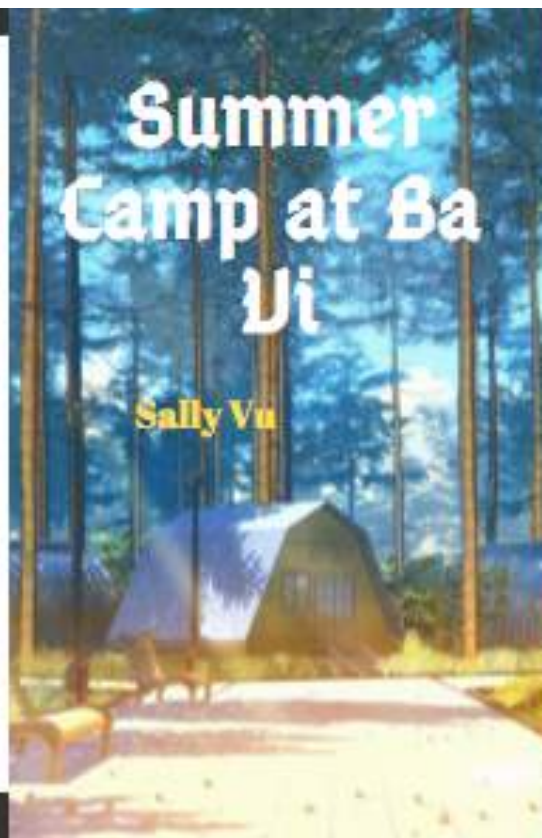
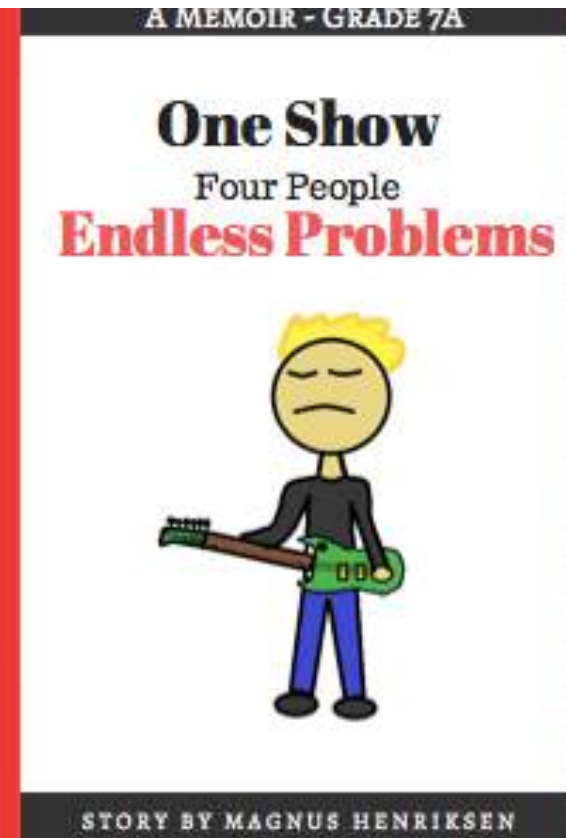
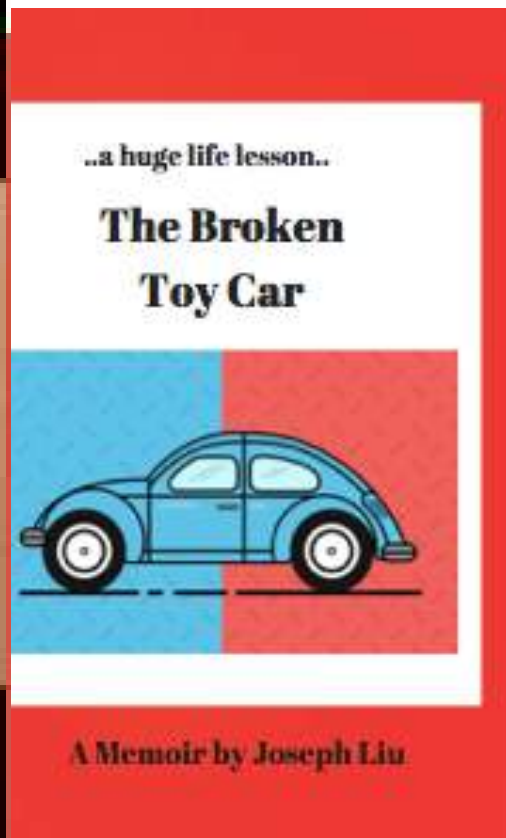
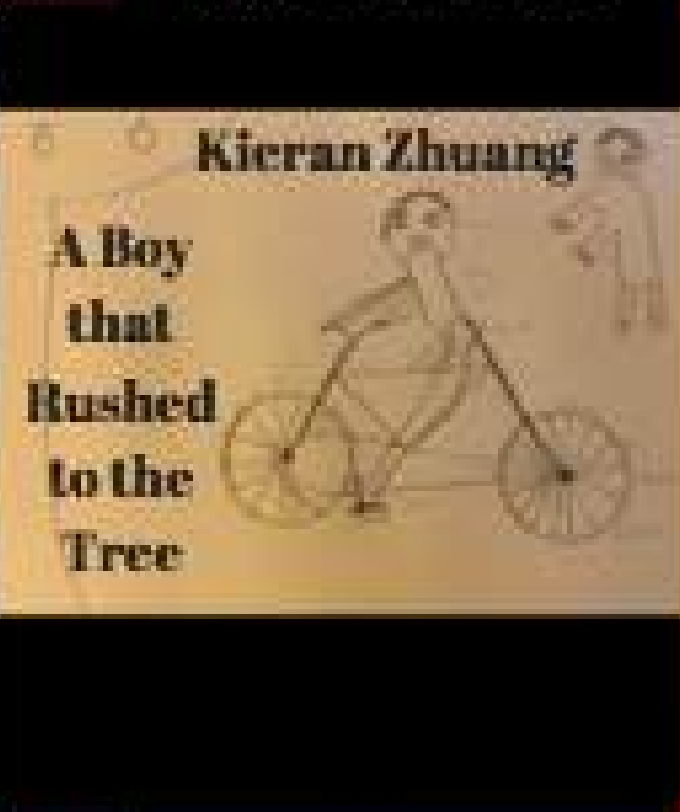
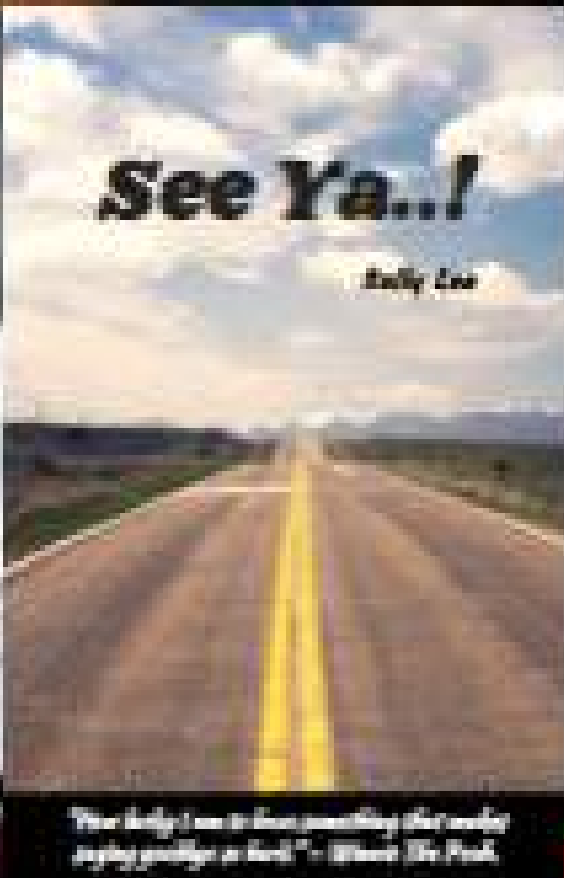


**QISS GRADE 7 2018/19
HOW DO I WRITE
THE STORY OF MY LIFE?**

Middle School School Memoirs

VOLUME III





QISS Grade 7
English Language Arts
& ELL 2018/2019

SENSITIVITY IN MEMOIRS

*“Be Yourself,
Speak Freely,
Think Small.”*

William Zinsser

Be yourself and don't give up.

Riding with Wheels



Steven Sun

RIDING WITH WHEELS

STEVEN SUN

It was a lovely and sunny day. The birds were chirping, the flowers were smiling, and the bees were singing. I just started first grade. So, remember I was only six years old when this happened...

On that day, I just finished math class and studied 1+1. In the break time I saw two kids riding a thing that had two round wheels with some iron bars and a blue leather thing for them to sit on. The thing looked strange and awful, and I thought it would be easy to fall over. So I came over and asked them if I could ride it, but what they said was: "You? We don't want to let you ride it, you are too small for it. Also, you don't know how to ride it."

In that moment I felt like they are rotten potatoes with poop on them. Of course I didn't know how those stupid guys behave usually, but what I knew was that they were mean to me. I didn't know why they wouldn't let me or others play? But what I knew was that I would NEVER play with them.

My mom came and picked me up as usual, and we went home as usual. But when I got home, something had changed. When I got in the door of my house, I saw my dad waiting for me to come home. When I saw my dad, he asked me how my day was, and I responded: "Great, but I want to have the thing that has two round wheels and a seat on it."

My Dad said: "Oh Steven, the thing you are talking about might be a bicycle, and a bicycle is a transportation tool for moving around quickly and not using that much of your energy."

"Cool!" I responded.

“Ok, then if you want to learn to ride a bicycle, you have to not give up even if it’s really hard and you might fall off lots of times.” said Dad.

“I won’t give up!” I promised.

On the next day, I still went to school and learned things like 2+2 and more, but during break time on that day, I saw the stupid and awful boys I saw yesterday. In my brain, I kept trying to remember that I’m going to learn how to ride a bike, how to ride a bike..... I’m going to learn it.....

