



YOUTH WRITING FESTIVAL 2013

A program of the Multicultural Institute

www.mionline.org



MULTICULTURAL INSTITUTE

The Youth Writing Festival (YWF) offers elementary and middle school students an exceptional opportunity to build literacy skills during the summer. Students write essays, stories, and poems, they benefit from individual instruction, the camaraderie of small study groups, and the rare gift of enough time to make real progress. The result is extraordinary -participants uncover new creative impulses, develop confidence in themselves, and in some cases, compose their first pieces of writing ever outside of assignments for school.

Our VISION

We envision a community in which immigrants, regardless of their immigration status, are embraced and valued in the communities in which they work and live.

Our MISSION

We accompany immigrants in their transition from poverty and isolation to prosperity and participation.

Our PROGRAMS

Day Laborer. From job-placement assistance to health services, education to advocacy, this program helps economically disadvantaged immigrants and their families.

GED Preparation. Prepares adults for the Spanish-language GED exam, leading to new employment and educational opportunities.

Business Skill Development. Offers Spanish-language intensive short-term courses in business planning to increase capacity, track expenses and income, file taxes, and build clientele.

Mentoring for Academic Success (MAS). Offers academic support to students beginning in fourth grade. Its goal is to reduce racial inequality in education, leading to readiness for college success.

Our VALUES

- We strive to promote an atmosphere of openness, trust and relationship, as well as participation in decisions by those affected, thus enabling all to realize, develop and share their gifts for the good of the community;
- We seek simplicity and flexibility in our operations;
- We believe in a society in which the world's resources are made available to all according to need, where all peoples share with equality, freedom and human dignity;
- We want to serve as advocates for the poor and the outcast;
- We work to be good stewards of all the gifts given to us.

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ABOUT US

THE MULTICULTURAL INSTITUTE:

A 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization, promotes community empowerment, youth and family support, and leadership development in diverse communities. Founded in 1991 by Fr. Rigoberto Calocarivas, Ph.D., the Institute has a small full-time staff, a number of part-time staff, and many enthusiastic volunteers. Overseeing the Institute is a board of directors who work together to establish and fortify alliances with local civic, business, religious leaders and other institutions.

MENTORING FOR ACADEMIC SUCCESS (MAS):

Established at the Multicultural Institute in 1999, strives to eliminate the educational inequity gap by helping students set and achieve academic goals through tutoring, enrichment activities, and parental support. We assist students in becoming competitively eligible for post-secondary education. All students are welcome to participate in our programs.

THE YOUTH WRITING FESTIVAL:

It is the MAS program's summer academy. Youth Writing Festival gives students (grades 4-9) the opportunity to explore and practice creative writing, learn about a variety of literary techniques, strengthen their literacy skills, and develop community. Students work in small groups on free-writing, structured assignments, poetry, prose, and group activities. Fieldtrips provide inspiration, insight and fun along the way; as do special presentations from visiting artists. The Festival ends with a public reading where the young writers share their works with their families and friends.

MI STAFF

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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LETTER FROM YWF DIRECTORS

These past four weeks have been very special to us. We have seen all the students grow as creative writers. They were able to express themselves in free-writes without being constrained by grammar, spelling or syntax. Even in more structured writing activities, which included poetry, short stories, parodies and commercials, students were encouraged to use their imagination and go beyond the boundaries of conventional writing prompts. We believe that creativity is a fundamental component of education, which is why our highest priority was to let students play with their imagination and not be afraid to express their voices.

Congratulations to all of the YWF participants. We can still remember the first week when we met all of you and how hard it was for you to get your creative minds flowing. Now, four weeks later, you are all unstoppable and have learned to trust yourselves and have fun with your writing.

Special thanks go to the tutors and volunteers for their incredible dedication, energy and patience. It has been a pleasure working with all of you and seeing how you developed special bonds with your tutees. Your work with them is very important because it will have a lasting impact in their lives.

We also would like to thank the participant's parents for their commitment. Thank you for believing in our program, giving us ideas, and communicating with us about your children's progress. We are particularly grateful to those of you who helped out either by donating snacks for the students or chaperoning in the fieldtrip. Without your support this program couldn't have been successful!

A final word goes to the MI Board of Directors and Staff for their unconditional support. Thank you for making the YWF a beautiful experience and an incredible success.

Thank you!!!

Sincerely,

Merced Truax-Padilla
Richmond Site Program Director

Laura Gomez
Berkeley Site Program Director

Richmond Site

Natalie Alberto



SHORT STORY

On a winter day on December there was a 15-year-old girl named Mayra. She always laughed too much and always got distracted. She lived with her 2 brothers and her parents. They lived in a place named Analasia. In Analasia she had five very best friends and one teacher, her teachers name was Ms. White. Ms. White was a nice and helpful teacher; Mayra's five best friends were Natalie, Gabby, Jessica, Edwin and Alejandro. Natalie also always got distracted. Gabby was a very serious and tall person who sang all the time. Jessica was the shortest of all. Edwin and Alejandro were the ones who always made Mayra laugh so hard. But there was a bad wizard called The A Great Luis. He hated all six of them because he hated how they were always happy, so he was planning something mischievous and evil. So the next day he worked on an invention, he was making a magic typewriter.

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from writing,
from Apple and granola.
I am from the Alberto Family,
talkative, funny and rowdy.
I am from the rose, the humming bird,
both beautiful and lovable.
I am from barbequing and
waiting until 12 am on my birthday.
From Patricia and Roberto Alberto.

I'm from praying and clean,
from the "don't get distracted and "stop talking."
I'm from a perfect God,
the only perfect and powerful person
that knows that nothing is impossible and
that can never stop loving us.

I'm from faith that started in God,
eggs and quesadillas.
From the mom that married my dad at 16 years old,
the big brother that has always been honest
and polite with people.

I am from a very loving family
that cares about us.
I have a crazy life, fun and enjoyable.



SONG PARODY

"What a Wonderful Store"

I see soda cans, ruffles and lays
I have to make a decision
And I think to myself
What a wonderful store
I see Cheetos too and small pretzels
The big full chip rack
It's my lucky day
And I think to myself
What a wonderful store

Armando Barajas



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from computer
From cool puter 3000 and laptopia 2000
I am from the half ghetto
Quarter straight cats and a quarter-Mexican
It smells like poop
I am from the Venus fly trap
The food chain
Eating is a part of lift
I'm from taco-eating
Pozole eating from Miguelito and Armando
I'm from the assumptions
And the intolerance
From shhhh!
Pay attention
I'm from the family that believes in Christianity
Worshipping God
I'm from Puerto Vallarta
Tacos and quesadilla
From the "working when I was your age"
The OCD of my aunt
I'm from Nintendo and their games will be like heaven.

SONG PARODY

"The Itsy Bitsy Virus"

The itsy bitsy virus
Went up the fire wall
Down come Norton and
made the virus fall
Out Norton and the itsy
bitsy virus
Went up the wall again.

ACROSTICS

Armando is the best
Rolling over everybody
Making progress in school
And developing games
Norad is the name of the game
Dim the light because is work
and work
On top of everything

SHORT STORY

They're all gone I could have been there, I could have saved them, I just had to ignore them. I shouldn't have been there at the house to protect them. I was an idiot to believe that The Man Bat wouldn't go to target my family having an outage. It's been 3 days since my family was kidnapped. I know this because they disappeared from the face of the earth after I couldn't find them anywhere. There's also the possibility that they run away from me. But that's unlikely, or is it? Also, I might have to take matters into my own hands. I'll just grab the shotgun and see what my got rays.



Citlali Camacho



TRASH POEM

Once there was a lazy poor young girl
That didn't go to school
She was a big fool
She didn't want to pick up her trash
So she had a huge mash
The trash had from a big can of rats
And from cartons and mats
She had 100 bags of garbage
Filled with a bunch of garbage
She would always get in trouble so
She would always get in her bubble
So the next day she throws the trash out
Of her house and found a mouse
Near her friend's house.

HAIKUS

Green elms in the woods
Looking strong and powerful
Standing tall and proud

With flowers colors
The petals bend to the earth
Which makes flowers shine

CINQUAIN

Ice cream
Cold and tasty
Eaten on a hot day
Love the taste of it in my mouth
Yummy

POEM

Park
A park has a lot of trees
To climb it you use your hands and knees
Hope I don't fall
I'll have fun after all
And I hope I don't get stung by bees

ACROSTICS

Citlali likes reading
In the Library
Talking softly
Laying down in the couch
Asking questions
Learning more things
Interested in many things



Rubi Camacho

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from food
From Welch's and fruit snack
I am from the mi casa amarilla bien bonita
It feels fresh
I am from the yerba buena
The cactus, cactus spikey
Yerba buena feels
I'm from going with my cousins
Every 15 we do party every summer
From Angelica and Jose
I'm from the parties and the 15
From clean the bathroom
when done taking a shower
Clean your room
I'm from God, He is kind
and helps people
I'm from our secret recipe for gorditas
Pan and corn in cups
I am from playing all day and night
I am from eating food from
my family that they all make in Mexico



TRASH POEM

That old cold man
With that old mold can
That always runs
All the way to the van
He always had some trash
In that van
He always wanted
To get cans
Out of the van
But he never could
They always say
That the trash
Is still in the van.

SHORT STORY

In the Fancy Restaurant

One day when it was summer was not hot and we were in Zacatecas, Mexico. We were in a fancy restaurant it was beautiful place. There was even a stage dancing. My sisters Citlali and Alexia were with me and 3 friends of mine, Andrea, Lucero and Vanessa all of them were with me in the fancy restaurant.

Andrea with her curly hair had a big white dress, she was 12 years old. Lucero with her long hair, had a summer beautiful dress. Vanessa with her black hair and some blue jeans and a black shirt, is 13 years old. Citlali was always annoying with her black hair. Alexia, she was 5 years old and she was the smallest in our group.

We went to get some food. We all saw a piece of hamburger and we all went to get it. All of us got it at the same time. We started to say that we all got it first; then we started to argue for it. We all agreed that we will give it to Alexia because she was the smallest. We all started to fight for a hamburger? That was weird because there was more food to eat. When we came out with that idea to give it to Alexia my little sister, everything was fine. If we had gotten into a fight that would have ruined our relationship. We might talk about our secrets out loud and embarrassed us. When Andrea told all of us to stop we stood there. I told them to apologize we were just fighting over a hamburger. That was so dumb. We all calmed down and started to eat all sort of food and it was so delicious. We ate a lot and our stomachs started to hurt. We were so happy to be such good friends. And that is what happened when we play in my big back yard. We have so much fun together. THE END

Martin Celaya



SONG PARODY

“Petal, petal, petal”

Petal petal petal your bike
Down the side walk
Wheel spinning spinning
Quickly down the street
Petal petal your bike
Down the side walk

POEM

In the darkest day
And bright as light
Your eye gives me the sight
You're something I can't
betray
Even within all my night
So I give you this poem to end
the night

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from pencil
From Jot and stencil
I am from the inside of the pencil
Wooden dark
I feel wood everywhere
I am from the tree
The apple tree
Apple tree inside
A forest with a lot of apples
I'm from my grandma's house
We go every Sunday
From Marina and Ismael
I'm from the family that rooks a lot
And the family that yells a lot
From being funny
Being caring
I'm from the family that believe in the Virgen Maria
I believe and trust her
I'm from Guanajuato
Frijoles and arroz
From the dad that told me he worked at my age
The mom that was supposed to be smarter than me
I'm from 35th street
I love my family to death
I would do anything to help them



Jose Cervacio

SHORT STORY

Once upon a time there was a kid playing soccer and he was very happy and their names were Vincent, Alex, Carlos, Jose, Felipe and Angel they were practicing on a field that was 5 yards on a sunny day was a good day to play soccer but they cancel the game because they were only 6 people on the field so the game was on Sunday and the 6 people were sad because they wanted to be on Saturday and they were practicing on Saturday but it was raining and it was lots of puddles on the field. It was Sunday and they play the game and the coach said that Bruno is goalie and Michael was defense and Anthony was the middle and Angel was forward, the other ones were on the bench, the game started and Anthony fell on the mud because a boy pushed Anthony in the mud and change Anthony for Jose and Jose was middle and the game ended they took a break for 30 minutes and it was 35 minutes, so the game started again .When the game started the jaguars, started the ball the other team it was corner and Anthony throw the ball above everyone's head and Jose hit the ball to the goalie and Jose make the goal and it was over and the jaguars won , the score was 5 to 1.

SONG PARODY

“Beauty and the Beast”

Show you off
What I can do
No one can
I am a billionaire
I party every night like its 3015
I have all the fancy things in life
I forget about the world tonight
Were forever rich
I'm going out tonight
I'm coming for you, I'm coming for
you
Because all....
I need is a bunch of money
That makes my life complete
It's all
About money, when the music
makes you move

ACROSTICS

Jonathan is funny
Octopus is weird
Salad is so good
Easy boy



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from Mexico
From Guadalajara and Gardens
I am from my house is big
Hudge tall it almost reaches the sky
I am from the Pineapple tree
The plant
I think the pineapple tree is big
I'm from soccer family
Athletic family
From Jose and Filomena
I'm from the family that forgets things
And the tardy family
From turn of the TV
Tells me to write
I'm from Mexico
Happy, party family
I'm from ling time ago
Tamales and enchiladas
From the Mom that has born in Mexico
Oscar he is small and plays soccer.



