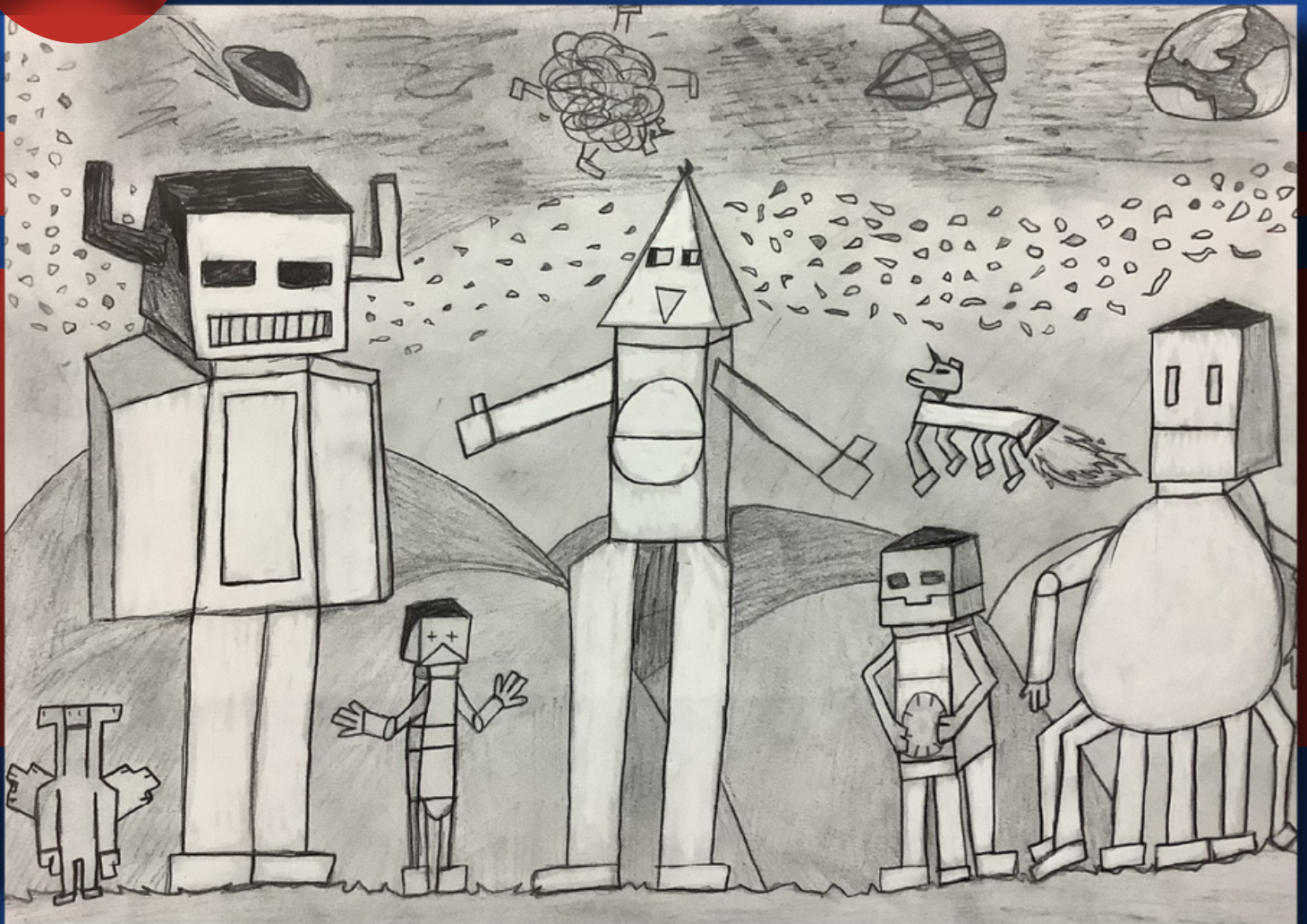


THE SCRIBBLER

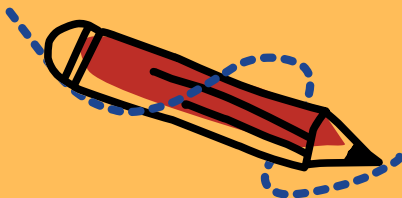
THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF
FARNSWORTH AEROSPACE UPPER SCHOOL

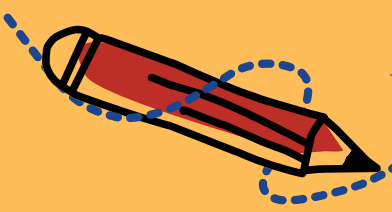


MAY 2022 | VOL. 1



ARTWORK BY:
SNOW THU, GRADE 7

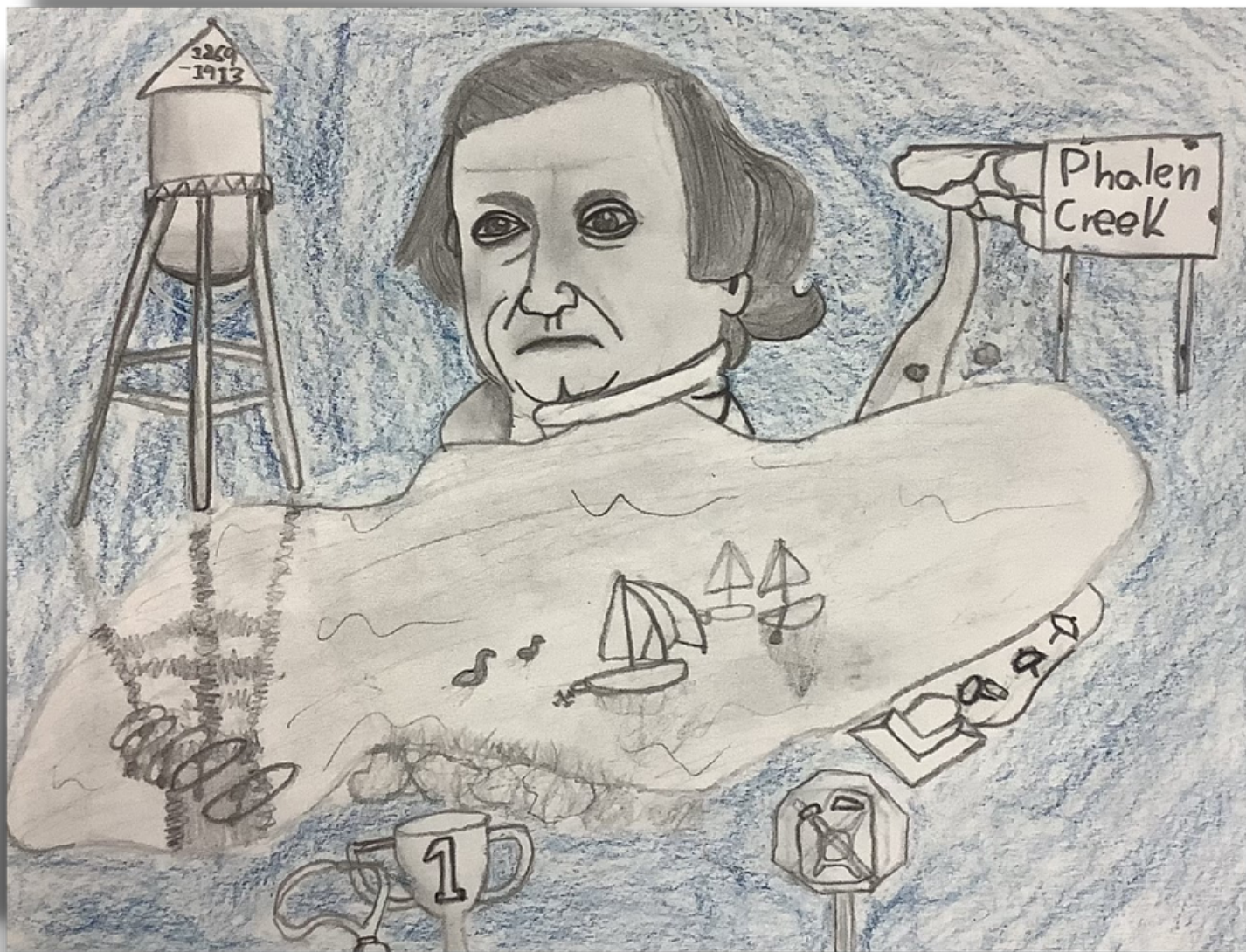




THE SCRIBBLER

DEDICATION

This magazine is dedicated to all of the wonderful, aspiring writers and artists at Farnsworth. There are no limits on what you can do if you follow your dreams and use your gifts to their fullest!



ARTWORK BY LEO HEINE, GRADE 7



ARTWORK BY EVALYNN XIONG, GRADE 8

SPECIAL THANKS...

All Contributing Student Writers & Artists

Mr. Bossert - Art Teacher

Mr. Englund, Ms. Merrill, Dr. Stocker, & Mr. Lynch - ELA Teachers

Miss Maveus - ELA Teacher and Magazine Editor

All Teachers

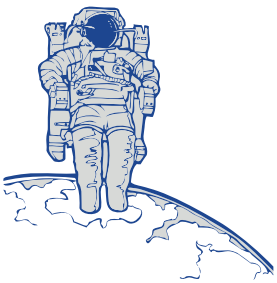
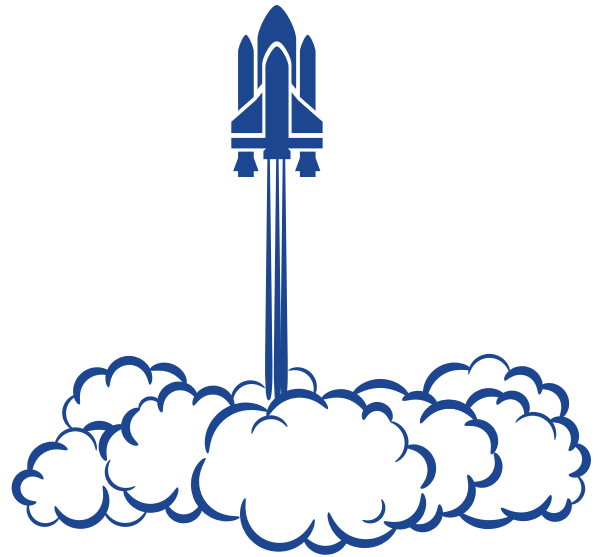
Ms. Vogel - Librarian

Mr. Bell & Mr. Sodomka - Administrators

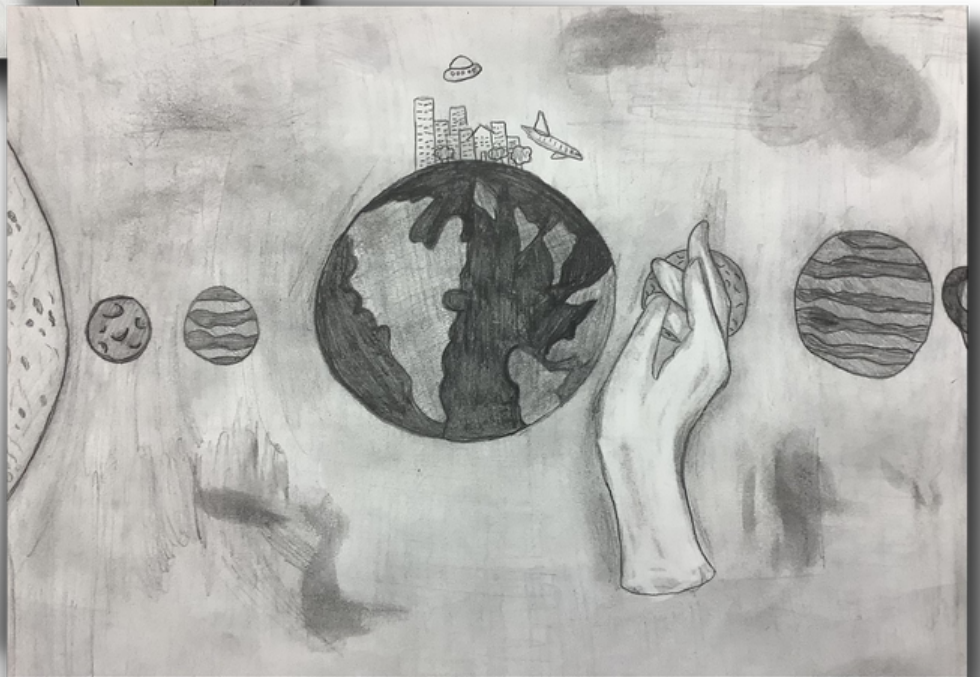
AEROSPACE



ARTWORK BY
JOUA LOR, GRADE 8



ARTWORK BY
AANAIYAH
DELACRUZ-
STEVENS
GRADE 8



Astronauts

by Anonymous, grade 6

Who are all the astronauts? I just started learning about aerospace and I'm enjoying it. I would like to share about Apollo 1, Apollo 13, and Soyuz 11.

First I will explain what happened with/on Apollo 1. At the command module a fire broke out. I don't know all the details, but a fire broke out at the command module by one of the wires sparking. All three astronauts died from the fire. The astronauts tried to put out the fire, but one of them didn't have a gas mask making it hard to breathe in the fire. They either couldn't put out the fire or ran out of it. Two or all died on the control chairs and were stuck on from the melted plastic. They either fell down on the chair or the fire was too strong and burned them, making them fall. When they died, They either decomposed or something else.

Secondly, I will explain how the Apollo 13 mission failed. They planned on going to the moon, but crashed there or never made it. An oxygen tank exploded, plus the fuel supplies went missing. An oxygen tank exploded leaving them with less air to use, someone either tossed out the fuel or they ran out. They had to stay in the lunar module for four days because the power was almost out. The lunar module is a place where if something is not working, you stay in there for the time being. It has oxygen and maybe more supplies. They blasted off on April 11th and came back home safe on April 17. I hope they came back healthy.

Lastly, I will explain Soyuz 11, another failed space mission! The astronauts were/are Georgy Dobrovolsky, Vladislav Volkov, Viktor Patsayev. A valve opened and the air rushed out. I think one of them accidentally left the valve unlocked? All three Astronauts died from having no air. Since all the air inside the ship rushed out, they had no air and suffocated to their deaths. The spacecraft/rocket was too small so all three Astronauts were squeezed together, so they weren't able to wear space suits in the rocket. The people who worked to watch the spacecraft take off thought that they should have worn their space suits to breathe, but the spacecraft was too small and couldn't fit all of them wearing their big suits.

I hope you have learned a lot through these words. Remember to be careful with fire, keep your supplies close, and if you're going to space, lock the valve. I hope you l. earned a lot about the space missions I wrote about, and I hope you do well in aerospace.



Lee Lue

by: Jasmine Vue



Birth of Lee Lue

Lee Lue was born in December 1935 (no one knows the exact day he was born) and grew up in Phou Pheng Village in Xiangkhouang Province, Laos. Lee's parents were Chong Ger and Pa Vang. He also grew up with 3 siblings.

Early Years of Lee Lue

Lee Lue studied in Xieng Khouang and enrolled in teacher training school. In 1959, Lee Lue took the position as a teacher in Lat Houng. In 1967, the Secret War was escalating and General Vang Pao and Touby Lyfoung needed volunteers for flying in T-28s. In the 6 months of flight training, both Lee Lue and Vang Toua became the first Hmong pilots to be T-28 fighter pilots.



Lee Lue's family

Lee Lue's mother sadly passed away, leaving her husband and 4 kids. During this time, Lee Lue got engaged to his mother's brother's daughter-in-law, Jou. Lee Lue and Jou barely saw each other though due to living in separated villages. War eventually started after Vietnamese invaded Laos, this made the 2 get even more distanced. In 1955 when war ended, both Lee Lue and Jou finally got married and had a son. They named the son, Ze.

What you should know about Lee Lue

Lee Lue has flown more combat missions than anyone else in the Kingdom of Laos. Everyday he flew about 10 missions a day averaging up to about 120 missions a month. Lee Lue was also the leader of a Hmong pilot group from Long Tieng.



What I admire about Lee Lue

Something I admire about Lee Lue is that he worked hard to get where he was. Because of war and everything, many things were very chaotic and hard. I also admire the fact that he was brave enough to volunteer to be a T-28 pilot fighter.



Is Lee Lue still alive?

Lee Lue is not with us today. He sadly passed in 1969. He was excited about being promoted to Major and just bought a military uniform. Before his death, Muang Soui was being heavily attacked and General Vang Pao called Lee Lue to ask if he had bombs. He was told to help attack the Pahet Lao troops. During this mission, Lee Lue's plane was hit and was later found in debris.



Why I chose Lee Lue

I chose Lee Lue because I wanted to learn more about the Secret War and the people who helped fight in the Secret War. These people were brave enough to risk their lives and help fight in the war and deserve recognition.

Video of Hmong T-28 pilots who passed in the War

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-hrrk9g-0Bk>



WILLA BROWN

CREATED BY SAGAL ABDIKADIR

HER INTEREST IN AVIATION

IN THE EARLY 1930'S WILLA MOVED TO CHICAGO TO EARN HER MASTER'S DEGREE IN BUSINESS AND ADMINISTRATION. IN CHICAGO HER INTEREST IN AVIATION BECAME A HOBBY AT FIRST AND THEN A CAREER. WILLA WAS MOSTLY INSPIRED BY BESSIE "QUEEN BESS" COLEMAN BECOMING THE FIRST WOMEN AFRICAN AMERICAN PILOT. WILLA WOULD LATER VISIT BESSIE COLEMAN'S GRAVE AT THE LINCOLN CEMETERY, TO ADD FLOWERS TO. WILLA WAS INTERESTED BY THE MECHANICS AND THRILL OF FLYING. SHE STARTED TAKING AVIATION CLASSES AT CHICAGO'S SEGREGATED HARLEM FIELD.

SHE ALSO TOOK CLASSES AT THE CURTISS-WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL UNIVERSITY. WILLA WORKED HARD AND EXCELLED IN HER CLASSES. SHE EARNED A MASTERS CERTIFICATE IN MECHANICS IN 1935. IN 1938 SHE BECAME THE FIRST AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMEN TO EARN A PILOT'S LICENSE IN THE UNITED STATES. WILLA WAS INSPIRED BY BESSIE'S STORY AND USED HER INSPIRATION TO PROMOTE CIVIL RIGHTS AND ENCOURAGING THE AFRICAN AMERICAN COMMUNITY TO PARTICIPATE IN AERONAUTICS.



SEGREGATED HARLEM FIELD



WILLA BROWN IN AN AIRPLANE

FAMILY/ EARLY YEARS

WILLA BROWN WAS BORN TO ERIC B. BROWN A MINISTER, AND HALLE MAE CARPENTER. HER MOTHER WAS NATIVE AMERICAN AND HER FATHER WAS AFRICAN AMERICAN. WILLA WAS ALSO A SISTER TO JAMES C. BROWN, SIMEON BROWN, AND GUY BROWN. WILLA BROWN WAS BORN IN GLASGOW KENTUCKY JANUARY 22 1906. THEIR FAMILY LATER MOVED TO INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA THEN TO TERRE HAUTE INDIANA WHEN SHE WAS SIX YEARS OLD. SHE WAS MOSTLY SCHOOLED IN INDIANA. WILLA WAS AN OUTSTANDING STUDENT.

