

Separate Together

COLLECTED WORKS
FROM ISOLATION

QUARANTINE ANTHOLOGY PROJECT
VOLUME 2, 2020

Read and Write Kalamazoo exists to
celebrate and amplify youth voices
through the cultivation of reading and writing skills
via **joy, creativity, equity, and access.**

On March 25th, almost two weeks after Michigan schools closed and one day after the statewide stay-at-home order began in response to COVID-19, RAWK launched the Quarantine Anthology Project:

“Hello RAWKstars! We hope you are all settling in, taking care, and staying creative during the school closure! We’re all in the same situation. Stuck at home, missing our school routines, and our friends. And we don’t know what to expect next, so we have to wait. Now is a great time to write and create, of course! Not only will you keep your skills sharp, but writing about these uncertain times could help get through these next few weeks with kindness, empathy, and gratitude.”

Little did we know, the conditions necessary for the Quarantine Anthology Project would extend through the summer and beyond. During this same time, we’ve seen and experienced a revolutionary wave of uprisings for Black lives met by police riots.

RAWK’s mission has always been to celebrate and amplify youth voices, but 2020 has underscored why we exist and why we’re going to keep working and adapting to support the young people of Kalamazoo. Now more than ever, young people need space to process and express, to explore and grow, and to step into the inherent power of their words and stories.

. . .

The writings collected here were compiled on
December 14th, 2020.

RAWK would like to thank **Anne Hensley** for the time and creative efforts spent in the editing of this anthology and for its title, and **Jason Conde** for the conception of the Quarantine Anthology Project.

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Separate Together

Collected Works from Isolation

In My Garden

by Ingrid Aardema

I'd plant roses in my garden.

Roses can be different shades,

Such as pink or red.

There's always something special because there is
love in their stems.

That goes all the way to its middle and then to all of
the petals.

All of the petals shine love into your mouth and then
the love goes into your heart.

The heart is so special and shares its love with
everyone.

You will always be my friend.

Love, Ingrid



Salvador's Would You Rathers

by Salvador Blanco

1. Would you rather have 100 best friends or 100 friends?
2. Would you rather stay in a pool for 24 hours or a hot tub for 24 hours?
3. Would you rather stay up playing board games or video games all night?
4. Would you rather have 100 friends that are girls or 100 friends that are boys?
5. Would you rather jump in a deep pool but cannot swim or step in lava for 5 seconds?
6. Would you rather always be sleeping or always be awake?
7. Would you rather learn nothing or never do anything cool?
8. Would you rather only eat spicy food or salty food?
9. Would you rather never eat or only eat bad food?
10. Would you rather jump in lava for 1 second or stay in a pool for an hour?
11. Would you rather swim in mud or swim in skulls?
12. Would you rather be blind or deaf?
13. Would you rather it be dark forever or light forever?
14. Would you rather always get the bigger half or always get the smaller but better half?

15. Would you rather be alone forever or never be left alone?
16. Would you rather have no money, but people always buy you things or be rich but nobody to spend money on?
17. Would you rather be a dog with 3 legs or a cat with 5 legs?
18. Would you rather only eat candy or never eat candy?
19. Would you rather be able to watch anything or never watch anything?
20. Would you rather be a mermaid with no tail and no voice but have love or be a mermaid with no love but keep your voice and tail?
21. Would you rather be blind and deaf or have no limbs?



My Christmas

by Yaralecsy Brito-Arevalo

Hi, I love Christmas.

I like to open the presents on Christmas.

I love eating with my familia.

I also like when Santa gives us some presents.

I like playing in the snow with my two sisters and my mom and little aunt. Not my brother, he tries to eat the snow so we don't take him outside.

I have a special bear for Christmas and PJs for Christmas. There's actually a sloth dressed like Santa, and a bear dressed as Santa that matches my bear.



My Marvel Universe

by Adahy Garcia

I went to Pluto and all I found were ice mountains and ice giants.

I didn't talk to any of the ice giants, they were throwing icicles at me.

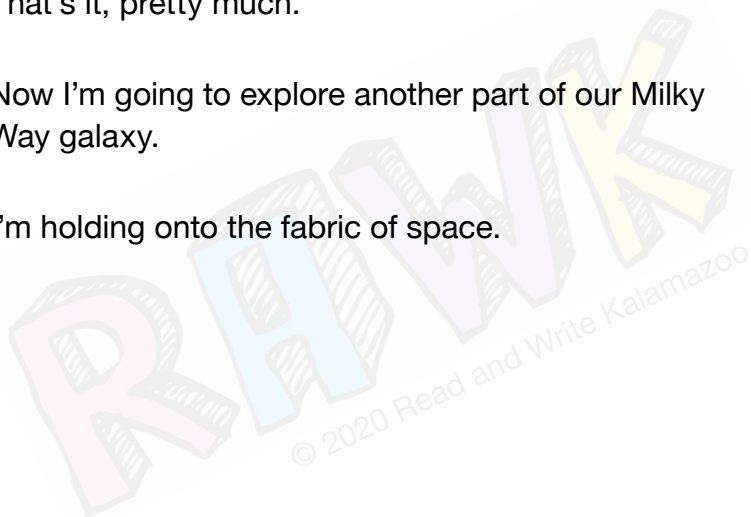
I caught them and threw them back because I'm a pitcher, so that's what I do.

I destroyed a whole ice mountain. That was the easiest fight ever, I just had to pitch an icicle.

That's it, pretty much.

Now I'm going to explore another part of our Milky Way galaxy.

I'm holding onto the fabric of space.



My Perfect Room

by Eliseo Blanco

A room with, like, 10 tablets so I can look up different anime styles and drawing styles.

There would be all my favorite anime and shows on the walls, with 10,000,000 drawing utensils and coloring utensils, too. And the 10th tablet would have an app for making my drawings come to life. And it would be like heaven!



I Am Every Good Thing

by Max Bormann

I am as loud as a lion,
and sometimes as quiet as a mouse.

I am super fast, as fast as light.

I am artsy like my mama.

I am silly like a monkey, and sometimes serious like a
tiger.

I am snuggly like my stuffed animals.

I am proud like a cat that caught a mouse.



Shark for President

by Adam Justa

Hi there, reader, my name is President Shark. Do you want to hear about five reasons why I should be president? Great. Let's get started as soon as I get out of this tangled seaweed.

Reason one: fish and I get along. The little fish clean my teeth and I keep them safe from bigger fish. There is a size restriction though, otherwise I might eat you.

Reason two: lots of sea creatures notice me because of my big body. When people see me they scream and run away.

Reason three: Us sharks always have to keep moving to keep up with our constituents, mostly because they swim away from us.

Reason four: I never get sandy or dirty because my rough skin doesn't make it easy for sand or dirt to stick.

Reason five: Us sharks are very scary so nobody messes with us. Nobody sticks around for long because they are afraid I will eat them. Oh well, being President can be a lonely job.

Thanks for listening.

I Am Every Good Thing

by Harrison Bryce

I am a sportsman, a courts man,

I am nasty

“Slam dunk.”

I am a touchdown, a field goal,

a 90-yard running streak.

I am the kick, the

the goal, I am breaking ankles full.

I am the

reader, the leader,

the one that's got the Knowledge.

I am right, I am wrong, but ...

My wisdom is never gone!



I Am Every Good Thing

by Kyree Whitfield

I am a sports player.

I am a giver not a taker.

I am a winner, not a loser.

I am a leader, not a follower.

I am a team player.



Headphones Haiku

by Jack Stefanick

Cover up my ears
Soft cushioning for my head
Lets me hear my class



Rat for President

by Felix Rutgers

I believe if you want to be President you should possess certain positive qualities. I will be the first rat to ever become president. Squeak, squeak, squeak, fellow Americans, I want to inform you of five good reasons why I should be the next President of the United States.

I would make a good President because I am smarter than a hamster. For example, rats are more friendly and interactive and that is a good quality to have.

I would also make a good President because I am small and don't take up much room. I wouldn't need a big house.

Another quality that I have to be a good President is I work well with others and I won't be bossy.

I also possess a cuteness about me so we won't have to pay the secret service, they'll be paid by my cuteness.

The last reason I think I would make a good President is, I don't need much food or a big table. I will save our country money.

Being President requires a positive attitude and certain qualities. These are five reasons I think I would make a good President (*chews on cracker*).

Lake Michigan

By Stella Scavarda

Lake Michigan, Lake Michigan so much fun
The impressive big lake's so big and so wide
On the sand we run and run
I like to sit by the tide

Wind flipping my hair while I ride on my speedboat
Swim, splash, dive, and more
Looking at mountain slopes, and my dad when he floats
The pretty crystal lake, oh galore

Sand in my toes, sand in my hair
Hiking in the preserved wilderness
Watch out for that bear!
My mom, as always, giving out kindness

Seeing many species of dogs
Watching the naturalist crew
Oh, you'll never see fog
Lake Michigan, I love you!