Jeniffer Dominguez



ACROSTICS

Jenny is short for Jennifer
Eats to much
Normal
Not boring
Interesting
Forgets stuff
Emir is my cousin
Running is my least favorite sport

CINQUAIN

Jenny
She likes to eat
She likes to write poems
I like pepperoni pizza
Pretty

SHORT STORY

One day in Reno my friend named Jocelyn told her brother Roberto and I that we should go to Colombia, and we said OK in the summer of July 3, 2013 we were getting ready to leave to the airport but we didn't know how to get there, the dress I wore was beautiful it was polka dots, the tacos we ate were so yummy. On the way to the airport Jocelyn was telling us funny jokes she was moving her blond her, she was moving her aqua eyes around and she told me that she was a peace sign lover. Roberto did the same thing that she did, when we saw the road the GPS took us to an abandoned house. The house was big, long, tall, blue and messy from the outside. We were looking for help but nobody was there. We saw an old man lying on the wall. We waved our hands in front of his face; the old man didn't wake up. The door was open we got in the abandoned house and it was so dark in there, the old man closed the door we tried to open it, but it was locked. We couldn't get out we heard a noise. The old man was chasing us then we saw the secret way out, then I heard the alarm and that was all a dream.



TRASH POEM

I don't like taking out the trash
But when I don't take it
I get a rash
Sometimes I am so tired
And if I worked at a garbage place
I would be fired
My mom makes me take it out
Because if I don't
I have to become a girl scout
The trash smelled so bad
And I was so mad.

Nicholas Gonzalez



ACROSTICS

Nicholas loves soccer
In a soccer field
Can make goals
Having fun
Out running from the enemy
Loosing and asking what to do before the game
Awesome
Scoring the winning goal

CINQUAIN

Soccer
Fun and tiring
Running and kicking ball
Love winning a championship
Soccer game
Awesome



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I'm from Berkeley
From Spanish people and English people
I am from the rancho noisy and really fun
Feeding horses, I am from the beautiful
parks, the lakes
And the nature of California
I'm from parties and going to the park
From Mom and Dad
I'm from the playing soccer
And the family trips
From doing homework
To be active
I'm from believing in God and praying to
forgive my sins
I'm from a hard worker
Tacos and burgers
From the family of making their toys
The family makes plates of day
That's what makes me where I come from.

TRASH POEM

Once there was a lazy boy
That never picks up his toy
There was so much trash
He didn't find his cash
So his life was not a joy
He had thousands of bags
Filled with tags
He didn't know what to do
He could never move from
His room to get the broom
To clean up his room
He had some friends that
Would come and play
When they see the trash
They go away

Roberto Guerra



SHORT STORY

It all started when my cousin came to visit, my cousin is 17 years old and his name is Isaac, He came over to my house because he wants me to go camping with him, so I said yes because I've never been camping before, then when we left my house I was so excited to go, but it took about 3-4 hours to get there and I fall asleep for half of the drive.

We got there after a 3-4 hour drive then we got all of the stuff out and went looking for a good spot to put our stuff out and we found a good one next to the lake and the bathrooms, also the lake was fresh and there were some big rock next to our camp site, then it started to get dark so we started to make a camp fire and make smores under the warm night sky.

When we woke up we went on a hike and Roberto broke his IPod, when they started on this hike Isaac got mad at Robert because he's not supposed to bring his IPod with him but he didn't listen to him and Robert was mad at Isaac so when they went on the hike Robert put on his earphones and didn't listen to Isaac and Robert keeps on walk his own trail until Isaac got mad and pulled out a map so they couldn't get lost. Isaac thought Roberto was behind him and he started to scream his name out loud. Roberto kept going downhill instead of up the hill. He bumped into a park ranger keeps him until Isaac came.

Isaac was going crazy and it started to get dark and he worried more so he fall asleep and the next morning he starts to walk and see a house and goes over there and notices it's the park ranger.

When they got to the camp site they start packing up and getting ready to go back home, they said they saw a bear. That is the end of my story.

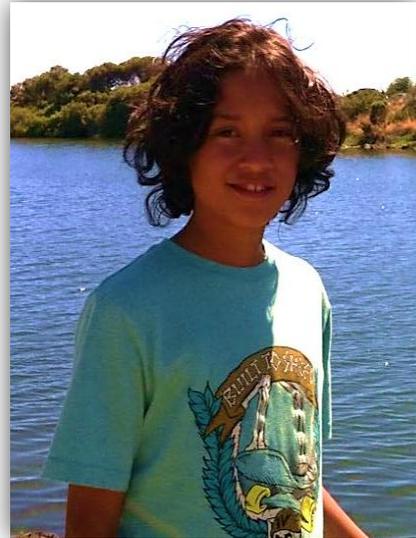


Hector Guerra

Have you ever felt like one of your best friends has betrayed you? Well that had happened with these: The world greatest super heroes and are the best friends Superman and Batman. This has happened in Vancouver, Canada on a Christmas day. They were in their regular clothes. Superman was starting to make fun of Batman and never gave him a present on Christmas Eve.

They had been already been beating each other to death after one of another each one of them almost dying just for a little misunderstanding just for a present for Christ. Then Batman had come up with an idea to show Superman's real identity, but Superman was in his house to come up with an idea to kill Batman, also to stop the nonsense.

The same day but later Batman had killed Superman's girlfriend, Louis, and his other friends. Everyone thought that Lex Luther has no controlled Batman to kill. Superman for win after Batman had killed Superman's family and friends. Then it came to Superman's perception: that he should show Batman's second life too, but if it goes all wrong no move Bruce Waype.....



Bruno Hernandez

SONG PARODY

“Silly Orange”

Orange
nya nya style
nya nya style
I'm an orange people say that
I'm annoying
I hang out in the stables
with a bunch of unicorns.



TRASH POEM

A lot of people pay trash
Because they want cash
So they will never crash
If they do they will get smash
And they will run faster than dash

The trash is stinky
That can take your pinky
And if you like that finger
Tell me who your favorite singer is

SHORT STORY

A long time ago there was a ninja called Lloyd he was green, he had 4 friends there names were Kai, Jay, Cole, Zane, they were trying to destroy the bad guys home. They found Lloyd's dad, the problem was if they fight, to resolve the problem is that Lloyd turns to a golden Ninja, Lloyd was fighting Garmadon, they were fighting because he was turning everyone evil. They fight during Lloyd turning to the golden Ninja, Lloyd gets back with his friends, Lloyd finds his dad and he would not be a ninja anymore. THE END!!!

WHERE I AM FROM POEM

I am from God, from angels and the clouds
I am from the little white house, it's clean and it's colorful
I see a bear
I am from the rose,
the water, roses are red water is blue
Noon is uglier than you
I'm from strong family and playful family
from Bruno and Claudia
I'm from the hungry family
And the big party family
From looking like Bruno Mars and Brunito
I'm from la Virgen de Guadalupe and angels
I'm from Mexican Chips and Hamburgers
From the mercy of God, the angels in heaven
These are all my believes
Because they're true!!!!



Miguel Macias



POEM

“When I Was Little”

When I was little I had a lush dream
That one day I'll marry a queen
She'll sit by my thrown
Until we are old
But now I know my dream won't come true
But together were just like my dream



SHORT STORY

When I was 12 my uncle invites me to Lake Berriyesa , we rented a boat , we would go into a deep part in the lake and jump off, it was cool, we bought inflatable tubes so we could ride on top of them, it feel like it went fast as fast as a jet.

Later we got hungry we order lots of pizza , chicken wings from wing stop, we ate like pigs, when I got back in the lake I got a cramp and it felt like I broke my toe so I got out of the water for around 20 minutes, when I was better I went back in the lake and got in the boat, the boat was almost out of gas but we didn't notice it, 30 minutes later we were out of gas in the middle of the lake , some boats passed and we asked for gas but none of them came back it was around 12pm that we decided to pushed the boat , it was taking long , at 1am we were out but tired and we stayed in a nearby hotel.

Finally after a long day we went back home tired but I believe some day we will look back at this and laugh.

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from a fun family
From Mexico and we play lots of soccer
I am from the 2 story house
It's big, fun
It's amazing for a family to be
I am from the forest
The forest holds beautiful moss
And that moss multiply
By many
I'm from where they like party
Like to cook tamales
From Mom and Dad
I'm from the whom like sports
And the like to go to places
From where they stay up late
People drink
I'm from were God rules my world
He made miracles happened
I'm from a family that's works on the fields
Tamales and posole
From the Dad and Mom
He came to United States
when he was 17 years old
They worked on the fields for a long time
This is a story about my religion were
I live what my parents did for a while
and my tradition

Andrea Melendez



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from California
From banana republic and Hollister
I am from the kind of big house and clean
I had a leather couch and platinum TV
I am from the Lily flowers
The Lily has beautiful stripes and it's pink
and nice.
I'm from Christmas Day
Put Baby Jesus in a blanket swinging and
everybody kisses the baby.
I'm from that we always go to different
places with friends.
From my mom
always want me to clean my room
Be nice
I'm from soccer
My dad played soccer
And his dad played soccer
Posole and tacos
From my Mom and Dad
That I have a Tia from Mexico
that she is nice.
I was using someone scooter
and I crash in a tree.

SONG PARODY

"Cups"

I have a ticket
For a short way ride
To go from a bottle of juice
For the way when I'm gone
When I'm gone
You are going to miss me
When I'm gone

ACROSTICS

Andrea likes ice cream, she
Never say no to ice cream, she has
Dreams about it, she gets
Really happy when she gets ice cream, she feels
Extraordinary and
Awesome



SHORT STORY

Once upon a time there was a beautiful teenage girl who was going to college, she was 18 years old, was going to San Diego for vacation, when she was crossing the street suddenly the bus was about to run over her but in that moment a handsome boy name Brandon saved her, when she open her eyes and the boy saw her they fell in love at the same time. Vanessa was a rich girl, but Vanessa best friend Kendra never show her that she was not a good person , Vanessa and Brandon are dating and they are very happy. They went to Hawaii and they are happy for ever.

Dianna Millan



SHORT STORY

One summer day on July 19, 1996 we were in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico for a family vacation. I was so excited because there were beaches, warm waters and the fruit smoothies were calling my name. Once I got to the beach, I put a chair and an umbrella. I finally was relaxing. The sand was really hot, it was hot as a sizzling stove. The waters were really warm.

Suddenly I felt some huge footsteps. I also heard a ROARRRRR! When I looked back it was a huge bear. People were screaming and running. I couldn't find my sister, I was worried. I heard her scream, I looked I looked back and the bear had her into his cave, I knew I had to save her.

I went back to get supplies. I knew that he bear will be dangerous so I got some bear poison just in case. On my way there I found a bottle. I thought it was water but it was a magic potion that gave me super powers. I went to his cave and I stumbled into 2 vicious tigers. They came after me..I used my lightning fingers to kill them. It worked on one of them. I had to fight the other one. I kicked it and punched it with my super strength and I finally killed it. Then I went to the cave, it was really dark and wet. I saw my sister in a cage. I also saw the bear putting stuff into a pot. The bear heard my footsteps. I came out and I was ready to fight. I fought the bear with my powers but he was too big. He got on me and I thought it was the end of me. I saw a stick, I got it and pushed away with it. I picked him up with my super strength and I defeated him. I got my sister out of the cage. She was so happy. I heard something, when I looked back the bears body was gone. I didn't know if he was alive or not, but this was the best vacation ever! THE END

POEM

I am eleven years old almost
pre-teen
I am in the Mariachi
It is called Mariachi Nueva Luz
I love being in the Mariachi
It is fun like an amusement park
I can sing like a bird
And play the vihuela like a
romantic song
This is all about me



ACROSTICS

Writing is cool
Ridiculously cool
It is fun
To make up stories
I love going to Youth Writing Festival
Now I am
Going every year

Isaiah Morejon

WHERE I'M FROM

I am from a funny family
From the people who sell
where the product goes first
I am from the 2 story house
It is very small
Boring but fun
Still I like it a lot
I am from the clouds in
The sky
It is warm and fluffy it
Is not because were close to the sun
I'm from a family
who likes to play baseball
Likes hanging out in the house
From Dad and Mom
I'm from the family who worries a lot
And the family who watches a lot of TV
From they tell me to read
Read every night
I'm from where they believe in God
Jesus is our savior
I'm from where they from
Mom and Dad
From the Dad who has no time to study
The Mom who works a lot
I love my family.



TRASH POEM

In my trash bin
I found a lamp with Aladdin
I found a giant banana
That scratched all the way to Montana
I found a dirty pan

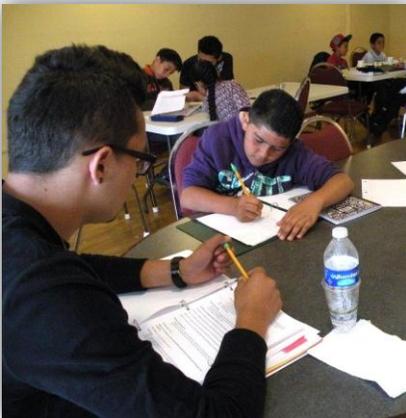
SONG PARODY

“Happy Birthday”

Happy Birthday to you
All your presents are blue
But you shouldn't cry
Just look at the sky
Happy birthday to you

POEM

That cold and slimy thing
What can it be?
When I wash my hands it goes through my ring
What can it be?
You can wash a puppy
What can it be?
Is water that you can find in the bay
When I wash my hands it goes through my ring
What can it be?
You can wash a puppy
What can it be?
Is water that you can find in the bay.



Ashley Rangel



SHORT STORY

“Big Bear”

Once upon a time there was a boy named Robert that lived in Big Bear and love to sky on a back yard winter day that was Christmas Eve, he went skiing on the trails at Big Bear, it was freezing cold, that day the white snow was falling while he was skiing, Robert fell down and got lost in the woods. When he fell he disturbed a baby bear eating, when Robert made a noise the bear got angry and gave him a signal he was about to attack.