SCHOOLING AND CAREERS

AFTER GRADUATING HIGH SCHOOL, SHE ENROLLED IN INDIANA STATE UNIVERSITY. SHE GOT HER BACHELOR'S DEGREE AT 21 AND BECAME A TEACHER AT ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL. WHILE WILLA WAS WORKING THERE SHE MET AND MARRIED HER FIRST HUSBAND, WILBUR HARDAWAY. SHE TAUGHT BUSINESS AND AERONAUTICS. AT 25 WILLA WAS WORKING REALLY HARD AND HELD JOBS AS A TEACHER, SECRETARY, POST OFFICE CLERK AND A LABORATORY ASSISTANT IN COLLEGES. LATER SHE WAS EMPLOYED AT THE WORKS PROJECTS ADMINISTRATION AS A SOCIAL WORKER.



WILLA BROWN AS A TEACHER



WORKS PROJECTS ADMINISTRATION



WILLA BROWN AS A TEACHER

WILLA AND THE TUSKEGEE AIRMEN

THE NAAA'S MAIN GOAL WAS TO GAIN PARTICIPATION OF AFRICAN AMERICANS IN AVIATION AND AERONAUTICS AND ALSO TO BRING MORE AFRICAN AMERICANS INTO THE ARMED FORCES. WILLA HAS BEEN WORKING REALLY HARD WITH THE SCHOOL AND THE NAAA AND AT THE SAME TIME WORLD WAR 2 HAD A SERIOUS SHORTAGE OF EXPERIENCED PILOTS. IT WAS BOTH WILLA'S AND THE NAAA'S IDEA TO DECIDE TO TRAIN AFRICAN AMERICAN MEN TO BECOME PILOTS.

THE COFFREY SCHOOL WAS NOT ALLOWED TO TRAIN MEN FOR THE ARMY, IT WAS CHOSEN TO TRAIN AFRICAN AMERICAN TRAINEES FOR THE PILOT TRAINING PROGRAM AT THE TUSKEGEE CENTER IN ALABAMA. THIS PROGRAM LED TO THE FAMOUS TUSKEGEE AIRMEN. WILLA WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR TRAINING OVER 200 TUSKEGEE AIRMEN AND INSTRUCTORS. AND FOR THAT WILLA AND THE COFFREY SCHOOL WERE BECOMING SPECIAL.



WILLA BROWN WITH THE TUSKEGEE AIRMEN

WILLA AND THE COFFREY SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

TOWARD REACHING HER GOALS, WILLA TEAMED UP WITH HER TEACHER/MENTOR AND NOW HUSBAND, CORNELIUS COFFREY. TOGETHER THEY STARTED THE COFFREY SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS IN CHICAGO. THIS SCHOOL HAD NO RESTRICTIONS ON GENDER OR RACE. IT WAS THE FIRST BLACK - OWNED PRIVATE PILOT TRAINING ACADEMY IN THE UNITED STATES. WILLA WAS INVOLVED WITH MOSTLY EVERYTHING OF THE SCHOOL. INCLUDING RUNNING THE BUSINESS. AROUND 1940 - 1941 WILLA BECAME A STARTING MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL AIRMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA (NAAA), THE FIRST BLACK AVIATOR'S GROUP. SHE SERVED AS A NATIONAL SECRETARY AND PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO N.A.A.A



COFFREY SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

WILLA'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

SINCE WILLA'S SCHOOL WAS BECOMING MORE POPULAR WILLA DECIDED AND WORKED WITH MANY PROGRAMS AND SUCH AS THE CTP (CIVILIAN TRAINING PROGRAM - LATER TO BE THE WTS WAR TRAINING SERVICE PROGRAM) AND CAP (CIVIL AIR PATROL). THEY DID LOTS OF MISSION AND SERVICES. AFTER THAT WILLA BECAME THE FIRST AFRICAN AMERICAN OFFICER FOR A GOVERNMENT BRANCH. AND AFTER, SHE EARNED HER MECHANIC'S LICENSE, AND THAT WOULD MAKE HER THE FIRST AMERICAN WOMAN TO HAVE BOTH A MECHANIC'S AND COMMERCIAL PILOT'S LICENSE.

NOW WILLA WAS A BIT FAMOUS FOR BEING AN EXTRAORDINARY AVIATOR, THAT A FAMOUS ARTIST NAMED CHARLES ALSTON HAD CREATED AN ART PIECE OF HER AND PUT IT IN HIS WORK. HE HAD AN ASSIGNMENT TO DO THE SAME WITH LOTS OF OTHER AMAZING AFRICAN AMERICANS WHICH HAD BEEN IN NEWSPAPERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. WILLA WAS SHOWN AS "AVIATOR, MAKER OF PILOTS" ALONG WITH ALL OF HER OTHER ACCOMPLISHMENTS.



WILLA IN BETWEEN TWO AIRPLANES



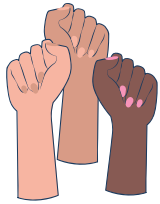
ARTWORK THAT CHARLES HENRY ALSTON CREATED FOR WILLA BROWN IN 1941

AFTER WORLD WAR 2

CHARLES'S WORK REMINDED THE READERS OF HIS WORK THAT EVEN THOUGH WILLA HOLDS A HIGH RANK SHE STILL LIKE TO HOP IN A PLANE AND DO A FEW LOOP DE LOOPS. AFTER THE WAR WILLA AND COFFREY DECIDED TO CLOSE THE COFFREY SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS AND WERE DIVORCED. IN 1946 WILLA BECAME THE FIRST AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMEN TO RUN FOR CONGRESS. SHE WAS A REPUBLICAN AND SHE HAD LOST TO THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE, BUT SHE CONTINUED TO FIGHT IN THE STRUGGLE FOR CIVIL RIGHTS UNTIL SHE DIED. SHE TAUGHT IN THE CHICAGO PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM UNTIL 1971, WHEN SHE WAS SIXTY-FIVE YEARS OLD. THE NEXT YEAR, WILLA WAS SET TO THE FAA'S (FEDERAL AVIATION ADMINISTRATION) WOMEN'S ADVISORY BOARD FOR HER DEDICATION TO THE AVIATION INDUSTRY. WILLA BROWN DID NOT HAVE ANY CHILDREN. IN JULY 18 1992 WILLA BROWN ENDED UP DYING OF STROKE. SHE WAS LAID RIGHT NEXT TO HER HERO BESSIE COLEMAN.



WILLA BROWN GRAVE



WHAT I ADMIRE ABOUT WILLA BROWN

I ADMIRE WILLA BROWN FOR HER DETERMINATION AND HER STRENGTH. WILLA BROWN HAD A PASSION AND SHE FOUGHT FOR IT DESPITE BEING A WOMEN AND AN AFRICAN AMERICAN. SHE STOOD UP FOR WHAT SHE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT AND THAT INSPIRED ME. WILLA BROWN HAD MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN HER LIFE AND THAT I CAN DO THE SAME IF I TRY AND IF I'M DEDICATED. HER LIFE STORY SHOWED ME THAT THERE MAY LOTS OF OBSTACLES IN YOUR LIFE, BUT YOU SHOULD NEVER GIVE UP. I CHOSE WILLA BROWN BECAUSE SHE WAS AN AMAZING PERSON WHO HAD AND AMAZING LIFE. WILLA HAD BEEN THROUGH LOTS OF EMOTION AND PHYSICAL CHALLENGES AND SHE STILL PUSHED THROUGH WITH HARD WORK AND THAT WAS ONE OF THE THINGS I ADMIRE MOST ABOUT HER. I WAS INTERESTED TO LEARN ABOUT HER LIFE AND I AM GLAD THAT I DID.



SOME RANDOM FACTS ABOUT WILLA BROWN

- WILLA WAS MARRIED THREE DIFFERENT TIMES. HER FIRST MARRIAGE WAS TO WILBUR HARDAWAY, AND AMERICAN FIREFIGHTER. HER SECOND MARRIAGE WAS TO CORNELIUS COFFREY (BUT THEIR MARRIAGE DID NOT LAST LONG). HER THIRD MARRIAGE WAS TO A REVEREND J.H. CHAPPELL AND SHE WAS A WIDOW BY 1991
- THE TIME MAGAZINE COMPANY DID A PROFILE ON HER IN 1939
- IN 2002 THE WOMEN IN AVIATION INTERNATIONAL PLACED WILLA AS THE TOP 100 MOST INFLUENTIAL WOMEN IN AVIATION AND SPACE
- IN 2010 WILLA WAS AWARDED THE ALUMNI AWARD BY THE INDIANA STATE UNIVERSITY

SOME OF THE THINGS SHE WAS AWARDED HAD BEEN AFTER SHE HAD ALREADY PASSED.



PURE IMAGINATION



Making Mandalas

by Panhia Yang, grade 6

ARTWORK BY
MAVEUS' STUDENTS, GRADE 6

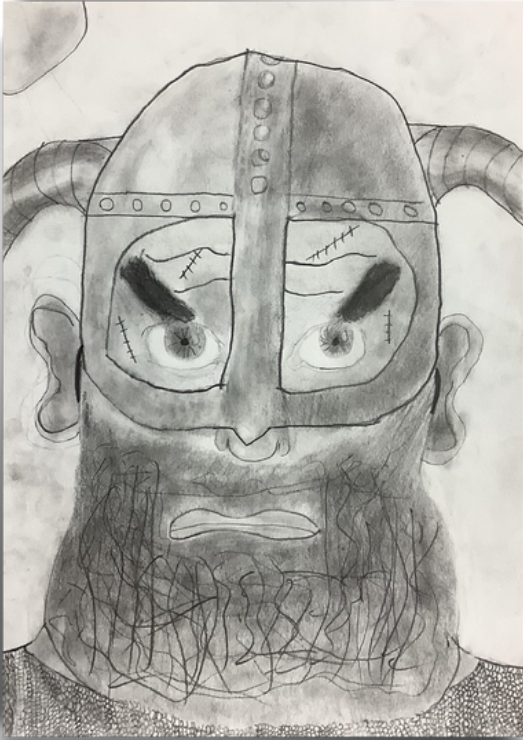
One day in writing class, we were starting to work on a mandala project. A mandala is a geometric figure representing the universe in Hindu and Buddhist symbolism. It has a lot of colors and designs, but before we made it we had to brainstorm some symbols and what the symbols represent. After we brainstormed, we got to choose the type of mandala we wanted to make. We also had to write a little paragraph about what the symbols meant so they know it's not just random symbols. I chose what mandala I wanted to make and started drawing my symbols on it. The next day, I didn't come to school because I woke up really late. I forgot to turn my alarm off, so I couldn't come to school and finish my mandala. The next day, I mostly everybody was done, so I asked my friend what I had missed and what I had to finish. I needed to finish my coloring and write what the symbols meant to me. I chose to put my mandala on black paper because it's one of my favorite colors. After I was done writing, I glued my mandala and paragraph to the black paper. A few days later, Ms. Maveus hung up some of the mandalas on the wall.

"Are those our mandalas up there?" I asked nervously.

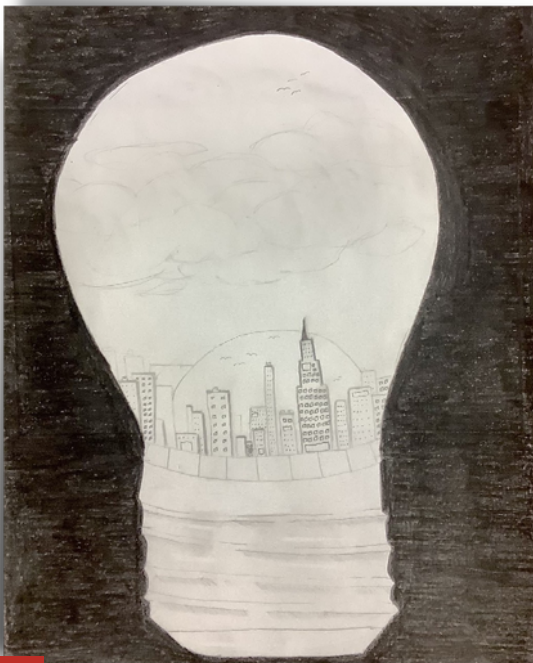
"Yes, they are!" Ms. Maveus replied happily.

Once Upon a Time..

by Matthew Xiong, grade 6



ARTWORK BY
KEANE PFEIFER
GRADE 8



ARTWORK BY
SAGAL ABDIKADIR
GRADE 8

Long, long ago there was a wizard baby named Merlin. He was tall and was feared by other people, but he had two sides to him. He had a great spellbook that he always held close to himself, and he attended a wizard school. In this school, he caused chaos. When I say chaos, I mean chaos. CHAOS. When he was the age of 10, he was the best wizard in school. He wanted to find a way to be honored for the work he did for the town. He was developing a way to harness his energy in crystals. And that is where our story begins.

One day, Merlin came across a goddess. He asked her, "Will you join me on this perilous quest to the dark hills of Lockwood village?"

The goddess replied, "Yes!"

So they went on to Lockwood Village. When they saw souls coming out of the ground and banging on doors to scare civilians away, they warned them to not be here. While investigating some of the houses, wood was flying everywhere. Merlin got hit by some of the flying wood. He had deep scratches all over his body, and he fell to the flooring bleeding badly. The goddess, who was a magic healer, created a barrier to protect herself from the wood flying around. The barrier was held up by bravery and courage, which she didn't have. The barrier failed, and she dropped 50 feet down to the ground and got stuck in a cage of doom.

The cage of doom hung from the scorching hot lava that burned even from 2 feet away. When Merlin woke up, he stood up and screamed, "HELP!" He looked down a deep hole, and then he jumped down with bravery. He saw people used as slaves to work the scary stuff to scare people away. When he saw all of the slaves, he burst into flames and he asked the slaves, "Where is your boss?"

The slave replied, "He is in the door behind you." Then, Merlin teleported to the door and said, "I am here to fight you and defeat you for my town!"

Right after he said that, flames burst out of the floor. He came out of the flames screaming, "Merlin! You are dead!" They were flying, and then they struck each other bashfully. By the time we knew it, there was only one that lived and it was Merlin.

The screaming devil screamed, "Nooo!"

And when the slaves were free, they thanked Merlin and went up to heaven. He was given a celebration party for his bravery.

One day he was putting the energy in crystals. When he gave out the crystals, they used them to protect the city. They put them in dark places for robbers, and the crystals would attack and protect them from getting hurt. A big magical hand would appear and take care of the robber.

But one day, there was a massive giant and he destroyed everything. When he was in a bar, he destroyed the tables and he was squishing civilians. By the time Merlin woke up, the whole town was screaming "MERLIN!"

He jumped in a millisecond and was out the door yelling, "I am HERE!"

And he talked to the giant and he worked things out. He promised to be careful. But when he got out, he started to squash people. Before he knew it, he squished the king and everybody looked at the giant. He was finally still. Everybody saw the high voltage storm, and he was paralyzed for eternity. They all sighed in relief, "Sigh!"

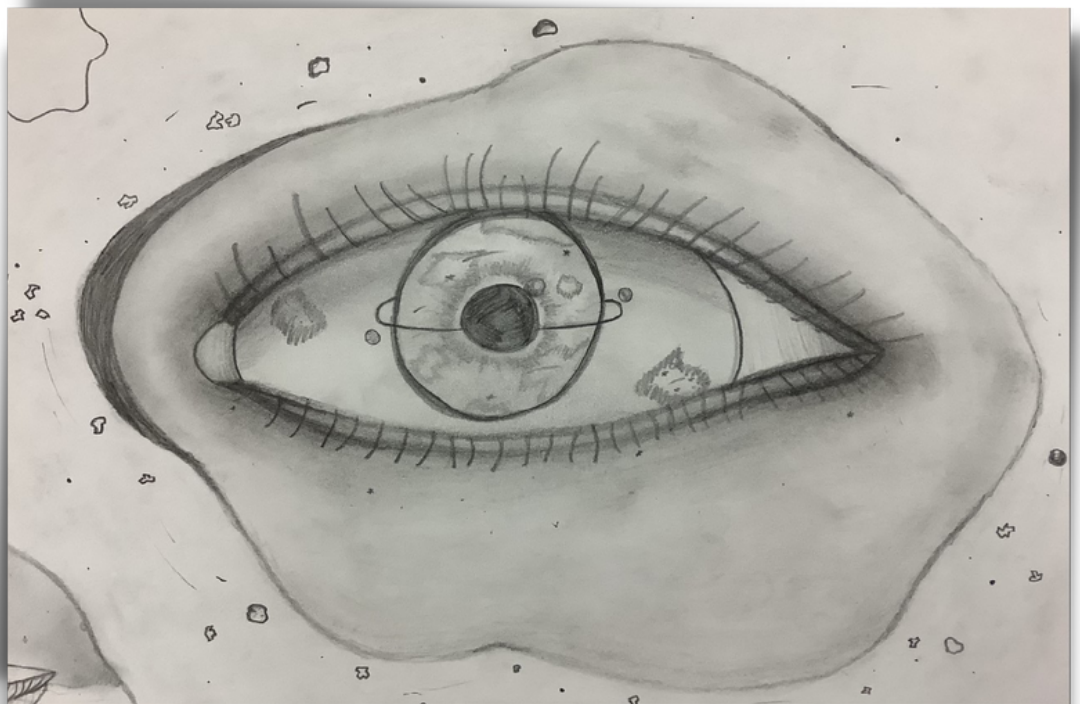
One day in the end, the dark lord came to town and he destroyed the cities and houses. Merlin came and saved the town. They were fighting, and the dark lord grabbed king Winston and put him down in an neverending hole. Suddenly, he remembered he had a genie bottle. He opened it and asked, "Can you put me up to the surface?"

He gets to the surface and asks for powers. He is granted powers, and then he flew all the way to the city. When king Winston saw the dark lord, he screamed, "You will be defeated!" And his last wish was to perish the dark lord. Then, he perished into dust. He was rebuilt, but his powers were gone. He was put into the asylum forever.