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Noodle, My Snake

by Andrew Boertman

Beautiful markings

Cold blooded but warm hearted

Family member



The Woods

by Lucy Mansberger

Dark, quiet, isolated. A blanket of peace. Pests and beauties alike, all united in a place we call the woods.



The Third Eye

By L.E. Mansberger

Perhaps there is life out there somewhere. You know, in distant planets. I never once took the time to care about this, just thought there was straight-up zero alien existence. Well, now I must say I am but the strongest believer in life out there. Maybe you will be too once you know about my past experiences.

My name is Ronald Harrison. It was about 50 years ago, when I was just a young boy. It started out like any ordinary day. I woke up, got dressed, milked Bessie, our old jersey cow. It was then when I realized something wasn't right. There was a large spiral in the middle of our cornfield. I went inside with a shudder. I had heard of these before. They are called crop circles. Old geezers say that they are made by the extra terrestrial. *Calm down*, I thought to myself. *It's probably some sort of hoax*. Still, I couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't right.

I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't realize a strange, abstract shadow had darted through the backwoods. Suddenly, the earth beneath me started to shake. I was scared out of my wits. It was as if I had been whipped. I ran like a cheetah chasing its prey, screaming louder than a howler monkey till I reached the village. I yelled, "Help, help, earthquake!" I heard snickers. "Please, sir, really! It's not fake! It's not a hoax!" I plead, telling everybody, hoping that somebody — one person — would believe me.

I hear people muttering, "Did he escape from

an asylum, that loon?" Everybody said that there was no earthquake. I had no idea why. I was just a young fellow. Of course you can imagine how puzzled and angry I was. I wanted to know why nobody else felt the earthquake. It was strange. I was confused. I suddenly just couldn't shake the feeling that something bad was about to happen. It's a creepy feeling, it is. I was scared, and of course I was angry at the villagers' insults. I didn't know what was about to happen. But I could feel in my blood that something was going to. It was like I could predict the future. But of course that didn't help the spooky mood I was in. In fact, it made it worse.

Suddenly, the ground started shaking again. I screamed, "It's happening again! the earth is shaking!"

"You loon!" the villagers cried. "There was no earthquake!" At this point I was angry, puzzled, and stressed.

An old man stepped up. He said, "You have been experiencing the earthquake of the third eye." I was almost scared to death, I was. Everybody in our village had heard of the story of the third eye. Of course! Why didn't I think of that? Well, I guess I didn't want to. It's a horrible story about an extraterrestrial who had three eyes. The first two were like humans' eyes, but the third one was the most terrifying thing you would ever see. There was barely even an eye; it was like a bare socket, dripping blood, rotting. And in the middle, there was a piece of the rarest gem in the whole universe and

every other universe beyond. It was called kilodite. It was the only one of its kind. It was a magic gem. It could kill anything that the bearer desired. Legend says that every 500 years, the extraterrestrial would choose someone to feast upon to stay alive. The only way you knew if you would be his next meal was if crop circles appeared on your lawn and there were earthquakes that only you could feel. By then, it was too late. People have disappeared and they never came back. Some say that they have been taken by this extraterrestrial and his horrible third eye, never to be seen again. Of course, I didn't believe in things like that, being a young fellow.

But then, I did believe. Because that night I was abducted by that horrible extraterrestrial. He was horrifying in general, but the thing that almost killed me of horror was his third eye. It was worse than you could ever imagine, pus pouring out of its corners, dripping blood, flies swarming around it. It was all terrifying, but the thing that scared me most of all was when he took the kilodite out of the third eye. He took it in his hands and started muttering my name into it in a gnarly, hoarse voice that sounded like nails on a blackboard. It was then, only then, that I gathered the last of my strength and I kicked him as hard as I could. Then, I fled. I ran faster than I'd ever run in my entire life. I ran, ran, ran faster than everything that ever moved put together. I ran so fast that I never ran again. I ran so fast that I was able to spare my life. Barely, though. I will never forget that night, no sir, but sometimes I want to. It was horrible. So if you get

crop circles and you get earthquakes that only you can feel, know this: nobody will be able to survive like I did that night.

The End



I Am Every Good Thing

by Sabrina Barrett

I am an artist like Vincent van Gogh.

I am as short as a sapling.

I am fun, positive, and energetic.

I am a gamer like my brother.

I am a thinker and a helper.

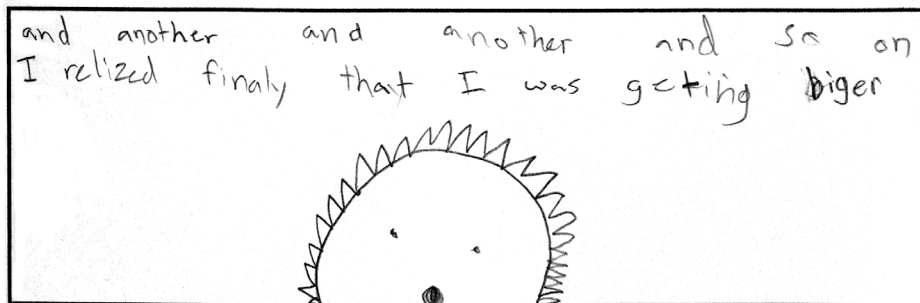
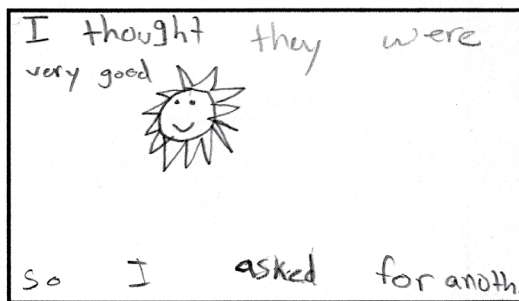
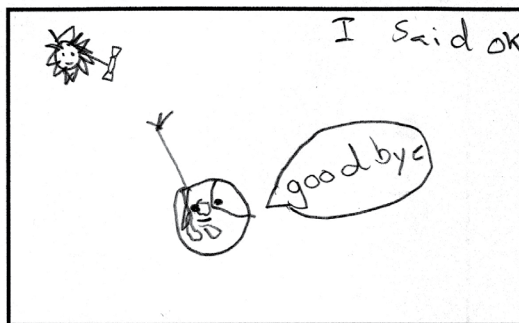
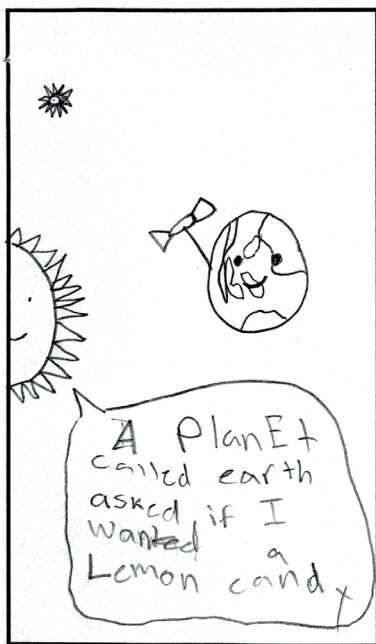
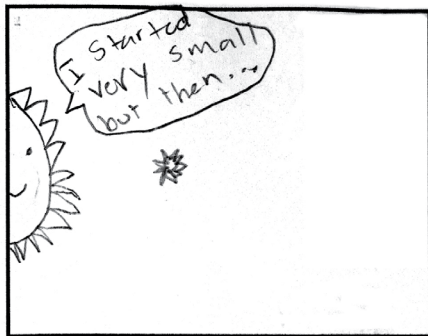
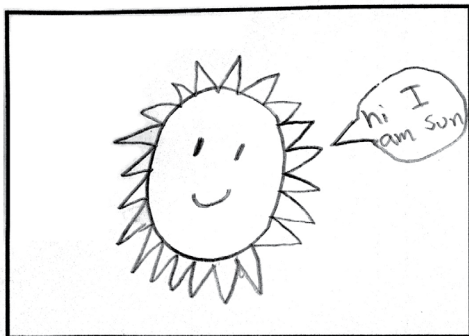
I am a friend like no other.