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from hurricane
From Hollister and Wetzels pretzel
I am from the burning San Fernando Valley
Hot, blazing
Heat prison
I am from the tall trees
The flowers
That is colorful
I'm from tamales and atole
From Francisco and Sylvia
I'm from the Rangel and the Huerta
From cleaning your room
and go to sleep
I'm from Jesus Catholicism
I'm from Mexico
Chiles and Menudo
From the day my sister got a haircut for
first time
The my cousin was attacked by a dog
I have a happy family.

CINQUAIN

Puppy
Barking very loud
Plays with its toys all day
Loves to sleep and play all
day long
Happy

SONG PARODY

“CUPS”

I got my ticket for the short way round
Two bottles of apple juice for the way
And I'm sure wouldn't like same sweet company
And I'm leaving today
What do you say?
When I'm gone, when I'm gone
You better not miss me
When I'm gone you better not miss me
By my hair
You better not miss me everywhere
Oh!!! You better not miss me when
I'm gone.



Jesus Rivera

ACROSTICS

Just at my dad's work
Everything bad happens to
him
Soaked in sweat from work
Utopia he wishes for
Sweat dripping from his neck



CINQUAIN

Falcon
Majestic bird
Flying up in the air
It is hunting another bird
Crazy

SHORT STORY

It was the year 2030, an evil plot was brewing in India, new Delhi an evil doer named Rakish Quarzz was condoning a spell, he tried to get the mixture just right, he had done the spell, let him summon evil monsters.

BODY: e started with small crimes such like stealing bread and food with the small monsters, but he want to go bigger to be summoned bigger monsters.

But to do that he got a magic rock from a dark sources .The monsters got bigger and stronger, he also put the rock on a staff.

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from mango
From garden and plants
I am from the soft dirty healthy
It stinks
I am from the branch
The leaves soft and sweet
I'm from taco eating
Watching soccer
From Jesus and Marcela
I'm from the Joking ground
And the being very serious
From waking up
Calming down
I'm from a place that believes in God
I'm from Guerrero
Tacos and posole
From the dad that tells you he worked at my age
The mom that told me that I need Spanish
That is my crazy life and family

SONG PARODY

Tickle tickle little chimp
Tickle tickle little chimp
How I wonder where you itch
Up up on the branch so high
Like a harry ball on my eye
Tickle tickle little chimp
How I wonder where you itch



Yahir Rodríguez



HAIKUS

Green elms in the woods
Are beautiful and shiny
Standing tall and proud

The flowers are out
The petals bend to the earth
They are so pretty

POEM

My name is Yahir
I'm very fast
I love soccer and Ping Pong
I have 2 dogs a male and female

CINQUAIN

Cowboys
There from Texas
They are very brave too
It is very hot in Texas
The heat

ACROSTICS

Yellow is my favorite color
Ants are mean
Heavy rain
Ice is very cold
Real

SHORT STORY

The year was 2020 in New York City, was summer and Superman and Wonder woman were walking and then they saw a UFO then they changed, they fight, destroyed all the aliens, and the Superman went to Krypton and talked to his Dad, then wonder woman came to help Superman with huge alien, then wonder takes her whip and gets the aliens legs and the alliance falls down in his back then superman gets the alliance heart and destroyed his heart.



Bryan Rodríguez

SHORT STORY

It was a cold, windy fall day, I was breathing hard and you can see my breath in the frozen air, running through the cold streets of D.F. Mexico I was running like my normal routine. I decided to take a new route today, just to try something new and I turned out to be an interesting route.

One day I was running through the route and found my cousin sitting on a bench near by the route and so I decided to sit next to him. To see if he would recognize me, but to my surprise he recognized me, right away, so we decided to go out for lunch but first we went our ways to get clean up.

We met at subway for lunch and so we started talking of our lives. The subject of boxing comes up and he started talking about how he was the best number one and undefeated. I told him that actually I was in boxing also and was undefeated, it turned out that we were in the same class weight, the crazy idea that we should fight against each other, at first it was a joke but then it was serious, we finished eating so we left our individual ways. I win the fight, I just knocked him out.

I was ready to leave I was heading to my car with my girlfriend when my cousin comes heading towards me and I thought he was going to be mad and start talking bad, but he came humble and congratulated me. He said sorry about everything and as he was walking away he said a word, and I tried to figure it, I figured it out a few months later he wanted a rematch. THE END



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from the glasses
From Michael Kors and Calvin Klein
I am from the green, wooden house
Old amazing, looks amazing
Smells good, feels woody
I am from the forest
The tree which is big,
woody bark looking
I'm from the family
which goes to the 4th of July Fair
Goes out every 2 weeks
From Daniel and Leticia
I'm from family
of messing around with each other
And the family of making of others
From clean your room
Sit down
I'm from the family that believes in God
We go to church every Sunday
Read the Bible and pray
I'm from de Distrito Federal
Tacos and enchiladas
From the family
which my dad would hunt for lizard
Where my uncle when he was in 1st grade
he will ditch school
Now you know where I am from.
I love my family and I wouldn't trade it
For all the gold in the world

Diego Salmerón



TRASH POEM

Once I had a trash can
It was full of trash
Pizza crusts the flies passed by
There was nothing to do unless
You touch the slime
The trash was so full they had
To smash it, it smelled so bad that I got sad
And it had molded because it was so old.

SHORT STORY

A long time ago in Mexico, in Tingabato, it was summer July 4th 1968. The sky was red, the houses are all messy from the top of the roof, the houses are made out of cardboard, they are all short and small from the inside, but in that area they sell good toys made out of wood and they make fireworks, gum out of persons. Ben 10 he is green eyes, sort and smart, short hair, skinny and his hair is very black, his transformations are magical, Ben 10 he hears a noise, Ben 10 transform himself into one of his aliens and throw fire, Ben 10 kill all the aliens, he heard that his grandpa died, and at the end of the story he find out that his grandpa didn't die, that it was only a dream, but he kill all the aliens.

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from TV show
From Go Diego Go and Dora
I am from the poor houses
Small and dirty
I can taste the smell of KFC
I am from the peach plants
The daisy
It has peach, is big Daisy and is color blue
I'm from the Friday dinner and Disneyland
From Maria and Francisco
I'm from the big family
And the save money family
From clean your room
Don't be lazy
I'm from believe in God
I believe in la Rosa de Guadalupe
I'm from Mexico
Sopes and Hot dogs

ACROSTICS

Dragon is Diego's favorite pet
In an igloo Diego want to be in one
Elegant
Gofer goes slow
O so in Spanish bear in English



Daniel Sánchez



TRASH POEM

Once upon a time it was a farmer named Homer
He did many things
He has lots of trash in his yard
And many inside his car
He never took his trash out
So he would always pour it
The trash was so smelly it smelled
Like a big belly.



Aimee Velázquez



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from my perfectly broken teddy bear
From apple and fenders
I am from music filled walls around the house
Melodious, annoying kids
Banging on the piano
I am from the garden
The fruit and vegetables
Nourished daily with cold water
I'm from eating too much on Christmas
Hitting piñatas on birthdays
From Chelita and Panchito
I'm from the barbeques
And the family reunion
From go to study if you're bored go clean
I'm Catholic Church Bible
I'm from Mexico, menudo and more
From the time my brother jumped
in the dirty pool for a fake \$100 bill
The many responsibilities put on my mom's shoulders
I'm proud of where I'm from.

CINQUAIN

Music
Melodious
Filling ears to listen
Symphonic melody and tone
Sounds nice

ACROSTICS

Always Talking
In the Youth Writing Festival
Mighty fun with
Everyone
Everyday



SHORT STORY

All her life Savanna wished one day she would meet her father; she was constantly reminded of him of him in the news. Savanna was told and always believed her father abandoned her and became one of the most successful business men in the world. This was partially true, her father worked along the side of one of the world's most unstoppable armies: The Hawaiian Mafia. Savanna's father Mike lived in the cold crowded city of New York, Savanna lived in Austin, Texas she occasionally heard about him, soon she wanted to meet him on her sixteenth birth date she pack her bags and flew to New York City she knew where he lived, it was on the news and she was familiar with it. She got off the taxi and smelled the fresh air. Everything was covered in snow as she walks the street she noticed how big the houses were. She steps on the front lawn of her father's house, she knocks. On the front door "Dad I'm home" TO BE CONTINUED

Lisette Vera

HAIKUS

Green elms in the woods
Filling the ground with the leaves
Standing tall and proud

Trees, flowers grass are green
The petals bend to the earth
Like a waterfall



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from soda
From coca cola and sprite
I am from the screaming sound of the neighbors
And scratching noises of my dogs nails
to the sound of my family laughing in the ground
Till it sounds like we are about to all die
I am from the Cali
Poppys blooming all day to the lemons growing in
my back yard
The juicy yellow lemons
and bright orange flowers in the street
I'm from making tamales for Christmas
and elotes on 4th of July
From my Dad and my Mom
I'm from pupusas a few blocks away and the
lectures and stories
That my dad gives me to pay attention
and do well in school
To eat all my veggies and eat well
I'm from eating all the food
On the plate and not leaving
A crumb on the table
I'm from papa memo
Tamales and carne asada
From the sound my dad heard
When his dad got shot to my brother wanting a
wata and wobbling to get it
I am from my friends complaining to me
That my room is messy
To my family saying
That it's late and not to wake up.

POEM

My life
Best life ever
It is better than yours
It has fashion and music
NOT YOURS

ACROSTICS

Lisette
Is
So
Extremely
Talented
To
Everything



Yesenia Verdín



SONG PARODY

Osito Osito de la estancia
Chiquitos que cantan
Llenos de alegría
Entre los brazos si, de mi madre mía
El quiere dormir, el quiere dormir
Porque tiene sueño
Ositoooooooo, bonitooooooooo!!!
Zapatos de peluche de conejo te voy a
daaaaaaaaaaar.



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I'm from shopping
From forever 21 and Hollister
I am from la estancia
Breezy, beautiful
Rocky sand on the ground
I am from the roses,
The tulips
Smooth petals and thorny vines
I'm from sleeping at 1:00 in the morning o
New Year's and Mariachi Cascabeles de México
From María and Jose
I'm from movie night Saturday
And the barbecue on Easter
From pretty nails and nice trenzas
I'm from God
Going to church on Sunday
I'm from Modesto, Tila, Marcelino and Cliotilde
Posole and Enchiladas
From the gaming brothers
The barking Chihuahua
I'm from long dark brown hair
Hazel eyes and long eye lashes
From skinny jeans and converse

ACROSTICS

Yesenia loves swimming
Especially on sunny days
Spends time painting her nails
Every time she tries new designs
Never messes up her nails
I am in Mariachi cascabeles de Mexico
Also have brown hair

CINQUAIN

Roses
Petals and thorns
Rushing with air and wind
Receive roses with happiness
Flawless

Omar Verdín

CINQUAIN

Skittles
Taste really good
Pouring out of the bag
Feel the rainbow taste
the rainbow
Love them



SONG PARODY

This is my land, this is my land
This is not your land
From California to me, ocean waters
To the red wood forest
To the solid street
This land was only made for me.

SHORT STORY

It was the year of 2025, it was the end of the world, and I was lying in bed thinking what to do next. When suddenly I hear a knock at the door followed by a groan. I got startled, but waited to hear knock and then it happened. I stood and reach it for a lucky metal bat (ready to swing it) I said to myself I start to slowly creep to words the door with my bat tightly grip. When I arrived at the door I pressed my ears against the stone cold metal protectant door behind my real door to hear if the “thing” was still there. Then out of the blue I hear a little girl yelling while banging the door saying “let me in, let me in” As soon as I heard that I opened the door with immense speed and myself in front of the little girl and got ready to swing. However it was just her standing outside, as soon as I calmed her down I got her inside and gave her some water, I noticed that she was shivering with fright and tried to comfort her and made her feel safe, after, after a day of making her feel safe I start to train her with weapons and how to survive, just in case she gets lost Some or wonders off. Some of the exercises for surviving were to learn how to build a fire, how to skin a animal to be edible and what parts of animals where good for humans and bad for humans, when the training was done she was a 14 year old girl with enough skills to survive in the outside world for a year. In addition our food was running low, what we had left wasn’t enough to sustain two people and we both knew that we had to eventually venture out into the world in search for a new shelter, the first order of business was to go to Food Max to see if there is anything we can salvage. We had situations on our way there that we have to use cable lines to cross over. I made across safely, when it was her turn the cable snapped I told her to stay, and I went to look for something to pull her up, a pole was fine, there hear something was coming I had a choice to make save the girl or save myself, I choose to risk my life to save the girl, I knew she could not, I told her to be brave and be ready for whatever turned and accepted my fate.

ACROSTICS

Omar loves to play videogames
Most of the time I eat Mexican food
Apple juice is what I drink
Remembers to eat food



Berkeley Site

Helena Blaukenhaus



JOURNEY OF A BANANA PEEL

I am a banana pill – sad and lonely in the only smelly compost, with a fish half eaten stuffed to me. This is the worst part of my life. I try to get out but I fail because a girl with blonde hair puts me back in. As soon as she leaves I get out of the smelly compost and run into another banana peel. She was a girl like me. She said, “Hi! What’s your name?” I said, “Helena.” Then the girl said, “My name is Eileen.” Then I said I know the way to escape this weird world. “Let’s go together to banana world.” “Ok,” Eileen said. So we happily went on the adventure together and had so much fun.