When it was time to go back home, my mom picked me up , and we went home. When I saw my dad at my house, I saw him with a cool and orange, yellow “bicycle”. I saw him standing beside it, so the first thing I did was to ask: “Is that for me, Dad?”

Dad responded: “Yes, kid but be careful.”

In that moment I was so happy that I almost jumped up to the roof!

“Thanks, Dad,” I said, “I will practice it every day and I will not give up!” After I got my bicycle, I went to bed happily and exited.

On the next morning, it was Saturday. I was so happy that I woke up really early, I woke my parents and said: “Mom! Dad! It’s time, Let’s go and play the bicycle.”

“Hey son, it’s just 7:00,” said my dad “Are you not sleepy?”

“No, let’s just go,” I responded.

“Ok, then just get ready and eat breakfast. After, you can play with the bicycle.” Said, my Mom.

After we ate breakfast, we went down to the park in our apartment complex. When I got on the bicycle, it feels strange when I sat on the leather thing, even though it looked so cool. First, when I got this, it actually had four wheels. In the beginning it was really easy, and I could ride it very well, and very fast!

But After a week, my parents said: “Steven, you had already practiced riding the bicycle with the helper wheels, and now you will have to go ride it without them.”

“Ok, I’ll try,” I replied. Then, I saw my dad taking a thing that has a plus sign on, and spinning it. It sounded almost like something rumbling. He aimed at the bicycle where the “helper wheels” were. After, he spun it one of the wheels came off! My dad did it with two sides, and the “helper wheels” had all come off! After, I was trying and trying to stay stable, but I always fell over. Still, I was having lots of fun! Because my dad and my mom were holding me when I fell over, they laughed and I laughed.

After 3-5 days of practicing and falling down, I finally learned how to ride a bike. That happened when once, I am practicing as usual. My dad said that he is going to hold me, and when I’m riding he let go without telling me. That’s when I finally knew how to ride a bike. That’s when I was riding with wheels.

I Told A Lie

A woman with long, dark hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white, featureless mask with two large, black, almond-shaped cutouts for eyes. Her hands are visible, holding a book in front of her chest. The background is a dark, textured wall.

Elena Gao

Guilt is a horrible feeling

I TOLD A LIE

ELENA GAO

In every person's memory, there may be an impressive thing. This thing may make you happy, make you sad, make you angry, and make you fear. And this thing I want to talk about is something that I regret.

When I was in 6 grade, I told a lie. It was in the Chinese class. We were having a game of ancient poetry. I was in Group 2.

The game started. First, in Group 1, Nina got a long poem, but she remembered it, then Group 1 got a point.

Then, it was our group's Marry's turn. She got a hard one; she didn't get it correct, but I thought it's okay. At this moment, our class teacher went inside our classroom. I was afraid of her, because it was scary when she was angry. After our group, it was Group 1 William's turn. He got a short one, and he remembered it. Then, after Group 1 it went to our group again. This time was Linda's turn: she got an easy one, but she didn't remember it. I was very angry, so I said a bad word in Chinese. Our class teacher Ms. Zhao heard it, but she didn't know who said it. I was just trying to look like nothing happened. I was worried about the whole rest of the class. Then, after the class Ms. Zhao wanted me to go to her table so I was very scared. Then Ms. Zhao asked me, "Did you hear someone say a bad word? I think it was Linda." I said, "I think it was Linda, too." Then, I went back to my desk. Ms. Zhao said, "Come here

Linda.” Linda went there. Then, I saw that Ms. Zhao asked, “Why did you say a bad word?” Linda said, “No! I didn’t say any bad word!” But Ms. Zhao didn’t believe her. She made Linda write a self-criticism. Actually I wanted to tell Ms. Zhao that I said the bad word, but I didn’t have the courage to say it

I was very sorry of Linda, but I didn’t know how to solve it.

Now I don’t tell lies, because I feel bad when tell lies.

RESTART

GAME OVER

DO YOU WANT TO CONTINUE ?

▶ YES

NO



EVAN KANG

RESTART

EVAN KANG

I lived the majority of my life in Canada; I developed a new lifestyle different from my Chinese parents in Canada and I have made the most memories there. I was very happy in Canada mainly because I had so many friends. I had a nice household, good friends, and even a good school. I thought I'd spend the majority of time in Canada mainly because I was told that the reason we went to Canada was because my mother and father wanted to let me advance in English, since it was very popular, but soon it went very bad.

Sometime during February 2015, my mom and dad divorced. I don't know why until this day but I knew that I wouldn't see my dad for a very long time. I was very sad because of it and I would try to focus on other things to forget about it. But I didn't really know what to do because I didn't control my parents. They controlled me in a way.

I was very sad during that year. Yet, in 5th grade my father would visit and I would hang out with him on occasions (Weekends and Friday). Yet shortly after I was informed I would need to go to China for school. My father told me that I could get a better education there and the school was much better. I wasn't sure if I wanted to go. Leaving all of my friends was the hardest. Especially since I knew them for 7 years and we would always hang out and have a good time. But the hardest one to leave was Adrian. We were best friends. We would always hang out and we played whenever we wanted to and I laughed more with him than with anyone

else in my whole life. We had the most memories to the point I could write a memoir about me and him. I didn't know what to do.

I also want to say, Adrian is literally the greatest friend I've ever had. I thought I'd never get a better friend and I'm still correct. He is my best friend and we always have made dreams together and played together. I'd practically go to his house every week because we lived one street away (Same street just on a different block). I'm glad to have him and I could never get a better one ever.

It was 2017, June. School was about to end for me and I told everyone that I was leaving. They seemed very sad and I was too. I didn't know what could happen in China. I hadn't been there for so long and I had no friends there and losing my friends was tough. I didn't understand what I'd experience in China. I knew I was going to an International School but I still worried what my future would be. I had to leave my mother, friends, close ones, family members and such. I was scared.

When I moved to China, I remembered what living like this was but I never knew what possibly could happen at school. School would be the toughest thing to understand and get used to because Qingdao has so many different rules and lifestyles.

The first day of school was the most unforgettable. I met so many people: students, teachers, principals... I was somewhat terrified about what would happen throughout the year. I met Maxim and Billy and later on Daniel. I realized maybe this wasn't so bad. I would occasionally talk to my Canadian friends but it wasn't the same as in person. Yet I could get used to it. I was very unaware of me having the need to wake up at

6:00. That was VERY early for me because I was able to walk to school in Canada within 10 minutes. When I first got here, I didn't really know everyone. Everyone seemed to know more than I did and I started with pretty bad grades. I had a majority of C's and I didn't know a lot of Chinese. I had to start a different kind of adventure. I had so much homework during the first few weeks. I couldn't complete PPTs in two days like other classmates. They were much more experienced than I was because I didn't really have homework in Canada.

My teachers were very nice and kind. They would help me when I didn't understand something like an assignment or a project. My classmates were also ok. They helped me when I didn't know what to do and we communicated often. But, the people I will never forget ever are three of the kindest people I've ever met and value them as close friends because they've always taken the time to communicate with me unlike most of the other students in school. They were Billy, Daniel and Maxim. They were very kind and incredibly nice towards me. I felt some kind of connection with them and I knew that maybe they would remain my best friends until I leave this place. So many people were becoming my friends and I soon started to become better in education and I started to like this school more. It had so many different things than in Canada; It helped me to become better at English and made learning tasks easier.

The year was near ending, It was almost the fourth quarter and everyone started to "relax". An important announcement was made, "You will go to Week Without Walls". I responded with, "What is week without walls?". Maxim replies with, "You basically go outside for two days or so." I was quite surprised though. I didn't know that we'd have an event like this. But when we went there were so many unexpected things that happened. The part that hurt a lot was sitting in a bus for 6 hours. It

was pure torture at the maximum level because I was incredibly bored and tired. I didn't have any source of entertainment and I didn't really sit near friends that I talked to. So I had to make new friends to communicate. But the only issue was I sat with people in 6B, not 6A so I didn't have a basic understanding about them. I mainly just played rock paper scissors for like 4 hours which was pretty boring.

When we arrived at the hotel, I was very tired and I couldn't wait to just properly lie down and just enjoy some nice cool A.C. Unfortunately, it didn't last long because we went out again! Eventually I was able to come back to the hotel and we gave our electronics to our teachers. We had an hour of free-time. I went to Maxim's room and we hung out for a while before going back and going to sleep.

The greatest challenge though, was climbing the 1545 m mountain, Taishan. I was not prepared, AT ALL. Me climbing up for hours and hours of a mountain only with...STAIRS? I despise stairs. They were everywhere and made it even more tiring. But, because of all the extra time that we had while climbing, I was able to communicate with some people. I talked with people like Ella, Rose and Alex. That time, everyone was too tired to argue so we were able to properly communicate and have a good time with each other. Eventually, after like 75 hours, we finally made it to the hotel of the mountain. We then stayed in the hotel which wasn't that bad. We then had dinner and we ate some food and then we played a few games which we lost. We were very happy and talked with some friends. After that, we went back to the hotel and we were talking with some people I don't regularly talk to like Diana, Rose, Kelly, Tom, Harry, Frank and Joseph. I had a very fun time there but then... It was night time. The hotel was freezing. I felt like I was taking a bath in liquid nitrogen. The mountain was already merely -3 degrees

celsius but I'm sure there was also the air conditioner cranked to at least 17 degrees celsius. It was cold like Antarctica.

Then after we woke up at around 5 am, we went to to the top of the mountain. We looked at the sunrise. Everyone was taking photos of it and people felt happy while seeing it. It was incredible. We ended up going to the top and we threw money into a pot or something like that.

After that it was time to return home, Yet, still I had nothing to do besides talk to people around me and just check my phone sometimes. I felt like Week Without Walls was forever but it felt really good though. I had the opportunity to finally communicate with other people and we had a really good time. I felt like I was very happy that year after that experience. I guess I finally could talk to people without fear of them not responding or looking at me weird. I'd even make my time to go and talk to 6B.

