



Write On!
A Teen 'Zine

Santa Monica Public Library
SUMMER 2010

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**Pieces Inspired by
This Summer's
Teen Writers'
Workshop**

**Santa Monica Public Library
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**The Youth Services Department
Friends of the Santa Monica Public Library**

**Write On! A Teen 'Zine is a publication of writing
by participants in the Summer Teen Writers'
Workshop 2010. Please enjoy these pieces, inspired
by creative writing exercises, author visits,
and teen life experiences.**



QUOTE???

M & M Reverie

Ensemble Poem by the *Write On!* Teen Writers

M & Ms, M& Ms,
sweet respite from those salty snacks,
only as big as my pencil eraser,
yet as colorful as the ocean,
red and blue like the colors of the American flag!

Oh, M & Ms,
you're blue as the vast sky
and orange as the entrancing sunset.
You're brown as the fertile earth
and green as the plants that grow on it.
Your smell is like a waterfall of chocolate.
You encompass the whole planet--
You're a lush green pasture,
yellow blades woven delicately
amongst a sea of emeralds.
Red like blood, green like grass,
crushed into the great red rocks of Sedona.

Whoa! M & Ms,
you're bright as the sun,
shiny as a waxed car.
I'm so hyped up by the taste of you on my tongue—
like Spain and the Netherlands were,
fighting to win the World Cup!

Nikki Fox

Untitled

Caring for characters is hard work
Feed them twice a day
Let them run wild
But keep your muse quiet
For characters will grab the reigns
Caring for characters is hard work

Noa Levy-Eshman

I am an extra unordinary girl

Sometimes I wish upon a star that every day be normal. I love my life, and I love to live it, but other kids get to win it. They always, I don't know, they have their own problems, but they don't have so many problems in subjects and schoolwork. Sometimes I wish that I could be an ordinary girl. Every day when I walk through the hallway of my school, I feel everyone is staring at me, that I'm sticking out. I just want to be one in the crowd. I don't care for special treatment, and I don't need sympathy. I could do what an ordinary kid can do, just with some setbacks. I get it, but when I get sad I just want to be like other kids, like "normal" kids. Every time I start a new school, I make myself look all dolled up, hoping this school will be different, I'll get along at this school. And usually it is different, but somehow I'm still sticking out. I'm never going to be one in the crowd. I just want to have it easy. I don't want to get extra time on tests, or to go to bed super early so I can stand the next day. My life was always about doctor's appointments, and therapy, and what can we do for Noa, or what's wrong with Noa. I always watched my wonderful cousins prance around so perfectly, but whenever I pranced around I would fall flat on my face. Whenever I go to doctor's appointments I say, "There's nothing wrong with me, there was never anything wrong with me." I just don't want to face the truth. You know the song, "Suddenly I See." It's been my favorite song since fifth grade, because it's so true- I just woke up one morning and looked at myself and said now I see who I truly am.

The song itself didn't make me realize that something was up with me. The song helped me realize that even though I'm not perfect, I am beautiful in my own way and that is a pretty big accomplishment. I don't know why this means so much to me. I mean, it's not like somebody died, or I have a new sister. I have disabilities, so what? The great thing about people like me is we are always different. No one can ever predict what's happening with us. I don't know, I guess being set apart is cool. It's sometimes better, but sometimes I just would like to try out being an ordinary girl. I am who I am, I like who I am, and nothing is ever going to change that. In the mornings of each day I dream of the boys who I want to ask me out, and the people I want to talk to me, if they only know I love them. Yet I'm still sitting all alone at the lunch table waiting for someone to come talk to me. In the light there comes the darkness- my self-esteem goes back down a hundred points, and I become that five year old again who does anything anyone tells her to do. I suppose, though, in the darkness comes the light- the fact that I could do whatever I want, and I am gorgeous and nothing can hold me back. I am not an ordinary girl, but no one really is. But at night I realize that I'm special because of that, I realize that I don't have to hide to be who I want to be, I could just go out and conquer the world, because I'm not an ordinary girl—I am way better. I'm Noa, the extra unordinary girl, and I am proud to be one!

Paloma Bennett

Untitled

EXT.DRIVEWAY-SANTA MONICA-DAY

FRED JOBES, a man wearing nerdy clothes, is standing in the middle of a driveway outside a townhouse. He steps forward and starts talking.

FRED JOBES

Hello my name is Fred Jobses. I am the inventor of the newest Apple phone.