SHORT STORY

In Thailand, on Helena St. there was a big house, where a family had just moved in. It was a sunny Monday. It was going to be the first day of school for the girl that just moved in. I am that girl. I have green/brown eyes, brown wavy hair and my size is medium. My name is Helena. I was ready to meet new friends, but when I went to school, everyone was mean to me. As soon as I got home I cried and cried. I really missed my BFF back at my old school. I was so mad at the girls and boys that were mean to me! That night, I kept on hearing voices like, “She’s sad, she’s scared, we will help her!” The next day, I found all of my barbies dancing behind the small self. As soon as I said, “Hi,” they froze. Then I said, “Why did you never tell me that you were real?” I was so excited that my toys were real that I immediately said “I want to be your friend!” They all nodded at the same time. I said, “I have to go to school now.” As soon as school was over, I ran home and played with the barbies. That’s how it was for two years but one day one of the mean bullies spied on me and found out that my barbies were real. The mean girl knocked on my door and said, “Your barbies are real!” “What?!” I said in a nervous voice. She said she saw me play with one of them. So I said, “Wait outside.” I ran upstairs and told the barbies and they said they might have a potion. We looked through all the Barbie things and found a potion that makes you forget things. I was so glad! I grabbed it and ran downstairs. I opened the door and poured it all over her. She spit it all over herself. There was a poof and a piff. Then she said, “Where am I?” “At my house?” I said with a smile. Then she walked back home. The next day I went to school happier than ever.

WHERE I’M FROM POEM

I am from Sunnyvale, from California and I’m German.
I am from a tulip, the most pretty flower I’ve seen.
I’m from eating ham with honey on Halloween.
The tradition comes from my dad and stepmother.
I’m from the German tradition.
I’m from believing in myself and achieve.
I’m from swimming, hiking
and going to the beach, and having fun.
That’s me.

Adrianna Campos



TRASH POEM

Thai food
Yogurt cups
Lame songs
Oreo wrappers
Red roses from her exes

Sweets
Walnuts
Ice cream boxes
Fan mail
Taylor Lautner pictures

ACROSTICS

Scary teachers
Class
Homework
Old writing coaches
Old lunch ladies
Lazy people in P.E.

CINQUAIN

Flowers
smell beautiful
Bloom in the spring
colors red, yellow, pink and
purple

HAIKUS

The rain
A dark cloudy sky
magic rain drops falling from above
dancing gracefully

Stars
Shimmer in the sky
up above the world so high
wish upon a star



THE JOURNEY OF A BANANA PEEL

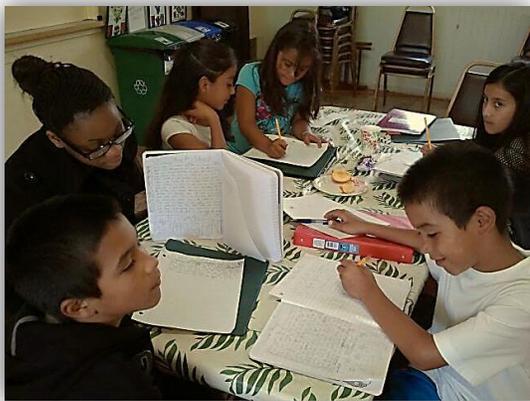
I'm a banana peel in the trash, feeling empty and suffocated. My dead siblings everywhere, trying to stay alive filled with horror. I feel a sudden movement in the trashcan. I hear a loud noise. I can feel that I am going to die. I hear the garbage compressor getting closer and closer. Thinking I'm going to get crushed into tiny pieces. Next thing you know I'm dead.

Giovanni Campos

SHORT STORY

Two Brave Animals

Once upon a time, there were two animals named Seal and Polar Bear. They both lived in the Artic. This story took place in 2017. Once Shark got mad at Polar Bear because Polar Bear was eating all the fish, so Shark wanted to eat him. There was hungry Killer Whale that wanted to eat Seal. When Shark saw Polar Bear swimming he chased him, but Seal saw Shark chasing Polar Bear so Seal saved Polar Bear by grabbing him by his jaw. Polar Bear brought Shark on the ice until he died. The next day Killer Whale saw Seal so he chased Seal deep under water, but Polar Bear saved Seal by biting Killer Whale's tail so he wouldn't swim so fast and Seal began to bite Killer Whale around his body. Seal and Polar Bear eventually became best friends and always saved one each other from Shark, Killer Whale, and other enemies in the Artic so they would stay alive.



ACROSTICS

Animals catch their prey but get killed by predators
Now some animals live in the zoo
I like to look at dogs and white tigers
Mammals are animals that have hair, give birth and
drink mother's milk
Animals live all over the United States of America
Litter kills animals that live in the ocean and on land
Some animals live in the ocean like whales and fish



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from toys,
from animals and white tigers.
I am from the white tiger's family,
fast, awesome hunters,
smell animal blood.
I am from the tree,
redwood tree,
tall and with lots of leaves.
I' from Christmas,
from opening presents,
from Pedro and Jonathan.
I'm from the fun family,
and the helpful family,
from "Clean up!"
and "Be good."
I'm from God and family,
awesome.
I'm from mom and dad,
tostadas and tacos.
I'm from Treasure Hunt on Easter,
fun and exciting.

RHYME POEM

My dog

My dog is young
He likes to run
He likes to run in the very hot sun
He likes to run while having some fun

Jonathan Campos



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from toys,
from animals and horses.
I am from the horses' family,
the horses are fast, the horses are strong,
the horses are great at smelling danger.
I am from the trees,
the lemon trees, they are big,
the lemons are yellow.
I'm from Christmas and opening presents,
from Pedro and Giovanni.
I'm from the fun family,
and the helpful family,
from "Clean up!" and "Be good."
I'm from family,
my family is awesome.
I'm from mom and dad,
tostadas and espinazo.
From Treasure Hunt on Easter,
it is exciting.

CINQUAIN

Puppies
puppies are nice
puppies love to play fetch
puppies love to chase
things and play
pretty

RHYME POEM

My dog

My dog is young
He likes to run in the very hot sun
He is black and brown
He sits when I say sit down
He is playful and full of joy
My dog is a boy
My dog is a German shepherd
He is fast as a leopard



SHORT STORY

The Mighty Polar Bear

Once upon a time, there was a polar bear that was 24 years old. The polar bear was in bad luck because there was a person trying to kill him but the polar bear didn't see him. The person wanted to kill the polar bear just so that he could have something to eat. The person was going to the polar bear to kill it, and then the polar bear saw the person so the polar bear attacked the person and killed him. Then the friends of the person who died saw the polar bear eating him so the people attacked the polar bear but the polar bear killed the people and the polar bear was never attacked again. Then the polar bear went back home to eat food because he was hungry and he was happy that he lived in a calm place.

Pedro Campos



SHORT STORY

Pedro is a young guy that loves soccer. Pedro is from Berkeley Califas, and his goal is to play soccer. One day Pedro received a call from Cristiano Ronaldo, the coach from Real Madrid. Pedro was excited because Cristiano Ronaldo asked Pedro to go play for Real Madrid. Pedro said yes. A few months later Pedro was packing to go to Madrid in Spain. He was excited buy he was sad, because he didn't want to leave his family. He was thinking about how it would be over there. The day to travel to Madrid was coming and Pedro asked his cousin and a friend to go with him because he didn't want to go by himself. After saying his goodbyes to his family, they left to the airport. When they got to Madrid they were excited and nervous. Pedro was the happiest man in the world. However, with a few days in Madrid, Pedro was already feeling homesick. Also, Pedro was friends with all his teammates and he was the coach's favorite player. Pedro's first game was against Barcelona. Barcelona knows what Pedro can do. So Barcelona put two defenders to guard Pedro. Barcelona was scared of Pedro because he had more goals than Messi this season. It was the 8th minute into the game and Real Madrid and Barcelona were tied 1-1. Pedro got the ball and took and defender and then another. It was Pedro and the goalie. The goalie was coming towards him and Pedro flicked the ball over him. Now it was 2-1 thanks to Pedro. 85th minute was here and Pedro got the ball, took one defender, but this time the other came and slide tackled Pedro from both sides with their cleats up before the shot. Pedro was then hit badly and fell. His teammates scored the penalty. Final score was 3-1. Two goals thanks to Pedro. Pedro was at the hospital chilling. He wished his parents could come visit him but they don't have papers.

He wanted them to go so they could help him recover, lift his spirits up and just to support him. Pedro was out for 3 seasons, the fourth season he started training. People had underestimated Pedro. He recovered physically and emotionally. Pedro played his first game from his recovery against Barcelona. Again Pedro shook the defender and then another, and he scored like the last time he played against them. Pedro scored after halftime. In the 88th minute, he shook the defender and the other defense was waiting for him, but Pedro got off him and shoot so hard that he ripped the net. The final score was 2-0 thanks to Pedro. Real Madrid won the Liga Cup.

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from asada and chile.
I am from the home of the golden bears,
different people, greenish plants, and the smell of tacos.
I am from different tress, and the blooming plants,
opening flowers makes the air fresh.
I am from Cinco de Mayo,
from burritos and tortas.
I am from the family that jokes around
and the family that plays with each other,
from telling me "ponte a limpiar" and "mijo."
I am from the Aztecs, tacos
and from the soccer league champion
the first place in state cup in California.



Gabriela Gomez



SHORT STORY 1

The Baby Dragon

If Baby Dragon was my baby I will take him to the park to sleep and when he sleeps more and more I will go to the shop and buy something. Then I will go to the house and if he is sleeping I will sleep too some more. When he wakes up I will be very sleepy. My mom is going to get very, very, very mad and when she sees me I'm going to run with the Baby Dragon and if he runs too I will be very happy. When I buy a new car and house my Baby Dragon is going to be happy too. I like my Big Baby Dragon and today I'm going to take her to the big park and I am going to have a family. THE END

PRESIDENT POEM

Barack Obama is in the United States
The color of the United States' home is white
and Barack Obama is so helpful
because he helps good people.
Sometimes Barack Obama helps bad people
for they can be his friends
and they can be his good brothers.



SHORT STORY 2

The Lost Bee

The lost bee had a family. He went to a house and he got lost in the house and the house was very big. When the bee went to the house the family was not at home. When the family got there the bee seemed lost and the family was very mad.
THE END

ACROSTICS

Go to the car
A bat is on the blue sky
Bats are very cool
Bats are big
I can run too fast
Eat apples
Last Friday we went to a fieldtrip
Last week we went running
At the end of the day is going to be fun

Daniela Gonzalez



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from Mexico,
from Mexico City.
I am from the United States,
big and pretty.
I'm from the trees,
the lemon tree
that smells good.
Big trees smell good.
I'm from my mom,
she is from Mexico,
and on Christmas
I'm from Abel and Lupe.
I'm from the big family,
and being good.
From the "Be good"
and "Be respectful."
I'm from God and Jesus.
I'm from my grandma,
she is from Mexico.
From macaroni and tacos.
My family is nice.

SHORT STORY

Dessarey's Trip to the Hospital

Once upon a time there was a girl named Dessarey. She has curly hair. She is 10 years old. One day she broke her arm. She fell off her bed because she was jumping on it and she got rolled up on her blanket. So she went to the hospital and she got an X-ray on her hand. THE END

THE JOURNEY OF A BANANA PEEL

Once upon a time a girl was eating a banana in a jungle and when the girl finished the banana, the peel fell off her hand and so it was in the trash.

HAIKUS

Green elms in the woods
Bit tall trees in my backyard
Standing tall and proud

The earth is pretty
The petals bend to the earth
The earth has water



Elisa Gonzalez

THE JOURNEY OF A BANANA PEEL

One time a girl in New York was walking with her banana peel. And the banana peel fell out of her hands. Then the banana peel went walking around New York. And a garbage truck guy saw the banana peel walking. So the garbage truck guy grabbed the banana peel and put it in the garbage. The banana peel was so sad. It jumped out of the truck and went walking away and a policeman got the banana peel and took it to jail. The banana peel was so skinny that it escaped and it went walking. When it got out of jail the policeman went chasing after the banana peel with his dog. The dog lost the banana peel then the banana peel sneaked into a girl's house.



SHORT STORY

Alison and Ana

Once upon a time there was a girl named Alison. She is 19 years old. She has black curly hair and greenish eyes. She lives in New York City with her friend named Ana, who is 29 years old. She has blueish eyes and is a little short. New York is really noisy and nice. Alison and Ana started fighting because Ana stole Alison's expensive car because Ana was so jealous of Alison's car. Alison called the police and Ana went to jail. Alison went to visit Ana. They apologized and became friends again.

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from every world,
from Earth and Venus.
I am from the Gonzalez family,
big, pretty.
I am from sounds of people talking,
the flowers, roses,
big, pink, good smell.
I'm from Christmas tradition,
cookies, open presents,
from mom and dad.
I'm from the big family,
and the respectful family,
from "Be respectful"
and "Be good."
I'm from God and Jesus, Dios.
I'm from Mexico,
from the tamales, tacos.
My family is respectful to others.
I am from the Mexican family,
we like to hear Mexican music.
We like to celebrate birthdays
and Christmas.
In those two celebrations,
you get gifts and lots of them,
you could get money, toys, clothes
and shoes, and sometimes expensive things.

Edwin Gonzalez



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from a pencil
from Apple and Nike.
I am from the tall corner house
dusty, dirty, bumpy roads.
I am from Christmas
and honoring the dead
from Kimberley and Raymundo.
I'm from the tardy people
and the talkative people,
from "get off that electric device"
and "go wash the dishes."
I'm from the Catholic Church.
I'm from people of Aztecs,
tamale and pozole,
from the heart-diseased uncle,
the farm worker.
I am from the soccer fanatic family,
from the Brazil vs. Spain
and the Manchester United games.