I started to talk with a lot of other people. I began to communicate with 6B and other 6A people quite a little bit more. I started going to 6B for advisory (To communicate not to stay there). I talked a lot more with the girls and other people. I guess because it wasn't that dramatic to talk to them because they were quite interesting. I started talking to more people that I value as friends like Harry, Lucia, Ella. We started communicating more and such. It was nice to finally talk with people I didn't understand fully.

The year was ending, so many people were leaving that I started to be friends with. It was sad and I guess it was really good to finally have the ability to relax and such but leaving people I started to get really close to was incredibly hard and tough. I guess it was time though, not

everyone lasts forever and I knew I wouldn't too. I didn't know a lot of bad friends and such so when they would leave I'd be very sad. I wish I could see them again but, they wouldn't be here for long. So now I'm here, and I'm very grateful for having good friends and I wish I can keep them until I leave. But that's about it, Thank you and goodbye.

TWO FACED

I HATE TWO FACED PEOPLE

Because it makes it hard for me to decide
which face to slap first

Lucia Lyu

TWO FACED

LUCIA LYU

I think most people had or have a fake friend. What I mean is somebody that pretends to be friends with you but actually HATES you! I've also had a friend that was two faced.

She is my mom's friend's daughter; I met her in Beijing in one of my summer vacations. Before leaving for Beijing, my mom said, "I have a friend in Beijing, and she's got a daughter. Her name is Jiaxuan. I heard she is really nice! Maybe you two can be friends!"

I was super hyper; like I ate a whole box of sugar. When I met her, we first ate, and then we started playing on her gigantic computer. However, after just three days, she started acting weird. First, when I was laughing while watching a comedy movie, she said I was SHABI. If you don't know what it means, it's just a really mean word in Chinese. I went to her house once, and she had a pen with a clown on it. I was touching it just to ease the tension. (Because it was very awkward.) Then she shouted in a mean voice, "THAT'S MY PEN! WHY ARE YOU TOUCHING IT!"

I got kind of surprised. I put the clown pen back straight away. The next day, we went hiking to see a tiny temple. Since my mom and dad were Buddhists, they wanted to see the temple desperately. We were already very tired so we sat down in front of a small broken shop and waited for them while they went to climb the tall mountain. When it was already lunch time, they were still not back yet, so we went in the small

shop to find snacks to eat. At last, we decided we were going to buy the cup noodles. Because of the cup noodles, we had an argument. I liked beef a lot so I really wanted to add the beef sauce inside the ramen noodle. Though Jiaxuan said, “It tastes waaaaay better without the sauce, can we just leave it out?”

I replied, “Can we add it in?”

Then, there was the awkward moment of silence. She asked in a slyly, “Mom, can you go buy me a bottle of coke, the cherry flavored one. Lucia, you can go with her so you can get a drink too.”

I was kind of happy. I skipped along with Jiaxuan’s mom and went to buy the drink. When we came back, I asked, “Where did the small bag of beef sauce go?”

Jiaxuan did not say anything. I had the feeling that Jiaxuan did it, though I could not be sure.

Later, we went back to Jiaxuan’s apartment. It was in the afternoon, and she was going to go for Chinese character writing class. Her mom asked me if I would like to join. I said, “Yes, of course!”

When we got there, I told her a secret about my cousin, therefore, I told her not to tell anyone about it. The second I finished the sentence, she shouted that secret out to the teacher. I could not hold my emotions anymore, I started crying. After that, I found out, she’s not trustworthy, at all! After class, we went home playing. Do not laugh but when she was in the bathroom, sitting on the toilet pooping, she asked me to throw her her writing she wrote in class. I tried my best to aim at her and then “plop” the writing went inside the disgusting toilet. She blamed everything on me! I guess I was stupid, and I started feeling guilty. I felt like I did something bad.

Later, that afternoon, we went out to walk her dog. After walking her dog, we went to the first floor of her apartment just to pet her dog. I was

petting her dog, and for some reason, she said meanly, "Come inside the elevator, Lucia."

She explained to the driver, "We will come out in just a sec."

when we went in the elevator, she said in a mean voice, "Why did you touch my dog?"

I did not say anything. After a few seconds, she went out of the elevator like nothing happened.

The next day, I was about to leave Qingdao, I THOUGHT I am NEVER going to see her again. So I said all the things she had done to me. I was crying in my mom's lap in front of everyone. Though I did not say anything but I could tell by her face that she was saying "This girl is soooooo annoying." when we were leaving, I still waved goodbye. Though my mom said

"Are you silly? Jiaxuan is also coming with us!" When we got on her small but luxury private plane, I ate a pack of cookie that was on the plane. Then Jiaxuan said

"I'm afraid to go to the bathroom, can you come with me?" Even though I wanted to say no, but I still replied, "Fine."

Inside the dark and creepy bathroom, she asked "Is this your plane?"

"No."

"Was that your cookie?"

"No."

"Then why did you eat it? From now on, without MY permission, you can not touch anything that is mine or on this plane." Then, she walked out like she did not say anything to me.

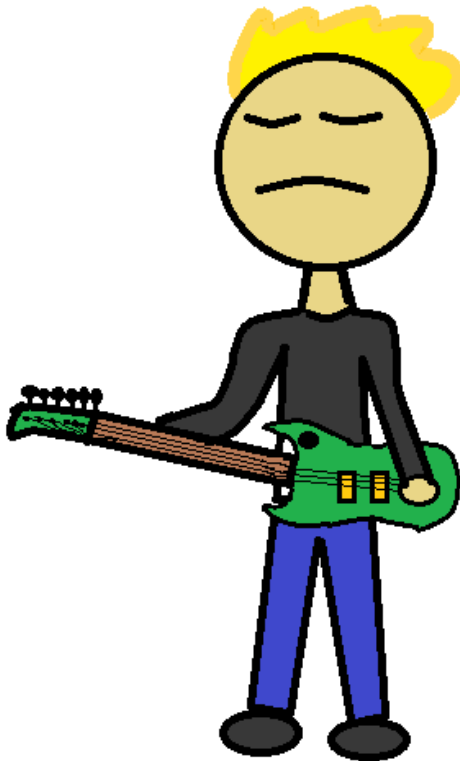
When the plane landed, that was the last time seeing her. That was probably the worst summer vacation I've ever had. It would be awful to have a friend that treats you nicely in front of adults but bullies you when nobody's looking. That's probably somebody we call two faced. I hate two faced people.

A MEMOIR - GRADE 7A

One Show

Four People

Endless Problems



STORY BY MAGNUS HENRIKSEN

ONE SHOW, FOUR PEOPLE, ENDLESS PROBLEMS

BY MAGNUS HENRIKSEN

On an August Morning in Qingdao, the town slept peacefully. At around lunchtime, my phone hummed. I looked at the screen, and it was Jalen, our lead guitarist. He was asking me, "Hey, what are we playing for the talent show this year?". I responded, "Uh, I am not sure yet.". Then he simply said ok, bye. After that, I took a brief glance at my calendar on my phone; it was the 19th of August. I considered, two months, I'll think about it later. And a long time passed until in the middle of my bus ride to school, I received a text from Jalen: "Hey, can we play this song?" and there was a link to a tune. I knew we had a total of two months, so I sort of ignored the message. But that left me thinking: What will we play? When will we practice? Where will we practice? Who will play what? The questions were endless.

I was in math class and had finished my test. I sat poking my pencil at my eraser. I was thinking about what we should play. I thought about making our own song, but that would take too long. I hardly knew any songs on the guitar, since I had just switched from drums to guitar. Jalen had suggested a few songs, But all those songs had their own obstacles: either they were, too long, has bad words, were too hard to play, too fast, or too repetitive.. The number of songs meeting all those goals was very scarce. Then, I thought of One. It matched all the requirements, so I had one decision made! There, we had one of the puzzle pieces down. But still, a lot to go.

After I had gotten approval from the rest of the band, I procrastinated for a very long time, since I always used the excuse: two months left. I really had to remember that it would not be two months infinitely; eventually, it would be a week. I needed to get all the members in a WeChat group so we could communicate together for once.

At our first practice, we were at my house. We needed to teach our new member Will, how to play the song. We could immediately see that he needed practice, and so did the rest of us. We had around one and a half months left, so after practice, no-one really paid attention to the calendar.

But I later realized that we would get nowhere with no practice, so I decided to ring Jalen up. He agreed to come over for practice, so I wandered down to the main gate to pick him up. He was exhaustedly standing with his guitar and Amp. We played through the song a couple times, but we both needed work. We decided to open a program, called Songsterr that shows you the tablature of songs. We had already made the decision that the solo would 1) make the song way too long, since we were already at 3 ½ minutes. We also needed to cut some of the lyrics for Justin, since they were Explicit. We ended up with a song just over the three minutes by 13 seconds.

We also needed to teach our newest member, Will, the song. After school on the following Friday, Will came home with me to spend the night and practice. We ran the song loads of times, and he was getting the hang of it, so we audio recorded it and sent it to the WeChat group. Jalen sent a thumbs-up pretty fast, and Justin said he was in the KTV practicing and we sounded ok. But there was a problem, we never had practiced altogether. So I asked when we could practice, and Justin said he was busy the rest of the October break (This was last year, not the

one that just passed), so I was sad, Jalen said he could practice, so he was good, and Will was free most of the week too.

We decided to practice the following week, but on the day I started to feel sick, so we had to cancel. But it was not a short-term sickness, I was feeling downright awful. The whole group was getting worried. We were just hoping it would all blow over, and after a few days, I was better but still sick. I knew that I needed to get better because playing the show when being sick would be absolute misery, but I wouldn't be able to cancel, I would have to do it. I eventually got over the sickness, but I still was not on top of the game. But I knew I couldn't keep sitting at home, so I moved on.

