laughing. The class started to repeat jokes I was saying about him and laughing

Now I would let someone know to stand up for themselves and that they should never let anyone talk about them because if I was in any of their situations being who I am I'm going to say something back but everyone isn't me. And probably don't want to escalate the situation or just don't care so I could understand why they would not be able to I would definitely talk to someone who is going through that and let them know that they should stand up for themselves and be more confident and don't worry so much and have some respect for yourself.

But now that I'm older and more mature I understand that most of the stuff I was saying was not pleasant and I would try not to talk about people for the fun of it because I don't know what that person is going through in their life so I feel I should be more humble when it comes to that and look out for those people and hold my tongue of those people to myself, and I feel everyone should start doing this. Just hold your tongue because you don't know what they got going on.

Victims, Bullies, Bystanders and Instigators

By Tayjha H.

I was walking around 6:30 at night when I linked up with a girl of 14 years old who will be playing the **victim** that I know because I was going to clear my head from all the stress that was happening throughout the day, keep in mind I don't ever go outside anymore. It felt good because it's been a while and I used to walk everyday. I feel like I'm slacking winters basically here too so this is the wrong time. I was around my neighborhood with buildings and houses around me. It's a nice day and I hear cars, voices and music. The air is light but stinks, but what happens next is we're just talking about stuff that was going on because we know the same people around here and stuff that had gone on, then she was like do you want to go to the USA? Mind you in this situation I am a **bystander** and we are not that close. I have met her at least two times in person but I was aware of who she was.

Once we got to Gas USA she wanted to get some snacks and I already went to the store before I met up with her so this was basically for her to do. She sees a couple people that she knows who would be the **instigators** and starts to get a little irritated. They were people she spoke of that were supposed to jump her, a couple minutes go by, and more of the people that knew then came around the gas station. At this point it's really loud and she talks about how their cousin the **perpetrator** is supposed to be fighting her.

I'm not aware of what the situation is about so I wasn't going to force myself into the problem so I was avoiding it. When we step out of the gas station the cousin is right there being loud and bringing attention to everybody around the gas station who are **bystanders**.

During this time the two girls were fighting by being dragged and punched and kicked down, the girl that I was with was the one that got beat up. I was standing there the whole time watching what was going on thinking they are going to fight regardless. I don't know her and I can't do anything about this. Some of her snacks were gone, I helped pick up what she had and saw if she was okay. After that we just left from there. She was slightly hurt in the face but once we left she had to turn that direction to go home. When I got home I asked if she was cool and she seemed alright from then on.

At the time that I got home I was thinking about how much she would have felt pain because she was kind of crying. I was surprised a little bit because I haven't been outside in a while and it's been awhile since I saw a fight in school. I'm just like wow, the first day back out here and it's already a fight.

Everybody else around her was being excited, laughing and hyped up about a fight and watching someone get beat up. When I'm over here feeling bad about how she got beat up and her leg was kind of hurt from something a few years ago. After the fight there was a guy that came out of the gas station and said that everybody needed to go because they were causing a lot of attention from the gas station that was not needed.

DRAMATIC DIALOGUES

The Mysterious Bus Ride

By Tramayne F.

It's a rainy Thursday afternoon and Candice has to catch the bus to get to her bestfriends house so they can work on their project but as she's walking she sees the bus from down the street. She runs to the bus stop so she runs down the street so that the bus man doesn't ride past. As she's running she sees a man sitting there already, weirdly using his phone as if he never even seen one of those before. She stops at the waiting post as the bus sits at the red light half way down the street so she takes that time to catch her breath. The boy looks at her and then back to his phone and then back at her.

"Hello, I'm Allen."

She looks up with her hand on her knees and says, "Hey I'm Candice..." in an awkward tone.

He then proceeds to look at her for a while and then says, "Your hair is pretty."

"Thanks, I just did it," she says.

The bus approaches and Candice takes her seat after paying. Then comes Allen and he sits right by her. She couldn't help but to look at Allen as he was so mysterious she couldn't take it, so she asks, "Are you new around here?"