SHORT STORY

It was a cold sunny morning. I'm a 14 year-old boy going to Lebron High School. It's been hard moving from Florida, a warm sunny state. But when I move to California where it can be cold, then suddenly hot, this was a big change. I practically left my whole life. It wasn't that bad because I was going to a military camp. I wasn't too excited to live like a puppy. It was not going to be a big challenge because I have been in military camps since I was 7 and traveled the whole United States. I was at a camp in Florida for 3 years, so I really connected with people. Another reason is that the Nazis started to rise again. My father told me that they were in the East Coast, and that they were invading New York like antes, going to moldy food. I was asking my mom if I could help them in New York but she rejected my idea.

Four months later... The Nazis have already invaded the Midwest. America already asked China and Mexico for help. Both declined this offer to help the U.S. Already older kids from my military camp left to help in the war. My mom and dad were already getting tickets to go to Brazil. I wanted to stay here. It would be difficult, but I had to wait till I turned 18.

Two weeks later... The Nazis were already coming to California. Everyone from my camp was being sent to help defend us from the Nazis. I was sent to go help as well. When I went to tell my parents about this, I saw them lying on the floor. I could see the life sucked out of them. Then I felt a gun pointed at me. Then, I suddenly turned around, punched the person in the face and snapped his neck. Then I knew I was done, that I would depend on myself. But now I was alone with no family. One week later... We finally drove out those Nazis. I found a nice place to live in with a lovely girl named Brittany. The Pentagon shot a nuke to the Nazi's base and with this they started to recede. When I turned on my television, the news showed all the damage that they made. All of the homes that people lost. All the never-ending pile of dead bodies. But, still, even though now America is in trouble, we are going to start from the beginning.

HAIKUS

Eating from the plate
cheese pizza with chipotle
very good for dinner

Running in the fields,
with dogs running behind me
tripped and snapped my neck

Natalia Guerrero



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from California
from Berkeley and
I am from the chile tree
growing in front of my house
tall, green, chile smell
I am from the yellow roses
the lemon tree
that always gives lemons
and the delicious smell of the roses
I am from Christmas
and the Mexican Independence Day
from my dad and my mom
I am from the family
that eats together
and the family

that goes out every Sunday
I am from La Virgen de Guadalupe
that makes miracles happen
I am from Guanajuato
churros and tacos
From the man who worked in
bathrooms
and saw a ghost
I am from a great family
that always is united
from a family that is happy
a family that comes from a place
that all the people are happy
no matter what happens

I am from a great world!

SONG PARODY

“Just Give Me a Reason”

Right from the pizza
you were a thief
you stole my crust
and I'm your willing victim
I let you eat my last slice
and I wasn't that pretty
and with every bite you ate it
Now you've leaving
all the sauce
oh oh...
things you always leave to me
oh oh...
tell me that you've had
enough of the crust
the crust... oh ahh

Just give me a reason
just leave me one slice
just a piece
that will not hurt you at all
cuz we can learn to share again

It's been written in the stars...
It's been written in the stars of hearts
that we're not broken
just meant to share
a piece of piza...

THE JOURNEY OF A BANANA PEEL

I am in a bowl with an oval shape thing that is really smooth (mango) and next to a circle that feels a little less smooth. In this bowl, I am very squeezed and I am hoping that one day the owner of the bowl will pick me up and peel me and then eat me. One day I saw the owner of the bowl. He got close to the bowl and grabbed me and put me on top of the two smooth oval shaped figures. I was just hoping that he was going to pick me up. Two hours passed. Then finally he said, “I am hungry. I will have this banana. It looks really good!” So I happily agreed! He grabbed me and started to touch my head and then pulled it! He grabbed me another peel and peeled it off and then he jsut... Well I would say he got me naked! Now I am in the compost with the rest of other fruits and plants. 10 years passed... Now I am soil to help the plants and trees to make more foor or banana trees to give food to the amazing people out there in the world.



Susie Kwon



SHORT STORY

The Mysterious Room

In Sacramento, California on a sunny spring day on February 20th, 2014, I looked up at the enormous house we were moving to. My sister and I roamed about the house looking through every room we saw. "This is awesome!" my sister exclaimed. As we saw all the rooms, I discovered a mysterious room with a KEEP OUT sign in front of it. "Should we open the door?" I whispered. I put my hand on the doorknob and opened the door and found a mysterious world of animals and creatures that have never been seen on earth. We passed through a bunch of weeds and grass and then I hear a big SLAM! The door had been closed and my sister and I noticed that we were trapped in the mysterious room and we could never get out. "Let's try to find help," my sister cried. "Alright," I replied. I was worried and frightened because I thought I would never get out. It felt like we were walking for a million miles until we found a village with huts and tipis and a fire with meat cooking. Little children were playing tag and delicious scent of fresh-baked bread was let out from the fire and I noticed how hungry I was. I saw hunters riding on dragons I have never seen before. My sister and I entered the village, hoping we could find some help. We asked the chief of the tribe for help to get back to our house. I noticed that the sun was burning on my neck and I was sweating. The chief led us back to our house and I was overjoyed. I woke up from bed and I noticed that it was just a dream. I got out of bed, changed my clothes and I headed out the door to Writing Camp.

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from San Anselmo,
from California and Korea.
I'm from the Korean culture
and Christmas.
From my mom, Ruth
and my sister, Yaejie.
I'm from the homework
at Korean school
and the delicious foods,
from scolds and speaking Korean.
I'm from Christianity
and I believe in God
and Jesus Christ.
I love myself
and my family and relatives.
No one can be me,
and I am unique for who I am.

SONG PARODY

"Nail Polish"

Do you ever feel, like a nail
polish?
drifting through the brush,
wanting to paint again.
Do you ever feel,
feel so dried so fast,
like a hair dryer,
one blow from drying in?
Do you ever feel already
tattered deep?
Already tattered deep,
but no one seems to see a thing.
Do you know that there's still
a paint for you?
'Cause there's a job for you?
You just gotta ignite
your hand and let it shine.
Just own your nails
like the 4th of July.
'Cause baby you're a nail
polish.

ODE TO WRITING

Oh, writing! how you always
make me laugh and be happy,
How you always are cooperative
with the paper and pencil, how you sometimes make me tired
but it is always joyful in books. I love writing!



Jorge Limón

SHORT STORY

The Purge

It's 12 o'clock in the morning and our house is in lock down. I'm with my family in the living room hearing the emergency broadcast on the T.V., it's the same old thing. "This is an emergency broadcast. The government will turn off all emergency calls. Your government appreciates your participation. The Purge will start in 3,2,1." The Purge has started, I'm afraid. My wife, Kate, is in the living room with me and my children. We're all afraid. I hear a knock. It's my friend, he's telling me, "Come on, it's time to go." I pick up my gear. I'm holding on AKA 74 U and a desert eagle on my leg. We're walking on the streets of San Pablo. It's very quiet and cold. We hear screams from afar. Then all of a sudden, I see people in groups walking together. Let me tell you what the Purge is about: it's about an activity that the government created. It turns off all the emergency forces for 12 hours and in those 12 hours every crime is legal. This is for the United States so it could have a low crime rate and a higher employment rate. I continue walking through the streets. I stop at a house. My friend knocks at the door, then I see someone open the door and they shoot my friend in the head. I grab my gun, shoot at the guy. I kill him. My friend from my childhood is dead, I feel like my world is over. I hear people behind me then I see it is a group of people, I get knocked out. A few minutes later, I wake up under a freeway. My wife calls "Toro come home quick. Our house is under attack the children are scared please come quick." I'm in shock. I don't know what to do. I try to think, but nothing comes up. I see a car, I break the window, then high jacked the car. I get home and see two people in my front yard. I put a silencer on my pistol. I kill the two people in the yard, then I enter my house. I hear my wife scream, I run to my bedroom. I open the door. I see my wife and kids tied up and their eyes blindfolded. I quickly grab my knife, cut the ropes and unblind them. They run to me very terrified. I see two people walk inside my room. I hide my family in the closet. I see the two guys, they're bigger than me. I have one bullet in the chamber. I freak out. I see him open the door, he looks at me. I pull the trigger. I shoot him in the head, the other guy runs. I chase him, tackle him, then he brings out a knife and he stabs me to death. My wife comes up and shoots the guy in the head. My life is over. I leave my family but I know I took care of them and made them safe. My son and daughter have grown up. They look beautiful together but they remember I will always be in their heart.



SONG PARODY

"Started from the Bottom"

Started from the bottom,
now we're here.
Started from the bottom,
my Pretty Ponies here.
We kept it real from the start.
Working hard every day,
eating pop-tarts.

I just think it's funny how it goes.
Now we're writing poems down the
road.
Jus as a reminder to myself:
I rep Pretty Ponies
even when I'm in the house.
Cuz we started...



Erick Lujan



ACROSTICS

Eating Mexican food
Robots are fake
It's raining outside
Cats are big and small
Kick a soccer ball

Lions are long
Up we go
Jungle is a wild forest
At a zoo, creatures live
Nuts are big seeds

Race in the line
Ants are tiny
Insects are bugs
Notebooks have 100 pages

HAIKUS

Green elms in the woods
green elms live in the
forest
standing tall and proud

Make your flower grow
the petals bend to the earth
the river sounds fresh

SHORT STORY

Scull Island 2

One morning in Maine, three groups of the army of killing monsters were on a vacation to Maine City, about 10 miles away from the beach in New York City. 3 sets of people of army were going with 10 groups of hunters to scull island. One of the men asked, "are we going to scull island?" Then a big wave watered them over. Then the next day they were on Scull Island. Some monsters eat people but others don't because some are meat eaters and some are plant eaters. Three monsters attacked the hunters because the monsters were hungry. The monsters were thinking the hunters were fish and meat then monsters attacked and ate the hunters. The other hunters ran away because some monster ran at their feet and the hunters ran to the forest. Another hunter went to the boat then a dinosaur grabbed the boat with his 20 feet long mouth and threw it to the other side of the island. The hunters built a ship as long as 5,000 feet tall and wide. They left from the island. The other hunters also left so they went back to New York and told everyone about their scary trip.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRASH

He ate turkey then he threw the turkey bone in the trashcan. Then two days later he ate ham with hot sauce and he threw the ham bone in the trashcan. Then three days later he ate ham and sauce and he threw away the bone. Then one day he ate ham and turkey and he threw it away in the trashcan. Then four days later he ate 10 pizzas and 4 breads. Then six days later he ate 2 ice creams and one juice. Then days later he ate 11 hot dogs and 9 breads.

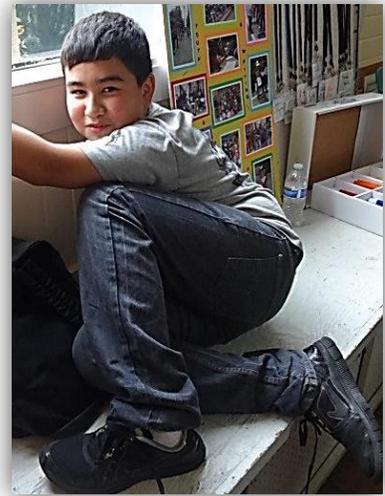


Justin Penman

SHORT STORY

Composite Helicopter

Here in a massive factory in Seattle, enough room to swallow Disneyland and still have room for parking, is the Boeing factory where they make the giant 747-8. However, we're not here for planes. We are here for helicopters. AVX makes kits for modifying helicopters. So, we are going to design one for the RAH-55 Comanche. We are going to look closely at state-of-the-art technology to incorporate in the Comanche. The Comanche is a stealth helicopter which doesn't only mean it's invisible to radar, but it's also very quiet, and doesn't give off a heat signature. So with that in mind, we're going to have to erect a very quiet helicopter mod kit. We will work with some companies like GE and Eco-demonstrator. We're going to make the kit stealth and quiet. GE had made a jet engine called the GE90-115B. It produced 127,900 pounds of thrust. How they accomplished this? It was by their carbon-fiber fan blades. Not only are they lighter, but they're stronger and pull in more air thanks to the shape. So by working with them we can design fan blades using the GE90-115B fan blades as a concept. Eco-demonstrator modifies wings and engines. Not only does it make the aircraft move efficiently, but it also makes it quieter. By modifying this design and incorporating it on a stealthy helicopter, we can make it quieter and more efficient. So we designed it and built it but then we have to test it. Aircraft engines have to survive various tests. To start, they have to go through water ingestion, hail and snow, and a freeze test. However, for the last tests, no engineer wants to even think about them. They are called the "bird-strikes" and the "bald-off." Bird-strikes are when a bird is vacuumed in an engine. This tests the fan blades' durability and how well the engine copes with the bird carcass. Blade-offs are the worst. These occur when the engine is roaring away at full throttle and then loses a fan blade. This can send violent vibrations into the aircraft. In this test, the fan casing must hobble up and not let any large lumps of metal fly into the aircraft fuselage. But the motor that we will put on this helicopter will not be fuel driven, but by electricity. This will not only further reduce the noise, but they can produce a lot of power. In addition, the electric motors can't give off a heat signature. Therefore, they can keep up with the Comanche's already excellent stealth technology. Since the motors aren't fully powered, all the tests will be very easy to conduct. After testing, there is the installation of the kit. Once installed, it's all ready for a test flight. The helicopter glided smoothly through the air. It maneuvered like a champ. The kit did just what it was designed to do. It increased the payload, increased the speed, the altitude and operating temperature. It even made the aircraft more maneuverable than before. And, mostly, it made it happier to fly. In conclusion, the AVX kit is a benefit in every way.



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from gliders and from titanium,
from carbon fiber.

I am from the electric vehicle,
conservative and sly.

I am from bioplastics,
from flowers and bamboo.

I'm from electricity,
Zapping, shocking, electrifying.

I'm from Thomas Edison's
discovery,

from light, from kinetic
and hydro power.

I'm from solar panels
From photons hitting
electrons on silicon.

I'm from the flow of water
splashing on a turbine.

Now I'm in an electric car.