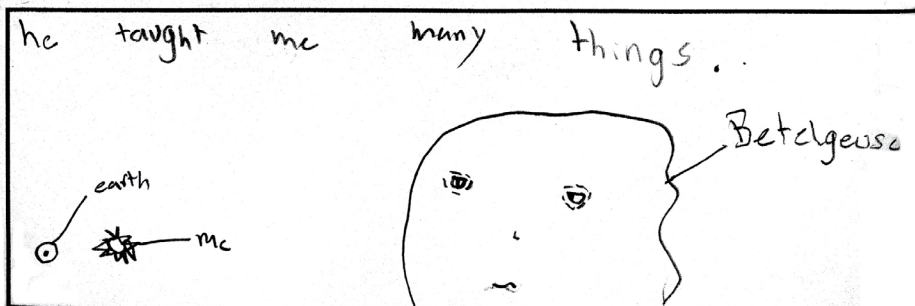
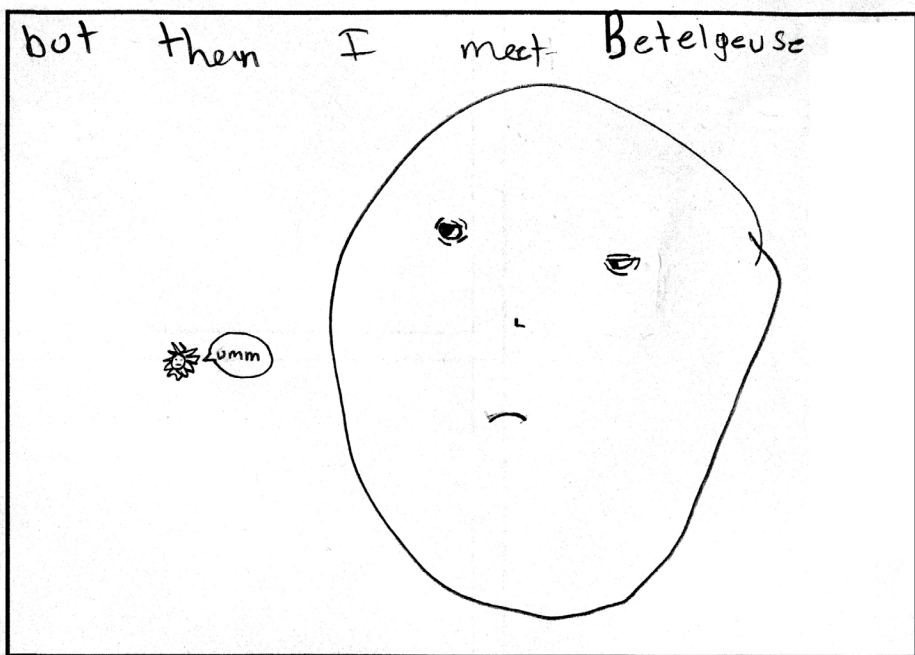
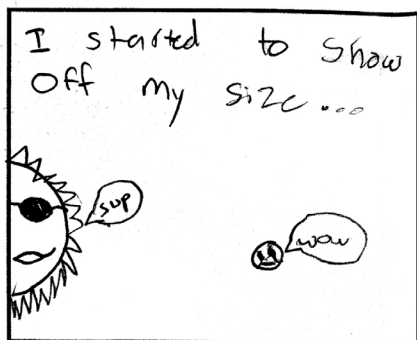
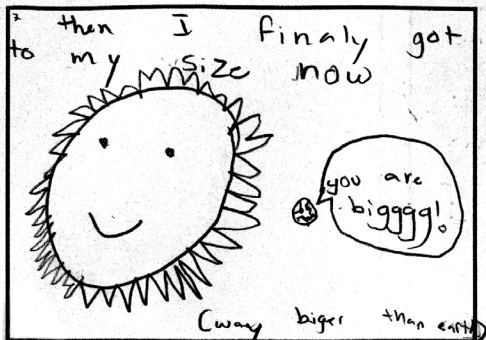
I am as cuddly as a cat and as shy as a mouse.

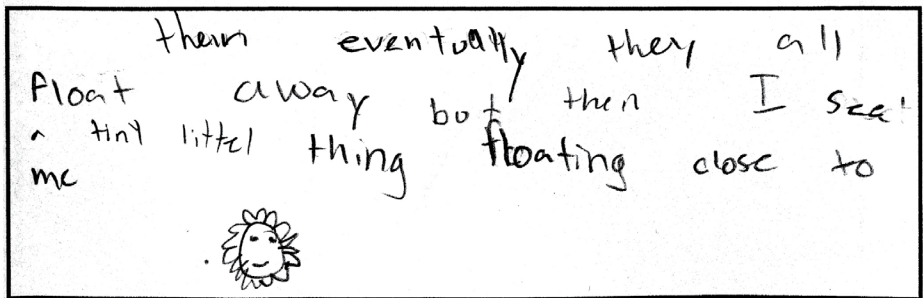
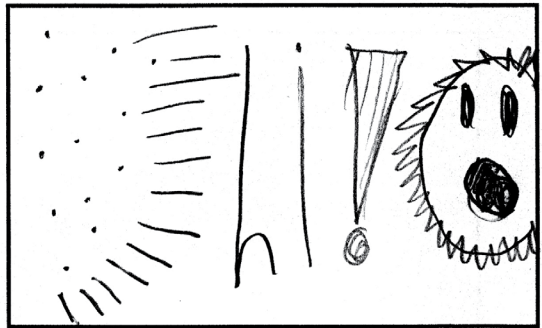
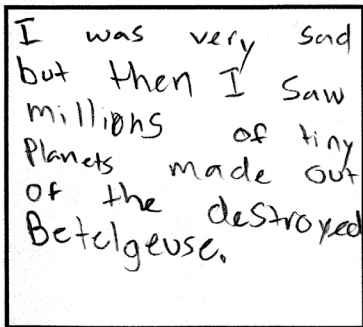
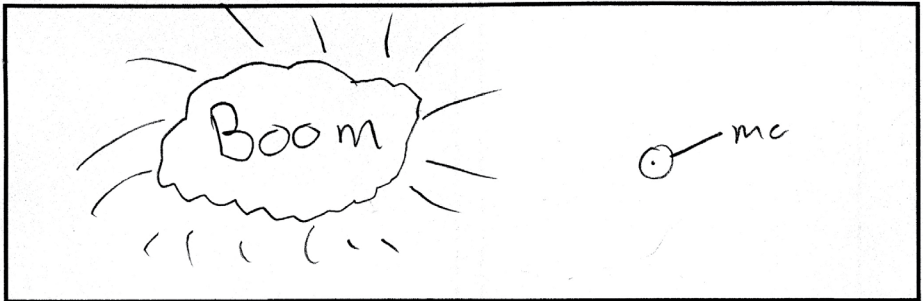
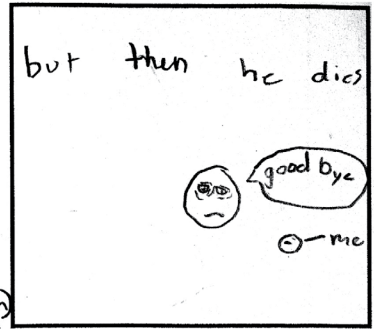
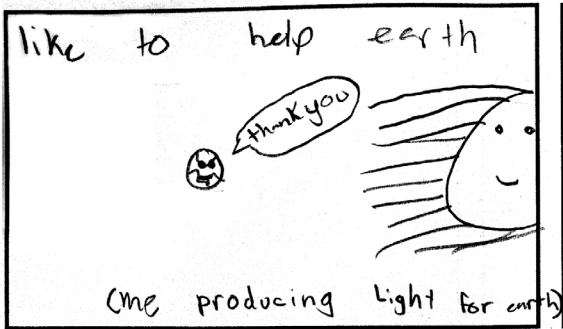
I am there when my friends and my family need me.

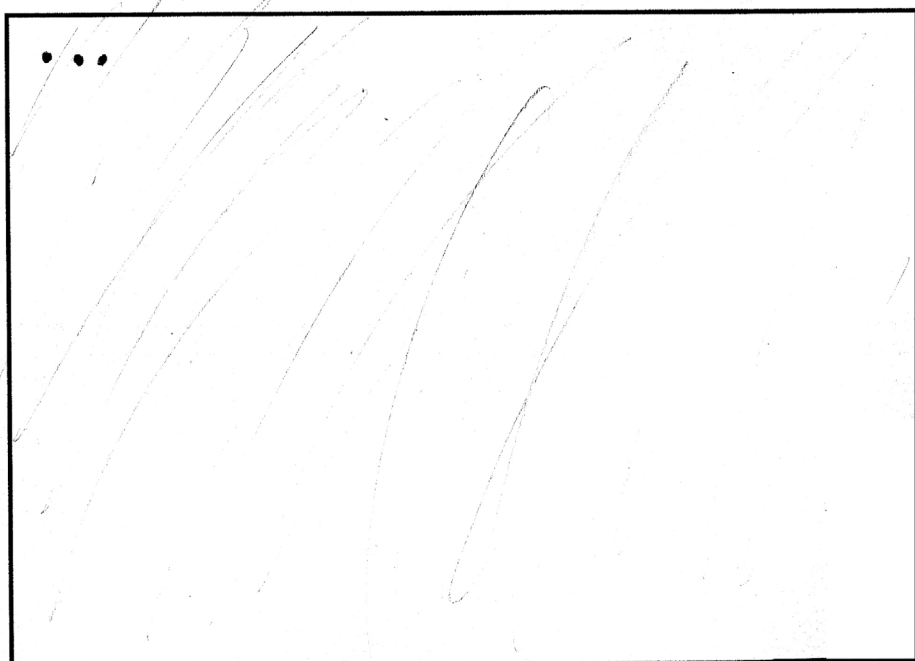
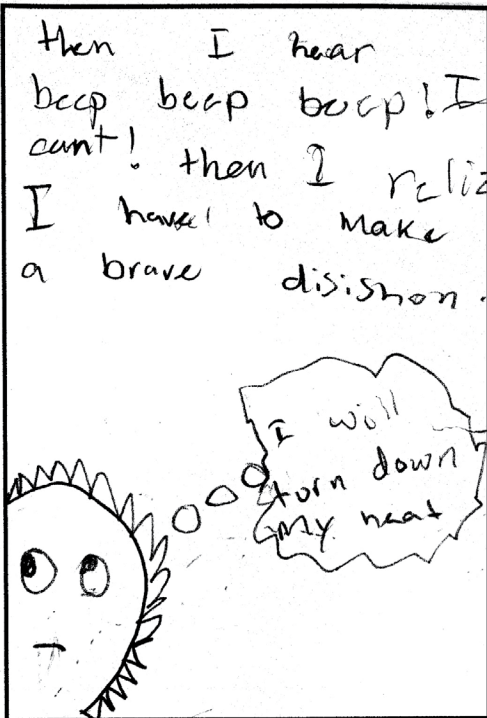