"Yes," was his only response and as he answered he just stared at Candice, into her eyes, then proceeded to look forward through the window across the bus.

"Where are you heading to?" Candice says in a low tone "

Anywhere, how about you?" Allen says while still looking forward then turns to wait on a reply

"My best friend's house to work on a project"

"Cool, I hope you have fun," Allens says. The bus is almost at a stop so she decides to go for the big question she's been dreading the whole time. "Hey, you seem cool...mind if I can have your number?" Candice says fast.

"Yeah, you seem cool too." She gives him the phone to put his number in and he just looks at it in confusion. "Put your number in my phone"

He says, "I can't."

"Why not?" Candice says now feeling so dumb for even asking.

"I- I- I-" he stammers.

She then takes the phone feeling like he didn't even want to give it to her so she takes it back only to feel goeey, sticky slime on her hands and she looks at Allen to see he's sweating green and his eyes are fully black and bulging out of his face like a bug or something. Before she screams, Allen says to her "Please don't be scared," and then he pulls his hoodie up, grabs her hand and pulls her off the bus at the stop.

A Sale Gone Toxic

By Michael J.

The businessman walked up to the diner with a briefcase in hand. He went to the diner that he and his client decided to meet in. It was a small but real mom and pop shop type of diner. He walked towards the door and before he opened the door and entered he saw his client ordering something and waiting in booth 5. The businessman opened the doors and walked into the diner but it was a small doorway with an area where people could wait for their table to be available.

The businessman used this place to check himself. He was a hispanic tall male with brown short cut hair. He wore a suit that looked like it was either dark purple or violet, but he didn't care about the difference. He wore some wingtips that were colored black and purple. Once he checked himself for lint or any other dirt on his suit, he went through the small hallway and another set of doors into the diner.

He walked towards booth 5 and sat down. The businessman soon said after sitting down, "Ahh Mr. Kelvin nice to meet you finally. So how are you doing on this nice day?"

Kelvin said in response, "Oh hey nice to meet you too I am doing just fine and I order us some coffees um unless you would prefer something else I don't mind drink both, I drink more than that in the morning hahahahahahaha".

They had a quick chuckle and the business man said, "haha no no I don't mind coffee but as we wait for our drinks let's discuss the deal ok?"

Kelvin nodded and the businessman then pulled the briefcase up and onto the table. "So the deal was that in exchange for 500,000 dollars and loyalty of your company and you'll get 500,000 acres of land in Alaska" said the businesses man,

Kelvin took papers out of the case and looked at them, but got a narrow brow, "Um, what the hell is this?! There was radiation testing there!"

The businessman got nervous and started to sweat. "Hehe, well there was only slight testing and usage there," said the businessman.

Kelvin sighed and shook his head. "BUT I can't mine there! My men could get sick and COULD SUE ME! Let alone have animals eat and be herded there!"

The business man sighed and looked at the man desperate and nervous, "Look, I know it had testing there, and yes I know that it is a risk, but the land itself without the radiation is beautiful and has enough mining land." to be continued...

Where's the..... Werewolf?

By: Marissa, Jasmin and Tealjah

Jock: Oh sorry. I didn't see you there

Bookworm: (nervously) Hi...

Jock: Aren't you in my calculus class?

Bookworm: ummm you're in all of my classes

Jock: oh yeah, yeah, you're the one always answering and getting A's on everything

Bookworm: Ok...bye

Jock: Hey...wait a second- I was wondering-are you free tomorrow night?

Bookworm: ummm sure I'm not doing anything special

Jock: Can you do my homework for me?

Bookworm: I can tutor you, but I'm not going to do it for you.

All of a sudden a Code Yellow is announced over the speaker-they notice they're the only 2 in the library- they look around wondering where everyone else is at

Jock: oh this must just be a drill

Bookworm: I don't think so-check your phone

suddenly both their phones die

Jock: Hey, where's the librarian?

Bookworm: Oh yeah, wonder what happened to her. Let's go look for her.

power goes out-they both start walking around the library looking for the librarian

Jock: This is weird because we're the only ones in here

Bookworm: Also weird is this is the 3rd Code Yellow this week...