ARTWORK BY
NEE PWE
GRADE 7

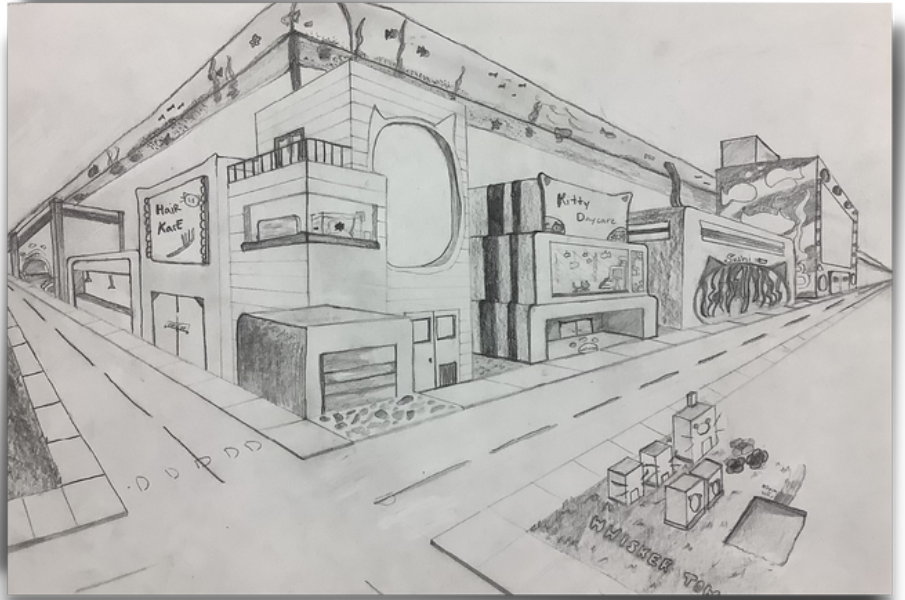


ARTWORK BY
SUNSHINE XIONG
GRADE 7

Once Upon a Time...

by Julia Phaw Wah, grade 6

Once upon a time, there was a hero named Jeff. He was strong, brave and fearless. He had all kinds of powers that no one could have. Jeff was also tall and had black hair. He fought all his life to save his village from trolls, dragons, and all kinds of creatures. Just to protect his village that he loved. All his life, he just wanted to keep the village safe. His popularity made him lots of friends, and his powers saved everyone that he loved with all his heart. Jeff lived alone because his parents passed away when he was just a baby. Everyone in the village knew him.



ARTWORK BY KELLY SHEEN, GRADE 7

Jeff was walking through his big village with lots of shops and little houses, just greeting people. Suddenly, he heard shouting.

“What’s all the shouting?” said Jeff. So he went further into the village.

“TROLLS!” a kid shouted from ahead.

Everyone from the village was running back, looking terrified. Jeff finally saw what everyone was scared of. “Trolls,” Jeff whispered. Many went charging at Jeff. But he was ready to attack, and he turned all the trolls that tried to attack him into stone.

“Your powers are no match for mine,” said Jeff.

Jeff heard a little boy crying, “Who’s there?”

The boy said while wiping away his tears. “It’s only me,”

Jeff said, walking closer to the boy. “Come out.” So the little boy did. “What’s Your name?”

“Sam,” replied the boy.

“Well, Sam, let's go back to the village. Do you have any parents?” asked Jeff.

“My mom is at home. I ran out to see why so many people were shouting and I got lost,” replied Sam.

Twenty minutes later, both Sam and Jeff arrived at Sam's house. “There you are!” Sam's mom shouted while hugging Sam in relief. “Thank you so much for finding Sam,” Sam's mom looked at Jeff.

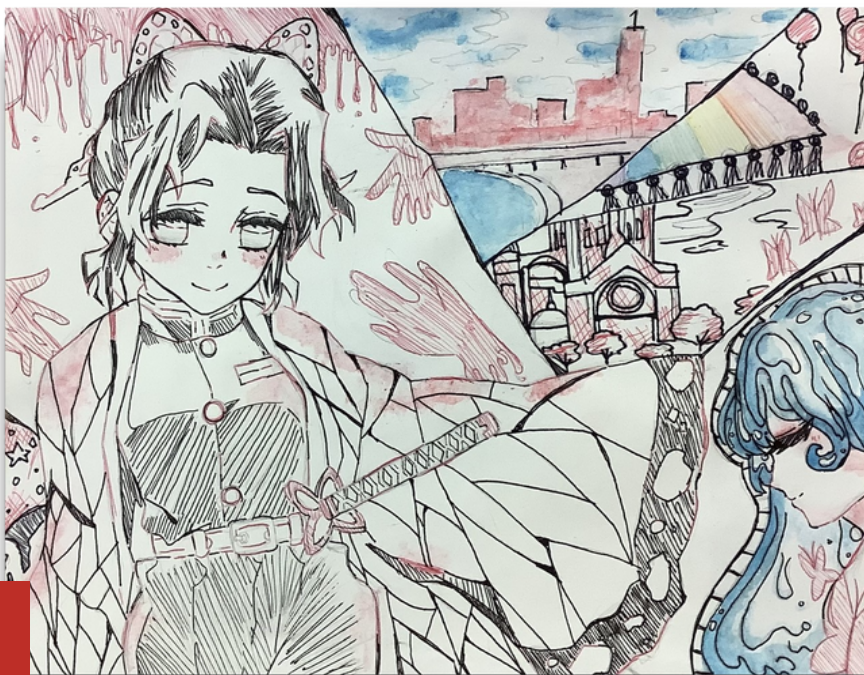
“No problem.” Jeff replied. Jeff started walking away to go back to his house.

While Jeff was walking home, he heard someone shout his name. “Jeff!”

A girl from behind shouted. Jeff looked behind, it was one of the girls from the village. Nora. Jeff and Nora had talked before. “I know where all the trolls are coming from.” Nora said, while catching up to Jeff. “But you're the only person I know that can defeat them and save our village,” Nora added.

“What?” Jeff said, looking curious.

“Frost,” Nora said. “An ice dragon that lives on a mountain and he is controlling the trolls. The only way to stop the trolls is to defeat the ice dragon, and our village will be saved.”



Jeff agreed to help. He walked home to bring everything he needed for his journey. He didn't need a lot because the mountain wasn't far from the village. Jeff had been walking for at least 20 minutes and stopped. He could see trolls charging at him. “You're no match for me.” Jeff said while getting ready to attack.

He turned half of the trolls to stone, and pushed past the other half of the trolls. Luckily, Jeff lost the trolls and was close to the mountain. Another 20

ARTWORK BY DELILAH VANG, GRADE 8

minutes passed and Jeff finally arrived at the ice mountain. He could see the dragon from far away. At first he was scared, but he needed to protect his village. He was about to attack the dragon, but it already noticed Jeff. It came flying at Jeff and attacked first.

“Ahh!” Jeff cried in pain. But he got up, and attacked the dragon with his fire power. Frost the dragon just cleared it out with his ice flames and attacked Jeff again. “How do I even defeat this dragon?” thought Jeff.

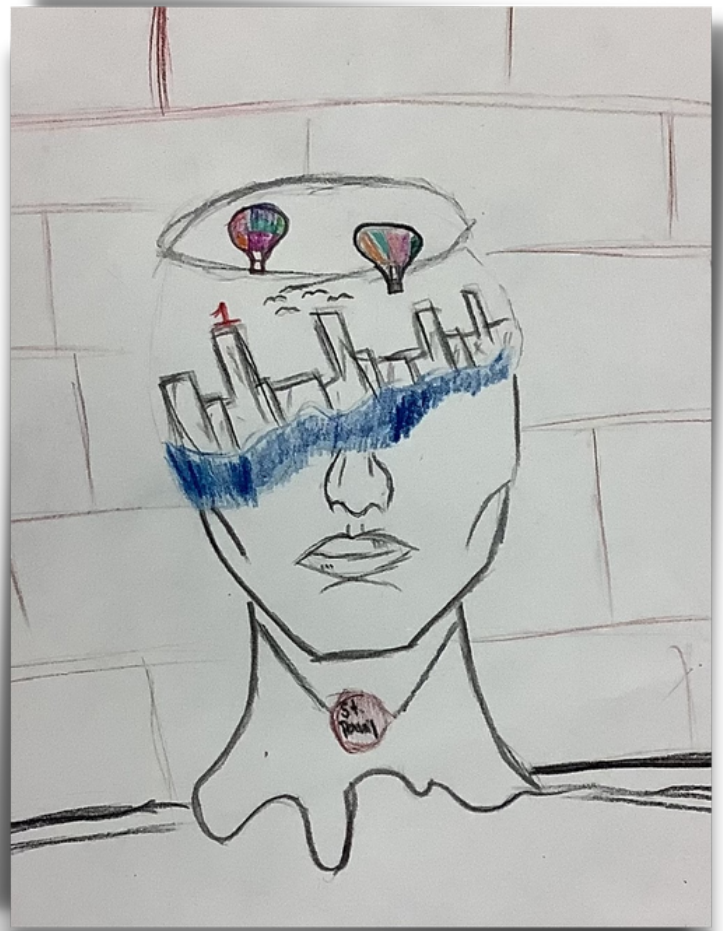
While Jeff was trying to get up, he started using his fire powers. Frost kept dodging them, though, and clearing them out with his ice flames. Frost took one last breath to breathe out ice flames. When he did, Jeff went flying out and hit the dragon really hard. The cold wind was also getting really cold, and Jeff was about to freeze. Jeff thought, “I should just leave and give up before I freeze.”

But Jeff also thought again why he was here, to save his village. So Jeff got up and combined all his powers to make a big ball. He took one breath, and charged it at Frost. Frost went flying down, and Jeff defeated Frost.

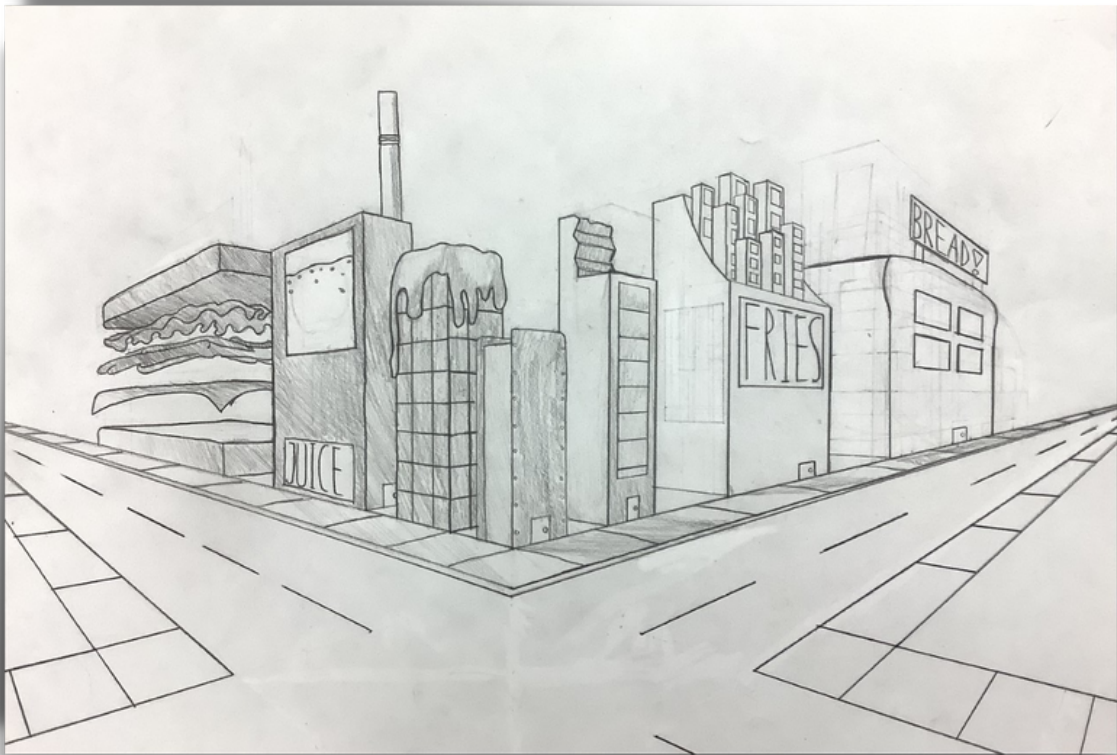
“Finally,” Jeff said in relief. Jeff rested a little while coming back to the village.

When Jeff arrived back at his village, everyone cheered and congratulated him including Nora and Sam. “It’s time for a party!” someone shouted.

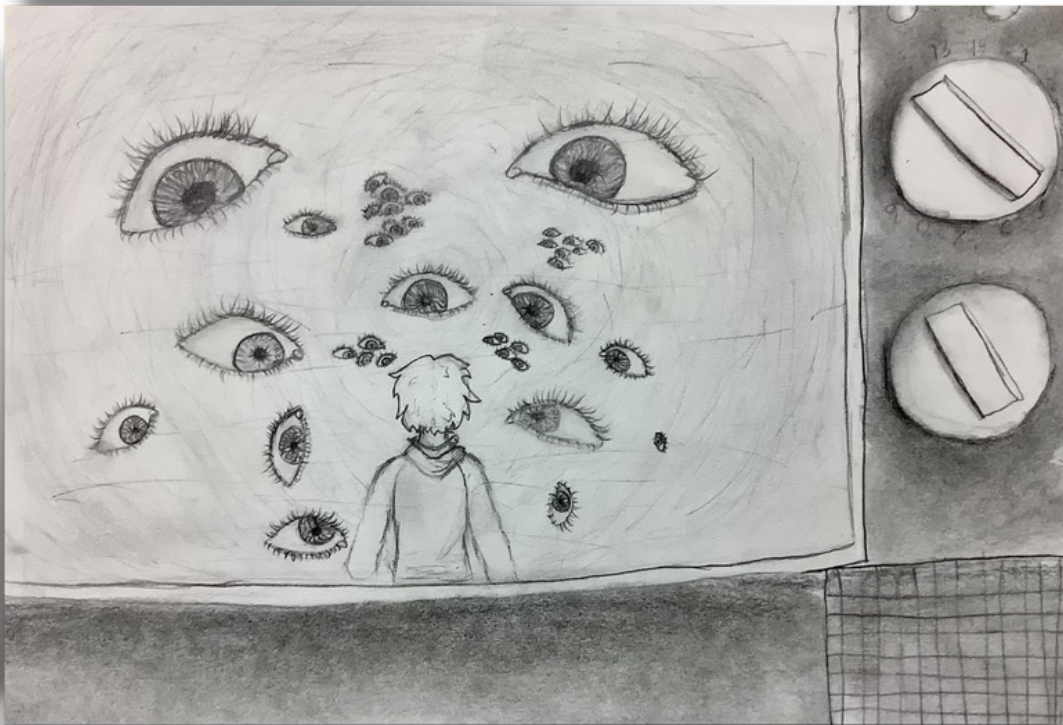
It was late, and everyone was partying all night because their village was saved at last. Thanks to Jeff. Jeff was very successful protecting the village. For the rest of his life, he protected the village.



ARTWORK BY
NICAYA JACKSON, GRADE 8



ARTWORK BY ANTHONY JAMONS, GRADE 7



ARTWORK BY VICTORIA "ACID" CASTILLO, GRADE 7

Once Upon a Time...

by Karissa Nelsen, grade 6



ARTWORK BY
KAMIALA NGO, GRADE 6

Long, long ago magical beings took over the world, but got separated while doing so because of conflict between the leaders. The groups that got separated were witches and wizards, fairies, aliens, and more. Our story starts here, at a tiny hut in the clouds. The clouds were off-pink and really fluffy . A fairy named Flora was trying to help decorate a party for her younger brother, but every time she does something her grandma tells her to stop.

“Flora, why don’t you leave the decorating to everyone else. You...you tend to mess things up,” said her grandma with a stutter.

“But grandma, this is my time to prove to the family that I’m not a disappointment,” said Flora. She couldn’t fly, so she always got left out.

“I know you want to help decorate, but maybe you can help by greeting everybody,” said her grandma in a calm tone.

“Okay,” said Flora in a sad voice.

Two hours later after dinner in their bedroom, all the girls slept in the same room and the same with the boys.

“Hey sis, do you know a way I can make the family proud?” said Flora in an excited voice.

“I do,” said one of her sisters sarcastically.

“How?” asked Flora.

“You could go find the magical gemstone,” said another sister.

“What gemstone?” asked Flora.

“The one that has been passed down in our family for generations,” said her oldest sister.

“If it was in our family for generations, how is it lost?” Flora asked.

“It got lost when the big war between colonies happened,” said her oldest sister.

“Oh well, I think I can find it,” said Flora. So she started packing her bags and was on her way. But before she left, her oldest sister warned her.

She said, “I must warn you, it will be very dangerous.”

“I love danger!” said Flora, and she left.

As she was on her adventure, she ran into a dark and mysterious cave. It was raining heavily, so she decided to go inside. When she got inside, she heard a lot of loud sounds. “Hello,” she said in a stern voice. No one answered.

“HELLO,” she yelled as she turned the corner.

She heard lots of loud banging, got scared, and jumped away from the corner. She saw a dark shadow sweep across the walls. All of sudden, an old woman jumps out from behind the wall.

“Can I help you?” she said in a raspy voice.

“I’m trying to find the magical gemstone of Pottsville,” Flora said with a frightened voice. “That’s what I heard, people who lived in Pottsville could help me find it.”

She was so scared that she stuttered the whole thing.

But that wasn’t the only thing that scared Her. She was also scared of whose Territory she will have to pass by. The colonies of aliens were the fairy’s worst enemy.

“I’ll tell you if you let me free,” the witch said with a raspy voice.

“How do I do that,” asked Flora.

“You need to give me something and say I set you free,” the witch said.

“Well I have fruit,” Flora said in a confused voice.

“No no, it has to be something of meaning,” she said.

“Ok,” said Flora.

“Umm what do I have that means something to me?” she said to herself.

“What about this ring? I got it from my mom,” she said.

“But will you give it back to me ? I really love that it's the only memory I have left of her,” she said in an upset tone.

“Of Course I will,” she said with an evil tone.

When she did give her the ring and set her free she saw a bright glow,when she opened her eyes, she saw a very beautiful young woman. With beautiful dark hair that was fluffy and straight, beautiful golden eyes, and nice Snow White skin.

As they set off on their journey they ran into many weird things, but none were as weird as the ones to come.

“So what’s your name?” asked Flora.

“Willow,” she said very briefly

“So are you gonna tell me about yourself?” she asked.

“Well, what do you want to know?” She asked with a surprised tone.

“Well I don't know. How about your backstory,” she said sarcastically.

“Well, it all started when I met this kind wizzed named Winston. We were in love but his mom didn't approve of me, so she turned me into an old hag. Only someone with a kind heart can set me free.”

“She sent him off to live in a castle with only one to get in and out, but he couldn't find it,” said Willow with a sad voice.

“Some years later I got a note that he died. I was so heart broken but I'm ok,” she said trying to hold back her tears.

“Oh I'm so sorry to hear that happened,” said Flora with an upset tone.

“It's ok,” said Willow.

They were walking for about two and a half hours till the witch remembered she had a broom, so she whistled and it flew right past Flora's face.

“Whoa, what’s that?” asked Flora. She was very startled.

“My broom,” said Willow excitedly.

“That’s cool,” said Flora. She thought it was so cool because she couldn’t fly.

They flew for hours and hours. Flora slowly fell asleep on Willow's shoulder. Willow was very tired too but she couldn’t sleep.

“Are we there yet?” Flora said while she was half awake.

“Yea, we’ve been here for hours,” said Willow half awake.

“Oh well, are we?” Flora asked.

“Well, remember that tower I said Winston lived in?” Willow asked.

“Yea, why is that where we are?” Flora asked with a confused tone.

“Yea, I found it. Wanna go explore?” said Willow.