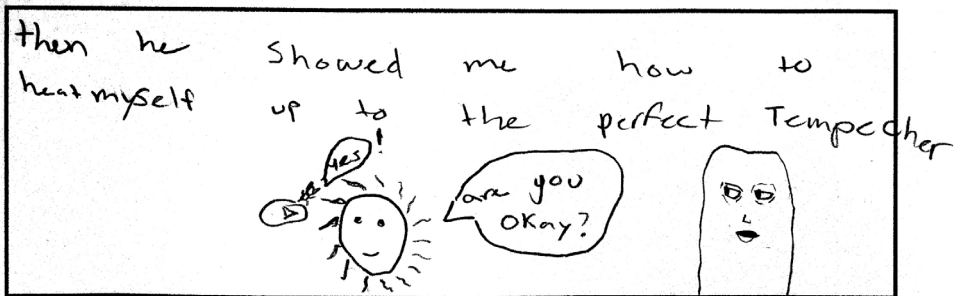
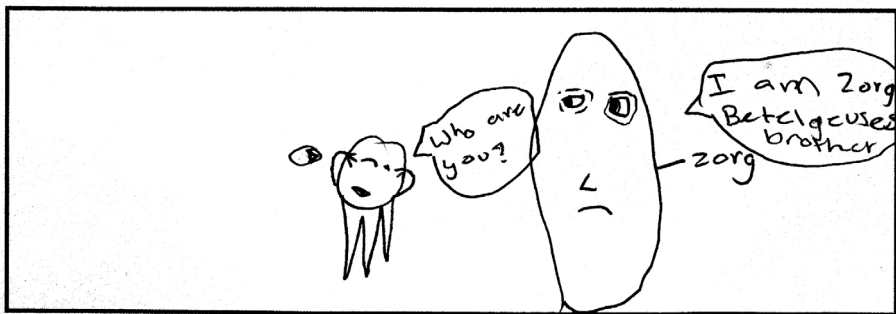
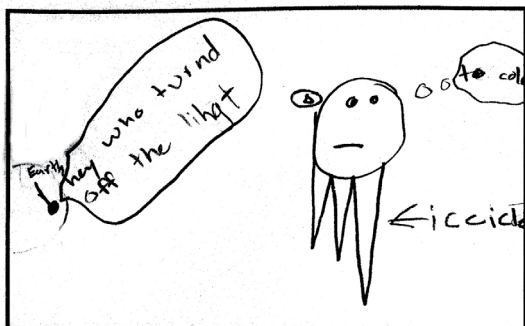
by Matilda Dunfee



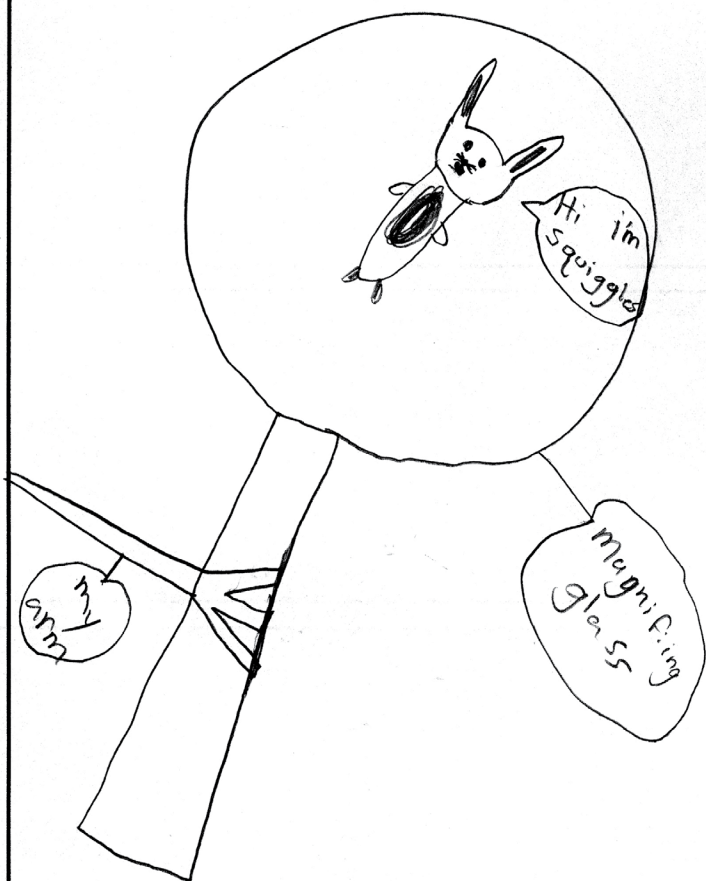


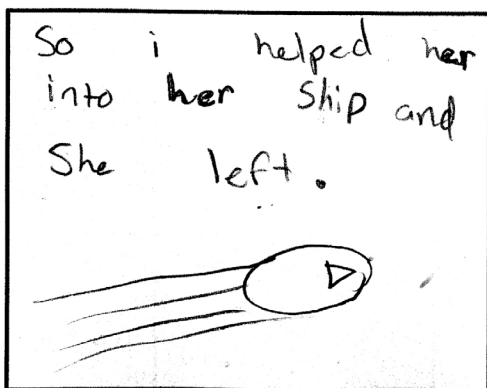
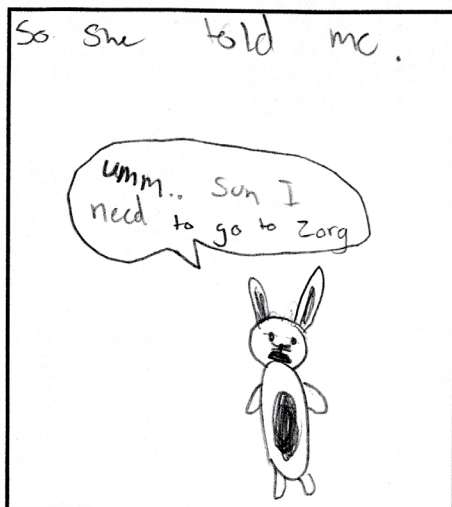
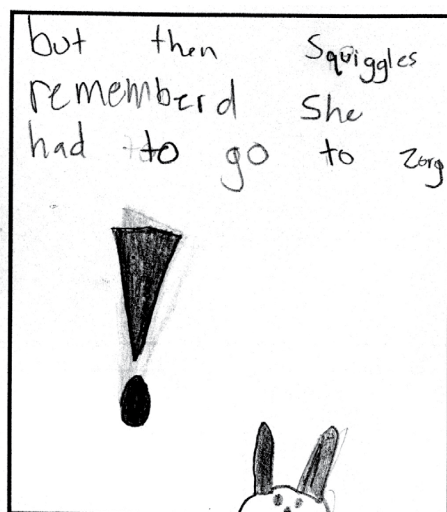
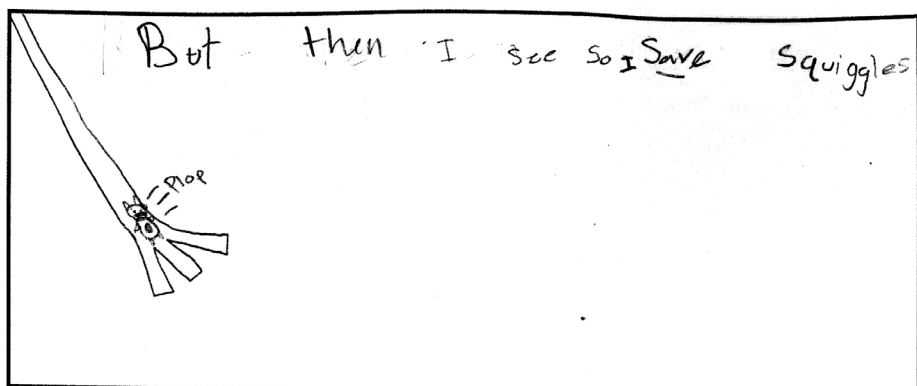




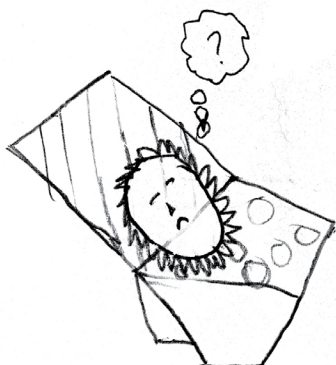


Then I see! The thing in the
Rocket is a bunny-cat!