CHOOSE YOUR ENDING...

- [***then they hear something in the closet***](#)
- [Jock: Maybe we should keep looking for the librarian until we find her.](#)
- [Jock: We should probably try to find a way out.](#)



then they hear something in the closet

Jock: What's that over there? I see a closet.

Bookworm: I don't think you should go over there. It's too dark and it looks scary.

**Then he walked over there slowly. Then he opens the closet. Both of their faces was shocked

Bookworm: I TOLD YOU NOT TO GO EVER THERE!!!

Jock: RUN RUN!!!

****they saw a Werewolf, they ran on the other side of the library. then they squat down trying to
hide***

Bookworm: I told you not to open that door. WE'RE GOING TO DIE!!

Jock: We're not going to die, just be quiet before it hears you.

****then jock made a plan**

Jock:I think I found something to open the door so we can get out of this Library but we have to
be quick and quiet so it won't hear us

Bookworm:ok

Jock:Ok you go first then me

Bookworm: Ok

***Then Bookworm ran across the library by the exit door. then she trying to open the door but
she feel something on her back**

Bookworm: What is that I'm feeling on my back

Jock: RUN RUN!!!!

and then she was so scared and didn't listen to Jock so she turned around and say

Bookworm:AWWWWWWWW!!!!!!

***she saw the Werewolf, the Werewolf grabbed her and eat her**

Jock:NOOOOOOO!!!

Then he woke up in class the teacher said why are you yelling no in my class

Jock:o umm I don't know *** it turns out it was only a dream****

Jock: Maybe we should keep looking for the librarian until we find her.

Bookworm: yea maybe we should because it's almost been 3 hours and we still haven't found her.

** suddenly the lights flicker on and off

**bookworm screams and jumps into Jock's arms

Jock : It's ok. all the lights did was flicker on and off

** Jock puts bookworm down

Bookworm : I really wanted to tell you I am in love with you

Jock: I already knew but I am not looking for relations. I just want someone to tutor me and help me make my dad proud and get me into college to help me succeed. Friends?

Bookworm: yes I would like to stay friends

**suddenly Jock and bookworm hears a scream from the locker room

Jock: maybe it's the librarian! maybe we should check it out.

jock (runs to the locker room and tells bookworm): keep a lookout!

jock screams: bookworm!

Bookworm : hears jock screams her name and she runs down to the locker room.

Bookworm: where are you?

jock (yells in the locker room): in here with the librarian

**Suddenly they both end up finding the librarian. they all get up and run out the door and they all get in the car to drive home.

THE END

Jock: We should probably try to find a way out.

Bookworm: yeah we should

*** The Jock waits for the Bookworm to go first and hides behind her**

*** Bookworm rolls her eyes***

They start to walk towards what they think is the front desk*

Bookworm luckily finds a flashlight

She turns it on

A sound can be heard in the distance

Jock: Did you hear that?

Bookworm: Yeah, you did too?

Jock: yeah...

*** Bookworm starts to walk towards the sound**

Jock: What? You are going over there?!!

Bookworm: Yeah, what? Are you scared?

Jock: *scuff* No **looks away**

** The jock walks ahead this time**

*** They look at the floor and they see blood***

They look at each other scared*

they look up and see a tall and big closet

***The jock slowly try to open it**

** Boom a body falls out and hits the floor**

Bookworm: Omg *screams*

Jock: We have to get out of here now!!!

*** Footsteps could be heard***

Bookworm: omg someone is coming. Run!!!

** They run as fast as they can to try to find an exit**

** They run into a door but it seems to be stuck**

Bookworm: OPEN THE DOOR! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!!!

Jock: I can't! It wouldn't open!

Bookworm: omg this can't be happening * starts to cry*

Jock: Don't cry, it's ok. we are going to be ok. I promise"

Bookworm: ok * calms down*

Mystery murderer: Where are you??? You can't hide forever.

They manage to open the door finally. They make a run for it and run as fast as they can.