We had approximately 1 month before the show. We all felt ready. But there was one problem we all were too scared to say: "We don't sound good". We also desperately needed to play together, because that would never work without a full practice. We decided to meet up after school at my house to practice the song. After running the set a few times, Jalen said he didn't really like the song, and either did I or the rest of the group, so we changed to Killing in the name by rage against the machine. We all knew it was not very smart to change the song four weeks before talent show, but we needed to play something we at least liked ourselves, or we would not play well enough. We all stayed to practice until about 8PM when they left. We had a good practice and everyone was happy about the new song. We felt ready, and we practiced one final time the weekend before the show.

Wednesday, 22 November, 7:40 AM

I got on the bus, I was nervous but excited at the same time. I met up with the rest of the band at lunch recess. We were ready to rock. We came into the theater and took our seats. We sat and watched all the performances until the intermission rolled around, that was the cue for us

to run backstage. I walked behind the curtain over to my side and put my amp on the floor, put my guitar case behind my amp, and walked off stage and went to get a drink. Will and I got a fizzy soda and went to the bathroom so we would be good on stage. I was sitting backstage nervously tapping my soda can. I was nervous. Jalen and Justin came backstage with us five minutes before the intermission was over. I took a deep breath.

Wednesday, November 22, 2:30 PM

I walked on stage and picked up my guitar, got in my position and waited. The rest of the group was on stage too, but the curtains wouldn't open. We stood there for 3 minutes, and nothing happened. We were confused until finally Mrs. Chase's Voice came on the loudspeaker. She announced something like this is the second half and blah blah blah, then the curtains smoothly opened. We played the song well and walked off stage. We were all happy and proud. We then came back to our seats. We enjoyed the rest of the show.

We had done well and we were congratulated after the performance. We felt proud of ourselves. We gathered after school the next Friday and celebrated. We started writing our new song. We had accomplished something big. This was a huge milestone in my life, because it was the first time I played guitar for an audience except family and bandmates.

I will never forget this memory or milestone since it means a lot to me. Do not procrastinate, it will slow you down and make you stressed later. Do not expect others to have your back all the time. Take care of yourself, it could cost you one day if you are sick. Finally, don't be shy to show the world who you are. Always be safe and responsible.

A long wooden boardwalk with railings leads from the foreground towards the ocean. The sky is filled with heavy, grey clouds, and the water is a muted blue-grey. The boardwalk is made of wooden planks and has a railing on both sides. The perspective is from the start of the boardwalk, looking down its length towards the horizon.

YEYE'S LAST JOURNEY

**AFTER HE LEFT US, I
UNDERSTOOD WE NEED TO SPEND
MORE TIME WITH OUR FAMILY.**

Harry Jiang

YEYE'S LAST VACATION

HARRY JIANG

In 2011 when I was only 5 years old, my grandfather was still alive. The reason I say this is that in May 2011 my grandpa got lung cancer which was incurable. After we got that news my family started looking for places that could cure my grandfather's cancer, but at that time technology wasn't advanced enough to cure it. Actually, even today people aren't sure how to cure it.

We tried about one year to find a way to help him, but all of that was a futile attempt. Saddened by this realization, they decide to get everyone in our family to go to Sanya with my grandfather and have a happy vacation.

On 2011,11,8 we began the vacation and we decide to drive there by ourselves, because it takes to much money for all of my family members to take an airplane. After we decide to have a road trip we started it right away, because it took us so long time; a whole week!!!

On the way to Sanya there were a lot of fun things that happened, because we were taking a road trip. We could go to many places and have fun. For example we went to JingDezhen which is very famous for porcelain. We bought some, because the porcelain was so good; the surface is very smooth, the patterns looks fantastic. At JingDeZhen there are also many places that sells tea, my dad and my grandfather loves drink tea so of course they bought like a hundred bags of tea. I still don't

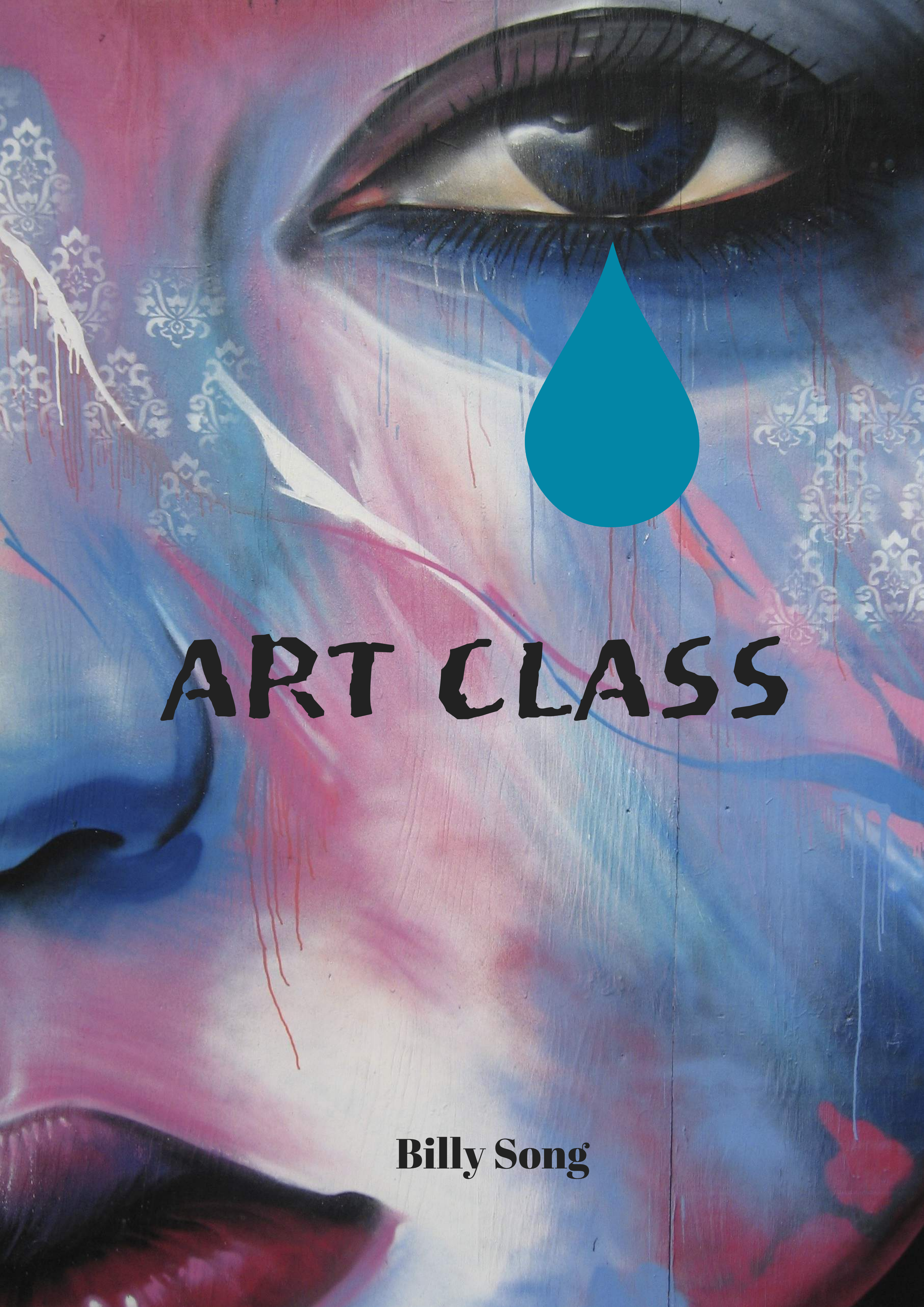
understand until now why people like to drink tea, the tea is very hot and it taste so bitter.

There were so many funny things that happened along the way. The one I remember the clearest was this: On the third day of our trip we found out that we needed to buy some more water, because we were running low. One of my uncles wanted to drink liquor instead, but he didn't realize that he was also low on that. What he also didn't realize was that since I was just a little child, I peed into the little bottles sometimes if there was no bathroom near. You guessed it: I also peed in to the bottle which he thought contained the liquor. He took a swig from the bottle. Immediately, his face scrunched up like an old wrinkly potato. He asked everyone in the car why his liquor tastes so bad, and no one knew why except my mom and I. My mom told him that the liquid he drank was my pee. I thought he would be very angry about thi, but what he said is totally out of my mind. He said: "Harry do you know that pee is healthy for your body". At that time I have no I idea what was he talking about.

The Sanya vacation is very good and I also tried many yummy foods from Sanya. Even better, my mom learned how to make them so that I could eat them whenever I want. Except eating we also went to the ocean. The ocean and the sky were very similar; I couldn't even tell which was which. But I didn't care all of those beautiful scenery; the only thing I cared about was playing in the ocean!!! I jumped in the water with a large swimming ring. The water was very cold and smooth, but my mom didn't let me play in the water no matter what. This is how our war sounded like. "Honey, come back from the water, it's very, very, very dangerous out there!" Yelled my mom. "It's okay, I won't get into the water and get washed away from the water!" I answered. But all of that

was no use; my mom still grabbed me from the water and put me on the beach. The good thing is that my grandpa want to let me play in the ocean so he grabbed me and put me on his shoulders and ran into the water. “Whoooo Hoooo!” I yelled on his shoulders.

Everything was fun and we had a very happy vacation, but it couldn't prevent the separation of my grandfather and us. Around one and a half years after the vacation my grandfather left us. All of the people in my families were very sad. I wish all of this is just a dream, but it's real we have to confront it. After he left us I understand we need to spend more time with our family.



ART CLASS

Billy Song

ART CLASS

BILLY SONG

When I was in another school I got into a fight for a pretty stupid reason. It was art class. We each had to paint an artwork and the teacher showed us the paintings, the classmates would vote on the best piece by raising their hands. The teacher also said we may vote for more than one person. I thought everyone's artwork was really good, so I thought to myself "I should vote for everyone!" Suddenly one of my classmates came to me and said, "I vote for you, so vote for me."

What a childish thing to say. He wasn't even remotely close to being my friend! Just because he votes for me doesn't mean I should vote for him. If he played by this rule he would have to cook food everyday like his mother and make money like his father.