Brayam Peralta



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

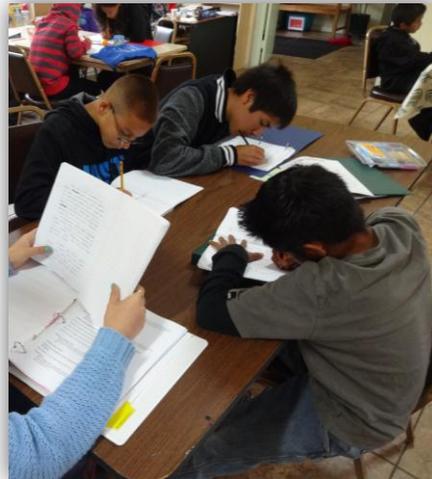
I am from a bed, from pillows and blankets.
I am from the green apartment,
beautiful, and fun.
I hear my sister.
I am from the white rose,
the white rose, flawless rose.
I'm from the Mexican Independence and
Dia de los Muertos,
from my sister Vanesa and my cousin Argenis.
I'm from the family that eats together
and the family of "fiesteros",
from "Pórtate bien mijo" and "Te amo."
I'm from La Rosa de Guadalupe,
from the woman that makes miracles happen.
I'm from Mexico, enchiladas and tacos.
From la Llorona.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRASH

Hi! I have been stalking Obama and I know what he has in his trash. He has a burrito. I was in a mountain with binoculars. I know that he had burrito because he went to Taco Bell and got the new burrito. Then he took one bite. Then he got spiced out and threw it away. So that is how I know he has a burrito in his trash. Then he went back and bought a taco but he didn't like IT. So he threw it away too.

SHORT STORY

Once upon a time there was a really nice lady. She was new in town. She lived in a shack. She was beautiful. She had two kids, a boy and a girl. The woman's name was Jaimita. Her kids' names were Pepe and Maria. Jaimita was a widow. She worked cleaning houses. Once day Jaimita went to clean a really big house that was really far away. It was a mansion. Jaimita left her kids alone in her house. So when her kids woke up they wanted to eat eggs, bacon and hot chocolate. When they were frying the bacon a napkin fell on the pan and caught on fire and then fell to the floor but the kids didn't realize. Then the whole house caught on fire. Then Jaimita came and saw the fire. She told her kids to get out of the house. She put her kids in a boat so that they could be safe. Then she tried to put out the fire but she didn't realize that the boat left. When she realized it, it was too late. When she found her kids they were dead. Then Jaimita died out of sadness. THE END



David Pineda

SHORT STORY



ACROSTICS

Rotten is bad to eat
Other stuff you find is not yours
Buttons are for jackets
Other stuff in your home is yours
To go to parks

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from hat,
from Minecraft and Nike.
I am from the gas station
and the freeway, loud and clean.
I am from trees, dead flowers.
I'm from Mexican traditions
and Christmas, from mom and dad.
I'm from going to church and Thanksgiving,
from "do your chores!"
and "put the chickens away!"
I'm from goats and God, hunted houses,
God is nice.
I'm from grandparents, steak and nachos.
From grandpa who is a soldier
and my dad who works in Berkeley.
My family eats chicken
for Thanksgiving
and plays games at the park,
like soccer, basketball and baseball.

Michael and the Pig

One day Michael and his pig had breakfast. They ate Reese's Puff cereal and toast. Then they went to work on their paper. Then they had a lunch break and they ate pork. Then zombies came and they ran to their house and closed the door and they got their weapons: an axe and a sword. When they went out and went to fight the zombies, the pig did not survive but Michael did. The zombies' invasion was over. Then a other people came out and they said: "Yeah!" The zombies were defeated and they were celebrating in Michael's house. Thirty kids in the house were hiding from the zombies and they had fun and ate cake. Then they saw a portal to the miracle world. Michael said, "Stop. I got to check it out first." So he went in and saw that there was a castle and a village and that everything was squared. He then went deeper into the forest and it got dark and couldn't see anything. He ran to the village and he found torches on the walls. Then he heard knocking on the door and it was a zombie so he ran. He stopped when he found the titanic. He then went on the titanic but an iceberg hit it so it split into half. Then Michael was sinking and so he put his boat in the water and he sailed away back to the station and went back to his home. He then took a shower – he smelled like fish. When he finished he went to sleep. THE END



THE PRESIDENT'S TRASH

Trash on the floor, littering, used flags
smoke on the ground
he's got boxes on the ground
he's got paper on the ground
salt on the ground, mail in the front door, dog poop

Carlos Rivadeneyra



SHORT STORY

Even though it's summer, it is very cold in New York. My summers here are usually boring. It's funny – I live in a fun city and yet I am always bored here.

Earlier today my friends and I drove out of New York City and went through this amazing freeway. The freeway was like an endless hall but instead of walls you see beautiful trees – some thin and tall, others thick and short. It was amazing.

As we were driving we ran over something. It was crazy. We all got scared. Jonas and I went outside to see what it was and, when we looked, nothing was there. There was no evidence that we ran over something. It was weird. Jonas and I went back inside the car and told everyone that it was nothing.

We drove for another thirty minutes. It got dark. We were driving like fools. We had our music so loud that we couldn't ever hear each other. Some of us put our heads out of the windows and started yelling random things. It was fun. Everyone eventually got tired and fell asleep. Jonas and I were talking about stuff and then all of a sudden we heard police sirens. We pulled over. It was weird. I thought we were the only car in the road. The police officer came up to the driver's window. The driver – I think his name was Jason – asked, "What seems to be the problem officer?" The officer said, "I need you all to come out of the car." We all did. Almost everyone looked like they just woke up (Oh, yeah, they just did). The officer said, "Earlier today you guys ran over something." I thought, "How does he know? I could have sworn no one at all was around when that happened." Then Jason said, "How did you know that?" The officer said, "My partner and I saw you guys." Jason said, "But we didn't run over anything." The officer said, "Yes, you did, but it disappeared." As the officer said that, his voice got scratchy and deep. His partner came out of his car and came and put my friends to sleep, except for Jason, Jonas and me. Then, all of a sudden, the police officers took their jackets off and huge wings came out of their backs. Then they flew up and their skin fell right off like it was just a costume. They looked like demons. They had black evil eyes and black and gray skin. Instead of hands and feet, they had claws.

TO BE CONTINUED...

HAIKUS

There was once a cat
who slept in the sun all day
who never had fun

There was once a man
he went to the soccer game
while eating popcorn

People drive all day
they are too lazy to walk
people are boring

I am very bored
I went to sleep late last night
It is cold outside



CINQUAIN

Carlos
awesome person
a very handsome guy
he loves dogs and cats but hates rats
awesome

JOURNEY OF A BANANA PEEL

Hi! My name is Banana Peel.
This is my journey. First they peel
me off the banana. Then the
humans throw me in the compost.
Next, I go travel to the ground.
They turn me into soil and then I
help other plants grow.

ACROSTICS

Carlos hates school
Also hates fake people
Respects people
Loves cats
Owns dogs
Sucks at English

Isaac Rosales



SHORT STORY

The Road to Your Dreams

On a hot summer Monday morning there was a young boy named Jose Ramirez Jr. who woke up to the chirping of birds and the smell of enchiladas. When he got up he walked to the mailbox and opened it. Then he got the mail and found a card from Tokyo University. Jose Jr. opened the envelope anxiously. As he read the letter he jumped dramatically high and kept on yelling, “I got accepted!” Then he ran inside his home and told his dad, who was serving Jose Jr. enchiladas. Jose Jr. then said excitedly, “I got accepted dad!” Then Jose Sr. gave his son Jose Jr. a hug. His dad said, “congrats mijo!” with emotion in his voice. Afterwards, Jose Jr. told his dad, “we’re moving Saturday morning.” As two days passed, the dad sold the house and his truck

and the rest of his belongings. Later, on a Friday afternoon, Jose Jr. and his dad started packing all their clothes. The next morning, the dad woke up Jose Jr. at exactly 5:30 am and gave him energy, as a taxi picked them up. Jose Jr. was really ecstatic to go to Japan. When Jose Jr. and his dad arrived in Tokyo they were both jetlagged. As they got off the plane, they got their suitcases and got on a taxi. Luckily, the taxi driver spoke English and Jose Jr. told him his new address to his new apartment. As they arrived to their apartment, Jose Jr. told his dad, “This is our new home!” They walked to their apartment and walked inside. They both instantly started unpacking their clothes. The next morning, Jose Jr. wakes up to go to school and he felt really excited and energetic to go to the university. As Jose Jr. arrived to school, he met his teachers and was really pumped to be in class. When school ended, he went home very happy and told his dad how much he liked the university. After this, his dad took him to eat sushi for their first time. After they finished eating, they went home and slept. The next morning Jose went to school. While Jose was in class and drawing his ideas for his flying car, his dad got sick and Jose got a call and had to go to the hospital. Jose Jr. then arrived to the hospital, and a nurse told him that his dad was dying. Jose then runs dramatically to his dad’s room and looks at him worried. Jose talks to him and tells him, “you’ll be ok,” and his dad tells him, “Follow your dreams mijo.” TO BE CONTINUED...

WHERE I’M FROM POEM

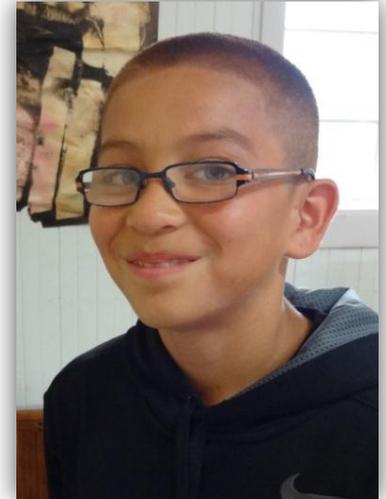
I am from a burrito de lengua and frijoles.
I am from the old brick houses, cracked cement,
greenish plants, and the smell of canela.
I am from the pomegranate trees, the blooming plants
of the expanding plants and smell of flowers.
I am from the family that gets
together on special occasions
and Mexican Independence, from Armando and Diana.
I am from the grande familia and the feliz familia,
from doing good in school and respecting people.
I am from believing in Dios and in all the santos.
I am from the cocineros of Pancho Villa, menudo and pozole,
from the era of my great-great grandparents cooking for Pancho Villa.



Isaías Rosales

THE JOURNEY OF A BANANA PEEL

I was born in Banana Year 2000. I grew and grew until I was 12 years old, I went to a Walmart, and stayed there for at least a week. A very old woman picked me up and then I went to a very dark palace. I met lots of bananas in her dark palace. I met lots of bananas in her dark place. Every night there is a boxing match, and bananas get brushed. Five days later I was going to do my first boxing match with a 6-time champion. I barely survived 10 rounds, but I beat the big dude. Everyone was afraid of me, but one day the old lady came and squeezed my body. I couldn't breathe. First, she peeled my bruised body, and threw my body into compost. But she ate me when I was naked. Then they put me in the garbage. And in a day later, a big truck came, and picked me up. I met other bananas without their full body. Then I went to a nasty smelling box filled of fruits. I stayed there until they made me into a sculpture.



SHORT STORY

The Explosion in the White House

It's July 12, 2035 in Washington D.C., a nice hot day in summer. President Will Lincoln is making differences for the United States of America. Immigrants passing the border, and getting papers to become a citizen. But in this day of history Osama Binladen Jr. destroyed the White House. It all started when Osama Binladen died in 2011 when Osama Binladen Jr. was 11 years old. He grew, and started using guns and killing people he became a murderer. Later an in 2030 he was FBI's Most Wanted. The United States went to Afghanistan and gave them a warning. 5 Years Later...In 2035 Osama Binladen Jr. had everything for this destruction of the White House. Osama Binladen Jr. just wanted ravage from the United States. He had his costume of being a security guard of the White House. He had to sneak in night, because he had 210 lbs. of stacked bombs. Later on in 10 hours he found a Mi Pueblo cart, and put his 210 lbs. of bombs in there. But there were 100 cameras around the White House. Osama had to go on top of the White House, so he found a huge bag and he put all of his mobs. He went to the president's office and put 20 bombs around the office. And another 75 bombs around the White House. The next day Will Lincoln made a speech about how he made Untied States look better. The United States looks as good as gold. Osama Binladen Jr. was ready for the explosion. Osama pressed the red button, and made an explosion like BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Everyone started running like monkeys. Osama Jr. was running to his car, and went to the airport. He went to China, so no one could find him or arrest him for a lifetime. For the past 5 years, Mark from the thrift shop in Washington D.C. wanted to find Osama Jr. so he went around the world. Suddenly he went to China, and told a man if they ever saw Osama Jr. They said, "Yes, in the hotel around the corner." He went to the hotel, and broke Osama's hotel door, and jumped on him. Next thing you know, you hear "Click! Click!" and Osama says "I'm arrested." Mark went to Washington D.C. and went to the police station. In the new channel 2, you hear that Osama Binlanden Jr. was arrested for a lifetime. TO BE CONTINUED...Catch up in the next chapter!



Zyrria Rosales



SHORT STORY

Global Warming

It's summer in Mexico City. It's October 1st, 2089. It was 10,000 F. I thought I was going to melt. But it was Mechelle who did this. The City changed. Emily is our hero. As you know, Emily is cold and Mechelle is hot, so they don't get along. So Mechelle takes over the city and makes the city hotter. I was too hot, so I went to talk to Emily who is our president. I told her what was wrong with our weather. It used to be much cooler. The president said that Mechelle stole the power of weather and changed it to be very hot. Emily, our president, went to talk to Mechelle, who was looking at the power of weather. Emily said, "Why did you steal the power of weather?" Mechelle said that she wanted to destroy the people in the city. So Emily got mad. She used her cold powers to freeze her but Mechelle was ready to also use her powers. So they both put their powers together and Mechelle's house exploded and both of them got injured. Since there are not a lot of hospitals in Mexico City, they had to call a doctor. The doctor said that they had a lot of broken ribs and a leg and arm broken. They told each other that they didn't want his to happen again so they said that they would share the power of weather and never fight again. So they went back to the houses and took care of Mexico City together because you always have to share with your friends and with your family. This story was about the idea that you always have to share because "sharing is caring." Always share with everyone.