They make it to the outside and now running to go get help

Bookworm: *screaming* HELP HELP

Bookworm notices that there is a house not too far from the school but there is a big fence

Bookworm: look over there. * points at the house*

Jock: But how are we going to get over the fence??

Bookworm luckily finds a small hole they can fit through to get to the other side.

Bookworm: look there's a hole

Jock: Ok you go first

**they turned around to see where the killer was--he was catching up to them.

Bookworm: Omg he's coming

Jock: go go go!!

Bookworm struggles to get to the other side of the fence.

As Bookworm finally gets to the other side she looks behind her to see that the killer was right behind the jock.

Bookworm: Jock! Look behind you!!!

As the jock looks behind him, boom! The killer knocks his head with a bat.

The jock falls to the ground and looks at the killer in his face to see that it was his own dad.

Jock: Dad??

The jock's dad: I'm not your dad anymore apparently.

Jock: what?? Dad why are you doing this stop it

The jock's dad: Your mother cheated on me with someone else and had you!

Jock: What? What are you talking about dad?

The jock's dad: I knew you weren't really my son. You were always a disappointment. YOU are the reason your mom left me! You ruined my life!!!

Jock: please no dad please don't do this

*the jock's dad hits the jock in his head again. *

Bookworm: NOOOO Jock!!!

*** police sirens could be heard in the distance**

** the jocks dad makes a run for it***

Jock; It's ok * he says to bookworm* just go get help

** The jock slowly starts to close his eyes and die*

Bookworm: No please you said we were going to be ok you promised

** Bookworm starts to cry***

The police come and the jock is then taken into a hospital where he would later sadly die.

The bookworm and the whole school would attend his funeral

The end

Randy's Burgers
A Choose Your Own Adventure Story
By Ms. German & Ms. Clement's 1st, 2nd & 3rd period
classes

“Hello, my name is Rocky and I'd like a job application please?”
Rocky had just moved to town, and this burger joint had a sign in the window saying Help Wanted.

The man behind the counter looked tall, white, with blue eyes and blonde hair, in his early twenties. One of his eyelids was slightly droopy like he was winking. “I'm not hiring.”

“But there's a Help Wanted sign in the window?”

“Oh, that's old.”

“I really need this job. I just moved here.”

“Well, that's not my problem.”

“I'll do any work you need me to do.”

“Any work? You'll do anything.”

Old Debbie hollered, “Can I please order?”

The phone rings, and the man goes to answer. “You know what, you can start right now. Start flipping these burgers.”

“Oh my god. Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

“Can I please order,” Old Debbie hollered again.

Choose your adventure:

- [Rocky went to take Old Debbie's order.](#)
- [Rocky went to the stove and started flipping over the burgers.](#)

Rocky went back to the deep fryer and started some new fries. “Is it always this crazy here?” she asks the busboy who is flipping burgers now. “Randy needs more than one new employee.”

“They keep quitting. Almost every day we need someone new.”

“What’s your name? How long have you been working here?” she asked the busboy who was also apparently the fry cook.

“My name’s Chris. Randy’s my cousin. I’ve worked here since I was 15 years old.”

Randy is still talking on the phone. “Something happened downstairs. The meat grinder is jammed.”

“You guys grind up your own beef?”

“It’s part of our family recipe. The beef is fresher that way.”

“That’s cool. Let me know if I can help with that sometime.”

“You’ll learn about that soon enough.”

“Is Debbie’s burger ready?”

“Yeah,” said Chris, Squeezing some red sauce out of a bottle.

“That looks like blood, not ketchup.”

“Family Recipe.”

She takes the Extra Rare burger to Old Debbie.

Then she takes down the Help Wanted sign.

A while later, as she is coming back in from the dumpster, she hears strange sounds coming from the basement. It sounds like branches breaking or something cracking and scraping.

- [She decides to go downstairs.](#)
- [She hears the sound but doesn’t think anything of it. A customer comes in and sits down, she goes to wait on them.](#)

Another customer arrives. She goes to take his order. He's wearing a sheriff's badge.

"Do you want the special burger, like everyone else?" she asks.

"No, I never order the burger here. Just a coffee and fries, please, no ketchup."