I felt like it wasn't fair for the other classmates if I voted for him. But the other part of me said, "Show some compassion man, you are better than that." I didn't want to vote for him, but I was taught to respect my elders, and since he was older than me, I couldn't say no.

I decided to show compassion and vote for him. But when the votes came in, someone else took the lead and won.

In an instant, the classmate looked over to me like he was going to murder me brutally. At the time I didn't know why but he looked furious. Then he gave the teacher a fizzy bottle of sprite. Soon the teacher told

us that she had to use the bathroom. When the teacher went off to her merry way, I tried to talk to him, but it wasn't worth it. In a blink of an eye, he hit as if he were an angry Hulk.

For a split second my eyes went black, then in my brain I was processing what was going on. "So he didn't get the highest vote and he started staring looking like a serial killer. Then he gave the sprite to the art teacher...." Ohhhh I see... he knew the teacher liked sprite and she would finish the bottle right away, and this will make the teacher to go to the bathroom!

I was almost impressed by how well planned this was. By the time my eye sights came back the soaring pain came in like Hogwarts express. He tried to hit me again with all his mighty and powerful force. I didn't know what to do; one part of me said, "He hit you hard!! FIGHT BACK!!!!!!!" when I thought of fighting back it was too late, I quickly dodged the attack and surprisingly he fell on the floor miserably.

I asked him if he was ok, because I saw him bleeding on the floor. In my mind I was still processing what happened. I asked him again. He was bleeding but he covered his face with his hands, so I couldn't see how severe it was.

Later the teacher found out that we were in a fight and told us that he had to go to the hospital. I thought to myself "Was the damage that serious?" When I got home my mom told me that kid fell on his nose that's why he went to the hospital.

The next day I saw him he looked very embarrassed. I didn't know what to say, but couldn't say something mean. So I tried to apologize, but he spoke before I did, he said, "Sorry about that man, I won't do that again." I felt like he did the right thing and I was surprised by how open-minded he was. From that day on we were friends until I moved to QISS, my new school. In this school, this kind of experience didn't happen so far, and I hope it will stay like this forever.

*The experience of drowning
twice made me understand that
I need to listen to my elders.*



DAD'S WARNING

Written by Frank Wan

DAD'S WARNING

FRANK WAN

One day my father and me went to sea, and my father told me, “You can only go to the shallow water, because you can’t swim. If you go to the deepwater zone, you will drown.” But, that time I was so small, I didn’t know the risk, and I didn’t know I would drown. I was thinking it was very funny, so I didn't listen to it. About 20 minutes later, my father said, “Frank I want to go to the bathroom, please wait for me on the shallow water and I will be back soon.” When he finished saying that, he went to the bathroom quickly. Then I was very happy, because no father’s discipline! So I went to the deepwater zone, I went further and further and further from the shallow water. Instantly, I didn’t step on the bottom! I wanted to yell: " Help me, help me!" but I couldn’t say it, because there was lots of water in my mouth. About 15.485 seconds later, a nice person saw me. He quickly swam to me and used both hands to pull me out of the water. I coughed and said thank you.

After that, my father found that man and my father said, “Thank you for your help.....” After this incident I never went to the deepwater, until after I learned to swim! Yes, now I can swim. Now my father and me every week went to the sea to swim this summer. But some dangerous thing happened at this time.

This year’s 28th July, my father and I same as before, went to swim on the sea. That time the wind was very big. My father said: “I think very windy outside, so we will not swim in the sea. But tomorrow we can go to

the sea.” But I wanted to go, so I said, “It’s ok, it won’t be dangerous.” When I finished to speak, I wore my T-shirt, and then I went to in my dad’s car. My dad took me even though he didn’t want to.

We went to the bathroom, changed clothes and we went to swim in the sea. Big waves were coming at me, and it was very exciting, because I liked waves coming at me that feels. But while I was playing happily, a big wave knocked me down. Lots of water flowed in my mouth, and I didn't breathe.

I felt I already died. But at this time my father took me out, and I did breathe! Then my dad criticized me.

Now I dared to swim in the sea only when it was calm. These two events will be unforgettable forever for me.



TOTTIE PARISA
DAMRONGMANEE

Friend Leaving...

ROSE LEE



FRIEND LEAVING

ROSE LEE

I will never forget the day I first met Tottie. It was when I was in 4th grade. Tottie was a new student and she came during Quarter 2. She didn't know any English and the only words she could say was, "Hello" and "Excuse me".

She was trying to tell me something but I didn't know what she was telling me because she was only able to use body language. When I was in 4th grade, I didn't really talk to her because I had a friend called Mia and she was with Bella and Rachel. I never heard her talk but just saying "hello" and "excuse me" to me.

In 5th grade, we were placed in the same class as Ella and Lucia. Tottie and I became really close during that year. Last year we were like strangers but that all changed during the summer break and it was because, Tottie first sent me, "hi"

in wechat. So I answered, "Hi Tottie!"

And that is how our conversation began. We talked about a lot of things; we talked about what we were up to, what we were up to, and also that we wanted to be in the same class. Since we ended up in the same class, we were both very happy. For the first three days of 5th grade Tottie didn't come to school. But she came on the 4th day! Tottie's English became really good!! We talked a lot together and also had many fun things that we did together. Now grade 6... this year was the year that was very sad for me, and it was because Tottie left this year. Tottie told me a lot of times that she will leave China few years later but I didn't

know that it was this year. Tottie would always make me feel better when I was sad and she would always help me when I needed help. Tottie is a very good friend and everytime I think of her, my eyes still tear up. The thing that Tottie always used to tell me was, “Everything would go ok and you’ll know if anything goes wrong.”

The last day that I saw Tottie, she was wearing a bright red t-shirt. And it was the saddest day in grade 6; the day before the winter break started. Inside my head I had a lot of different thoughts. I was happy because now we didn’t have to come to school, but thinking in the other way, I was also sad because it would be the last day seeing her. I was scared thinking, “What if I can’t see her anymore?”

I kept thinking about negative things, but Tottie gave me my birthday present and it made me feel better. The birthday present was very special to me because of many reasons. First, she gave me my birthday present 265 days late. Second, They were things that used to be Tottie’s but now she was giving them to me. For example, she gave me some of her drawings that I liked so much. One of the drawings was something she drew in grade 5; her first drawing of a monster. The monster had yellow skin, with a pink mouth and horn. And it also had blue eyes. In grade 5, the monsters that she drew were very famous because it represented each person in the class. The monster called, “Monsty” was the first monster she ever drew, and there was also a letter that came with Monsty;

“I can’t take this Monster back to Thailand. How about you adopt her. Please always remember your best friend Tottie and also don’t forget her Monster, Monsty.”

And third, she bought me a laptop bag that I always wanted. When I read that letter that was in my birthday present, I laughed and cried a

little at the same time. There was another envelope that had a lot of things from Tottie that I could keep. On the envelope, there was another letter said,

“Please read it by yourself no one else can read except you. Keep these papers with you until you want to throw it away. In the envelope there are many papers that you can read, hopefully when I’m gone, you can still read and enjoy it”

I can still remember the last day of Tottie at school very clearly. Lucia, Diana, Kelly, and I all gave a goodbye present to Tottie with a card, and I gave her a stuffed animal that I also had at home. She really liked it! Even if I was sad, I didn’t cry a lot because I knew this wouldn’t be the last seeing her. And I would always text her in wechat but also send her some emails. I am really glad that we still talk to each other really often in both email, and wechat. I miss her so much but I know that I’ll soon visit her!



Summer Camp at Ba Ji

Sally Vu

SUMMER CAMP AT BAVI

SALLY VU

It was summer, I and my family went back to Vietnam to visit my grandmother and grandfather. At home, it was very boring because there was nothing for me and my sister to play with, and we had to stay in Vietnam for three weeks. Just think of that you have to stay at home for three whole weeks and do nothing. It will be a disaster.

My mom, she knew that my sister and I were bored, so she decided to send us to summer camp. She said to me and Gabi: “You and Gabi will go to Ba Vi for summer camp tomorrow. Go pack up now!!!”. First I didn’t want to go; I rather stay at home and do nothing than go camping with other people that don’t even know. Mom said to us: “ Even when you don’t want to, you still have to go, this is my rule.”

After that day, we packed up our stuff and were ready to go. About 5 am, we woke up. After finished eating, we went out for the bus. In the bus, there were a lot of people, I was very afraid. I don’t really like to make a new friend so it was pretty scared that time for me. The trip was fine in the beginning; everyone did their own stuff: some read a book or comic, some slept, and some listened to music... My little sister, Gabi read her comic most of the time. I just sat there and listened to music. The worst thing about this trip was, and that I really hated, was that the instructor said to our parents that we couldn’t bring our devices, except for some devices that we could use to listen to music. Just listen to music. What a disaster! That time I even thought that did something

wrong that made my mom mad. If that is true then I'm doom for sure, and this was worst punishment that ever happened to me. I still remember that time I screamed very loudly inside the bus, "I REGRET NOW!!!". That was insane. After I screamed, everybody inside the bus starts to stare at me, even my little sister. Her face was like, "What the freak is happening with my sister?". After 5 hours sitting on the bus, we had arrived at the destination. Our camping place called Ba Vi. Ba Vi is a very good place for holiday and summer break.

The weather at Ba Vi where we camped was very nice. The moment I step out of the bus, I felt the cool wind blowing into my hair. It wasn't hot, and wasn't cold. So the first thing when we arrive at the camping place was to choose the roommate. My roommate was Gabi and three other girls. First, we didn't talk to each other yet, because we couldn't use devices. Most of the time we just stared at each other.

When we had a roommate already, we spent three hours in the room to rest. About 4 pm, we went out of the room to play some activity. It was fun, after playing with each other, my roommate and I started talking to each other. They're my first friends on that trip. About Gabi, she already made lots of friends at that time; almost everyone knew her. I felt like I'm so different from Gabi; she likes to make new friends, and I don't. She also likes dancing, singing, and me, I really hate those things. So the first day past and I had only met my roommates. Still, I was really happy about that.