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from One Direction.
Smart, nice, cuteness.
I am from popsicles,
the sweet, juicy and watery
popsicles.
I am from California and
Mexico,
from my dad and mom.
I am from the kindness and

I am from faith.
I am from the happiness to each
other.
I'm from oldness, quesadillas and
enchiladas.
I'm from the sweet old grandma
that I have,
from the funny mom that I have.
I am from the grateful, funny,
and smart family that I have.

THE JOURNEY OF A BANANA PEEL

After you throw a banana peel it walks to Mexico. Its peels are its legs. It got very tired so it took a break. While it was sitting down it saw a bird on top of Platano. He was very scared and the bird grabbed Platano and the bird took it to its nest. Platano was worried if it was going to eat him. Platano thought maybe it mistook it for a worm and it was going to let it go. The bird saved Platano for breakfast. In the night Platano planned to escape out the nest. So he left very sneaky and he left but he had not noted that he was walking backwards and tripped and fell right on the ground and got hurt. When he got hurt he looked left and saw familiar faces. It was his family. He was glad to see them and stood there for the rest of his life. Platano had a happy rest of his life.



Rene Saavedra



WHERE I'M FROM

I am from burritos, tacos al pastor and chile.

I am from the Bay Area.

The ocean is fresh, and people party a lot.

I am from the city of Richmond, the flowers are opening.

The air is fresh.

I am from Cinco de Mayo, and from my grandma and grandpa.

I am from the family that jokes around and they play a lot with each other.

I am from "get rich" and "don't be stupid"

I am from Mexico and pozole and tacos, from uncles and cousins.



HAIKU

Pedro loves Hot Cheetos
Artistic skills, none like him
Soccer is his passion

SHORT STORY

Once, there was a young man who lived in Mexico City. His name was Juan and he was 18 years old. Juan had a big farm in Mexico. In fact, he had the biggest farm in Mexico. The town people relied on the food Juan grew in his farm. Juan had only one person he really loved and that was his grandma. Juan was adopted when he was 5 years old. The only reason that he loved his grandma was because his parents didn't love him and she was always there for him. When he was little his new family only let him see his grandma on Fridays. But when he turned 18 he could go every day. Every day they got closer and closer. One day, Juan was working on the farm and his grandma called him to tell him that she was very sick. Juan stopped working and went to his grandma's house. Juan saw her lying in bed sweating. Juan asked her if she needed something and grandma said "yes." She said that she needed her medicine box. So Juan went to get the box of medicine and a glass of water. Juan saw that she was so sick that he called the doctor. The doctor said, "It is almost the end of her living years." Juan was so sad. The doctor had already told her before that she had to take care of herself because she was getting old but she didn't want to tell Juan that she was going to die. While Juan was sad because his grandma was going to die his farm stopped producing the way it used to. A few days later his grandma died and he was so sad that he stopped working on the farm. As a result, the farm wasn't getting maintenance and people didn't have a lot to eat. Juan made a big funeral for his grandma and the whole town came to the funeral. Juan was so depressed. The food from the farm was getting nasty and the animals were dying. Juan named the farm after his grandma. After the funeral, Juan looked like he was 40 years old because he was so depressed. His friends were trying to put him on track again. They were telling him a lot of good stuff to make him feel better and so he could start working again, so people could eat as they used to. His friends told him that his grandma would always be by his side. "She will never leave." TO BE

CONTINUED

Andrea Sánchez



ACROSTICS

Babies are very cute
Under the table the little baby
is there

The rat got away
The dog ran away
Eat little kid because you are
going to be in trouble
Running is good for you
Food is for you to eat
Lily is a flower
Yaks are mean sometimes

SONG PARODY

“Feel this Fairmont”

Ask for Fairmont, and get advice.
Ask from advice, get Fairmont twice
I’m from the Fairmont,
You’ll call it a teacher,
I call it life.

One day I was late for school
I’ll be in the office forever.
But until the gates are open,
I just want to feel this school day
(ohhh)
I just want to feel this school day
(ohhh)
I just want to feel this school day
(ohhh)

SHORT STORY

Gabby and Me with the Big Bee

Gabby is my best friend. She lives in Richmond. She is my godsister’s neighbor. I met her last year in second grade. I see her every day on YWF. We play shouter every snack time. She is very nice, wonderful and very funny. We have fun all day long. One day we went to the park and we played ball together. We had a lot of fun. Then a boy fell down because he saw a black bee. He told the teacher so that it could go away. When the teacher was taking the bee away, he was scared because the bee was mad and maybe it would sting him. Then the bee got big and it looked like it wanted to eat us. Then Gabby and me were scared too. Then the happiness got away. All the kids were running back to their homes. My friends were saying to me, “What’s happening?” I said, “The boy got the bee mad and then the bee got big.” So I tried to calm the bee and it did. It went away and we got back to the park. THE END.

WHERE I’M FROM POEM

I am from a dog,
from shampoo kids and summer.
I am from a bed, a bathroom
and a table. Quiet.
I am from a tree and water.
The water looks bad sometimes.
I am from God’s birthday and New Year
from dad and mom. I am from the money
and the not so good games, from “pick up your stuff”
and “do your work.”
I am from God and God is nice.
I am from mom, fish and meat.
My dad ate a burger and my sister kissed a dog.



Miguel Sánchez

ACROSTICS

Mangoes
Iguanas
Grapes
Universe
Extra mangoes
Lemonade



SONG PARODY

“Kidz”

You where a hobo
asking me for money
making me so disappointed
by asking me for money.
I don't want you,
they're asking me for money.
No time to think of you.
Control yourself,
stop asking me for money.

SHORT STORY

Bob was eating a cookie in his room when he realized that he finished it. He went to the kitchen to get some more cookies to eat but suddenly he realized that he didn't have any more cookies. So he decided to make the biggest cookie in the world so he could never finish it. So he called his friends to come over to see if they could help him make the biggest cookie in the world. They answered yes. A few minutes later, two of his friends came over. Later, they started gathering the ingredients to make the cookie. Once they finished gathering the ingredients they made the chocolate mix. But the chocolate mix didn't fit in the oven so he went to his friend's house to bake it because his friend has the biggest oven in the world. When he baked it the cookie was really hot and looked very tasty. Once Bob ate the cookie he was very fat and very heavy – was now the fattest boy ON EARTH.

WHERE I'M FROM POEM



I'm from Monsters University,
from movies and art
from Monsters University.
I am from convertible couch, amazing and smooth.
I am from the mango, the mango is delicious with Tajin.
I am from “Day of the Dead” and Christmas.
From Yessenia and me.
I am from noisy family and weird family.
From “shut up!” and “be quiet!”
I am from school, working hard.
I am from Cayetano, enchiladas and tacos.
From Yessenia's tickles, laugh at everything, and bossy.
From not having brothers

Yessenia Sánchez

WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from art,
from the bright colors and creativity.
I am from the lazy red colors and calms bright blue colors.
Hardworking, fun, seeker.
I am from the air, the fire, the coldest and hottest kinds.
I'm from the "Day of the Dead" and Mexican Christmas.
From Elitaña and Cayetano.
I'm from the separate adventures, and funnest creations.
From crazy, hardworking dedication.
I'm from the Mexican lands, where Jesus/God teaches us
creation, freedom and love.
I'm from Mexican traditions, tamales and atole.
From the nutty brother I have,
and the craziest loving mother I will ever have.
I am from the creativity, and arts.
From the Mexican lands, from my ancestors,
Mexican traditions and beliefs.
I am from freedom, life and love Jesus taught us
when he came to die for us.



SHORT STORY

Ansiedad was a well-behaved 11-year-old. She was very obedient, smart, dedicated and hard-working. Ansiedad had an older brother named Beto. Beto was 12 years old, he was very lazy and wasn't so obedient. Ansiedad also had an older sister that was the oldest sibling. Her name was Cassandra. Cassandra was a very hardworking person too. Cassandra was 26 years old. Ansiedad and her brother Beto were babies when their parents died. Cassandra then had to take care of Ansiedad and Beto. Cassandra was 15 years old when she started taking care of them. One day Cassandra had told Ansiedad to take away the trash. As Ansiedad went outside to take out the trash, she slowly stopped and looked up. As she looked up she saw a lady. The lady had half her face skulled and the other half human. Ansiedad also noticed she had a very thing cover over her. The lady was dressed in white. Ansiedad looked at the lady very carefully. She couldn't believe what she saw. She saw the lady was not touching the ground. She screamed so loud and ran as fast as she could towards the door to her house. As soon as she opened the door and got in she screamed and slammed the door. Her sister Cassandra heard someone scream very loud but didn't hear the door slam. After Ansiedad came in the kitchen where her sister was, Cassandra asked Ansiedad why was she screaming, but the only thing that Ansiedad did was just stand there and stare. Ansiedad was so shocked she could not say a word or move a muscle. Cassandra shook and shook Ansiedad to get the words out of her but nothing worked. After a really long time Ansiedad finally spoke. Cassandra was finally relieved. Cassandra told Ansiedad that she shouldn't be scared because that could have been their mother. Ansiedad couldn't even think that that lady could have been their mother. Ansiedad remembered the lady's face, half skulled and half human. She was afraid to take out the trash. Ansiedad thought that it might have been a practical joke from her brother Beto. Ansiedad had to investigate if it was her mother. So once again she returned to take out the trash.

Emiliano Torres



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from my mother's
stomach,
from Tijuana and Berkeley.
I am from the orange
apartments,
small and cozy.
I am from the callies,
the tulip.
I'm from Christmas,
and Thanksgiving.
From mother and grandmother.
I'm from a five person family.
I'm from Jesus and Mary.
I'm from Mexico,
carne asada and pozole.

THE JOURNEY OF A BANANA PEEL

Platano is in the dump in Mexico. He gets in a garbage car to Acapulco he finds a granada sumo wrestler. The granada says "you rotten platano!" Platano asks the Granada where is he going. The Granada says he is going to a Pepe Aguilar concert. Then Granada asked platano where was he going. Platano said he was going to a Vicente Fernandez concert. Platano goes with Granada to a farmers market. Granada shows platano around. Granada meets Fresa and Mango. They walked to Guadalajara and they got in a garbage truck to a church. They fell asleep on the ride. They went on a fruit plane. Fresa was flirting with a Kiwi flight attendant. They got out of the plane and took a taxi.

SHORT STORY

The Masked Bandit

Brian woke up looking outside of the window. He got up and went to the bathroom. He looked in the mirror and said to himself "Who's that old man in his pajamas?" He got dressed and went into his porch. He drove away to his uncle's mansion. When he arrived, he knocked on the door. His uncle opened the door. Brian got into his swimsuit and relaxed in the pool. Brian got out of the pool and got dressed, then drove away. Brian drove to the police station. His boss told him to go the jewelry store. Brian saw a lot of stuff missing. Then he went to the grocery store to get food. He saw people with bags and guns. He followed them and somebody shot his hood. His tire popped and he stopped. He went to get a new tire from the hunk and then left. Brian followed them to a car dealer. They stole three convertibles and seven sport cars. The next day his boss fired him. He drove to a bank and he saw people with guns. He drove really fast. They crashed and Brian called the cops. They got caught. They asked everyone who sent them to steal. They said, "a woman named Viki."

They found her address. They went to her condo and arrested her. She told them what she had done: she'd stolen cars, murdered cops and sued people for millions of dollars, broken into people's houses and stolen furniture, killed and kidnapped and stolen from stores and stolen people's bags. Viki went to jail. Brian got a new car.



Sebastian Ventura



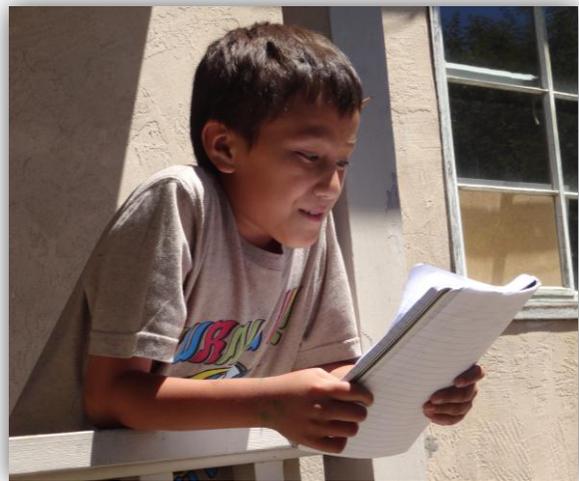
RECYCLING COMMERCIAL

Have you heard about 2012's End of the World movie? Well, maybe it won't end if you are cleaner. You should compost! We are selling buckets for \$10 only. Our name is The Compost Company. There are different colors: there is red, and blue, and green.

SONG PARODY

“Minecraft Style”

Minecraft style 🎵
Villagers and creepers
they have to go to war
if they have to
they kill each other
some are so sure
they got in my house...