When she brings the fries and coffee back, he says, "Got a minute? I am wondering about something."

- [She says, Yes, and sits down.](#)
- [She says, I'm sorry, I'm really busy.](#)

Rocky went to take Old Debbie's order.

"Hi, how are you ? Can I take your order?"

" yes! I'm a regular here and I want my usual.... The EXTRA RARE burger."

"Ok what's on the "EXTRA RARE" burger?"

"Randy knows, tell him to make it for me, please?"

Rocky goes to tell Chris to make the extra rare burger*

"Chris, if you don't mind.... What's in the "EXTRA RARE" burger?"

"Family recipe," Chris says and smirks as he says that.

Rocky went back to the deep fryer and started some new fries. "Is it always this crazy here? Randy needs more than one new employee."

Rocky went to the stove and started flipping over the burgers. They were fat and juicy and made her mouth water. The busboy returns from the basement, wiping his bloody hands on his apron. "I'll take it from here. The fries are burning. Don't you hear the buzzer? Get that basket out of the oil."

Rocky hurried over to the deep fryer, but it was too late. The fries were black and smoke was in the air.

A customer hollered, "My fries are burnt. And it's smoky here. What kind of a burger joint is this?"

Rocky went to open the windows. "I'm so sorry, Sir. I'm new. We'll get you some new fries."

Rocky went back to the deep fryer and started some new fries. "Is it always this crazy here? Randy needs more than one new employee."

She decides to go downstairs. She walks down the stairs as she holds onto the railing because it is dark. When she reaches the bottom of the stairs she starts to touch the wall looking for the light switch. As she feels the light switch she hears Chris call out to her.

“I need some help up here hurry up out there.” She stops and listens for the sound she heard but she can’t hear it now so she calls back “I be right back.”

[She takes one hard look at the darkness and runs up the stairs to help with the customers.](#)

She hears the sound but doesn't think anything of it. A customer comes in and sits down, she goes to wait on them.

"Hello, welcome to Randy's Burgers. What would you like today?"

"I want the special burger." The customer is middle aged, in his early forties, he has different eyes. They look like a lizard's eyes, Rocky thinks to herself. When he smiles at her, his teeth look strange as if there's more than one row of teeth in his mouth. He needs an orthodontist, she thinks.

"You're new here," he says.

"It's my first day."

"Randy hit the jackpot this time."

She wonders what he means by that as she walks away to put his order in.

Chris already has the burger ready so she returns to the table.

"This burger is to die for," the customer says, taking a big juicy bite.

She thinks to herself, the customers here are sort of strange.

[But in the back of her mind, she is wondering what he meant by the burger is to die for!](#)

She says, “Yes,” and sits down.

“How long have you worked here?” the sheriff asks.

“I just walked in and Randy hired me this morning,” Rocky says.

“Have you heard or seen anything suspicious?”

“I think I heard something in the basement actually. It sounded like crunching and breaking branches.”

“Really. That’s interesting.”

“The customers are strangely excited by the family recipe special burgers.”

“There have been rumors about what they put in their meat. Some say they use meat not approved by the USDA. Do you think you can get me into the backdoor for the investigation?”

“I just got my job, I don’t want to lose it already.”

“There’s a pretty fast turnover here. You won’t last long in this joint.”

- [She offers to look in the basement for him.](#)
- [She says she'll let him in at closing time.](#)

She says, I'm sorry, I'm really busy.

She goes to take another order from two new customers. She thinks they look a little suspicious. One of them gives her a weird expression and licks his lips as he orders his food. The other one bites his lip as he orders. His teeth are so sharp he makes himself bleed. His breath smells like his mouth is full of rotten teeth decaying.

[She quickly hurries back to the sheriff.](#)

She offers to look in the basement for him.

“I'm not doing this for free you know,” she tells the sheriff.

“Fine how much you need” the sheriff says with an annoyed expression

“If this works out I want to work for you guys”

“I can make that work but only if it works if it don't work you get nothing from me”

“Fine with me” she seems very relieved that he agreed to the deal.