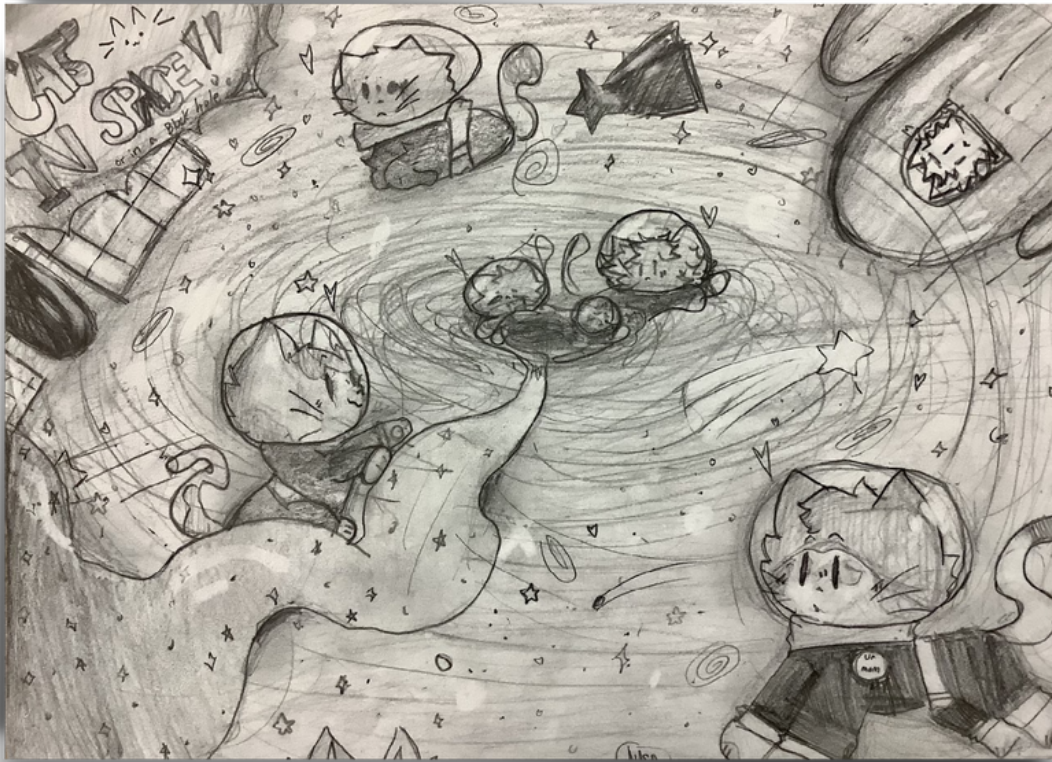
“Umm, you sure that’s a good idea Willow?” Flora asked with a worried voice.

“Of course,” said Willow.

“Okay,” said Flora in an upset tone.

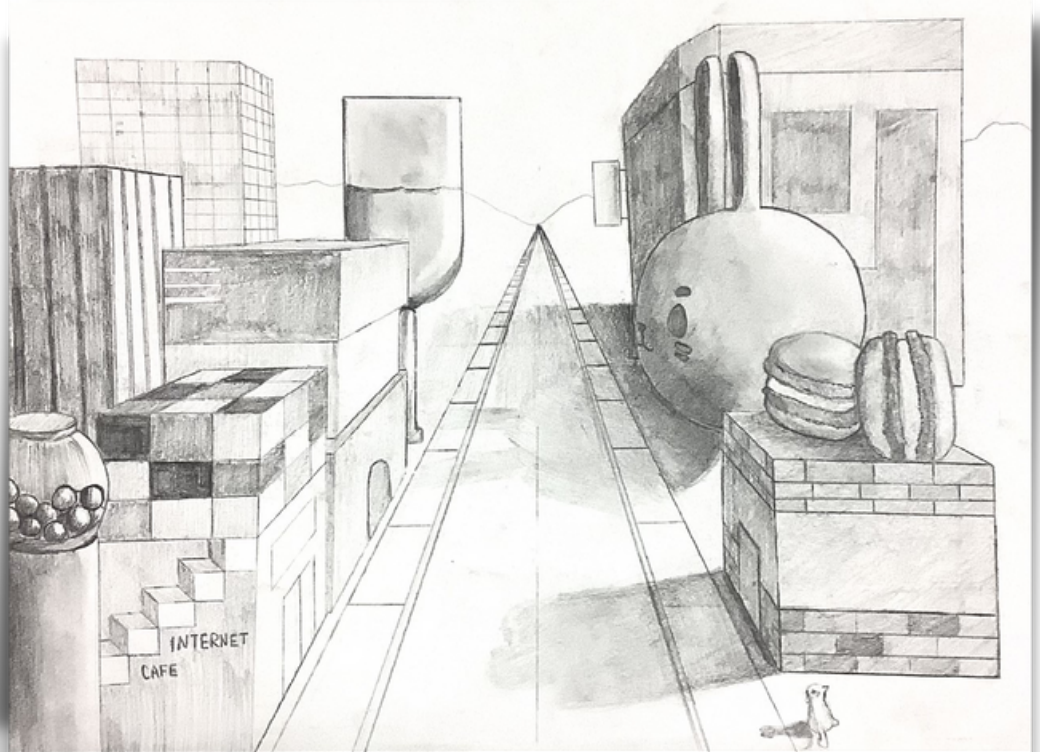


ARTWORK BY
LIAM MADER, GRADE 5



ARTWORK BY
LUCIA KHIN
GRADE 6

ARTWORK BY
SHOUAYEE XIONG
GRADE 8



The Airplane

a short story by an anonymous class, grade 8

The old man shuffled slowly down the hall. His left foot dragged slightly on the soft red rug; his old war wound always bothered him on cold winter days. In the living room, the tree was already up and his wife, Linda, was busy untangling the strings of lights, with Christmas carols playing quietly on the radio.

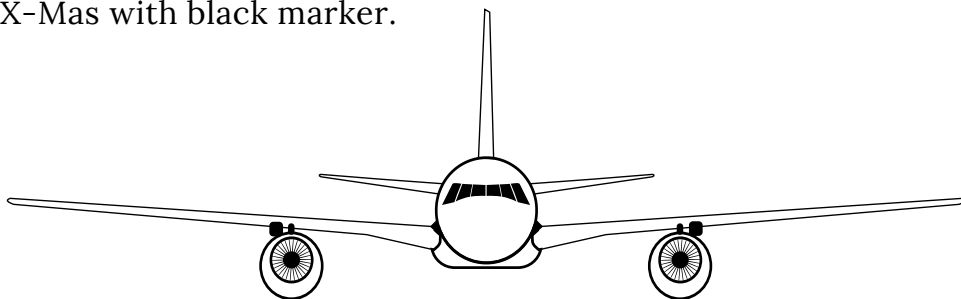
He reached the closet door, which creaked as he pulled it open. He pulled the winter coats aside, knocking a bright yellow coat of Linda's on the floor. It was garishly bright, and he always teased her that she looked like a light bulb when she wore it, but she just laughed at him, saying, "Life is too short to wear boring clothes!" Linda's positive outlook was something he loved most about her.

"I don't see it, Linda," he called. As he reached into the back of the closet to hang Linda's coat back up, his slipper hit something hard that clanged when his foot hit it. Looking down, he saw it was his old metal ammo box from his war days. He hadn't even thought of it for years.

"It has to be in there, Jack. We've looked everywhere else, and it wasn't with the other Christmas decorations. We have to keep looking - we've always had Cindy's ornaments on the tree every year." Linda came around the corner from the living room into the hall. She stopped when she saw Jack bent over the green metal ammo box, the lid opened.

Jack was staring into the box, holding something Linda couldn't quite see. When he realized Linda was watching him, he hurriedly pushed something under the military uniform and shut the lid, pushing the box back into the closet with his slipper. He didn't say anything, and Linda could tell by the grim look on his face that she shouldn't ask him about it. Jack took a deep breath and leaned back to stretch his back.

"Oh, there it is," he said, reaching up to the top shelf to pull down an old cardboard box labeled Cindy's X-Mas with black marker.



Later, after Linda left to go to the grocery store, Jack went back to the hall closet and picked up his old ammo box, carrying it upstairs to his office, which had once been a bedroom before their children had grown up and moved away. The oldest was Jack, Jr. and then next came Tom, and finally Cindy. He remembered how Linda had smiled the day Cindy was born, how happy they both had been to have a daughter. A joy that only grew when Cindy had a daughter of her own, the bright and loving Taylor, who had brought light to all of their lives.

Jack opened the latches on the old green box and lifted out a model airplane, its paint scratched and one propeller bent from years of use. It had sat on a shelf in Cindy's room, and Jack remembered when Cindy opened a box at her baby shower and saw the airplane sitting in a sea of tissue paper. Taylor loved playing with that airplane as she grew, flying it around the house making airplane sounds. When she was 6, she told her teacher that she wanted to be a pilot one day, to fly an airplane like the toy she loved so much.



It was an exact replica of the Vickers Wellington, the British bomber Jack had flown as a fighter pilot in the war. Holding it brought back memories of flying over Europe, night and day, hearing the drone of the engine and hoping when the bombs were released that they wouldn't land on any homes or hurt anyone.

Jack was forced to join the war, but the idea that he was responsible for injury or death haunted him every day, during the war and since. All the memories rushing over him, Jack bent his head down and wept, tears landing on the wings of the model airplane.

Knowing Linda would be returning soon, Jack got into his car, the weight of the years sitting heavily on him. He drove slowly through the gates, letting the memories settle back into himself. Jack pulled his car over, his tires just going onto the soft grass. Jack knelt down, taking care with his bad knee. He moved away some brown leaves, and set the model airplane down. He took one final look at it sitting there, wiped away new tears, and returned home to Linda and his memories.



Once Upon a Time...

by Roger Paredes, grade 6

Long, long ago there was a god named God. He was powerful, helpful, and nice. He was muscular, and had a powerful voice and a long beard. What he wanted most was to save the world. The long beard was his strength. Without it, he would lose all of his powers and turn back into a human. He could grow it back and return to being a god again, but it would take a long time. So off God went to save the world.



ARTWORK BY PEDCHARA YANG, GRADE 8

As he was walking along, he saw a battlefield. There was blood everywhere. There were walls with spikes on them. It was a huge, open area with weapons all over the place. The trolls and yetis were having a war over land. The trolls thought this land was theirs, but the yetis said it was their land. It was a bloody battle.

“It’s OUR land!” said one troll.

“NO WAY! It’s OUR land!” yelled back a yeti.

As they started to fight, they threw axes at each other. They punched and pushed each other in the spiked walls, and got each other impaled. They shot canons too.

God looked at the mess on the battlefield, and he stomped it all with his giant foot. The war was over. He started to walk away toward the water. This is the spot where all rivers, oceans, and seas come together. He washed his feet off in the water. It’s a dangerous place, but not for God. His long, magical beard protected him from danger.

Suddenly, off the battlefield ran an ogre right toward god.

“DIE!!!!” shouted the ogre.

God just flew away. This made the ogre mad. So he decided to make all the technology evil and turn them into monsters, just to attack god.

But... the monsters betrayed him! They didn’t attack god. The water then attacked

everyone and they all died. All except the ogre, who managed to get away.

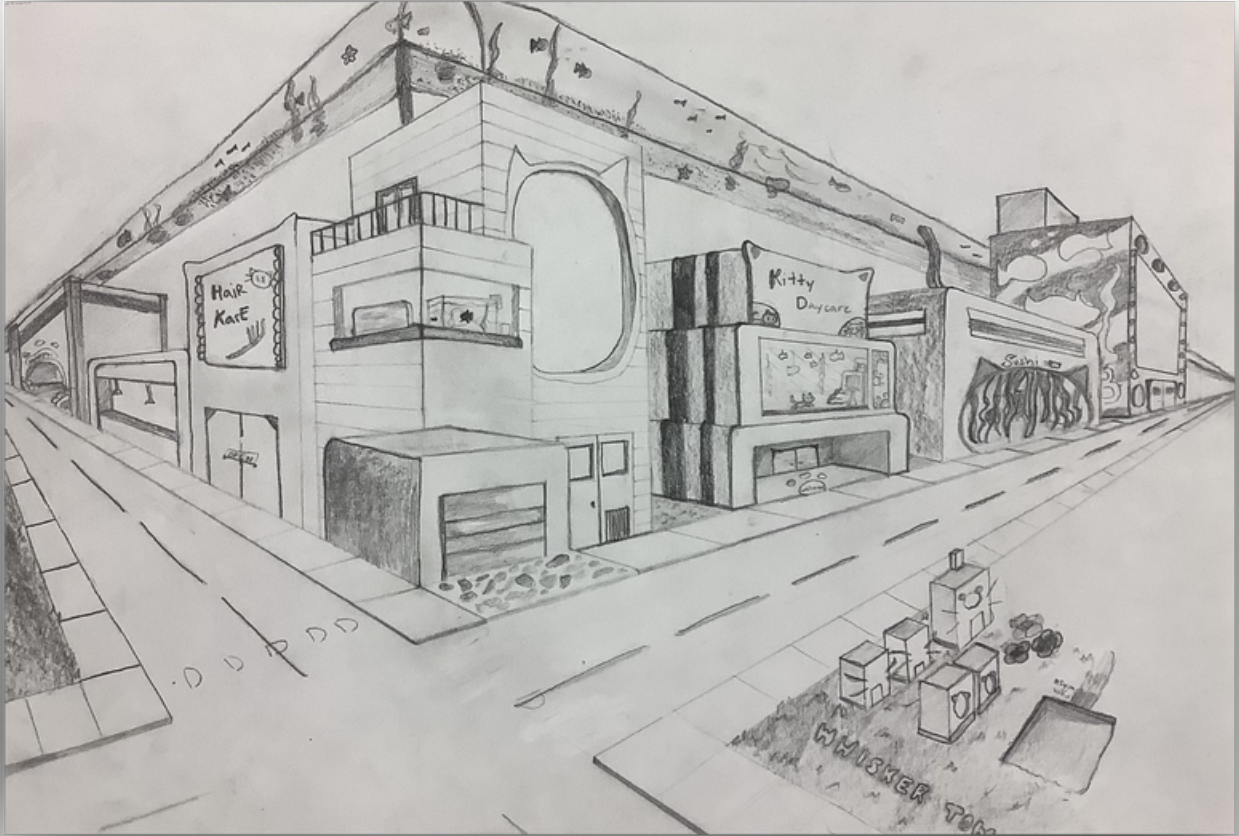
Ogre went to find god in a cave near the battlefield. There, he saw a bear and more spiked walls. When they saw the ogre, they began to chase after him.

God watched as they caught the bear and began to battle. The ogre was cut by the spikes and he was bleeding badly. God stopped the battle by throwing the spikes and the bear back into the cave. God then kicked Ogre's butt out of the battlefield. God flew away!

The ogre said, "I will be back!"

The bear and the spikes cried out loud! In the end, God grew his hair back and regained his powers. The bear and the spikes returned back to their original homes in the cave after god saved the world.





ARTWORK BY KELLY SHEEN, GRADE 7

Organic Protein Powder

by Anonymous, grade 8

I tried out my mom's protein powder.
It's worse than eating chalk, grass, and dirt
The smell of greenery and herbs
Looking down in the cup like I'm looking at an ugly newborn baby
It was sewage water in a cup
My tongue fell out
My stomach burst
I barfed buckets
That protein shake was the end
I'll never taste again.

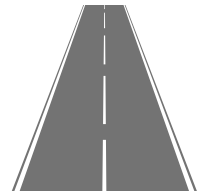
The Race

by Anonymous, grade 6



ARTWORK BY
NEE PWEE, GRADE 7

It was a summer night and my mom, brother, sister and I were driving in the Twin Cities. I was scared because there were four cars racing on the highway. I thought that because people were going fast by each other. I thought in my mind that someone would crash into each other and it was at night, too, so people could barely see. In my mind I was thinking, can the cops pull them over? The weather was humid and hot.



I said to my mom, "I'm scared."

The cars racing were scary because we were driving in the same direction as them to get to my house. It was my mom driving and she didn't freak out. We could hear the car noises and the loud v-rooms. We were hearing skirt noises.

In my mind I said, "No one please crash into us,"

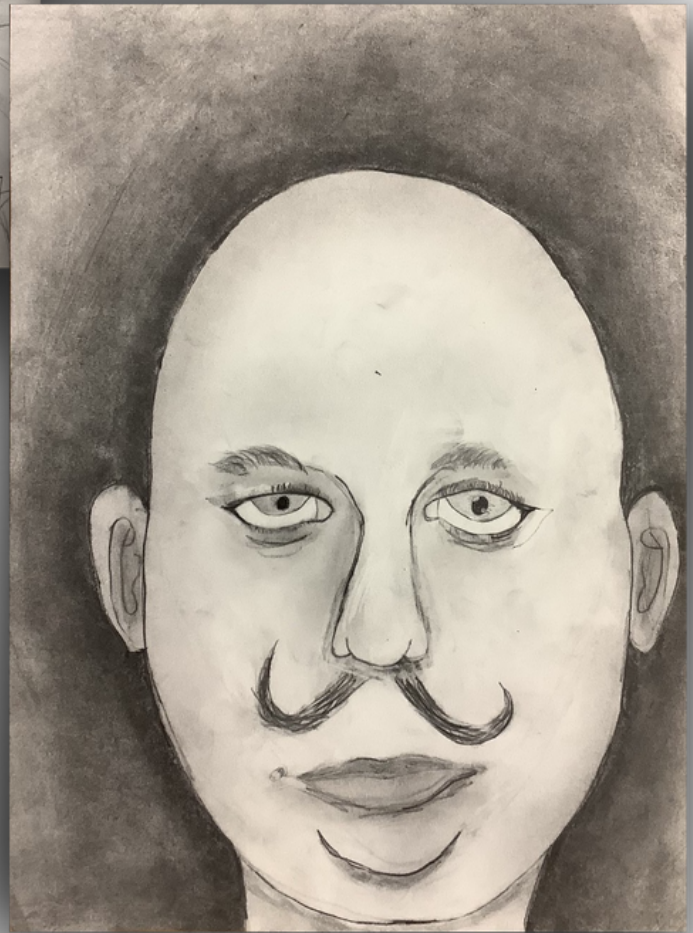
So I just went on my phone and started watching YouTube. The next thing I saw the exit sign for our exit to get to my house! After we got off the highway, we started driving on the mini roads to go home. Then we got off the mini roads and went into our alley way.

Finally, we walked inside of our house and relaxed. I said, "Yes, we are finally home."

I felt great when I got home because I was relieved that I didn't have to worry about people crashing into each other. In my mind I was thinking, "Thank god we didn't crash.."



ARTWORK BY
PEDCHARA YANG, GRADE 8



ARTWORK BY
CHRIS PITTMAN, GRADE 7

Hair

by Anonymous, grade 8

Hair is expressive

Headbands, beads, barrettes, accessories

Poofy, curly, straight, swirly

Big, small, stretched, tall

Soft, natural, Bantu knots, Afro

Wear your hair with pride

Take a walk outside with stride

Wear your hair eloquently

Animal Hunt

by Anonymous, grade 6

Have you ever seen an animal hunting up on a lion and biting their neck? Learning how animals hunt is fun. I want to teach you how animals hunt, attack and sneak up.

The first thing to know about animals is how they hunt. Wolves hunt in packs. They all go together as a pack to kill their prey faster. Wolves hunt in packs that go to 2-30. The average is ten. Hyenas hunt in packs that go to 6-100 hyenas. Alligators hunt in groups. Alligators hunt in groups that go over to 100 in one lake.