The next day, we had to stay inside the room for two hours because of the rain. The raindrops were dropping hard. That day, we played dodgeball inside the hall; it was fun. I really enjoy playing it. The next day past and we had lots of fun together. Actually the second day we didn't do many things. We just to played some sports game and to know more

about each other. After that day, I knew some more friends, and all the people were very nice to me. Gabi and I were the most special people in the camp because others came from Ha Noi and we came from Ho Chi Minh City. So the others seemed very interested in us.

The third day of the trip was the worst day ever!!!! We had to go into the forest. It not very dangerous; the forest doesn't have dangerous animals but it has some dangerous insects that have poison in it. We had to wear long pants and long a sleeve shirt to make sure that they won't bite us. In the forest, we also played some small games (I don't know how to explain what game we played). The reason why I really hated the third day was because the weather was very hot and we HAD to wear pants and a long sleeve shirt. Another reason was that I got bitten by a leech. A leech is a type of worm that sucks blood to live. That time I was very scared. In this camp, we were not just playing and making new friends, we also learned new skills, like how to bandage when we got hurt or how to escape when there is a fire, and lots of others useful things more.

On the fourth day, we had a dodgeball match and a water ball match. First, we had a dodgeball match. There were lots of strong people. When they threw the ball, I even heard a very big, loud sound. There were three teams, and our team won!!!! After that was a water ball fight. First, we made the team, then what were trying to do next was fill all the balloon. It was harder than I thought. The balloons kept bursting and we just had 20 minutes to finish filling the balloons. It was very hard. After a few time trying, we had finish fill out the balloon. The rule of this game was that the team that has more people with dry clothes, then that team will win. And our team won again!!! Basically, our strategy was that

we just hide and some of the members on the team came up and tried to make the other teams wet. What a good strategy we had!

The trip almost ends, the fifth day was the last day of this trip. Before we went back home and said goodbye to all the friends I just made, we played a game called Finding Treasure. All the members (except for the coach) of this camp all had to work with each other to solve the question and find a treasure. After about one hour, we had solved the question, but sadly, not as I expect, the treasure was a bunch of candy. First I thought it would be a small gift like a small teddy or something like that but it was a bunch of candy. Anyway, we were still very happy.

I felt very sad in the end. When I first came, I felt so bored and nothing seems interesting to me. But now, I felt like this was the best trip I have ever been through. I was very happy because mom sent us to this camp. Even though I couldn't use my phone, I still had so much fun. I think that was my best record: five days without touching any devices. After this trip, I learned that we have to respect the things we already have. Because when you lose it, you will feel regretful. Like me, first I didn't want to go camping, but after that I really loved it. At first I didn't respect it and thought it was boring, so now when I cannot play with the friends I made throughout the trip so I feel sad. If I play with them and talk more with them on the first day, then I will have more time to play with them, even if it is just one day more.

WIND KITE

A colorful kite with rainbow stripes is flying in the sky, positioned between the words 'WIND' and 'KITE'.

Daniel Kim



WIND KITE

DANIEL KIM

Long time ago....I think I was 9~10 years old.

I went to fly a kite with my dad.

The region had grass fields and high hill and there was a lot of wind blowing, and no obstacles that my kite could get stuck in. So it was really comfortable to fly the kite.

Before I went to this hill, I never flew the kite so I was nervous of this time. I was very excited to fly the kite and also, it became my first experience of flying the kite.

I went to the hill with my dad. It was pretty much far away from my house.

So my dad had to drive the car and go there.

There is also a store where you can buy kites and other things. You can buy small kites to really big kites and some rubber band guns and toy bows.

When I was young, I really wanted to shoot the bow so I just ran to that place and tried to shoot the arrow. But, it wasn't easy. When I watch many kind of movies, every characters shoots really well so I thought it will be easy, but it wasn't.

When I shoot for first time, I only went like 50cm. It was hard to pull the string and release.

But the rubber band gun was easy to shoot because the only thing to do is reload the rubber band at the gun and pull the trigger, that's all.

I really wanted the toy gun and bow so I told my dad to buy these toys. I still have it at my house but I don't really play with those toys.

When I go there for first time, the kite wasn't really good so my dad go to the store and just bought the new one. The new kite was good, it fly really well.

I flew the kite like 500 meters. With the kite, it takes 5000 hour to do that.

And when I flew the kite 500 meters it almost got stuck in a tree.

My kite well following the wind, so it flew really well and that helped the kite go 500 meters high.

It took a lot of time for pulling back the kite, so when I flew the kite for 500 meter and it takes time for 30 minute, it also took 30 minutes to pull back.

Also, I bought the big kite and I flew it. Or rather, I got pulled by the kite and I almost flew away!

At home, if I have time I will fly the kite.

I went to the hill many times after. Me and my dad flew the kite. I usually come to the hill in autumn, because in autumn, there is a lot of wind, so we can fly the kite really well. Sometimes I come here with my mom also, and show her how to fly the kite. Also sometimes my cousin sister come and play hide and seek, tag, and of course how to fly the kite.

There is also a giant statue coming out from the ground. I took many photos of that giant statue. I also saw somebody's kite get stuck in the giant statue so that a man got very angry and just go to buy another kite. But mine never got stuck at the giant statue! haha.

There was one time my kite got stuck. So I asked my dad " Now how do we get our kite back?" and my dad said " Well, I think we just have to

walk and bring the kite back.” So we had to walk like 1000 meters to get the kite back.

It was tired after doing that, so after I came back, I just fell down on the grass and looked at the sky.

It became night. So we just got in the car and went back to the house. I was hungry, so we pick up mom at house and went to a restaurant to eat some food. Me and my mom ate same thing and my dad ate different thing but it was all hot food.

It was very delicious because I was very hungry.

When I go home, I just went to take a bath. I was tired and cold. It was so good of taking a bath like there is a hot water and you can just stay still. So after I finished taking a bath, I wasn't tired like before I take the bath.



TRUE
FRIENDSHIP

DIANA SEONG

DO YOU HAVE A FRIEND THAT
WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR
YOU?

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

DIANA SEONG

On 2016, when I was in 5th grade, I was in a school called Galaxy school (I was there for 5 years). This happened just before coming to QISS. In Galaxy School, we had a group called D.H.A. This means Diana, Holly, and Anna. We said we will have no secrets. Holly and Anna was Chinese, and I was the only Korean. I thought we were best friends, but in fact, we weren't.

In the middle of the second semester, a new girl called Ava came. In our group we thought, "Should we add her to our group?". We decided "No, I think it's better to just be normal friends." So, we were just casual friends. But, from one day, Anna was different. She started to just tell Holly about things and not me. I felt that she didn't want me to know certain things, and I was ok with that. A week after Ava came, there was a new student again. She was called Teresa. Anna wanted to add her to the group, but Holly and I didn't wanted to. So, Anna said this group is canceled. Holly and I were very shocked. And then Anna made a new group called A.T.H. She changed me to Teresa. So, I had to play with Ava. That time, Ava had no friends. I was the only one friend at that time. But after Ava and I became friends, Anna wanted to take her away from me. She only talked with her group and Ava.

One day, Anna said that Ava and her group will go to her house and play. I said, "Why can't I go to your house?"

She replied, "You said you can't come!"

"I didn't!!" I said.

Next class, in English class, we discussed about something. In our discussion group, there was Ava. So, I asked Ava if they were really going to Anna's house. She was not telling me, so I told her that Anna was gossiping about her and that she is going to exclude her after I leave. Therefore, she believed me and she told me the plan about excluding me.


She said they're not going to Anna's home. They were pretending to go to her home. And Ava told me that they gossiped about me that I look like a witch and a lot of other bad stuff. So, I waited in front of the bus that Anna rides. Anna said "Go to ride your bus!". I said, "It is none of your business that I am standing here!" They couldn't sit down, because they were not going to Anna's home! Ava came down from the bus and waited with me in front of the bus. Anna really looked surprised. Of course, they couldn't sit down and they were just standing waiting for me to leave. At first, I couldn't believe Ava. But then I got really mad and I didn't know that she would do that to me. I thought we are really no longer friends anymore.

After this happened, there was a new student again. She was called Jenessa. She was from China. But, she couldn't play with other Chinese girls. That is because she didn't have her English name before this school. Other people laughed at her that she didn't have an English name. So she played with Ava and me. She was like Anna, too. She wanted to only play with Ava, not me. Ava knew that, and she wanted to be closer to me, not her. Ava told me that she thinks that Janessa is in Chinese girls group but she is pretending that she's not there. I believed Ava, but I didn't want that to happen.

On field trip day, I brought foods to share with my friends. But the group wanted my food and they took most of them. So, that day, I had to eat only one or two stuff from Ava. The group said that it was a revenge. I got really mad, and I told the teacher that they are bullying me. But the

teacher didn't care about me. I couldn't handle that anymore, so I said I wanted to move school. And I moved here to QISS.

She always wanted me to be alone. After I left the school, my friends said that she is still excluding people and gossip about them. The group (except Anna) said they regret that they gossiped about me. Now, she's at another school. The group said they are really sorry, and if I were here we would be friends again, like in the past. But I think that if I go back to that school, friends will keep bullying me and exclude me.



See Ya..!

Kelly Lee

“How lucky I am to have something that makes saying goodbye so hard.” – Winnie The Pooh.

SEE YA...

KELLY LEE

It was three months before I came to China, and my 4th grade was coming to an end. Our family was really busy moving house, but I still had to go to school. Each week passed really quickly, and the last day of school came. All the students were happy, because of their new classes and new friends, but I wasn't. I had to say goodbye to my friends and teachers. It was really sad to me and my friends. I took pictures and videos with them and spent my last day of school with my great and awesome friends. However, the saddest thing was I had to say goodbye to my best friend. Other friends were really good and we had great time together. However, I spent a lot more time with my best friend than my school friends.