Later that afternoon it's Rocky's break so she has time to go to the basement and see what the sheriff was talking about.

Rocky heads downstairs and she makes sure to head downstairs as quiet as she can.

Rocky finally makes it to the basement and she's scared and very nervous because she doesn't know what to do if the sheriff was right but before she does anything, she hears the door upstairs open and it's Randy's voice that she hears.

As she hears him head downstairs she's very scared. She doesn't know what to do but she's too late to look for a hiding spot because Randy spots her and asks “What are you doing rookie?”

“Umm, i was looking for the bathroom, but i just happened to get down here.”

“See, now that you seen this I can't let you leave here alive,” Randy says.

Next morning Randy hangs up the Help Wanted sign again.

There's also a Missing Person sign asking for information about the sheriff.

THE END

She says she'll let him in at closing time.

When closing time arrives, Chris and Randy leave her and go to the basement.

As Rocky hides the sheriff in the bathroom waiting for Randy and Chris to leave she overhears a conversation between them. Randy tells Chris, "Pretty soon we will need new material for the meat, what about the new girl, new employees go missing in this town all of the time".

As Chris and Randy give Rocky the key to lock up, they tell her, "Make sure when you finish to take out the trash to the dumpster out back."

As soon as the coast is clear Rocky leads the sheriff to the basement.

As they walk down the basement stairs they smell this awful smell like someone was murdered.

As they turn on the lights they can't believe their eyes--all of the missing people who were once employees have a picture with a M on it.

The sheriff takes pictures of the evidence then heads over to the meat grinder that has a human arm right next to it. The sheriff asks, "Before closing did Randy and Chris ask you to do something specific?"

Rocky replies, "Yes, they asked me to take the trash to the dumpster." The sheriff walks over to the trash can and looks through the bag and finds teeth! The sheriff calls the radio department and reports the incident. As the other police units arrive and show up outside, the sheriff explains to Rocky that she needs to take out the trash.

Rocky asks, "Why?"

Sheriff explains that Chris and Randy are planning on murdering her outback. Rocky freaks out and starts breathing heavily. As Rocky racks up the courage she walks outside to the dumpster, Randy and Chris walk right around the corner looking very disassociated.

As Randy starts to chase Rocky, Chris hits Randy on the head and tells Rocky, "We have to leave now!"

The police surround all of them and arrest Chris and Randy. The sheriff says, "You are under arrest for the murder of five people."

Randy is sentenced to life in prison and Chris is sent to an asylum to get help for all of the trauma Randy caused him.

Now Rocky goes from the employee to the employer.

The restaurant has a new menu. Vegetarian.

THE END

Choices & Consequences

A Choose your own “Adventure” Story

By Ms. German and Ms. Clement’s 5th, 6th, & 7th period English Classes

Kayden and Mariah are at Jerk 48, a Jamaican restaurant in Chicago. Kayden is eating the shrimp alfredo, and Mariah ordered jerk chicken, but she’s not eating it.

“What’s wrong? Why are you wasting all this good food?”

“I’ve been feeling kind of weird since that one night.”

“Which night are you talking about,” Kayden asks.

“You know which night.”

“Oh, you mean that night?”

“Yeah, that night.”

“I’m sorry you’re feeling bad. Wait... do you mean---”

“Yeah. I’m pregnant.”

Kayden has a bad feeling. This isn’t how his life is supposed to go. He tries to find the right words to say to Mariah.

You decide what the character’s do next:

- [“Okay, we need to get ourselves together so we can take care of this because we chose to do what we did and now we have to deal with it.”](#)
- [“This going to mess up my whole career. How am I supposed to focus on my career and be a father at the same time.”](#)
- [“Baby, I’m here for you. Let’s talk about it and figure out our options.”](#)

“Okay, we need to get ourselves together so we can take care of this because we chose to do what we did and now we have to deal with it.”

Mariah starts crying.

Kayden says, “What's wrong, why are you crying?” in a concerned tone.

Mariah responds, “I'm just happy that you're ok with this.”

Kayden responds, “Of course I am , I love you and I'll love the baby just as much and I believe we can get through this as long as we work together.”