SHORT STORY

The Meal and the Pig

We were playing – it was fun. Then we went home and watched TV, we ate fish – it was very good. It was night, we were playing and we saw zombies. We chased the zombies so they didn't get inside our home. We went to the roof. The zombies were on a plane. We got on the plane. We went to the sky and to a new world. We landed and it was called New York City. We went to a house there and we played and played. We ate pig – it was good, we served for 5 meals. In the morning we ate cereal. Then it was night and the zombies came from the ground. We ran to our home and we made a meal for the zombies. THE END

Arline Villagres

RHYME POEM

Mothers are wonderful
Mothers are playful
Mothers are helpful
Mothers are joyful
Mothers are beautiful
Mothers are kind
My mother is mine



SHORT STORY

Once upon a time there was a girl named Emma. Emma had a boyfriend named Justin Bieber. Emma was 22 years old. She had blue eyes, blonde hair, and always wore a dress. She lived in Richmond on July 9th, 2008. Emma looked pretty and always loved flowers. She had her family living with her. Emma had a friend named Anna. Anna was her best friend until one day Emma found a boyfriend named Justin Bieber. Anna used to call Emma but Emma did not answer. So Anna got mad and came up with an idea. She could get a boyfriend too so that she could do what Emma did to her. Then Anna found a boyfriend. But that was a bad idea because Anna's boyfriend was Justin Bieber. When Emma saw Anna dating Justin Bieber Emma got sad because she did not know that Justin Bieber had two girlfriends. Emma had a fight with Anna. Emma pulled Anna's hair. Then Emma won and Emma was dating Justin Bieber and lived happily ever after. THE END



WHERE I'M FROM POEM

I am from a dress, from air Jordan shoes and shorts.
I am from the living room, kitchen, rooms.
I am from the golden poppy, the lilys,
salt lake river, clean water.
I'm from Thanksgiving and Mother's Day,
from mom and dad.
I'm from the noise and the family games,
from "Be careful!" and "Be good."
I'm from Mary.
She is very good, she takes care of us.
I'm from God, turkey and pig.
From my dad eating a fly,
and my mom meeting my dad at the bank.

YOUTH WRITING FESTIVAL STAFF



Merced Truax-Padilla
Richmond Program Director



Laura Gomez
Berkeley Program Director



BERKELEY TUTORS

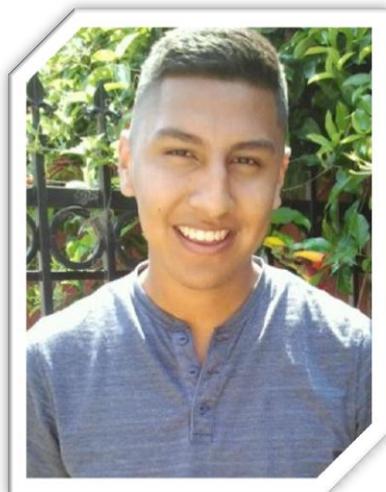
Lupita Guerrero
Team "Enchiladas"



Jessica Rodriguez
Team "Pretty Ponies"



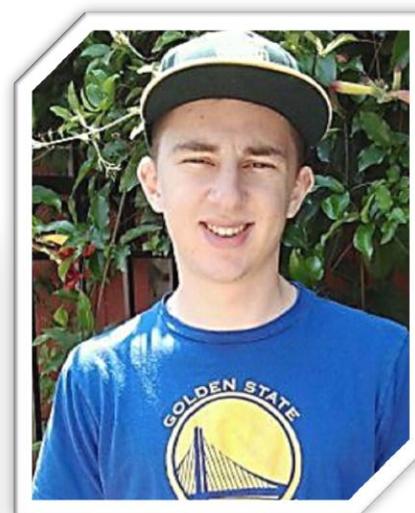
Adan Alberto
Team "Young Cadi Writers"



Krystle Bartholomew
Team "Monsters University"



Michael Rosen
Team "Learners"



Kimberley
Gonzalez
Team "Superstar 5"



Miriam Yarde
Team "Los Tacos"

RICHMOND TUTORS



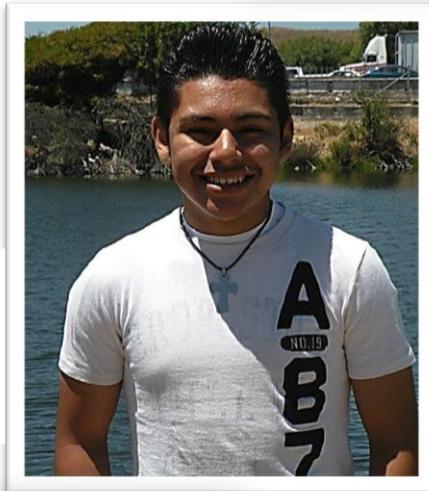
Marlene Rodriguez
Team "Good Fun for Everyone"

Victor Garcia
Team "Paisas United"

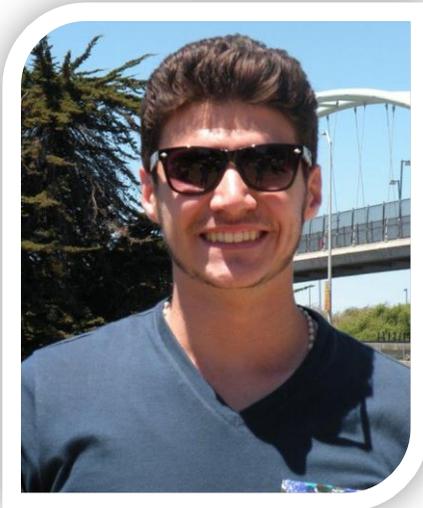


Vanessa Giron
Team "The Jaguars"

Erick
Dominguez
Team "The Lucky
Champions"



Lucero Vera
Team "The Opties
(Optimistics)"



Loren Ramos
Team "Halla"

Jesus Valencia
Team "The Immortals"



A WORD FROM THE STUDENTS

To Whom It May Concern,

This summer the Youth Writing Festival was very fun and educational. Throughout the short four weeks I have attended this program I have unforgettable memories and met unforgettable people. The tutors this year were all very nice and did care about bonding with the students.

Loren was really nice since the very first day and cared about bonding with our group. She constantly encouraged us and pushed us to do our best. She helped guide us in every assignment and always brought a smile to all our faces. Even though my time in the Youth Writing Festival was short I'll never forget it.

Sincerely, Aimee Velazquez

Dear Father Rigo,

So far my experience here in the program has been great. I love the activities we do. My tutor is very nice, fun, and helpful. My goal is to improve in my writing and I think I have improved, I still can do better.

I think that this program is great for kids who need to improve in their writing. The environment here is good for learning. I like how this program it's not just writing and writing. It has fun breaks and activities and it is a great place to be at if you're looking for fun and trying to improve in your writing. This program is great!

Sincerely, Carlos Rivadeneyra

Dear Padre Rigo,

This program was really fun. I like all of the exercises and poems that we do and the fieldtrip we had. All of the writing that we have done has helped me express myself and others too.

I have met a lot of people, everybody that I've met in the program is so nice and unique in the way they are.

People have been nice to me, like my tutor, Adan. He would inspire us to write more in group and to express ourselves. He would always ask me and my group if we had questions and offered to help. Laura was cheerful and encouraging all of the time like "you can do it" or "you can write more, I know you can."

I love this program a lot and I hope to keep on coming and meeting new people every year and having fun like I have had in the past three years.

Sincerely, Isaac Rosales

Dear Fr. Rigo,

I liked this program. It was a big help to me in general. I liked all the games and fun I had. I liked how I made a lot of friends.

Everyone was very friendly. I especially had fun with Jesus, our tutor. He was a big help to our group, even though our group wouldn't always listen to him. He would always find a way to make us do our jobs or assignments we had to do to finish that day. He was very fun. He was like a friend to all of us.

So I conclude that I would like to come next year for I enjoyed these past weeks.

Bryan Rodriguez

A WORD FROM THE TUTORS

Dear Father Rigo,

As a Youth Writing Festival tutor, I enjoyed mentoring the students during the program. English is my passion so I was more than delighted to help students improve their writing skills. I tutored a group of five students and they were engaged in all their assignments. I looked forward to coming to work every morning. The kids had many creative ideas that they incorporated in their work.

The only suggestion I have is of two separate curriculums – one for the older students and one for the younger students. I feel as if the curriculum activities were perfect for the younger students but the older students grew bored since they already did them when they were younger. Every other aspect of the Youth Writing Festival exceeded expectations. Laura served as an awesome coordinator. She made sure to provide the students and tutors with everything they needed. Laura also kept the program in order while being compassionate. The Youth Writing Festival has taught me many things as an English major and person. I would love to tutor students again during the semester or the next YWF program. Thank you for this amazing experience.

Sincerely, Miriam Yarde

Dear Fr. Rigo,

Sincerely, there are no words to describe my time here in the YWF. All my students, fellow tutors, and program director have been nothing but great. I am very fortunate to have worked with such wonderful group of people that oftentimes I wondered why it all has to end so soon. Merced has been fantastic to us all; I enjoy greeting her every morning to start another fun and thrilling day. Overall, I have enjoyed my time with her in the YWF and I am eager to start a new experience come next year.

Thank you, Victor Garcia

Dear Fr. Rigo,

I loved working with Merced. I am having a great time here. Merced is an amazing boss because she is patient, caring and professional. I would like to work in the Youth Writing Festival again, I feel that I can learn a lot from Merced. I love the energy and passion she has every day. I can also see that she enjoys her job. I also like that she has great communication with us. I hope to work with her again.

Loren Ramos

Dear Father Rigo,

I thoroughly enjoyed participating in the program; it is a great way to help kids improve their writing skills and expose them to different styles of writing that they didn't know about. This way, the kids are able to expand their knowledge and use those new skills to improve their progress in school. I like the idea that every tutor has his or her own small group. That way the kids can focus more and the tutors are able to give the students more attention. The curriculum is well structured and planned. However, the actual program can use more structure. Each day is very free-flowing, which is a good thing, but at times the kids can get out of control. Something I also like about the program is the fieldtrips. The thing I like the most about them is that they have nothing to do with writing; that way the kids can have a break from writing and have fun. However, it does get chaotic with both sites together because there are a lot of kids. Even though the program has its pros and cons, it is a great experience for the kids, as well as the tutors, that should be repeated in future years. Thank you so much for the opportunity to volunteer and be a part of this program. Kimberley A. Gonzalez

A WORD FROM THE PARENTS

A quien corresponda:

El programa en estas semanas le ha ayudado a mi hijo increíblemente a concientizarse en la manera que impacta la lectura y la escritura en su nivel educativo de High School. Las técnicas usadas para llevar el programa han sido cruciales para que Jorge llegue diario con algo nuevo para compartir en familia con mucha motivación. Los tutores son ejemplos de vida. Se identifican mucho con él y sus experiencias de colegio lo hacen soñar y proyectarse en esa etapa de su vida que llegará enseguida, en algunos años. El horario me parece muy adecuado para la edad de los niños. En un futuro me gustaría que hubiera paseos a universidades, o parques recreativos o acuarios. Agradezco la atención para con nosotros los papás de parte de Laura, la coordinadora del programa, y la comunicación que crea con cada uno de nosotros.

Gracias a todos, en especial al Padre Rigo fundador del programa. María Limón

Padre Rigo:

Le escribo estas cuantas letras para saludarlo y en especial a para decirle lo que me parece el programa de verano. Soy la mamá de Andrea Martín-Sánchez y para mí es muy grato comunicarle que el programa y en especial las y los tutores han ayudado mucho a Andrea. Ella era una niña tímida, insegura de sí misma, y ahora la veo con un poco más de confianza en ella misma. También la han ayudado mucho en su escritura y a desenvolverse en hablar un poco más porque era un poco tímida para hablar y un poco floja para escribir y ahora ya escribe mucho más. Bueno, no me queda más que decirles sino darles las gracias por realizar programas así que les ayuda mucho a nuestros hijos en la escuela y en lo personal, y ojalá sigan habiendo programas muchos años más. Gracias por todo. Atentamente, Beatriz Sánchez

Hola Padre Rigo:

Espero y deseo de todo corazón que esté muy bien, que siempre siga teniendo ese corazón que tiene tan grande y bondadoso. Padre, nos encanta que haga todas estas cosas para los niños y también para los adultos, todos estos programas que nos motivan y nos enseñan muchas cosas. Mi hijo Dieguito está muy orgulloso de haberlo conocido a Usted y a Merced, y también a todo el grupo de jóvenes. Él está feliz porque dice que se divierte mucho, aprende y se entretiene y así no tiene tiempo para que quiera andar peleando en la calle. Se entretiene y mucho y está también muy feliz porque dice que tienen un mariachi y que le gustaría entrar a un grupo de música y tocar el violín o la guitarra. Padre Rigo, muchísimas gracias por preocuparse por motivar y ayudar a los niños y alegrarles sus vidas y así los niños aprenden mucho más. Gracias Padre, muchas gracias. María O. Magallon (Madre de Diego Magallón)

Estimado Padre Rigo:

Estoy muy contenta de que haya programas como éstos en nuestra comunidad y que mi hijo pueda asistir a uno de ellos. Este es el primer año que asiste a este programa de escritura. Él está feliz de participar en él, pues es un niño que le gusta aprender cosas nuevas y conocer más personas. Esto le ha ayudado a desenvolverse más, a desarrollar su mente y a sentirse más seguro de sí mismo. Todo esto lo logró gracias a su tutor Erick, quien le ayudó a realizar sus trabajos y a entender cómo hacerlos, pues siempre le dio confianza para sentirse seguro de lo que hacía. Todo el equipo hizo un buen trabajo, especialmente Merced quien es una persona muy dedicada a su trabajo, muy amable, muy paciente con los niños y sobretodo muy alegre. Todos los días nos recibió con una sonrisa. En lo personal estoy muy satisfecha de este programa y espero poder estar el próximo año. De antemano les agradezco a todos por haberme dado la oportunidad de asistir al programa y de haber ayudado a mi hijo Nicholas Gonzalez. Atentamente, Mariana Gonzalez

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