My best friend has a lot of personality. She is really kind and active when we are playing, and she is really cool when she is studying or with other friends. For example, when we say "Hi", she says "Hey" and I say "Hi" or "Hey". In Korean, it means we are really close and it's not rude thing to say "Hey" to each other. That's one of reasons why she is really special to me.

Me and my best friend's relationship was really cool. When I was in Pre-K, I always played by myself. One day, I met my best friend at Pre-K. I thought she looked really pretty and kind. Then my teacher came to me and said, "Do you want to be friends with her?" and I nodded. The first time was kind of awkward, but later, we became good friends. I went

back home and told my mom about her and I heard something that surprised me. My mom said, my new friend's dad and my dad were in same company, and my mom and her mom were good friends too. After I realized the relationship, we became better friends. There was a yellow bus that helped us to go to our Pre-K school. My house and my best friend's house were kind of far away, but our Pre-K life was great and awesome. When we graduated from Pre-K, we had to go to different kindergartens and lower school, so we met each other once a month.

Me and my best friend planned for our playing time. Since it was my last playing time before I would leave, so we planned specifically and the plan that doesn't cost a lot of money and time. There were two days of playing time, so my mom was looking after us on the first day, and my best friend's mom the next.

On the first day, we went to watch a movie at the mall. That mall was really big. There were shopping places, eating places, a movie theater, an ice skating place and more. We went to eat lunch and then we went to watch a movie. I forgot the name of movie, but I thought it was fun.

After the movie finished, we went to the ice skating place. The ice skating place was really cold. We ice skated for an hour, and it was really fun and we both enjoyed it.

After we played, we went to eat dinner. We talked about my new school, which is QISS and other things. When we finished eating, my best friend's mom came to us and we went to her house for a sleepover.

At my friend's home, we played games, ate snacks, and did a lot of things. We talked until late dawn, but we weren't sleepy. I was happy and laughing at that time, but it came to my mind that it's last day of playing.

On the second day, we went to watch a basketball game. My best friend really wanted to watch basketball game with me, so we went to watch the basketball game. I also forgot the name of each teams, but we enjoyed watching it. During the basketball game, we ate popcorn, chips, and drinks. After the basketball game, we went to eat ice cream and pancakes. We both like to eat almost all kinds of ice creams, cakes or pancakes. I ordered cheese pancakes with cool mint ice cream and sweet chocolate syrup, and my best friend ordered strawberry pancakes with same ice cream as me. These pancakes were really sweet, cool and little sour. They were really good and delicious.

After we finished eating, we went to the place that where my mom was waiting. My mom and her mom talked for almost one hour and we just sat there talking and playing games. It was my last time I met her before I leave. We said goodbye to each other. My best friend and I fought a lot, and when we meet in a long time, we were kind of awkward. However, it's just a past. We became really good friends and none of other friends are better than her.

I came to China on March 21st in 2016. I found my best friend's phone number and message ID from my new phone, so we keep talking until now. We share our secrets and problems that we cannot solve by ourselves. Also, we met each other in the games. Even though we are far away from each other, we can still talk, call, and playing games together. I think she will be my best friend forever after.



MAKING CAKE

by Fiona

MAKING CAKE

FIONA YANG

One day I was making a red velvet cake with my sister. We were very happy. We put the flour first, then put the eggs, milk, yeast, and red velvet pigment. Then we let them mix together. We carefully placed the cake in the oven, and we went to watch TV. We forgot we had a cake being baked . After 15 minutes, the kitchen turned red, because we put too much red velvet butter. The whole kitchen had a charred smell. My mom was very angry. And my mom shouted, “Tidy up!”, but I didn't want to tidy the red butter, so I let my sister tidy up. But my sister didn't want to tidy, so she was very angry . She was very angry and tidied up the cake trash and put them into the trash can. And she didn't talk to me for three days.

THE COMBUS TION



AN ORIGINAL MEMOIR BY MAXIM KREPP

THE COMBUSTION

MAXIM KREPP

So I was in science class, and we were watching one of those cringey life hack videos. One of them caught my eye. It showed, that if you put a pencil in a microwave, and then put it in H₂O (WATER), the water would start bubbling like crazy. For the rest of the school day, that experiment/life hack was all I could think about. On the bus ride home, all of my friends asked me, if I had time to play soccer when we got home. I said with an intelligent voice "I will be making a marvelous discovery, while you dudes play soccer."

After I finished explaining my marvelous discovery, they all just blankly stared at me. Obviously their IQ was too low, but even a 4th grader could understand that. By the way, we were 4th graders at the time. To them I was a nerd, but I didn't take their insults as much. To them I looked like Alfalfa from the Little Rascals. The insults were bad ones too, like you are poop, or something home. Fast forward 5 minutes, like in back to the future, except I didn't hit 88 miles per hour. I busted home from school. My mom was about to leave the house. "Bye Maxim, bye Sofia", she chimed.

She was heading out for a party. I stare at the microwave. Thinking to myself "I will be the next Albert Einstein if this works!"

My mom had to go to the kitchen to go grab her phone, and I yelled "Stop! Stay a bit more to watch my experiment!" She said "Ok."

I thought like I was in one of those space movies where the astronauts walked to the rocket in slow motion. In my mind I imagined

myself doing that, except; I placed the pencil into the microwave, and set the time to 5 minutes. I saw a few sparks, and watched in despair as the pencil lit on fire. Imagine if there was a rocket ship taking off in that microwave. That's exactly what it looked like."AHHHHHHH!", my mom yelled, as if she broke both of her legs.

I scarcely opened the door of the microwave, feeling a gush of smoke entering my lungs.(It tasted SO BAD, don't smoke kids!) I coughed, and started fanning the fire. It finally went out. In my mind I felt "Dang finally that fire finally went out!"

I took a big swing and threw the pencil into the trash.

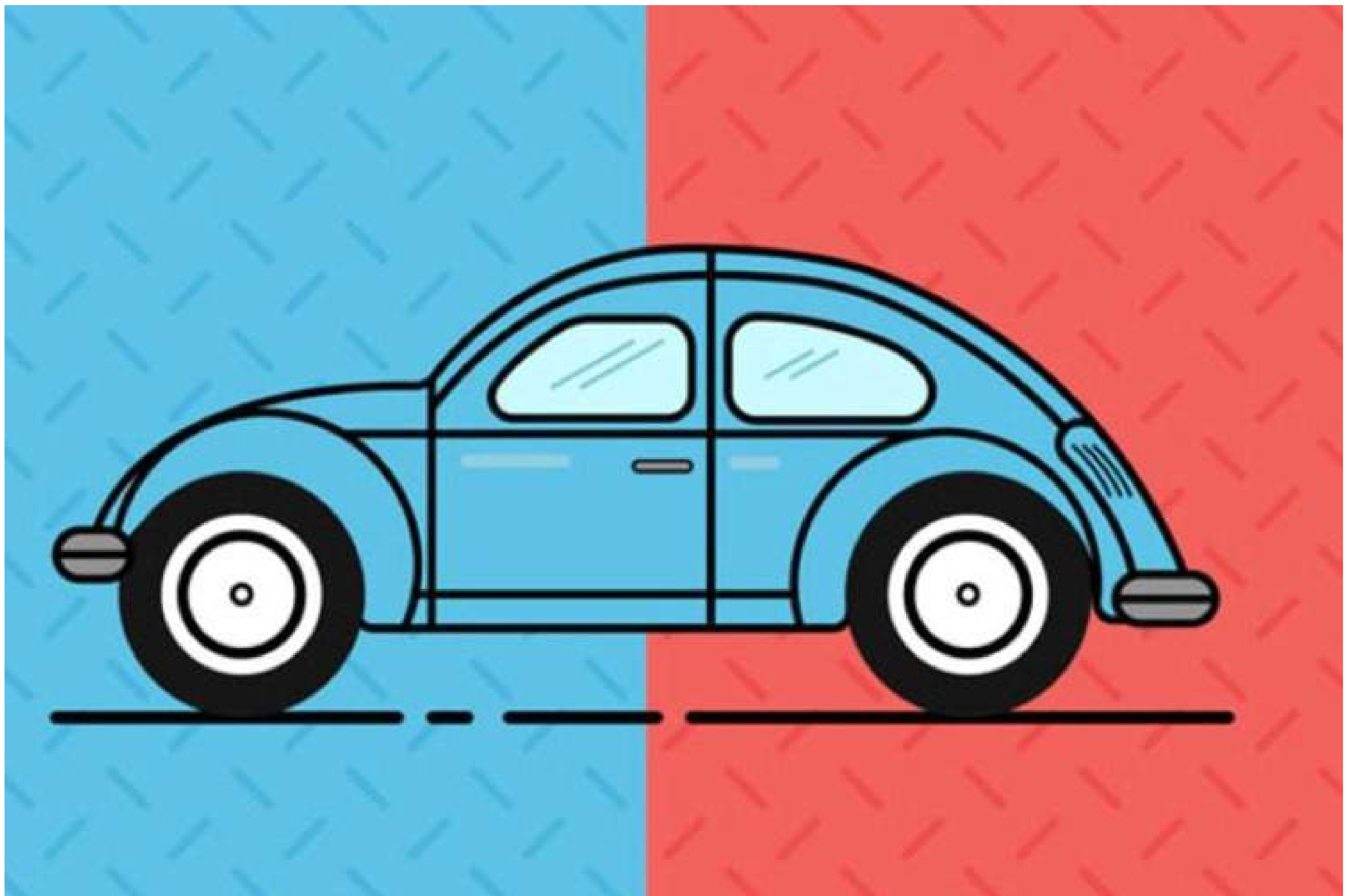
I was basically standing there in relief. My mom didn't end up going to the party, because she was worried, that something would catch on fire again. So I ended up just blankly staring at the microwave trying to process, why this happened. I was on that blue Windows XP error screen in my mind. I was thinking about chemicals, elements, and all that stuff. I figured out that the lead of the pencil, was the cause of the fire. From that day, I never stuck pencils into microwaves...