ARTWORK BY
HTEE PLAH KUE, GRADE 6

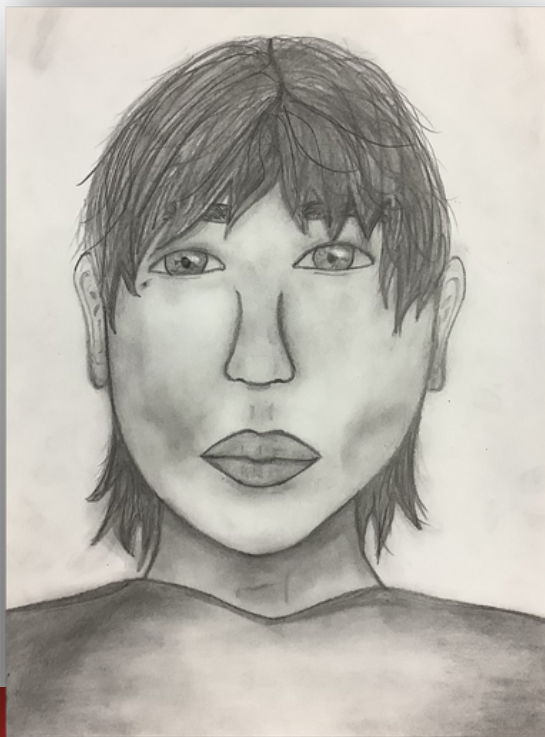
The second thing about animals is how they sneak up. Tigers sneak up on their prey in high tall grass. Tigers sneak up in high tall grass to blend in with the grass so their prey doesn't see them. Cheetahs sneak up on their prey in high tall grass too. Cheetahs sneak up on their prey by blending in with the high tall grass. Alligators sneak up on their prey by blending in with the water. Alligators sneak up on their prey by blending in with the water so their prey can't see them.

The last thing about animals is how they attack. The lions attack from the neck. They go in and bite the neck of the animal. Lions also hunt in Africa and many different places! They attack their prey from the neck because that's their weak spot to the animal. A fun fact about lions is that they have a lot of hair on their neck, so when an animal tries attacking/biting the lion from the neck, his hair protects it and makes them go away by annoying them. Alligators bite the leg or the whole body of their prey and spin around the water to rip their body apart. They do that so the animal dies and they can't go anywhere because they're dead. Jaguars catch their prey by the head. Jaguars catch their prey by the head because their jaw and teeth are so strong it can crush their skull.

I hope you have learned how animals survive in the wild. You have learned about animals hunting in packs, sneaking up, and animals attacking. As you can see, animals hunting are interesting!



ARTWORK BY
ATHENA XIONG, GRADE 8



ARTWORK BY
EVALYNN XIONG, GRADE 8

The Time I Burnt Ramen Noodles

by Anonymous, grade 6

When I was nine or ten, I wanted to make a small snack for myself. I made some ramen noodles but...I forgot to put the water in the bowl. Then I put it in the microwave. So then the microwave started to steam and my brain cells broke because I thought the boiler was boiling water, but it was the microwave steaming.

So my mom was screaming when she entered the kitchen telling us to “Move!” and “Get out of the way!”

I then poured the burnt noodles in the sink and I thought, “Why did I get in trouble?”

So we had to stay in our rooms. We had to shower, so we went one by one. I slept while my siblings took a shower. I woke up when my siblings yelled “Go shower!” for me to take a shower. When I went outside, it smelled disgusting.

After that, I texted my dad, “Hey dad, I burnt noodles, so if you enter the house, it was the ramen I cooked.”

After that, I went to sleep while crying and thinking about what I did.





ARTWORK BY MICHELLE LEE, GRADE 7

Poem

by Anonymous, grade 7

I am from dogs barking at each other
I am from my neighbors outside on their trampoline
and the neighborhood barbeques
I am from cheese with hot chocolate
though some may be surprised or disgusted
I am also from arepas and empanadas
I am from speaking Spanish at dinner
I am from playing tag with my cousins
and Colombian hide and seek
I am from my neighbors dogs
like Titan, Chewy, Roupert, Dodger, and Fozzy
I am from my neighbors
I am from my cousins
I am from my family.

Playing Roblox

by Anonymous, grade 6

Hello, have you ever thought about playing Roblox or getting to play it well? I have and it is so fun. First, I am going to explain how playing Roblox with friends is so fun and amazing. Next, I'll tell you why Roblox games are cool, and lastly I will explain how killing/beating people on Roblox is so fun.

Have you ever wondered how playing Roblox with friends is so fun and amazing? You can talk to your friends on Roblox. Talking to friends is really nice to do and you will have the best time ever with your best friend forever. You can also play with your friends on Roblox. You can play with them like different games, and have fun with them in the game. You can also play challenge games with your friends on Roblox. Challenge games are like hard games you try to play, but lose like the game Death Run because it's a hard game. You can play with them like making food in Bloxburg by doing obbys with people. You can also play with your friends.

Other questions you might have about playing Roblox games is if you have to pay for them, and if the game is cool and fun. You can play Roblox for free. You can play it without paying. It is a really good game for people to play. You can start playing games with people and people will fight over a free burrito. You can also rage in the games on Roblox. Everyday kids raged about games, I don't why they do that.

Raging in the game is not rare. It happens all the time, like losing a game and then people start raging. Raging means having uncontrollable anger over something. When you die in the game, you can come back. You can come back again and get revenge on the person who killed you.

Lastly, I will explain how killing/beating people on Roblox is fun. You can earn points for killing people on Roblox, but it depends on what you are playing. You can earn points by killing someone and running away. You do not get killed by them {trust me}. You can see them rage in Roblox. When you look at the comment, you can see that the person you killed is raging on the comment. You can rub it in their face about winning a game in Roblox. You can rub it in their face to annoy them, and make fun of them for dying.

I hope you have learned how to play Roblox and learned how to play Roblox in different ways.

You have learned to be a great player in Roblox! Remember that playing with friends is amazing, it's cool, and killing people in Roblox is fun. I hope you remember how to be a better Roblox player, and not a bully in Roblox.

Poem

by Heriberto Rivera Arreguin, grade 7

I am from Torta de Milanesa
I am from the sound of the water running
I am from rooster waking me up
I am from hearing the radio on all the mornings
I am from playing soccer with my school friends
I am from playing lottery with family
I am from playing with marbles with friends
I am from getting chased by street dogs
I am from dancing traditional dance called
Chinelos
I am from celebrating the day of the dead
I am from smelling the dust when my mom is
brooming the floor with water
I am from always hearing the saying, "Eat if you
want to, but remember don't ask me later. So
eat now."

Poem

by Natalia Obeta, grade 7

I am from Minnesota, St. Paul
I am from a house where we cook food
I am from where we play outside all day
I am from where we go to the lak on the 4th
of July
I am from where you go outside, you stay
outside
I am from where it is cold outside
I am from where we play cops and robbers
I am from where we have seafood in the
summers
I am from where we pray before we eat
I am from where family says, "Money don't
grow on trees."
I am from, "No runnin' in and out the
house!"



ARTWORK BY
KELLY SHEEN, GRADE 7

Poem

by Anonymous, grade 7

I am from Minnesota, the land of 10,000 lakes
I am from my Hmong family,
I am from when my cousins and I hung out in the
summer
I am from a family that always helps each other out.
I am from egg rolls and spring rolls.
I am from playing Roblox online with friends.
I am from my family celebrating Hmong new year.
I am from a dad who likes fishing at many places.
I am from an old place that was 2 houses away from
my cousins' house.
I am from Farnsworth with lots of nice kids.
I am from listening to a lot of songs on my phone.
I am from liking smelling food at the buffet.

My Friend, the Liar

by Anonymous, grade 6

Six years ago, I had a friend who I was playing with. His name was Justin. He lived 10 minutes from my house. It was a sunny fall day around 1 pm in the afternoon at my house. We were playing with my favorite space shuttle toy that I got for my 5th birthday. At the time I thought he dropped it by accident, but now I know he dropped it on purpose.

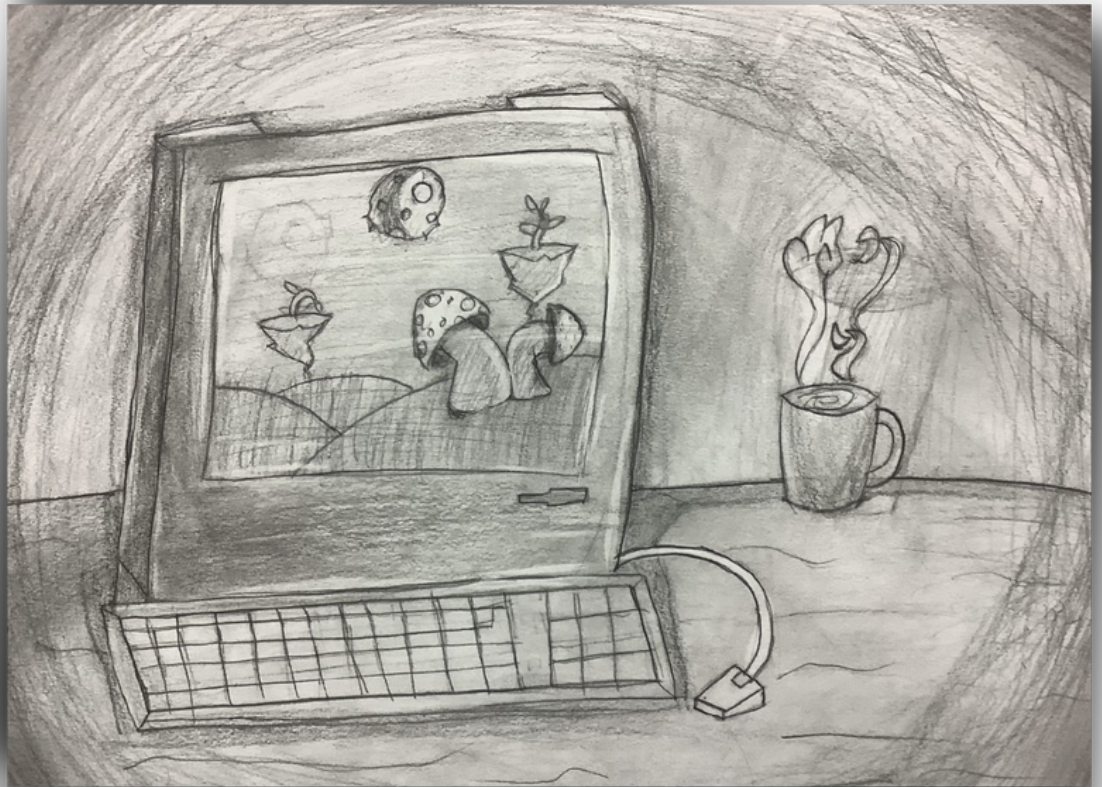
He broke one of the toys by dropping it on the floor. He then lied about it to my parents. "Why would he ever do something like this?" I found myself wondering.

I Immediately told them the truth that Justin had dropped it. I thought Justin was a criminal...

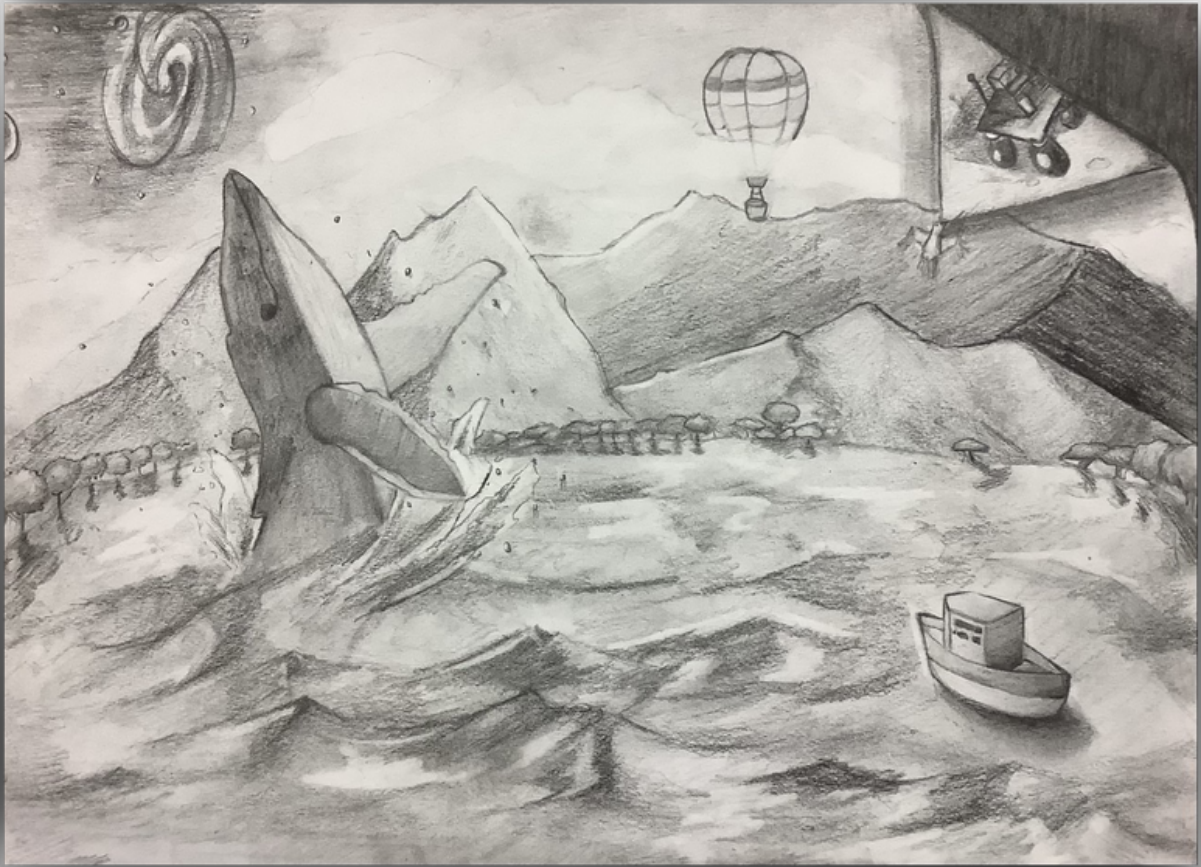
"He dropped it, not me. I saw him do it!" I yelled. My parents were very mad at him.

My dad went to grab his phone to call his parents. My dad went to grab his phone to call his parents. "Your son is a liar and broke one of Guthrie's toys. Come and pick him up now!"

They called his parents, who were already on their way. His parents parked in the front to come and get him. I have never seen him since the incident. Sometimes, I wonder what happened to him?



ARTWORK BY SERENITY ODEN, GRADE 7



ARTWORK BY SHOUAYEE XIONG, GRADE 8

Poem

by Anonymous, grade 6

I am from my family who cares and helps me with my problems.
I am from learning the ways of my culture and history of the Hmong.
I am from listening to what I believe my older siblings and parents say.
I am from the scars I earned during my childhood.
I am from learning how to be a man from my dad, uncles, and my brother.
I am from having fun with my friends, cousins, and family.
I am from spending time with my family.
I am from eating the foods I eat, made by my mom.
I am from vacations with my family.
I am from getting education from my school.
I am from my make-believe imaginations I used to create.
I am from learning martial arts from movies and from my uncle.

Random Knocking

by Anonymous, grade 6

One night at home I was eating for a couple minutes, when out of nowhere I heard a random knock on the window. I didn't know what it was... but it knocked 5-6 times. At this point I was scared and freaked out. I told myself to calm down and that everything would be fine, but I froze for a second because I was shocked.



ARTWORK BY
JULIUS OSGOOD, GRADE 8

I imagined if I opened the window curtains, I would see a ghost figure or something. I was scared! I ran upstairs as quickly as I could and told my brother to come stay downstairs with me, but he said, “What are you scared of by yourself downstairs?”

I said, “I’m being serious.”

He didn’t think I was serious, but he didn’t mind so I just stayed up stairs with him playing video games until my dad came into the kitchen from the basement and said, “Who's food is that?”

When my dad was in the kitchen, I ran downstairs quickly and said, “It’s mine,” and finished my food quickly before it was about to get soggy. It was still delicious.

I was growing tired of my brother and played video games with him until I fell asleep to get rid of what happened. I had a good sleep and I was full. While I was sleeping, I was thinking about what happened today. During my sleep, I tried to keep myself calm which was a success.



Poem

by Anonymous, grade 6

I am from the smell of campfire in mine and my neighbor's yards after dark.

I am from taco dip every time we go to my grandma's house in Wisconsin.

I am from the chicken across the alley screaming every day, all day.

I am from the neon yellow sports car that someone in neighborhood owned.

I am from playing in an empty field and later watching them build houses in it.

I am from playing in the yard of an empty house before anyone moved in.

I am from cutting shapes in the ice and looking for cool rocks in the sand.

I am from making a garden with tomatoes of every shape, size, and color.

I am from homemade blueberry pancakes every other weekend.

I am from laying in the backyard and looking at different birds in the apple tree.

I am from my parents Ian and Heidi, and from my siblings Zoey and Maeve.



ARTWORK BY MADDIE HANG, GRADE 7

The Time We Left my Sister

by Anonymous, grade 6

In the fall my sisters and mom just came out of the store. My sisters' names are Sona, Lillian, and Wawa. My sister Sona was putting the food in the back of the car and went to put the cart away.

My mom thought everyone was in the car and left. The car just got on the street, when my other sister was counting the people in the car, my sister Lillian said "We are missing Sona."

My mom slammed on the brakes and they all went forward! "That hurt," Wawa said. My mom turned back to the store.

On the way back to the store, my sisters laughed. They came back to the store for their forgotten sister. Are they coming back for me?

Sona questioned. "Did they forget me...?"
Sona was thinking.

After that, my sister Sona complained all the way back home. She said, "You left me."

Now, from time to time, my sisters still bring up the time my mom left my sister at the store.



ARTWORK BY
KAMIALA NGO, GRADE 6



ARTWORK BY
DELILAH VANG, GRADE 8





ARTWORK BY
SAVANNA VANG, GRADE 8



3 MACAROONS
BY ZOELY LAKE, GRADE 7

3 Lions

by Makayla McCaster, grade 8

They are so much like me.
I am the only one who knows them just that well.
3 lions with pride and strong will like me.
3 who are too good for this cruel world but are still striving.
3 entertainment animals put in the zoo by the city.
As they walk in circles out of boredom behind the glass.
As their strength is slowly decreasing.
They let out ferocious growls when others try to take over their territory.
Their big mane and hair like mine.
Their teeth sharp and ready to snap at any threat to protect their loved ones, like me.
With their never give up attitude.
When I'm ready to give up on anything,
I just look at the 3 lonely lions trapped behind the glass at the zoo.
3 who were taken from their natural habitat in Africa and brought here against their will.
3 with never ending legacies.

Starting an Art Career as a Young Artist

by Anonymous, grade 8

As a kid, my parents would always tell me that I needed a job that would get me a lot of money because we didn't have enough money to buy things we wanted but enough to pay the bills for our house.