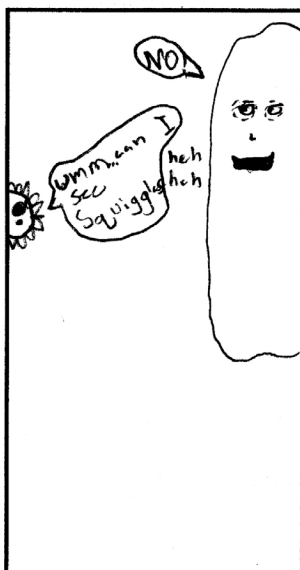




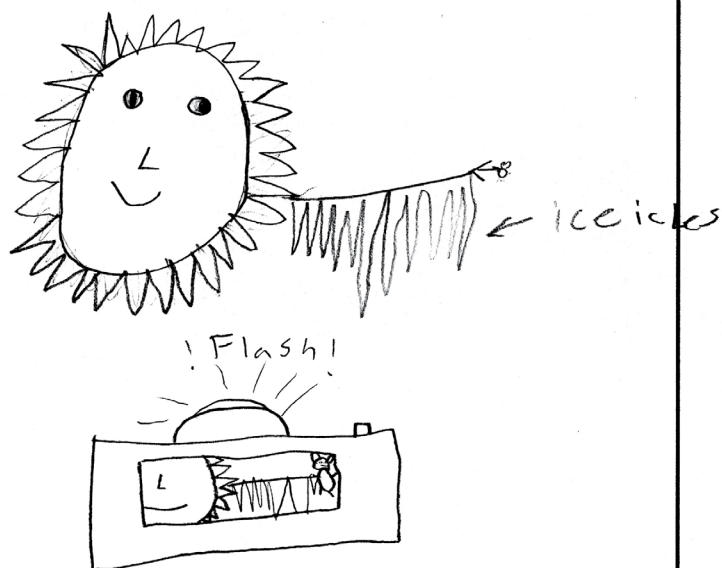
I waited 10 days thinking of something to do but there was always something that caught me and distracted me



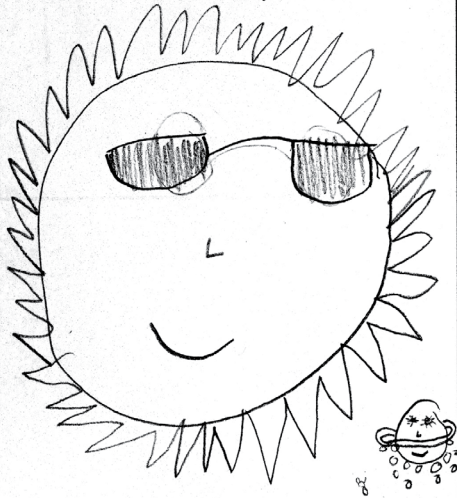
but then i realized squiggles said she would come back in 8 days so i thought I must go to Zorg



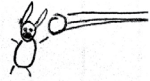
Me and Squiggles become
best freinds.



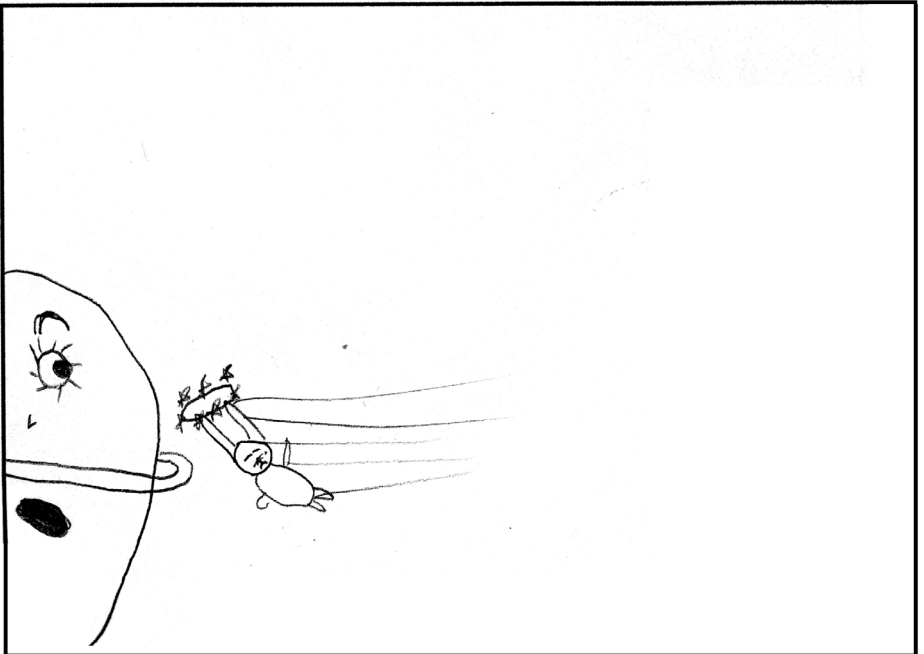
but then we
visit maren

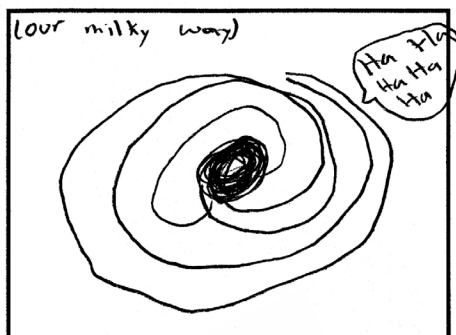
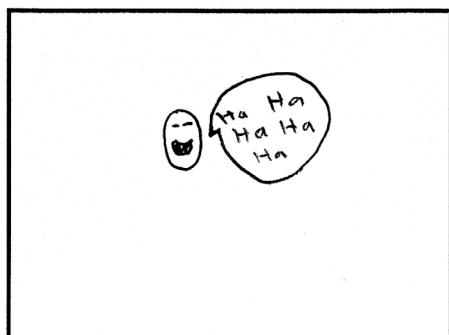
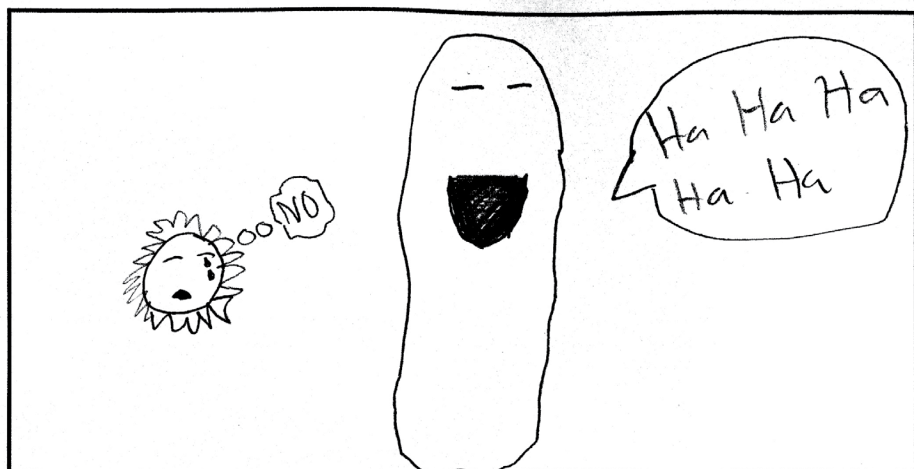


and one of the
babies got loose!



Uh-oh





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The make believe moon

by Matilda Dunfee

Hi! My name is Jenny Joliene. I live in a NASA apartment shuttle. I am an astronaut. I love my job and I get to go to space this March. My space training partner is Kathy Red. We have been friends since before kindergarten. We don't know how we are still friends.

Anyway, we started space training today. It is fun for all different types of training. We are lucky to be in NASA. The only bad part is the food. Yuck! Kathy and I started our jobs in 2090 when we were 29 years old and after all the years we are now 33! I will tell you why the food is gross. First we eat something called Dixon Ticonderoga. It is a brown goop with red dots. It tastes like worms. Not that I have ever eaten worms! Just guessing!

Today is the day I go to space! I am all packed. So is Kathy. We are waiting for the Jeep to come. It does, of course, tumbling down the rocky road.