Mariah responds, in a concerned tone, “Yeah true, but i don't know how our parents will feel about this, like what if they don't accept me anymore?”

[The waiter arrives with the check. They pay and leave the restaurant.](#)

“This is going to mess up my whole career. How am I supposed to focus on my career and be a father at the same time,” says Kayden.

“Mariah I’m always going to be there for you but you got to understand my part. I know we did what we did that night, but I’m not ready to be a father. But I will try my best for you and the baby.

Also, no hard feelings Mariah, but I’m going to focus on my career for now. At the same time I’m here for you--you might see me a lot. I can provide for you and the baby while I’m focusing on my career. This would be the best way for me to be there for you and the baby Mariah.”

Mariah starts to cry.

“Don’t cry baby. I swear to god I’m here for you and the baby. you just got to trust me. Please, Marah, I love you so much. You’re a strong woman, but I promise if you need anything just tell me. Then I’m going to make it happen. But I have to go be strong, and I love you and the baby.

[The waiter arrives with the check. They pay and leave the restaurant.](#)

“Baby, I’m here for you. Let’s talk about it and figure out our options.”
Kayden says, “I want to keep the baby but how we raise it?”

Mariah responds, “I know you going to college but do you know which one yet ...”

Kayden responds, “I’m not sure yet, but I have to pick one real soon.”

Mariah responds, “I need you to take me home because i’m getting a bad vibe right now.”

Kayden responds, “What you mean???”

[The waiter arrives with the check. They pay and leave the restaurant.](#)

As they are walking to the EI, Mariah asks, “Do you think we should tell our parents?”

- “Yes, let’s tell them,” says Kayden.
- “We should wait on it,” says Kayden.
- Before Kayden can answer, the phone rings, and his father tells him, “Your mother has been in an accident.”

“Yes, let’s tell them,” says Kayden.

They get off the train in their neighborhood and start walking to Kayden’s house. When they get there, all the lights are off and the door is wide open. They cautiously step to the door, and stop short of going in. Scared to go, their breath is shaking in fear, and confusion is striking them as they slowly walk into the house. The lights flash on and people surround by the living room table with a sign that says congratulations on it. “How did you know?” Kayden asks.

“The letter came today and the coach called us himself! We are so proud. It’s what you’ve always wanted!” says Kayden’s mom.

His dad says, “You got into Northwestern!”

Kayden stops and turns and thinks to himself “i can’t go, what about the baby?” Kayden starts breathing heavily and his head starts spinning. next thing you know all he sees is pure darkness.

“Oh my god, I can’t believe that just happened,” Mariah said.

“He’s being over dramatic,” his big sister said.

“Honey, are you all right?” his mother asked.

Kayden looked up in all their faces. “I’m so sorry. You guys are so great to be celebrating.”

“Why don’t you look happy then,” asked his mom.

“Mariah is pregnant. We were coming to tell you right now.”

“Oh my god, you just threw that out the window. Was y’all even thinking before y’all did it?” his sister said.

“I am so disappointed,” his mom said. “Did you even think about your future. You could have waited for that. You had so much ahead of you.”

Mariah began to cry. Kayden’s mom puts her arm around Mariah and says, “It’s going to be okay. I was in your same shoes when Kayden was born.”

“And daddy didn’t get to go to college either,” points out big sister. “Your

life is over. This is unbelievable.

After everything calmed down, the family discussed the situation. They made a plan.

- After they talked to Kayden's parents, they decided Mariah would move in with Kayden's family while Kayden was at school.
- They decided to talk to Mariah's parents and decided Mariah would stay with her own family while Kayden was at school.

“We should wait on it,” says Kayden.

“My parents are going to kill me, but who knows they may support me considering this is their first grandchild.”

Mariah says, “My dad is going to kill you too.”

Kayden says, “I--I guess we both dead then , i don't think i'm ready for something like this we're both still kids and do you want your life to be gone like that.”

Mariah reacts by--- thinking about not telling no one and handling it herself

“Forget it. I'll take care of this by myself. I knew I couldn't count on you.”