Whenever I talked to my dad, the first thing he would always say was, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

I always replied with, "I don't know."

He would get all cranky and start talking about how I should become a doctor, and never become a janitor because they get less money. Third grade came and I drew a lot, but I mostly socialized with my friends and got bad grades. Then, I was introduced to the Internet.

When I found the Internet, I finally knew what I wanted to be when I grew up, and that was to be an animator and an artist. At first, it was hard learning how to animate and draw because I didn't like my art. My animation skills improved a lot, though. I spent 4 years animating, but never improving on my art. Whenever I showed my art or animation to my sisters, they would laugh at it and call it weird or funny because of how unnatural the body and animation was. Sixth grade came, and that was when everything went down.



I met a lot of kids my age who drew better than me and got a lot of praise from their parents or friends. Most of them knew how to draw anime, and they liked to socialize with others a lot. I was jealous and I wanted to be better than them, but I knew deep down that I wasn't good enough to be like them.

I was always down on myself because a lot of people told me that my art was weird or asked, "Why do they look like that?"

One time, I drew a classmate of mine because she wanted to see how I draw people. I told her, "I don't know how to draw humans."

She didn't care, so I drew her.

When I showed her my drawing, the first thing she said was, "Why do I look like that? I look so ugly!"

She pointed to the parts of the drawing that looked ugly to her eyes. I went home feeling hurt from what she said, and I didn't draw for 4 months. I almost gave up on drawing. I told myself to just give up and find a different hobby.

Quarantine was here, and I didn't feel like doing anything. Then, I decided to download Tik Tok because a lot of kids were talking about it non-stop. When I downloaded Tik Tok, I got a lot of videos of artists saying that tons of people in their life said their art was bad and they never got support from their families. Now, they've improved and gotten better at art. Somehow those videos made me motivated to draw again, so I grabbed my drawing notebook and started drawing again. At first, I was not impressed

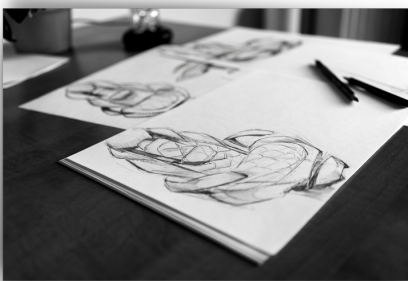


with how I drew humans because they were wonky. But as time went on, I improved a lot. I watched a lot of art tutorials and tips on how to draw humans. I also finally knew what kind of art job I wanted to have, and that was making comics. What inspired me to make comics was webtoons and artists that I saw online. The way they made art that turned into a story was cool.

I was happy knowing that I found something that would make me feel happy and motivated to draw again. I told my siblings that I wanted to be a comic artist, and they were cool with it. They were willing to help me out with improving my art and story. But when I told my parents, they both had different reactions.

When I told my mom that I wanted to be a comic artist, the first thing she said was, “Do they get paid enough? How much do comic artists make in an hour?”

One thing I know was that anything that came out of my parents mouth was always money, money, and money. But I understand why my parents would want me to get a job that would give me enough money, after all. I told my mom that they get paid, but that it depends on if the reader is interested in your story. After all that talking, my mom was fine about me becoming a comic artist as long as I get paid.



I was talking to my dad again, and he brought up what job I want to have.

I told him, “I want to be a comic artist that makes good stories.”

My dad looked at me weirdly and said, “What?! You want to become an artist like your older sister?”

I somehow felt like he didn't like the fact that I wanted to be a comic artist because it had the word “art” in there.

“You can't be an artist. We can only have one artist in this family.” My dad's words made me feel hurt as if he's telling me to quit art and get a real job.

I walked away feeling as if I was going to cry and went to my room. Then, I took out my drawing notebook and drew out of hatred. I scribbled everywhere in my notebook, all because of my dad's words.

I always hated how people I've met in my life always said my art was bad or I can't become an artist because I wasn't good enough at art. It was repeated endlessly in my life, and yet I didn't give up on art. I've always told myself that I will get there one day. Once I do, I will show them that bringing down someone doesn't mean they will give up. It means they just have to try smarter and harder to get to where they want to be. Once I get better at drawing, I will show my dad that just because there's already an artist in our family doesn't mean there can't be another one who can draw well too.

Poem

by Anonymous, grade 6

I am from running around and playing with my cousins and siblings at family reunions.

I am from the smell of BBQ chicken and baked macaroni cooking in the oven.

I am from hair straightening and curls jumping, and ponytails with ballballs.

I am from praying at the dinner table for everybody.

I am from dogs barking, loud music banging on the speakers, and kids monkeying around with each other.

I am from playing tag and hide'n'seek with my cousins outside.

I am from, "Stay in or stay out. No running in and out the house."

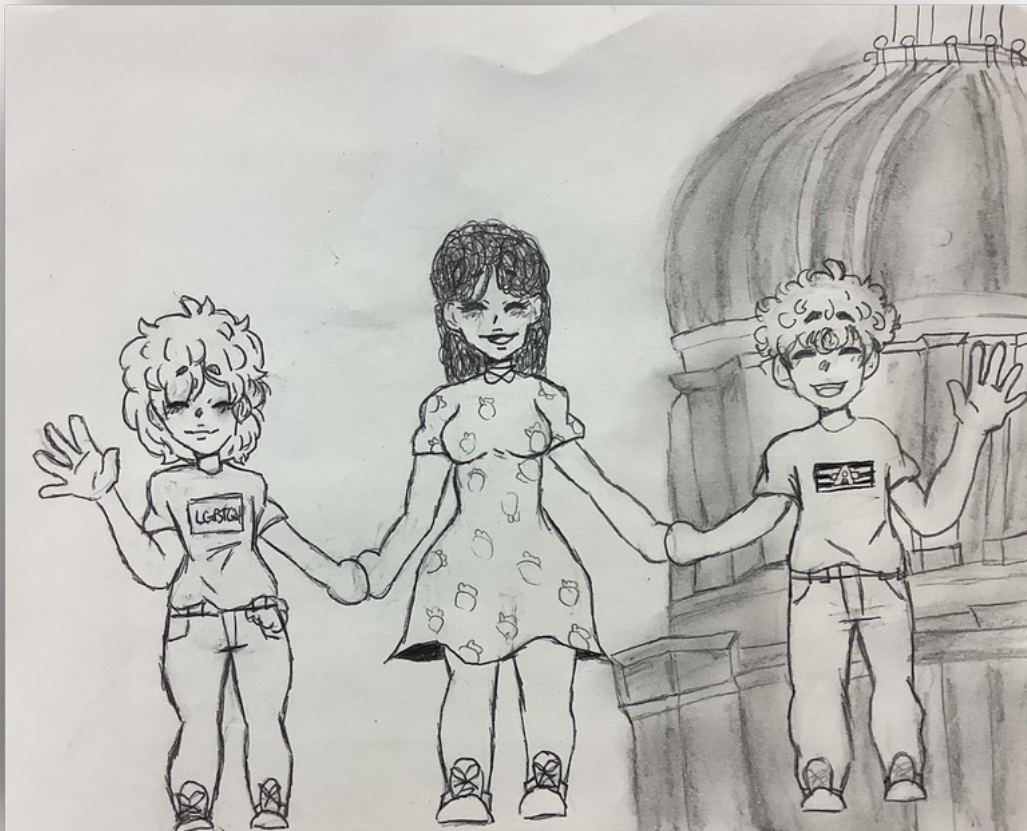
I am from Nellie Stone Johnson (NSJ), the school my sister and I went to as little kids before we got split up.

I am from you have to give to receive.

I am from the saying, "Do you got McDonald's money?"

I am from choose family before friends.

I am from downtown Minneapolis, the sound of horns honking and ambulance sirens and of hot weather.



ARTWORK BY KEI DUPEY, GRADE 8

The Silhouette

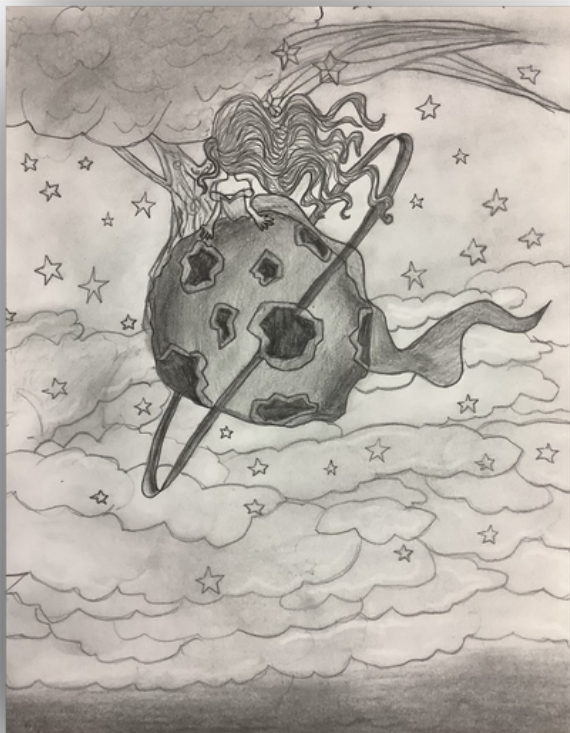
by Anonymous, grade 6

One day, my friend Levi invited me to a party at his house. We were in second grade.

"This house is weird. It has an archway on the side," I thought.

At the party we had food, but I don't remember what we had. After we had food, we went down to the basement.

When we arrived in the basement, Levi, his older brother, and some of his other friends and I played some games. We played *The Floor is Lava*. I was jumping all over the place.



ARTWORK BY
CHRISTY LEE, GRADE 6

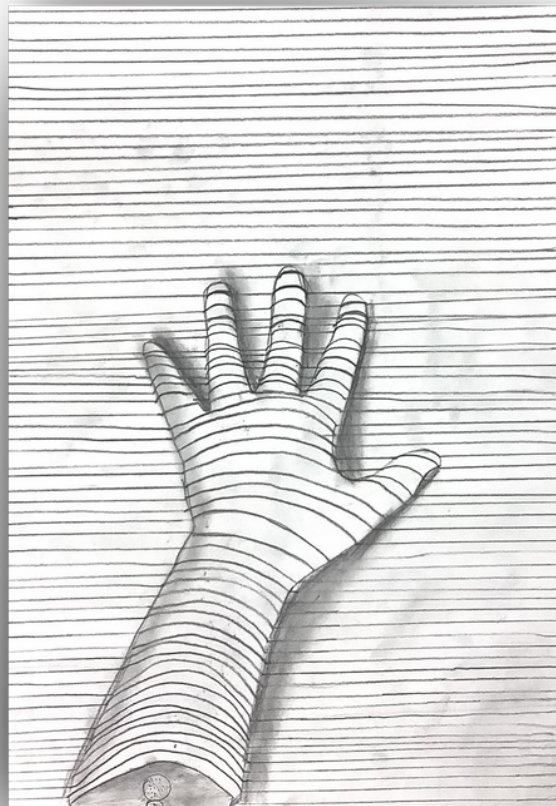
An hour later, we went upstairs and decided to play hide and seek at night. The seekers had flashlights. I was a hider. I was looking for a hiding spot. Then I saw a person standing in the moonlight.

"It was just a silhouette," I thought. "How is that?"

Then I blinked and they were gone! I walked a bit forward and saw one of Levi's friends and I asked, "Did you see anyone here?"

He said, "No."

Then I ran back to tell them what had happened. When I did, they didn't believe me. Then I went home.

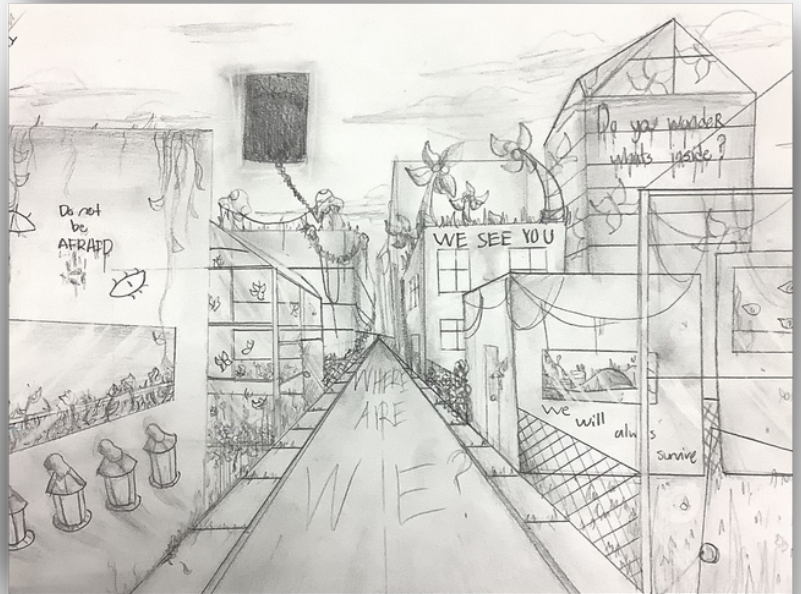


ARTWORK BY
CARLOS TAYLOR, GRADE 5

Lost

by Anonymous, grade 6

It has been a long time since this happened. My mom, my brother, and I went to a park with my friend. We all went around the lake, having a great time. We all went back to the parking lot. I was thinking that maybe we could race to the playground and pretend that our moms are the monsters chasing us, so I said, "Let's pretend that our moms are the monsters chasing us!"



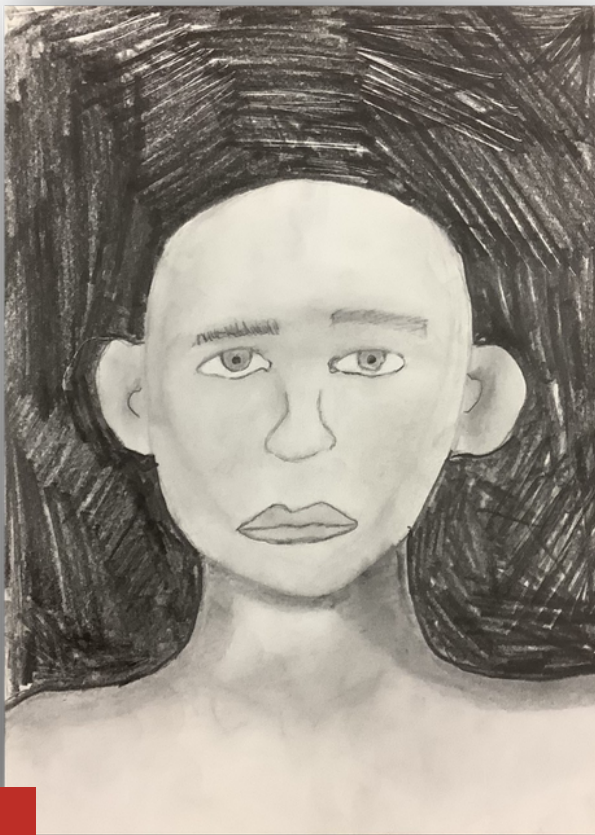
ARTWORK BY KAMIALA NGO, GRADE 6

We ran as fast as we could, and we also tried racing each other. We left our moms behind. My friend wanted to ride my bike, so she chased me leaving my brother behind.

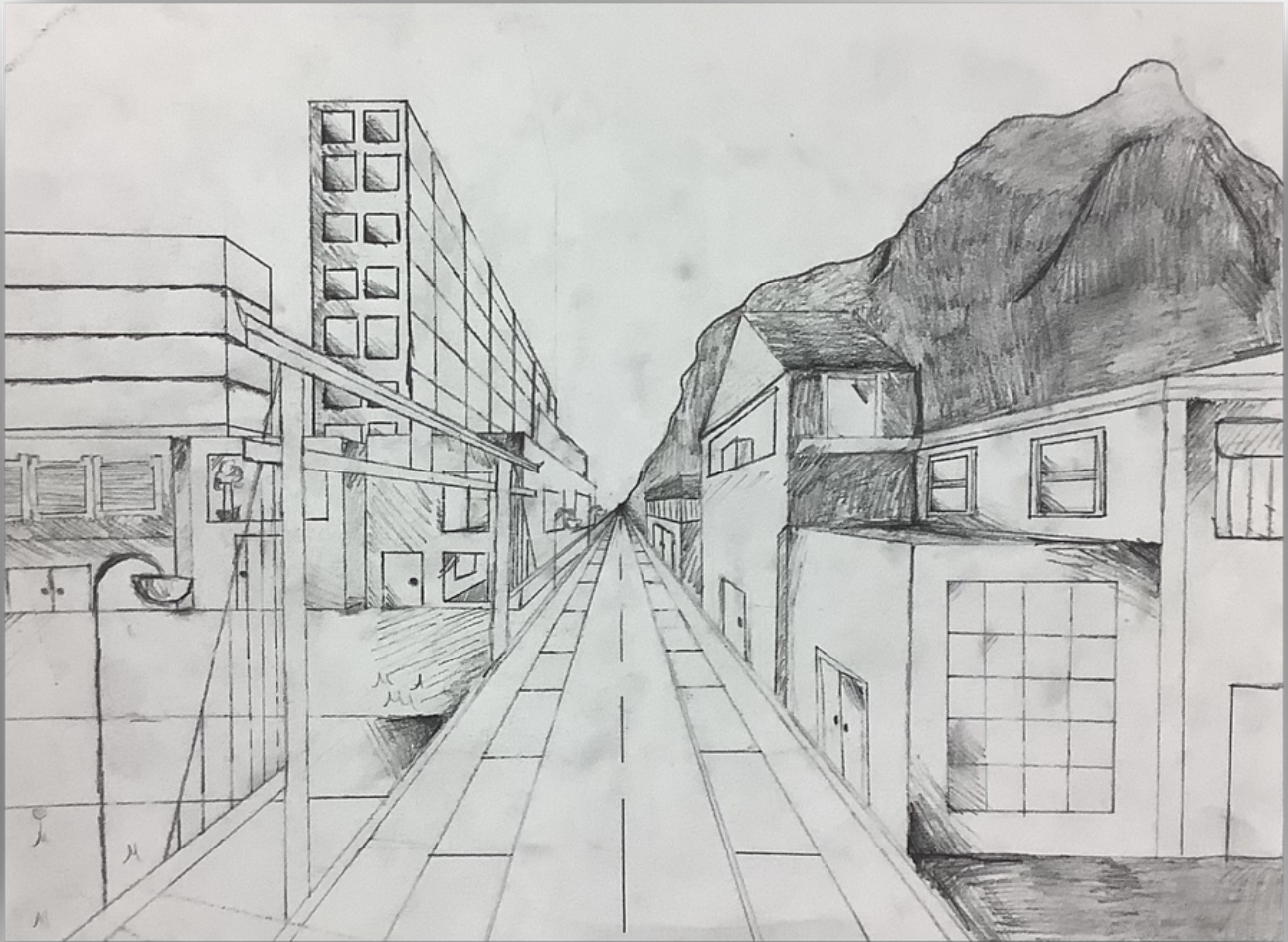
When we got back to the playground, my mom and her mom came. My mom asked where my brother went. I answered, "I don't know?"