"Finally," Kathy says.

Later, at NASA, Jake, who works with NASA's computer program says, "Time to blast off." I am so nervous I do not notice that we take off.

"Wake up!" Kathy says.

I open my eyes and mumble, "I was not asleep."

"Oh. Be quiet. We are in space now. Don't you want to be?" she asks.

"I do!" I say angrily. It is my first time in space,

so when I unbuckle I float upside down. Kathy holds up a pair of magnetic boots. "Thanks," I say. "So what do you want to do?" I say. Kathy looks at me like I am an alien from a comic book that came alive when she was reading it. "What?" I say.

"Don't you know what we have learned and trained about?" Kathy says. "The mystery moon stone!"

"Oh," I say.

"So we need to go to the moon," she says. "It will take two days."

(Two days later)

"We will land on the moon today!"

9:15, descending. 9:50, on the moon. We suit up to leave the rocket. It is amazing.

"You can see Earth," Kathy says.

"Well, duh," I say. "We're only on the moon. Also we should start looking", I say.

"Right," Kathy says.

We split up and go our separate ways. I stop because I hear something. I listen. Nothing. I start to look. About an hour later I hear a scream. It was a scream from Kathy. I look up and come face-to-face with a giant.

"Run!" I scream. But I am too late. The giant bends down and scoops me up. Then I see it. Millions of them. A noticeably smaller one I see has Kathy.

"Phew." I did not notice that I was holding in my breath.

The giants start to separate. Soon just three

giants remain. Mine, Kathy's, and a third big, big one. We get close to a castle and the giants turn into men. They drag us in the big front doors and up several staircases into a run-down tower with chalk markings on the wall and the name "Mazie." That is the name of my sister that has been missing in action for more than 20 years!



Fall Day

by Amairany Arevalo

It was a fall morning but the Arizona sun made it feel like summer. Fall here is 80 degrees. I remember waking up and walking outside smelling the fresh air. It smelled so pure, so plain, so refreshing. I remember thinking to myself, "I hope this moment never ends."

I walked back inside and the smell of my grandma's pancakes filled the kitchen. You could hear them sizzle on the pan as they went from blobby to crisp. I loved the smell of pancakes because that meant we were going to eat breakfast as a family. I remember telling my grandma that I would set the table by myself. My grandma loves it when I set the table, she said I set it like if I worked at a restaurant. It is true, I would fold the napkins and put the forks and spoons on top of the napkins. I loved helping. I would even put the milk and the chocolate powder for the kids and orange juice for the adults and the syrup and butter. I loved setting up the table.

After breakfast I ran outside but the ground was so hot and I had no shoes on. I almost burned my feet off. And the air did not smell pure and fresh anymore instead it smelled humid. I was thinking of a plan to watch the sun set and smell the fresh air that afternoon.

A few hours passed and I set up a picnic so that I could watch the sun set. It was so fun but then it started to thunder. I was sad I had to go back inside. My mom was happy, it really never rains here,

but I was sad because that meant that when I woke up the air outside would not smell nice.



Pecos Bill: A Tall Tale

by Laila Rashid

Pecos Bill, a young boy on a road trip with his family, was in the back of his dad's black slick and shiny truck. When they stopped at a gas station, he wanted a Milky Way bar. He jumped out the truck, bought one, and when he came back, all he saw was smoke. Pecos ran and ran and ran. Up on the road, he saw a rock. He thought he could jump over it, but he missed, causing him to trip and roll down a hill to a forest. He rolled and he rolled, feeling so weak he passed out. In the mist of the night came a coyote who took him in and called him her own.

Pecos and his coyote brothers and sisters played from day until night. And one day, someone must have seen him playing, yipping and howling, and before you knew it, the police were there! The fire department arrived shortly after. When they finally got Pecos out, one person said, "Hey, you're one of us, so start actin' like it, boy!"

Pecos stood up and he was twice the man's size, so Pecos pushed out his chest and said, "OK, what are ya ..."

The man spat out laughing and said, "Great joke, kid" and drove off. But no one else thought it was funny or a joke. They knew Pecos was serious.

Someone replied, "We are humans," so Pecos said "OK" and left the woods.

Pecos traveled and traveled, till he only could move his feet by dragging them. He was in the Wild

West and when he turned around, he realized that he split the earth into countries and continents. When Pecos finally caught up to the rough and tough cowboys, he said, "Who's the boss around here?"

The boss said, "That would be me," but when he turned around and saw Pecos he said, "Oh, that would clearly be you," and took off his hat and threw it to Pecos.

Pecos replied, "Me?"

The boss replied, "Yes, you."

That's when Pecos's luck started to change. Pecos didn't ride horses; he drove cars! To catch a bull, they lassoed the bull by their feet and yanked then in the back of their cars. But Pecos still didn't have a car of his own, so he asked Mike if he knew a place to get one. Mike said by the edge of the woods there would be a white car with a gold horse on it. Mike said the car would only start if he was the chosen one, so Pecos set off.

As soon as Pecos got to the edge, a large rattlesnake, half the size of Earth, said "Whatsssss the passsssword?" Pecos was so startled, he could only think to step on the snake's head, and that was the end of the snake. Pecos got past the snake, got a good look at the car and knew it was the one. He grabbed the snake, wrapped it around his belt, got in the car, turned the key. Chuga, chuga, chuga, chuga, chuga was all he heard as he drove away.

When Pecos returned later that evening, Mike didn't look too pleased to see him. Everyone told Pecos that Mike was trying to harm him so he could

be the leader. When they saw the snake, they all gasped because they said no one ever passed the snake and that's why he was so big.

The next day they were on the move, when John, Pecos's best friend, spotted a beach under a steep hill. That's when Pecos had an idea; he told the men to teach the cows to lean to the left while going down the hill so they could graze while standing on the hill. That's when Pecos remembered that was the one thing he didn't complete; he didn't find his family.

So the next day, he told the gang he was leaving and put John in charge. But John said, "No, I'm coming with you." When John said something there was no point in arguing because he wouldn't listen. Pecos put Mark — a responsible, smart, and kind man who could keep the place steady — in charge. The two set off laughing telling stories and, in some cases, had no talking.

One day they came across a small town, so they parked at a little cozy motel, slept there and in the morning went to eat breakfast at a place called the Cozy Café. While eating, Pecos noticed a family staring at them. They had a very pretty lady with them. Pecos started to point out the pretty lady to John, but John was focused on another lady and got up from the table. Eventually the family came up to him and asked, "Um, excuse me, you look very familiar, do we know you?"

Pecos sadly said, "No, I'm out of town looking for my family. They left me behind at a gas station and never came back. I would forgive them, but first I

need to find them.”

“Oh, well, we are looking for our son and you look just like him, so we knew it was you,” the lady said as she began to grin. The more and more the lady spoke, the more Pecos began to smile.

Before long, they were all hugging and when John finally came back holding hands with the lady, he said, “Did I miss something?”

“Yes!” said Pecos. “This is my family!”

“Oh!” John shouted.

Pecos excitedly introduced everyone. “Mom, this is John. John, this is my mom. John, Dad, Dad, John. John, Claire. Claire, John. John, Billy. Billy, John.”

Pecos saw the beautiful girl again and said, “Hello, miss, what’s your name?”

She said “Beatrice. Beatrice McClaire, I’m a family friend,” as she handed him her address.

Pecos said, “John, who is your lady friend?”

John said, “Oh, this is the lovely Petunia, Beatrice’s sister.”

“Oh,” said Pecos. “Really?” Smack dab there on the spot Pecos asked Beatrice to marry him. Beatrice accepted and a week later Pecos and Beatrice were wed in a small cozy house and lived happily ever after.

School of Doom

Concept by Charlotte Windsor, Script by Eloise Trost-Bailey and Clem Trost-Bailey.

Adapted and developed by Amelia Windsor, Zanaya Wilson, Edith Wright, Charlotte Windsor, Barbara Wilson, Eliza Wendt, and Sabine Phillips.

This is an excerpt from part one of the School of Doom project, the full script and its sequel are still in progress.

Act 1, Scene 1

JENNA: My name is Jenna, and I am magnificent in genetics.

CAROLINE: I'm Caroline, and my talent is building mechanical devices.

LILY: I'm Lily, and I'm good at anything when it comes to plants.

EMILY: I'm Emily, and I know everything about history.

NOVA: Hola! Mi nombre es Nova, y yo puedo cantar sobre pollos de arcilla. Olá, sou Nova e posso comer arroz em insetos. I just said my name is Nova and I speak many foreign languages ... well, I may or may not have said that! *(Laughs)*

(All students sing, "Shiny, happy people holding hands")

(scream heard)

Act 1, Scene 2

EMILY: Hey, Lily, what's the name of that girl who is super snarky to the teacher?

VERONICA: Veronica.

MS. PERKINS [Evil teacher]: Nova. What is 4 times 713?

NOVA: 2,853.