Fred pauses for effect.

FRED JOBES (CONT.)

My invention is the mini mini iPhone. This iPhone has the same features as the regular iPhone 3G. The only difference is the mini mini iPhone is very very tiny.

Fred takes the phone out of his pocket. He holds it between his thumb and forefinger of his hand, but the phone is so tiny it is not visible.

FRED JOBES

I'll show you how this mini mini iPhone is like any other iPhone.

He takes out a magnifying glass and puts it up to the teeny object in his hand. Under the magnifying glass, it looks like a regular iPhone.

FRED JOBES

If I press the Safari logo it takes me right to the internet. Then I can press the large black button and it goes back to the main page. Also I can check my email. Ah, see I can check what the Onion has written. I can take a picture of the beautiful sidewalk with the built-in camera and many other fun things! All the things I can do with a regular iPhone 3G can be done with my newest creation.

As Fred says this he does all the same actions on the iPhone. Then he slips the magnifying glass into his pocket.

FRED JOBES

The mini mini iPhone is so light, which is what makes it so great! I'll show you.

EXT. SCHOOL TRACK-SANTA MONIC-DAY

Fred Jobes jogs in place.

FRED JOBES

Right now I am holding my mini mini iPhone. With a regular iPhone I wouldn't be able to runs with the phone because it is too heavy. BUT my invention doesn't weigh anything at all.

Fred starts running.

INT. BRIDGE ROOM-SANTA MONICA-DAY

Fred is sitting with two OLDER WOMEN around a bridge table. He looks very bored. Fred gets up and stands in front of the table. He holds up one of his hands.

FRED JOBES

(Stage whispers) If you can't connect with the people your hanging with, then you can use my mini mini. Nobody can see it, so you won't get in trouble...

Fred's hand jerks side ways. His face turns pale. Fred drops to the ground. He mouths "I lost the mini mini" to the camera. Fred takes his magnifying glass out and starts searching. A crew member joins him on the ground from-off camera. They both scramble trying to find the masterpiece. A voice off camera starts laughing. Fred gets up.

FRED JOBES

This is my master piece. I will be making billions on the product. This is not a laughing matter. Somebody else help me! This whole crew should be stopping everything to find the fracking MINI MINI IPHONE!

freFred is furious. His eyes focus on the camera as much laughter is heard off camera. The older women look up from their games startled as if not really paying attention before. Fred stalks toward the camera.

FRED JOBES

Are you still filming!??

As Fred's arms go above his head the screen quickly goes black.

Omeed Partovi

I Eat on the Floor

I'm done with dinner
My mom had called
While I walked downstairs
I took a look
Saw Persian food
Boy that looks good
Took my seat
Got my rounded plate
Then slowly brought right hand down
As it...
Grasped the circular bowl shaped figure
To help guide my meal
Next the goofy left
Which then...
Plunged for the little pointy ended stick
To guide the food to me
While this happened
I got distracted
By a tug on my back
Was like a stretch
And you probably wonder why
The reason is my plate
It is not on a table
Where it is
Is where we stand
Simply on the ground
So when I finish
Every day
My delicious food
Is on the floor
And is where I'll always say
I'm done with dinner

Adrian

Adrian stared at the old weathered building in front of him. There were few windows, and those that were present were either cracked and smashed beyond repair or boarded up. He hefted his large gray duffel bag over his shoulder and began walking up the cobblestoned steps to the entrance. He shifted his bag to the other shoulder. It was so heavy it was leaving creases in his black leather jacket. He nearly cried out as a wave of pain erupted through his head. There was a white flash, and he saw the rocky cliff side of the training camp. He dimly heard The General screaming at him to move faster as he struggled to do back flips and other acrobatic stunts with a backpack laden with bricks. He felt the backpack digging into his shoulders... There was another flash, and he was leaning against a bronze sculpture of a falcon. He stood up, rubbing his temples. He must speak to The Doctor about this... no, if they knew his memory blockers were failing, they dispose of him. He continued walking. As he walked through the arched entrance of the building, a crow left its perch on an overgrown olive tree and began circling around Adrian's head, squawking insistently. With near mechanical precision, his hand whipped out and grabbed the bird by its throat. The bird let out a gurgling cry, and Adrian jerked his hand to the side. A crack echoed down the dark corridor. The bird lay still. Adrian threw it to the side, causing it to splash in a small pool of water. Adrian rubbed his bald scalp, and continued walking.