While playing, my mom got worried. She went looking for my brother with my friend's mom. I was over thinking that my brother actually got kidnapped, and I wouldn't see him again. We couldn't find him, so my mom called the police.

As we kept on searching, we found him with a kind lady who helped him. My mom told the police that we found him. My mom thanked the kind lady, and the lady was actually a teacher. I was surprised and thanked her, too. She is really a hero!



ARTWORK BY
MAX VANG, GRADE 8



ARTWORK BY FANCY SUNNY, GRADE 7

Poem

by Anonymous, grade 6

I am from a big family of 15 people where everyone has high expectations and the elders want everyone to be successful, to have money and nice families.

I am from where my neighborhood smells like the cafe a block away, where people love going on runs and love the cafe that has the best cakes.

I am from where it sounds like birds chirping and squirrels running and trees blossoming and parks are the best parks with views.

I am from a family where my brother Harun falls down the stairs multiple times a day, where Harun gets bitten by the cat.

I am from a neighborhood where my neighbors spilled Coca Cola on my driveway.

I am from my cat Squirrely. He's dead now, but he was okay and super active.

I am from anime I love, like Isekai anime and Onepiece, and Code Geass.

I am from arguing with my siblings and taking their food.

The Time I was Scared

by Anonymous, grade 6

I told my brother to open the door because I thought it was my mom and sisters that knocked on the door. But when my brother opened it, it was someone else. She asked what our Internet was. We didn't know, so my brother ran up the stairs and left me downstairs with her. I was planning on running up the stairs because I was too scared to stay with her, and I rushed upstairs.

My brother and I went to my big brother's room. He was asleep. We told him to wake up, and he woke up after a couple of seconds. I saw her come upstairs to my big brother's room. In my mind, I thought she was coming upstairs like this is her house.

She asked my big brother, "What's the Internet?"

But we all didn't know what it was. We all were so scared that we called our cousin who lived across from us. They came and saw her. We didn't know what to do.

"Get our or we will call the police!" my cousin yelled.

She got out of the house through the front door. We called our sister and told her what happened. My sister was the only one that came home. Then we looked outside to make sure that the stranger left and wasn't there anymore.

"What happened? What did you guys do?" our sister asked in a questionable voice.

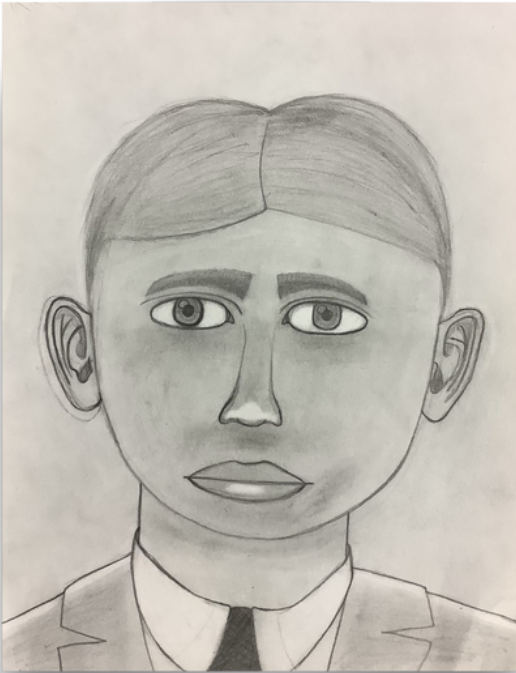
We told her that we thought it was her and mom. She told us that if it was us, we would have opened the by ourselves. She got really mad at us. The next day, we told our mom what happened and she got super mad at us too.



ARTWORK BY
SARITA VANG, GRADE 6

That day, we all gathered. My two brothers and I told our family what she looked like. We told them that she was in soaked clothes. We said that she must have run before coming to our house because she walked on our floor with her shoes on and left wet show prints on the floor. Then, we continued identifying what she was wearing that day. We told them that her hair was greasy or wet looking. After the talk, we ate food, and then I went upstairs to sleep.

A life lesson is don't open a door unless you know who it is, and ask who it is before you open the door.



ARTWORK BY
LEO HEINE, GRADE 7

First Day

by Anonymous, grade 6

Here we are, at my new school. My sister and I took the bus to get toward school. The school counselor showed us to our first class, mine was gym. It was pretty fun. I checked my schedule to see where my next class was. I remember the counselor saying that at the beginning of the class, the number would be the floor. A 0 is basement, 1 is first floor, and so on. I eventually found my way and entered the room. I didn't know where to sit. I waited for the class to end until next period. Eventually, the bell rang and then I went to my next class. Again I checked my schedule to see where my classroom was. "Back to the basement?" I said to myself.

I went toward the basement and into the classroom. This is the same place where my sister's first class was. I remember that he said there was free sitting, so I sat down and listened to the class. I waited in class until it was over.

Third period, "This one isn't that far. It's just up the stairs." I said to myself again. I went into the classroom. It was a pretty fun class.

Soon, I was skipping down to 7th period. "This one isn't far either," I said. I went to the class to realize it wasn't this way. I turned around and found it.

The counselor pulled me early to get my bag because I didn't have a locker at the

time. We waited for my sister. The counselor said, "Down to bus F."

My sister and I were a bit confused, and my sister said, "I thought we were on bus C."

So, the counselor checked and said, "Nope, it's bus F."

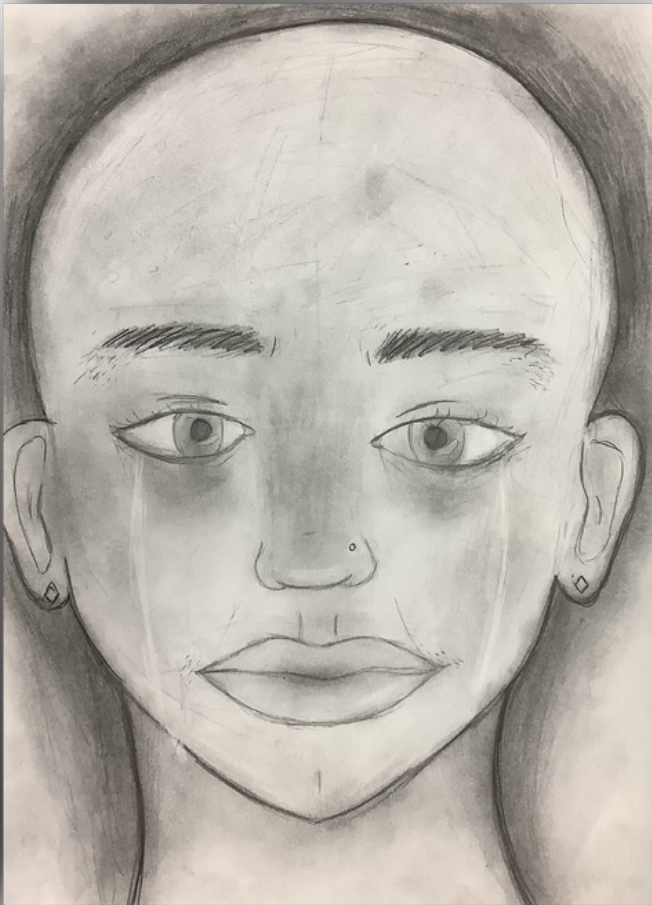
We moved down to the buses and got on. I knew that this was the wrong bus because I didn't remember anyone on the bus. We waited and waited until the last stop, and the bus driver looked back and realized that there were three more people on the bus: me, my sister, and another kid. He asked us for our names. He eventually called the dispatch. My sister and I heard on the radio, "The two siblings live on the last stop."

The bus driver said, "You two are the last stop. I can take you there now." He dropped us off. I don't recall remembering the area, but my sister remembered. We eventually got home and our mom wasn't there, but soon pulled up.

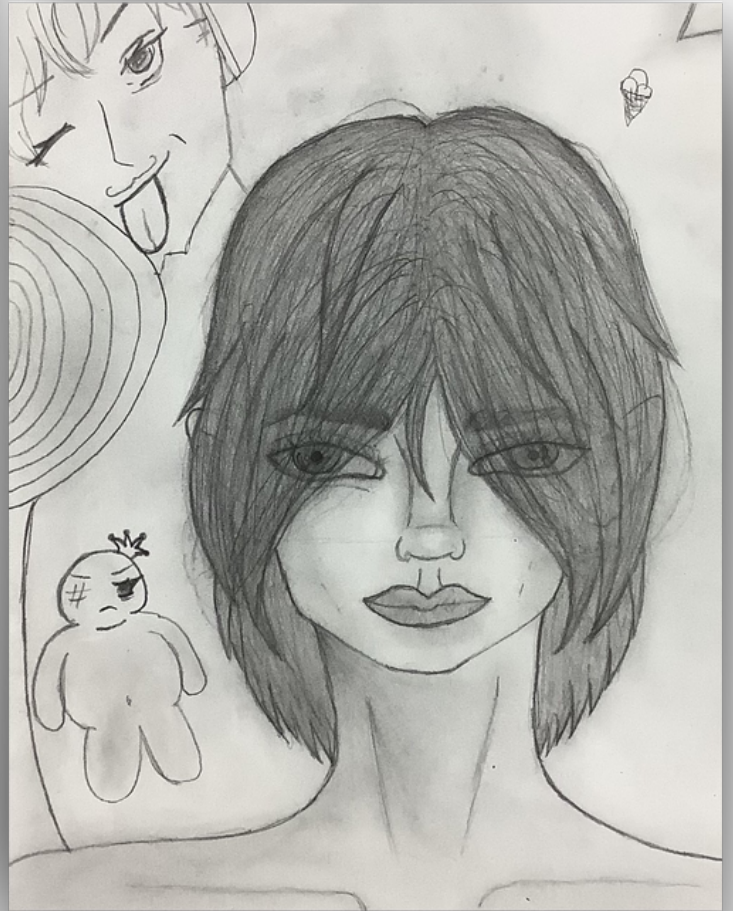
"I was worried sick! Where were you guys?" she said. We went inside and I told her the story.



ARTWORK BY
LUCIA KHIN, GRADE 6



ARTWORK BY
NALIE NHEAN, GRADE 8



ARTWORK BY
KELLY YANG, GRADE 8

Poem

by JJ Manzanares, grade 8

What did we say to each other
That now we are but human
Who let others mold us instead ourselves
With nothing but words
With nothing but actions
With their hand they slam on aspirations
With the boom of their voices they take our dreams
In whose mind there is only one path to happiness... instead, the array that exist

Summer Camp

by Benaias Marin, grade 6



MINT CHOC CHIP CONE
BY ASTRID LAKE
GRADE 7

I'm going to Camp Warren.

It was my birthday two days ago, and now I am going to camp. My dad was excited for me. I was excited and I had a little bit of mixed feelings, but that was fine. The camp was about 2 hours away, so it was a long drive. We made pit stops for snacks.

When we got to the camp, I was nervous. I did not want to go anymore. We got checked in and my camp counselor showed me the cabin. I got the top bunk. When we were all settled in, my dad left and I didn't want to be there.

After that, we went to a big cabin for lunch. The food was pretty good. After that, we were just unpacking and talking and trying to be each other's friends. I did make one friend. His name was Chase, and he liked riding horses and doing art projects.

After that, we got to choose what we wanted to do there. It was a long list of things to do like wild wilderness, horse riding, tennis, and a lot more. I picked art, wild wilderness, tennis, and archery.

We had a schedule like school. At the end of the day, we got an hour to do what we wanted to do like go on a canoe, fishing, do art, or we could go to the store. The store was a place where there were cookies, hard root beer candy, juice, clothes, etc. I would go to the store when we had about ten minutes left, when there was no one there. I would buy a cookie and save it for later. When we went to sleep, I would eat the cookie. That was the first two days in camp.

On the third day of camp, I got a letter from my dad saying the siblings miss me and he does too. Later that day, I found out that it was an activity day, so we got to do a couple activities after dinner like Gaga Ball, knot-making, and more. We had pizza, sprite, and a cookie for dinner that night. It was a lot of fun.

The next day in the wild wilderness, we had to do something called the mud run. That is when you go to this place where the mud was so deep that it went up to your neck. Then, you jump in the lake for fun and to get the mud off. I did not do my swim test, though, so I could not swim in the lake. When I got to the mud run activity, I was going to ask if I choose not do it. There were some other people who did not want to do it too. Anyone who did not want to try the mud run were told they did not have to participate, and i was relieved.



**ARTWORK BY
ANNA THAO, GRADE 8**

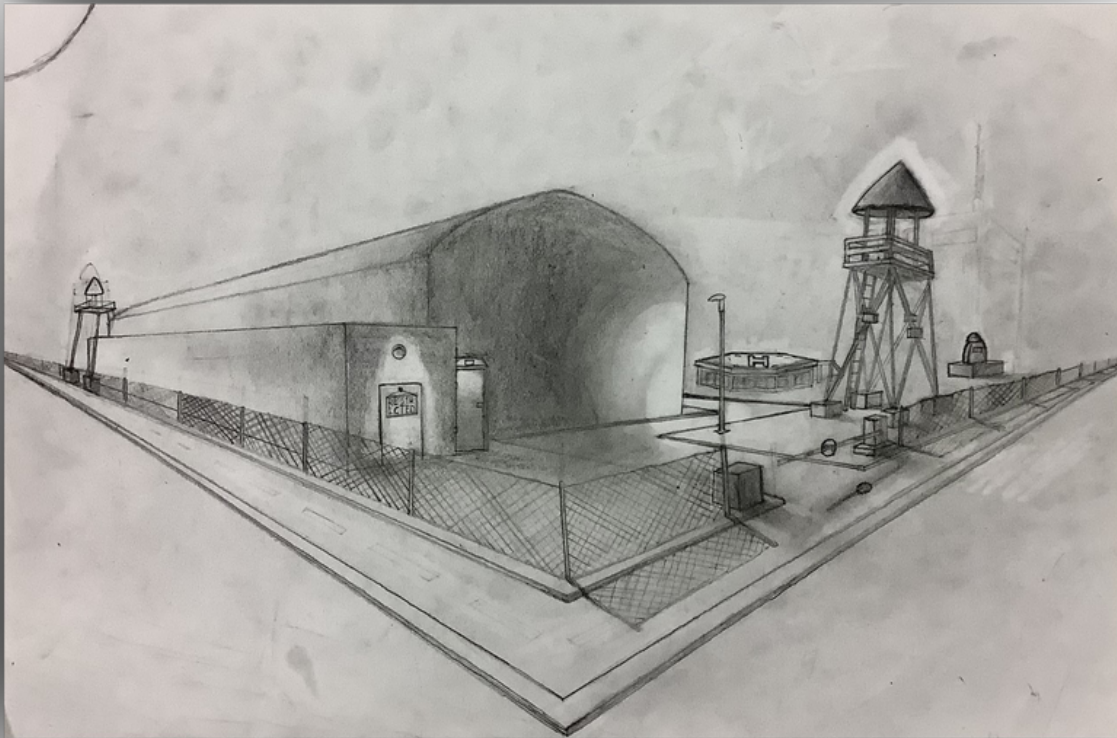
Later that day, it started to rain. When I went to tennis, they said we could go to the activity room and play ping pong instead. I did not play because the other kids were like 15 years old, and I was bad at ping pong. Later, I went to archery and was very bad at it, but I did hit some good shots.

That was my 4 days at summer camp.



**ARTWORK BY
FANCY SUNNY, GRADE 7**





ARTWORK BY LEO HEINE, GRADE 7

Poem

by Anonymous grade 6

I am from the busy wind and the smell of cooking malawaah and mandasie,
the sound of the mattress squeaking while my sisters are jumping up and down,
the sight of shake it up playing on the box TV before the sun even comes up,
the sound of the running neighbors through the think wall between the halls.
I am from my yelling cousins at the family functions,
the same nashheedos being played over and over again,
the exhaustion of running up and down the stairs playing tag,
the Disney movies being played while the only sound is crunching popcorn at the
end of the day.

I am from going to the library downstairs right after school,
the drum lessons in the library study every Tuesday,
the community room in the top floor of the apartment where I made arts and crafts
and played board games,
the comfort of everyone I know in my life being involved in my life.
I am from my childhood and the great stuff in it.

Poem

by Anonymous grade 6

I am from the red and white ribbons that help me.

I am from the beautiful waterfalls.

I am from nice home made food like pho, spring rolls, papaya salad and more.

I am from the bells that jingle, and the drums that bangs.

I am from helping my grandma farm.

I am from homemade skirts and clothes with beautiful patterns on them.

I am from Luna, my cat that has been sold.

I am from the golden and silver paper that resembles money.

I am from the mythical creatures that my grandma has told me about.

I am from the nice old Hmong songs that have been written.

I am from the wise words that my mom, dad, grandma, and grandpa have told me.

I am from the candles that have been lit for my ancestors.



ARTWORK BY
KAMIALA NGO, GRADE 6



ARTWORK BY
KAMIALA NGO, GRADE 6

Poem

by Anonymous grade 6

I am from kids playing everywhere.

I am from having family gatherings playing basketball.

I am from having friends come over to play basketball.

I am from having family dinners.

I am from having friends that are family.

I am from having each other's backs till the end.

I am from "Get off the game and go outside ur a kid"

I am from "You get what you get be grateful"

I am from everybody respecting each other

I am from having an athletic family

I am from a non-wealthy family but healthy family

I am from "Never show someone your weak side they'll take advantage of it"



JAMYA
BY ZOIEY LAKE, GRADE 7

Dungeons and Dragons

by Anonymous, grade 6

Gary Gygax once said, "There's a call to adventure. It's something in the inner psyche of humanity." *Dungeons and Dragons* is a great game that I want to teach you how to play. I want to teach people about how combat works, the base classes, and the base races.

Let me first explain the three primary races of *Dungeons and Dragons*. Some of the races are elves, humans, and dwarves. These are the most basic races in D & D. More races are the half-elf, the genasi, and the gnome. These races are more advanced races that aren't really played a lot. Some other races are the

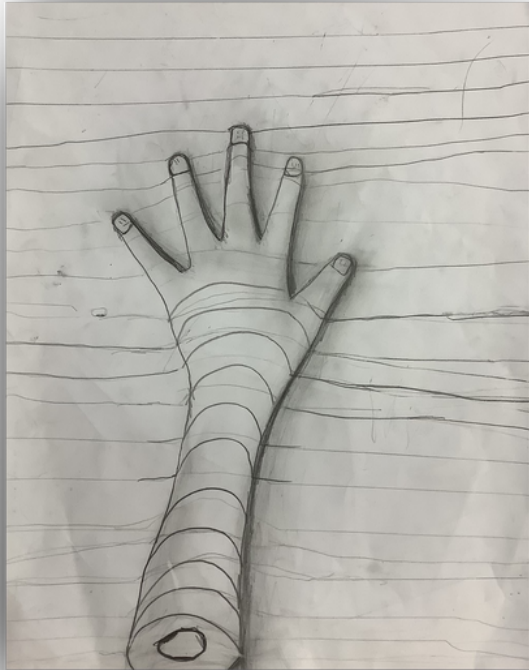
halfling, the dragonborn, and the tiefling. These are very fun races to play in D & D.