MS. PERKINS: Incorrect. That mistake will show on your grade, I can guarantee you that.

Now, can you tell me ... what is your favorite animal?

NOVA: Purple.

MS. PERKINS: (*laughs*) You really think the color purple is an animal? How stupid! She thinks that and she gets the wrong answer to a math problem! How hilarious!

VERONICA: Oh, how funny. The teacher is ridiculing a student. That must be the funniest thing I've ever seen.

CAROLINE: (*whispering to Emily and Lily*) That was just cruel.

LILY: (*also whispering*) Agreed. That's why I hate Ms. Perkins.

EMILY: (*also whispering*) Caroline, you're good at math, so you could answer the question.

LILY: (*whispering*) And you could say the right answer is what they meant.

MS. PERKINS: Girls! Are you talking in my class?

LILY: Um ... no?

MS. PERKINS: I know what I saw. Come up here and answer a few questions in front of the class.

(All three go to the front)

MS. PERKINS: The first problem you will solve is:
9,637 times 270.

CAROLINE: The answer is 2,601,990.

MS. PERKINS: That is correct. You pass. Go sit down
— silently, this time, do you understand me?

CAROLINE, Lily, EMILY: Yes, ma'am.

MS. PERKINS: Good. Now, sit down, and shut up.

Act 1, Scene 3

Principal Merriwether's office

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: Ms. Jones, I presume?

MS. JONES: *(nervously)* Y — yes, ma'am.

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: So, you want the job Mr.
Hawker left behind.

MS. JONES: Yes, ma'am.

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: You seem like a good
woman for the job. Lots of muscle.

MS. JONES: Why would I need that?

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: Read the staff rule
book, woman. The first rule is that if the students fail,
they *(air quotes)* disappear.

MS. JONES: But that's monstrous!

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: It's life.

MS. JONES: Can I protect them, at least?

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: N. O. What did you
think?

MS. JONES: Uh — um — I —

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: Answer me, worm!

MS. JONES: Can I object to that statement?

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: No. But I'm going to test you. Quick, punch me in the arm.

MS. JONES: Um, okay? (*punches Merriwether in the arm*)

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: (*jumps back*) You've got strength, woman. That hurt ... a lot.

(*Merriwether sings "Natural" by Imagine Dragons*)

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: Want the job?

MS. JONES: (*after thinking*) ... Yes.

Act 1, Scene 4

Jenna, Caroline, Emily, Lily, and Nova's dormitory

LILY: You're good at math, Caroline.

CAROLINE: But you're even better at science!

EMILY: You got us out of that. Thanks.

CAROLINE: No problem.

JENNA: Weren't we here to talk about how much we hate this school?

NOVA: Yes, Jen.

JENNA: Please stop calling me that.

NOVA: I never called you "that," Jen.

JENNA: I give up.

NOVA: Never give up. Sharing is caring. Honesty is the best policy. You like my life rules that I don't usually follow?

JENNA: Anyways — on a scale of one to ten, how much do you hate the school?

EMILY: Eleven.

CAROLINE: For me, maybe a twelve.

NOVA: 2,853.

LILY: Isn't that the number you said wrong in class?

NOVA: It's possible.

CAROLINE: Yeah, that's what you said.

NOVA: Jen, how much do you hate school on a scale of one to 2,853?

JENNA: I would say 2,854.

NOVA: Dang! That's impressive. *(laughs)*

Act 1, Scene 5

The hall

(Nova is carrying her books and singing quietly to herself about the number 2,853. William trips her as he goes past.)

WILLIAM: Eat floor, weirdo!

NOVA: What did I ever do to you?

WILLIAM: Nothing specific ... you just piss me off, weirdo. *(runs away)*

NOVA: I'm not ... oh.

(Nova sits up, leaving her books, and sings "All This And Heaven Too.")

Act 1, Scene 6

(Nova is returning to her dormitory. She is almost there when she accidentally kicks a tile, nearly tripping. She saves herself and looks down the hole where the tile was, and screams. She runs all the way

back to her dormitory.)

NOVA: (*nervous, shaky*) Hey, guys?

Act 1, Scene 7

The hall

CAROLINE: Are you sure about what you saw?

NOVA: Yes. 2,853 percent sure.

LILY: Even more sure?

NOVA: I couldn't be more sure.

EMILY: This — this is really, really scary.

LILY: Oh my gosh, yes.

NOVA: It's here. (*They all stop at the loose tile, in front of a blanket held by two people who aren't currently acting. Nova kicks the tile, and the blanket is dropped.*)

JENNA: (*terrified*) So she wasn't just having a moment.

NOVA: Are you talking about me?

JENNA: Yes. Sorry about that.

NOVA: No time for sorry. It's time for suspicion.

EMILY: Who do you think killed them?

JENNA: Probably Ms. Perkins. She only likes William.

LILY: Or it could be Principal Merriwether. She's always seemed suspicious.

CAROLINE: It could be both. That's my theory.
(*Principal Merriwether starts to walk toward the main characters, but doesn't notice them. Daisy comes, and slides the tile back into place. The blanket rises.*)

DAISY: *(whispering)* You have to get out of here! Now!
(They all run away, as Veronica opens the door of her dormitory to see what the noise is. Principal Merriwether sees her.)

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: Well, well, well, it seems a little girl is poking around in matters that are not her own.

(Merriwether grabs Veronica's wrist and leads her away)

VERONICA: I was just opening the door to see what the noise was. What the heck are you doing?!

PRINCIPAL MERRIWETHER: You're going to learn what happens to bad little girls.



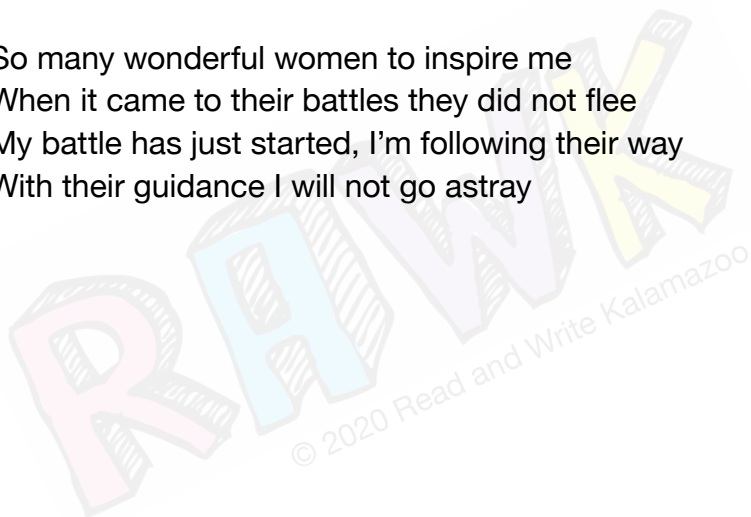
Wonderful Women

by Anna Kingston

Sally Ride, the first woman in space
Rosa Parks stayed seated while standing for her race
Aretha Franklin, The Queen of Soul, raised in our
state
Junko Tabei, climbing Everest was her fate

Amelia Earhart flew across the deep, blue ocean
Benazir Bhutto was a Prime Minister against all man's
notion
Ruth Bader Ginsburg, the Supreme Court Justice
who was notorious
Frida Kahlo's paintings, fighting stereotypes and
simply glorious

So many wonderful women to inspire me
When it came to their battles they did not flee
My battle has just started, I'm following their way
With their guidance I will not go astray



Love ones

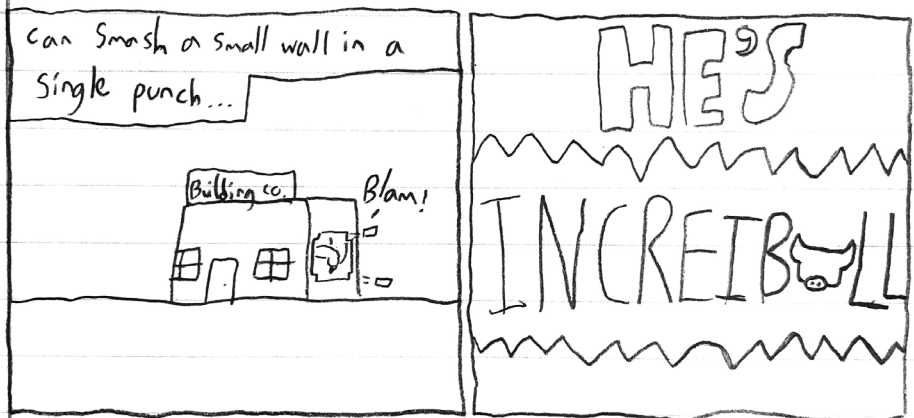
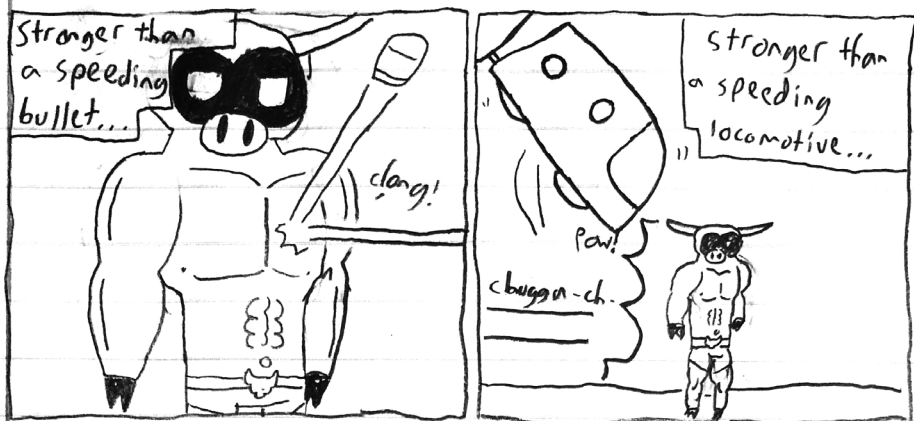
by Yamilet Brito-Arevalo