Mariah goes home alone, feeling very disappointed in Kayden. Her father asks her what's wrong and so she tells him.

Her father gets very upset with Kayden and tell her, “Kayden is not a real man. You'll be better off without him.” He says that they will be ok raising the child.

Mariah is still very upset about the situation but hugs her dad for emotional release.

Mariah then finishes school with her father's help and starts going to college to become a nurse. Her son is born but Kayden doesn't get to see him much because Mariah's father doesn't want Kayden around at all and wants him to just stay loving his sport.

Kayden does still try to help and wants him and Mariah to get back together but Mariah just can't.

The End

Before Kayden can answer, the phone rings, and his father tells him, "Your mother has been in an accident."

Kayden drops the phone in shock while he's slowly falling on the ground sobbing.

Later on, Mariah is at home. She keeps calling Kayden's phone but it goes straight to voicemail.

After three days of not hearing a word from Kayden, Mariah goes to see if Kayden is at his dad's but he doesn't know where he was either. "Is your wife okay," Mariah asks Kayden's dad.

"No, she passed. Didn't Kayden tell you?"

"No, I haven't heard from him since that night."

"He took it really badly. He left the hospital and I haven't seen him since then."

"Where do you think Kayden is?" she asks.

"I don't know. I am getting worried."

Mariah starts to get worried too and maybe thinks that he ran away because of the baby.

It's been 1 month now and no sign of Kayden, not even the coaches have seen him.

Mariah says "I know I shouldn't have told him yet now he not coming back"

Meanwhile, in another state, Kayden leaves his job at the car dealership and gets in his new car. He goes to pick up his girlfriend, Heaven. Then they go pick up their baby at the grandma's house. Heaven says, "You still planning to send a check to your other baby mama back in Chicago?"

- [Kayden pauses for a second, then looking around he says "nahh she'll be fine" as he sits back, kicking his feet up.](#)
- [Kayden replies, "I'll tell you when I make up my mind."](#)
- ["Of course I am supporting her, that's my son we're talking about,"](#)

[Kayden tells Heaven.](#)

After they talked to Kayden's parents, they decided Mariah would move in with Kayden's family while Kayden was at school.

Kayden goes to college and is having a good time.

Kayden and Mariah made a plan that Kayden is going to work while Mariah is at home with her family until she gets back on her feet to provide for her baby.

Mariah has been calling him to tell him how the pregnancy is going, but he has been blowing her off saying he's busy trying to do better for them and the baby.

Then Kayden met a new girl at college and he started liking her; he isn't even picking up Mariah calls or text anymore.

A couple months go by and Kayden finds out he got the new girl pregnant. Little does he know Mariah is on her way to come see what's going on down there.

- [After months of stalking on social media, Mariah finally finds a clue.](#)

They decided to talk to Mariah's parents and decided Mariah would stay with her own family while Kayden was at school.

Kayden and Mariah made a plan that Kayden is going to work while Mariah is at home with her family until she gets back on her feet to provide for her baby.

Then, when Mariah had the baby, Kayden's parents will watch the baby while Mariah is going to work and also going back to school.

THE END

Kayden pauses for a second, then looking around he says “nahh she’ll be fine” as he sits back, kicking his feet up.

Back in Chicago-

“Are you sure you wanna do this, pumpkin”? Mariah's dad asks.

“Yes no regrets”, Mariah replies, as they walk into the abortion clinic.

THE END

Kayden replies, "I'll tell you when I make up my mind."

A month later, Kayden finds out Heaven was cheating on him.

Kayden: Heaven I can't believe you did this to me after all the stuff I did for you.

Heaven: I was going to tell you sooner

Kayden: I'm not trying to hear all that I'm leaving, don't worry about me coming back.

THE END

“Of course I am supporting her, that’s my son we’re talking about,”
Kayden tells Heaven one afternoon.

Little does he know...

After months of stalking on social media, Mariah finally finds a clue.

She finds out that the check is coming a bit sooner than she thought and she rushes down to solve the case, removing all the obstacles in her way!!!.

THE END



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