Secondly, let me explain how combat works in D & D. First, you roll initiative and this says the order you go. For example, if I roll a 13 and another person rolls a 7 and a third person rolls a 17, the person with the initiative of 17 would go. Then, the person with initiative of 13 would go, and then the initiative of 7. Also, the dungeon master (DM) would roll for the monster they are fighting. You roll initiative when the DM says so. Then, whoever rolled the highest initiative takes an action. They can either attack or move.

There are many things you can do besides these actions, but these are the most basic. If you choose to attack, you roll a D20 and see if you pass their armor class. Then, roll your damage dice. You continue this process until the enemy is dead. Example of damage dice are the D4, the D6, the D10, and the D12. D = die (as is one dice).

Lastly, I will explain all the three main classes. Some of the classes are the barbarian, the bard, the cleric, and the druid. The barbarian is a tanky fighter. The bard is a music spell-casting warrior. The cleric is a holy wizard. The druid is a nature wizard. More magical classes are the fighter, the monk, the paladin, and the ranger. These are the frontline classes who use swords and armor to get to their objectives. Some more classes are the rogue, the warlock, the wizard, and the sorcerer. These are the magic users, except for the rogue. If you need equipment to play D & D, there are many stores in the Twin Cities, I like to go to Source Comic and Games on 2057 Snelling Ave. North in Roseville, Minnesota.

I hope you have learned the core mechanics of D & D. Remember, in *Dungeons and Dragons*, you need to make characters using the base races and the base classes. You also need to have epic combat in your next game of D & D. You'll need to know how to use combat, what the races are, and know the classes. Your imagination is the biggest mechanic in all of D & D.



**ARTWORK BY
ASIA BAUMAN, GRADE 5**

The Zodiac Killer

by Anonymous, grade 6

Why did the Zodiac Murderer kill innocent lives? Today, I am going to teach you about the Zodiac Killer and who he was, his unknown identity, and how popular culture became interested in him.

The first thing you may ask me, "What do you mean by Zodiac Killer? Who is he?" The Zodiac Killer is a serial killer in San Francisco that killed multiple people. It is also an unsolved case. The Zodiac Killer also used cryptography to hide his/her identity. Cecilia Ann Shepard and Bryan Hartnell were two victims. Bryan Hartnell survived, but Cecilia Ann Shepard sadly didn't. The police went to look for any evidence from the Zodiac Killer, but had no success. Most

investigators claim that the Zodiac Killer was around 35-45 years old and weighed about 220 pounds (100 KG). A crime scene investigator also found a footprint on the path at the crime scene, and studied the footprints. He noticed a little circle with printing. Investigators used that marking to identify the boots that had made the prints, a type of military boot called Wing Walkers. This clue led investigators to believe the Zodiac Kills was involved with the military in some way.

Secondly, the identity of the Zodiac Killer was an unknown mystery. Some people think that Ted Kaczynski, also know as the Unabomber, may have also been the Zodiac Killer.

Kaczynski shared some similarity with the Zodiac Killer. He lived in the San Francisco area in the late 1960s, he showed the ability build bombs, and he liked to communicate with the news media after his attacks. However, police and FBI cleared Kaczynski as a suspect in the Zodiac case because his fingerprints did not match with the Zodiac Killer. Another thing about the Zodiac Killer is that he was also involved in killing a taxi driver. He first killed on December 20, 1968. In 2014, Gary Stewart wrote a book

and claimed that his biological father Earl Van Best Jr. was the Zodiac Killer. Van Best, who was dead when the book was published, had a criminal record in San Francisco and also had a strong physical resemblance to the police sketch of the killer. The investigator followed several leads and even discovered a potential Zodiac Killer connection to a murder in southern California.

Lastly, I will tell you about the Zodiac Killer in pop culture. For years, the public has been fascinated by the unsolved murders claimed by the Zodiac Killer. Who was he, and why did he kill? How did he choose his victims? The killer claimed that he was collecting his victims as slaves for the afterlife. In his August 4 letter to the examiner, the killer gave himself a name: Zodiac. Although the zodiac claimed to have committed 37 murders in letters to the newspapers, investigators agree on only seven confirmed victims, two of whom survived. For a short time, police considered Ferrin's ex-husband Jim Phillips (also known as Jim Crabeen) as a potential suspect. Ferrin had married Phillips in January 1966 in Reno, Nevada. She filed for divorce from him in 1967. In her divorce filing, she claimed that Phillips had treated her with extreme mental cruelty. Some people have theorized that Ferrin and Gageau were attacked by a jilted lover. On October 22, 1969, a man called the Oakland Police Department and claimed to be the Zodiac Killer. He asked the police operator to get in touch with F. Lee Bailey or Melvin Belli, well-known defense lawyers at the time.

I hope you have learned more about the Zodiac Killer and who he was, his unknown identity, and how popular culture became interested in him. I hope what I shared was inspirational to some true murder crime fans!



ARTWORK BY MAXIMUS VANG, GRADE 7

Poem

by Anonymous grade 6

I am from playing with my childhood friends outside our apartments.

I am from my brothers everyday annoying me.

I am from eating egg curry my mom makes.

I am from snuggling with my teddy bear whenever I sleep.

I am from celebrating my culture background.

I am from my parents telling me to study every time I get home.

I am from going to the park with my family.

I am from listening to music 'til I sleep.

I am from helping my mom water her plants.

I am from seeing kids run around the sanctuary.

I am from texting my friends when I'm bored.

I am from people asking, "Have you eaten rice yet?"



ARTWORK BY
KAMIALA NGO, GRADE 6

Playing Volleyball

by Anonymous grade 6

It was just a regular summer day. My brother and I were outside in our backyard playing volleyball. In my perspective, my brother was super mean sometimes but also super nice sometimes. My brother and I were just in our small backyard playing volleyball when I set my brother a set. Out of nowhere, he spiked the ball straight at my dad's cactus accidentally. CRASH! "What did we do?" we thought.

After that, I went on to my iPad and watched YouTube. I knew we wouldn't get away with it, so my brother and I knew what was coming for us. We were thinking it was time for spankings. We tried to fix it, but we couldn't. It took all the courage we could get to tell our dad. When we told him, he was mad. He angrily said to my brother and me, "I told you that you would break my cactus!"

He wasn't that mad, thought. After that, we were both thinking, "Wow. We're saved. God has save us. Hallelujah. Praise the Lord." After that, we play on my TV. Now, my brother and I don't play that much anymore. Not because of the accident, though. I still love playing volleyball, but covid has changed that. "I'm so thankful that I didn't get a spanking," I said to myself.

Poem

by Anonymous grade 6

I am from plain old rice, growing and picking.

I am from working hard in the fields,
working throughout the hot days.

I am gathering to honor the old and give them thanks.

I am from golden statues and praying with the buddha for hours and hours.
I am from traveling miles to celebrate Karen New Years with friends and family.

I am from loud, sweaty, hot days with crying, yelling, and playing
that makes me annoyed, but is worth it for a smile from my siblings.

I am from sleeping with the sound of a rainstorm
or sometimes with the sound of crickets singing throughout the night.
I am from a mother taking care of us, cooking for us, cleaning after us.

Even when she's sick, she never gives up and keeps going.

I am from a father working in harsh jobs in the middle of the night
and still has time for us.

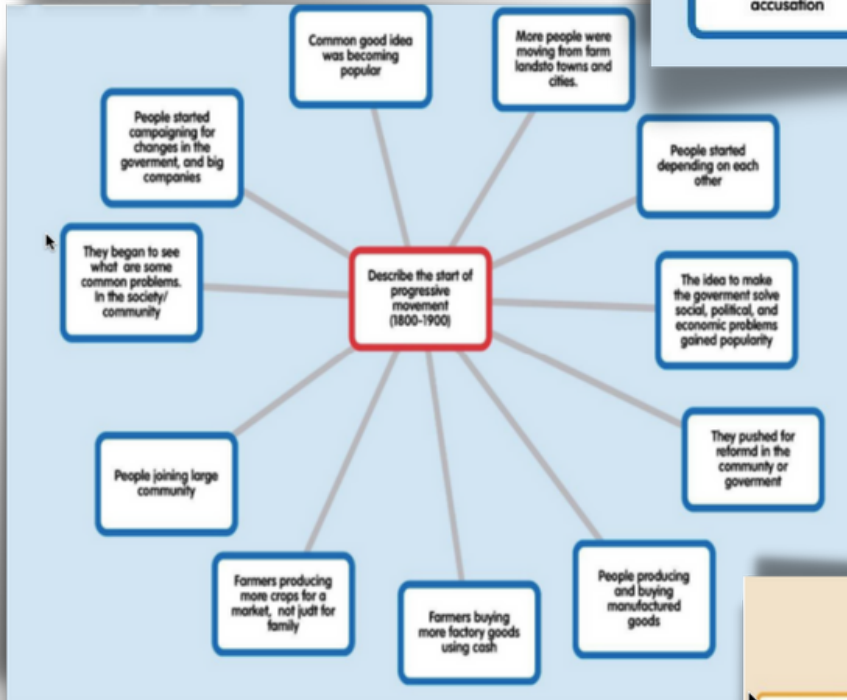
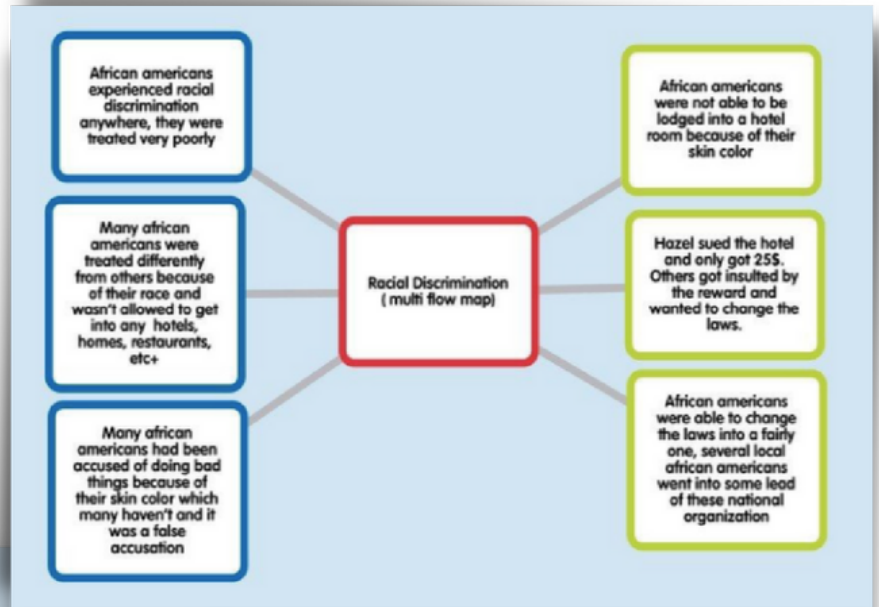
I am from fast learners, hard working people giving it all for family.

I am from a strict, harsh, but kind family.

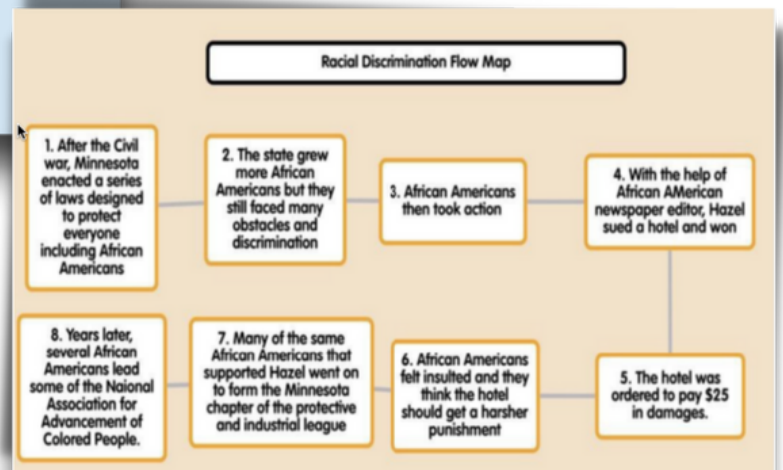


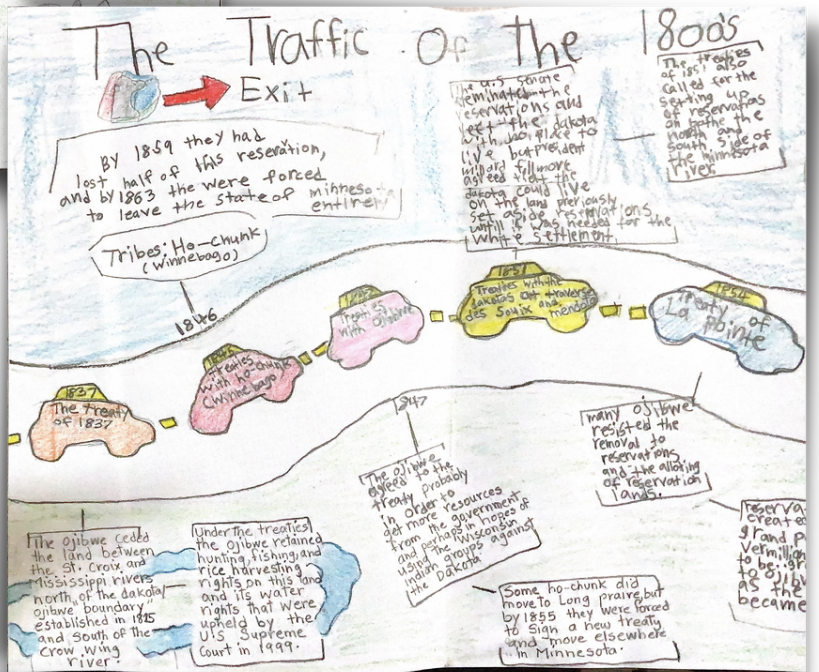
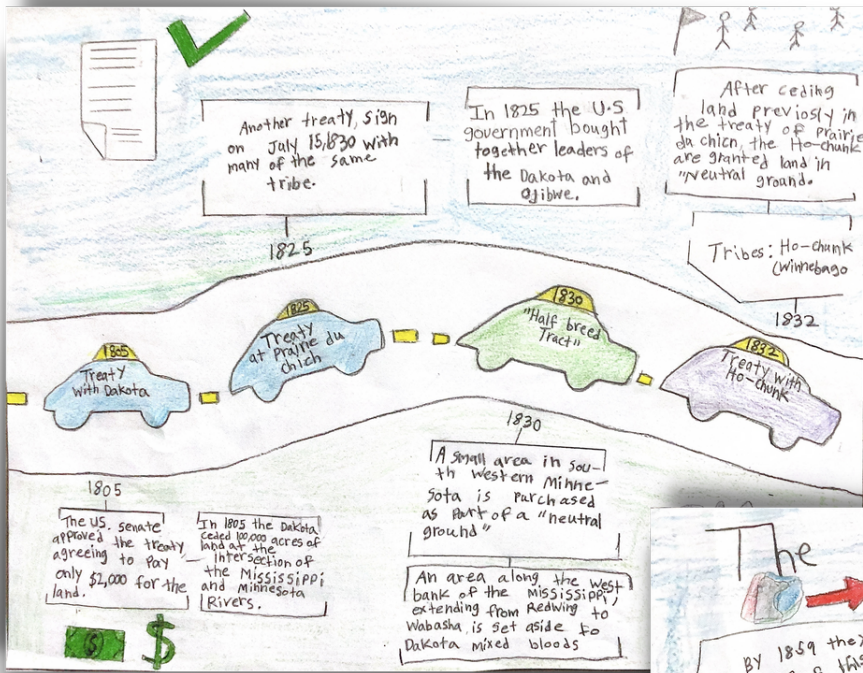
ARTWORK BY ATHENA XIONG, GRADE 8

ASSORTED SCRIBBLES



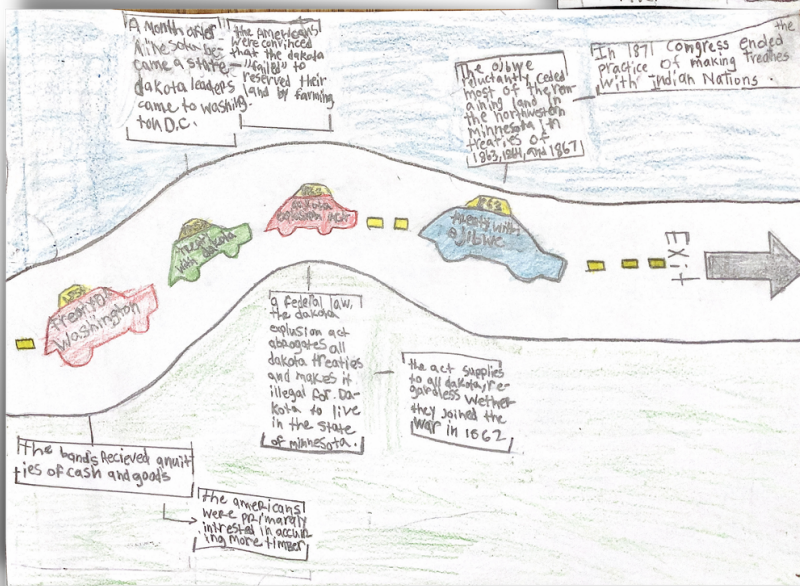
FLOW CHARTS BY ANONYMOUS SMALL GROUPS GRADE 6





Treaties of Minnesota

TIMELINE BY ANONYMOUS SMALL GROUP GRADE 6



CONTRIBUTING SCRIBBLERS

GRADE 5

Asia Bauman
Carlos Taylor
Liam Mader

GRADE 6

Korbin Pfeifer
Kamiala Ngo
Lucia Khin
Sarita Vang
Christy Lee
Htee Plah Kue
Benaias Marin
Roger Paredes
Julia Phaw Wah
Matthew Xiong
Karissa Nelsen
Panhia Yang
Anonymous Writers

GRADE 7

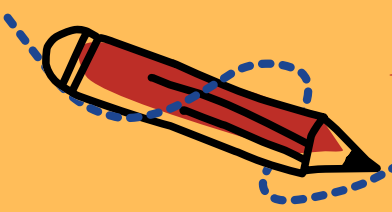
Snow Thu
Maximus Vang
Zoey Lake
Leo Heine
Fancy Sunny
Astrid Lake
Maddie Hang
Serenity Oden
Kelly Sheen
Heriberto Rivera Arreguin
Natalia Obeta
Michelle Lee
Chris Pittman
Nee Pwee
Victoria "Acid" Castillo
Anthony Jamons
Sunshine Xiong
Anonymous Writers

GRADE 8

Ellis Vang
Anna Thao
Athena Xiong
Evalynn Xiong
JJ Manzanares
Nalie Nhean
Kelly Yang
Max Vang
Kei Dupey
Makayla McCaster
Savanna Vang
Joua Lor
Aanaiyah DeLaCruz-Stevens
Delilah Vang
Julius Osgood
Shouayee Xiong
Keane Pfeifer
Jasmine Vue
Pedchara Yang
Nicaya Jackson
Sagal Abdikadir
Anonymous Writers



2 PLATES
BY ANNA THAO
GRADE 8



THE SCRIBBLER



ARTWORK BY:
ELLIS VANG, GRADE 8