Love ones come
love ones stay
love ones taste
love ones dance
love ones leave
love ones will come back



Incredibull

by Atreyu Muha



Quarantine Life

by Addison Popp

Hello, my name is Addison Popp. I got an email from my ELA teacher about writing a story about quarantine and I thought I'd give it a try. I'm 13 and in 8th grade. I'm not much of a writer but I thought it'd be fun.

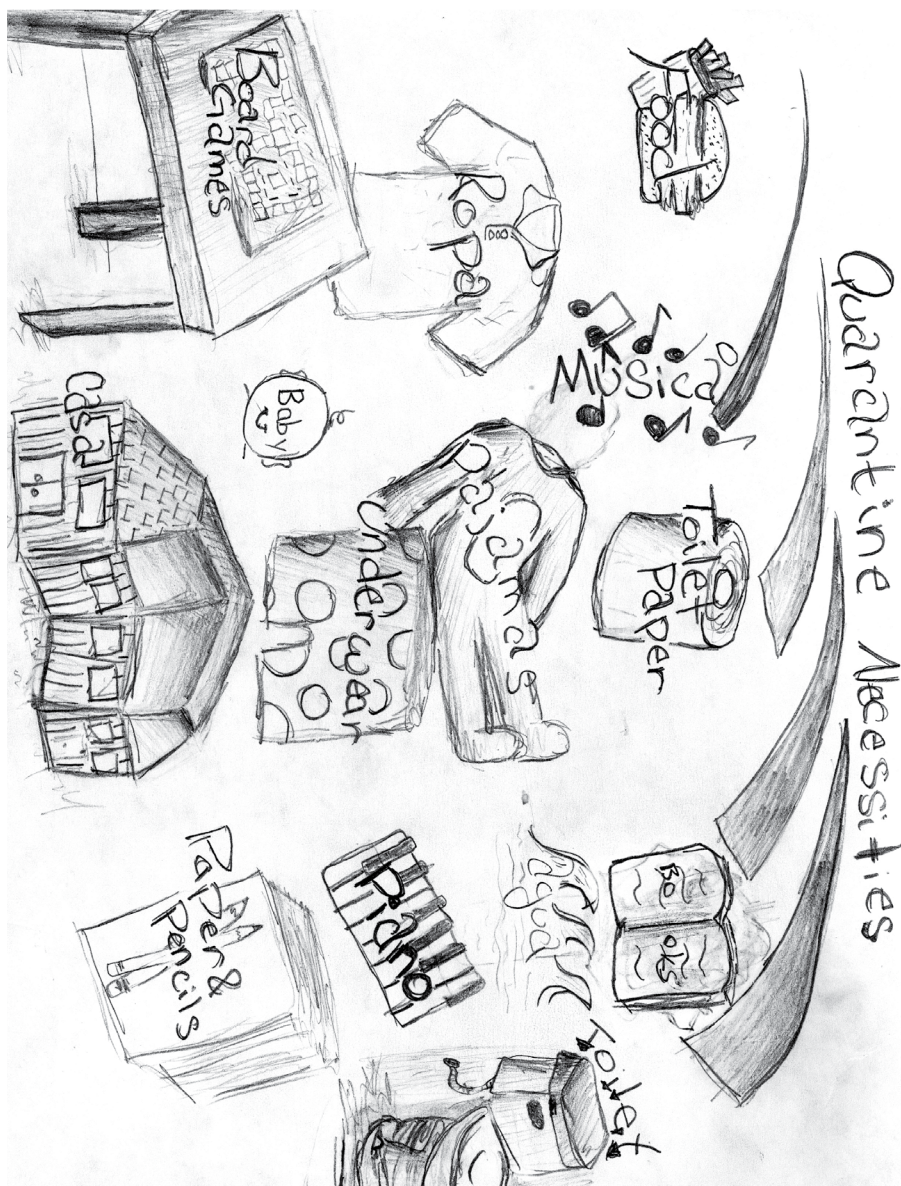
Well, when I got the news it was in school before the first lockdown. Everyone was making jokes about it and I had no idea what they were talking about. Then I got back from the mall with my friends and one of our friends Facetimed us and told me we were going to be off school for a while due to COVID. I was excited when I first heard the news because who doesn't want a few days off school?

I didn't take it seriously until it was a month into quarantine and I couldn't go over to my dad's house. It was nice at first with school being optional. I got to sit in my bed all day and watch new shows, old shows, anime, romantic comedies and basically everything.

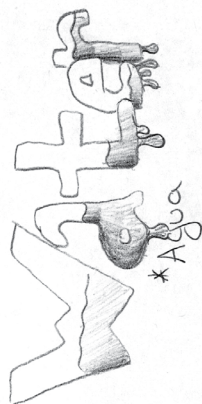
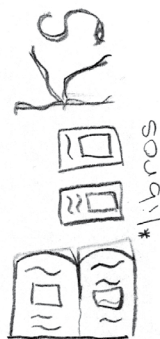
Then everything started to repeat itself. I didn't mind at first. It felt like a vacation but everything was the same. The days started to blur and I couldn't even remember what the date was. I felt like a robot. I was numb. I wasn't depressed but I was numb to the feeling of a new disaster. So much happened this year and so much pain, but I was isolated for most of it so it doesn't even feel like it happened. It just feels like a dream, a really, really bad dream. A nightmare.

Quarantine Necessities

by Eloise Dunfee



by Eloise Dunfee



Dear Future Mom at 15, From Your Future Daughter

by Summer Cook

At the age you are right now I know you're not dreaming or imagining having kids. You're living your life doing school and thinking about what you're wanting to do with your life when you're older, like becoming a ghost writer and moving to New York and pursuing your dreams. Dear future mom, I am your daughter.

Dear future mom, I have a few questions about how you are doing, how your life is, would you ask for a better life? 15 is a good age. I'm assuming you don't have a lot of things going on except school and maybe an after-school job. Life is probably crazy and hectic like always.

I'm writing to you to give you an inspiration that at your age everything will be okay. All worries should go away. There is a lot I can say before you have me but not enough time. But I hope you are doing okay and are living a happy life.

Dear future mom, you don't know me yet but I'm your daughter and I look almost just like you and I'm carrying some of your crazy traits. Mom, I am Summer, your second child. I am eager to meet you and live in the same world with you. I'll arrive in just a few years and I may make your life crazier than it is, but I will help with a lot. I'll make sure you aren't stressed to the max and I'll be here when you need it but there is no need to worry about me right now, it's

probably 8 more years till you will have me, or even a few more years. Don't waste your life right now, live it and make sure it's good before you have me.

I wish I could know what life was like in the '80s and '90s and to see what you are living through. I'm writing to you from the future to make sure you are okay and make sure you are doing well. Life will never be perfect, and it gets rough a lot but, in the future, even though you're a little crazy you're a great mom, keeping a roof over our heads and always making sure we have food to eat.

Dear future mom, I am your daughter and I'm letting you know that you are doing great in the future.

Dear future mom, I will arrive March 14th, 2006, and I will be chubby but adorable. You take good care of me and make sure I am a good, healthy child and grow up to be as strong as you. You stay strong for us and sacrifice eating when there is not enough food, you do a lot more than you think you do in the future. There's a lot you have gone through while being a mother, but know you're still doing great and you're still being strong and even though you didn't pursue your dreams of being a ghost writer and moving to New York you still tell good stories about ghosts. But in the future you're strict! And you don't let anything go by but it's good you get us ready for the future.

Dear Mom, I am your future daughter. My name is Summer. I was born March 14, 2006, and I came to grow up in a good life. You make me happy

you helped me through a lot.

Dear future Mom, it is me from the future. You're doing great and still haven't given up, you're still strong and keeping your head high above the ground. And if you're wondering today is November 30, 2020. I am 14 and in high school.

Dear future mom this is Summer, and I love you. And your advice to me is to follow my dreams and don't let no boy get in the way.





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Kalamazoo

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