He did not bother to marvel at the ornate architecture of the corridors, or reach out to feel the faces of the gray, snarling gargoyles pouncing at him from the walls, forever frozen in time. He had memorized it all from the

floor plan he had stolen from the guard that had been posted at the gate – he could have walked through there with his eyes closed. The crows were probably swarming on the guard’s body now... He spun around and threw his duffel bag at the security guard that had been trying to sneak up on him for the past five minutes. As he threw the duffel bag with one hand, he drew a combat knife out of his back pocket with his left hand. By the time the duffel bag hit the guard, Adrian had disappeared into the shadows.

The bag knocked the guard flat on his back, knocking the wind from his lungs. He shoved the bag off of his chest and stood up, swearing. He aimed his flashlight and gun down the corridor. “Hey! I know you’re here. Come out with your hands on your head! Now!” A low chuckle echoed down the hallway. A single bead of sweat ran down the guard’s temple. Silent as a cat, Adrian dropped down from one of the large stone pillars supporting the roof. He covered the guard’s mouth with the crook of his elbow, smothering any attempts to call for help. Adrian stabbed his knife between the guard’s shoulder blades. The guard convulsed for a moment, then was still.

Adrian left his knife protruding from the man’s back. He picked up his duffel bag from where it had fallen, and continued making his way through the labyrinth of cold, stone corridors of the building. Another burst of pain hit his head, but this time he clenched his teeth and fought to stay conscious, for he knew which memory was bubbling up... There was the white flash, and he was standing in a small apartment, with a rough carpet floor and green peeling walls. He was holding a steak knife in his hand. Blood soaked the front of his shirt as he gazed down at the man lying on the floor. The man reached out and gasped, “Adrian...son...” Another flash, and he was back in the cold stone corridor. He shivered, and continued making his way through the maze of corridors.

Sasha Schneider

Life as a 15-Year-Old Zombie

"Since you are a zombie," said the chief of our clan, "you are banished!"

"You are racist towards zombies!" I screamed to the chief. Two strong men carried me to far in the forest and settled me down near a maple tree.

"Go to Texas you arrogant little 15 year old zombie!"

Not minding the remark he said, I screamed, "Where is Texas?" But it was too late. He was gone and I was lost.

I looked around for some human artifacts, but only found a cute, but lost mouse. In some ways it could relate to me. I walked about 30 miles (which took me 2 days) and found a sign saying, "Texas 1 mile forward. Zombies are the only ones allowed." I put on my running shoes and ran 1 mile forward.

A few human protesters were standing at the gates at the zombie entrance holding up signs like "Kill zombies till their disease is gone." I didn't mind them because at one point, I wanted zombies to die, too.

I walked in to the gates where the leader of the clan was sitting.

"Welcome to the clan!" he said in a **joust** voice, "You are an official member of the clan until you die!"

"Yeah, I always wanted to be a zombie," I responded, lying to everything I just said.

"Ok, to make you feel like you are at home, Lizzy will escort you to your dorm, and remember you will continue your studies!"

I walked away with Lizzy as another new zombie walked into the room. He seemed sad. Later I found out his wife and kids ran away from him because he turned into a zombie.

"Ok, here's your room," she said in a peppy voice, "any questions I'm right down the hall!"

"Ok, bye." I said, closing the door in her face as she said her good bye's.

I put my books on my old wooden bed, hanged my clothing in the closet, and put my shampoos in my very own shower that was bigger than the one I had to share with my three younger brothers at home.

I lay down on my bed, thinking, why did this happen to me, and slowly my eyes closed and I was asleep.

"Wake up Natasha!" said that annoying preppy voice of Lizzy.

"Ok, ok when does school start?" I questioned her.

"In one hour. Here it starts at 9:30 and ends at 2:30," she said as she fixed up the mess I made in my room last night.

"Nice," I said as I got up and got ready for school

I went to the public zombie school and picked up my schedule from a lady wearing old lady on the bus perfume. Next I went to my first class, math, then English, history, and physical education. They got rid of any class they thought was not useful for us. Later on I went around the clan looking at the food stores, jewelry and clothing stores. They even had a mini mall!

I was starting to like this place!

The End

Afterward . . .

The next couple of years, Natasha met some friends and is now living a better life than before. Sometimes change is good.

Will L. Liw