(P.S. My mom does this annoying thing whenever I am about to do an experiment. She says "I hope you wont blow up any microwaves!"

Even if the experiment has nothing to do with a microwave.)

..a huge life lesson..

The Broken Toy Car



A Memoir by Joseph Liu

THE BROKEN TOY CAR

JOSEPH LIU

Last year my mother bought me a shiny, big remote control car. I was very happy of having it, and I was playing around with it. Then, I just accidentally broke it, because I was fiddling with the wire that was connected to the battery. In my head I was thinking “Aaaaaaaargh! I just got the car! I was waiting for it to arrive for one whole week!”

I was so mad about it; this car stinks! I simply touched it, and it just broke. And that car was very expensive; if mom sees it she will kill me (I was at my friends house). I was pretty small at that time, so I was trying to be like an engineer, using a huge screwdriver, poking around at the car (that was pretty stupid, I was poking the car shell, but the screw was inside).

I thought it was going to work, but no. “Aaaaaaahh, God! What should I do!?” I thought. Then I tried to use an air level thing (an air level is a tool to see if an object is horizontal) to fix it, but the truth is that I didn’t even know what it was for. At the time, I thought the water inside was magic water; it can fix it by itself much.

Next, I tried to kick the car very softly, and I thought it would be like in the animations, where it magically fixes is. I think I was pretty cute at that time, because I even started to say the magical spells from Harry Potter (too much Harry Potter is not good).

It was good that my friends told me to go out and play with them. Because I was just going to throw the car to the trash can. When I went out and leave the car at the floor, I feel like a big, heavy elephant went out my brain. “Oooo, that feels so good, so good!”

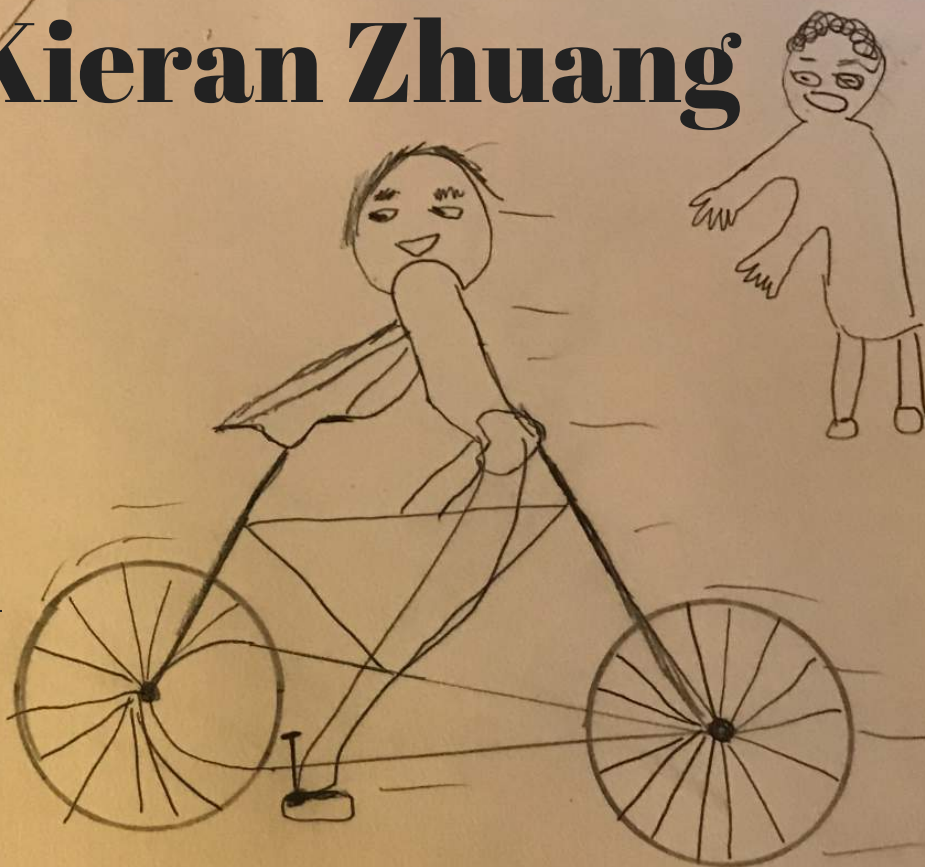
Too bad there is a sun, or I will be very happy to stay with my friends forever. It is night time, I needed to go back to eat dinner. When I was back to my friends house(we have a sleepover, all of the things happen at my friends house), I started to “fix” the car again.

After another one hour, my head exploded. “aaaa@*#)\$/#(@)#(\$)#@)#(\$(#&\$&#&@“! I took a rock and smashed it on the car. And guess what... The car just worked! “Actually, you know what? Life’s so good! (the radiator was stuck, when I crash it, the small fan start to work) Yah, this is life: Sometimes you try one hundred times to fix or find something, and maybe tomorrow it will only take you just a minute (but do not copy me to smash something on your toy, hahahahaha), so if you are stuck on something today, learn to stop, try it tomorrow!

5 5

Kieran Zhuang

**A Boy
that
Rushed
to the
Tree**



A BOY THAT RUSHED TO A TREE

KIERAN ZHUANG

Everyone has a memory about their childhood, maybe is sad, maybe is good, now, I am going to tell you about my story when I was young.

During my childhood, I had some stupid idea. For example, I thought if I ride the bicycle very fast and rush to a tree, then, I can fly to the sky! So I decided to have a try.

One day, I was with my grandma. When I was play, I suddenly thought of that idea. I looked at my grandma, she was talking with another old woman happily. I noticed it was a good time for me to have a try.

First, I rode my bicycle carefully without making any sound. I got to a place that my grandma couldn't see me, then I found a big and strong tree without anythings around it.

Then, I found a spot that was about 200 meters far from that tree. Finally, my dream will come true!

I took a deep breath and started to ride my bike towards the tree as fast as I can.

I was so excited and I felt I got so much power and rode even faster.

“Yeah~~, I am going to fly!”

“Bang~~ ” As you know, this is not the sound of flying but the sound of bumping into the tree.

I didn't fly but my body got injured and my bike was broken, and my brow was kept bleeding, I felt faint and I was looking of my grandma to see if she saw me rush to a tree and lie on the ground. I was so regretful , so I shouted "Grandma, helped!!!"

When my grandma heard my shouting, she was shocked then she rushed to me and called my mom. But she got faint suddenly (after we went to the hospital to check, we found out she faint because she was afraid of blood)

When my mom took me and my grandma to the hospital, I was worried I will get big operation and I got a big wound on my face.

I was very afraid, so, I ask my mom will I get a operation, my mom says I will get a small operation. My most worry happened.

When my mom talk me to the place the doctor doing operation, I remember I was really scared and tried to got out of my mom's arm, but I didn't get out.

My mom told me when I was in the operating room, she almost faint too, because my was cry to hard (maybe it have 70 or 80 decibel) .

So my mom called my uncle, and good things is my uncle don't faint, so when I finish operation, we can safely go home.

This thing teach me not to do some stupid things, and teach me never to ride a bike into a tree too.



**CALL IT
WHAT
YOU
WANT**

**by
Emily Zhang**

CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT

EMILY ZHANG

I have a hobby. Maybe it's not the same as others. It is called is cosplay, which is dressing up like anime characters. When I first learned it, I was only 9 years old. I was very envious when I saw that I could restore anime characters in my life. Therefore, I slowly began to pay attention to and understand the cosplay culture, I hope to cosplay these “non-existent” in the future.

By the age of 12, my grades were still stable. Parents have become an obstacle to overcome. They said, "These characters are unrealistic. It is better to put more thoughts on study." I was very angry and sad. This is just my hobby. I love anime and love cosplay. I wanted to practice it seriously, but my parents only thought that it was wasting my time. I didn't want to explain too much to them. I closed the door of the room and listened to music on my phone. The sun gradually fell outside the window and slowly enveloped by the night. Suddenly, a new song played, “Call it what you want”. I heard the lyrics, started my spirits, regained my strength, and I studied hard. In the sixth grade graduation exam, I achieved the first grade of the year and got the trust of my parents.

This is a story about me. Now my parents are no longer asking me too much. I am still sticking to my dreams. If someone says that your dreams are useless, you just need to tell them: "Call it what you want!"

A person is silhouetted against a vibrant night sky filled with stars and a prominent galaxy. The person stands on a dark, rocky outcrop, looking up at the cosmos. The sky transitions from a deep purple at the top to a bright orange and yellow near the horizon, where the galaxy's light is most intense. The overall mood is contemplative and awe-inspiring.

*A LITTLE
MISTAKE
MADE A
BIG
MISTAKE*

BY TOM Zhang

A LITTLE MISTAKE MADE A WHOLE LIFE MISTAKE

TOM ZHANG

One night, I played basketball with my friends in the park. I remember when I was six years old. My friends and I were playing ball happily. There was a group of people dancing and my family was watching TV at home. A cry scared the dancing people out when I played ball with my friends and we were done. I was going to run together with my friend, but he was holding the ball we had just played. He accidentally dropped the ball, but by that time we had already started running. The ball rolled to my side and I accidentally stepped on the ball and slipped onto it. My wrist was bent so my hand crashed to the ground, and then I fell. It wasn't a good result. I broke my hand. I cried all the time. The adults next to me called my grandmother out. My grandmother looked at me crying and asked my friend what happened. My friend said he had slipped. So my grandmother picked me up and thought it was no big deal. My wrist was broken, but my grandmother didn't know. My grandmother called out my dad and sent me to the hospital in time. They just thought it was dislocated. They only went to the hospital and the doctor told them it was broken. That was the night. The doctor gave me a simple protection and sent me back. Go, the next day, the doctor in the hospital said I needed to cut my right hand and put the plate in, but my mother disagreed, and my mother said it would leave scars, so she found a reliable doctor to help me connect my wrist because it was only a fracture. One doctor took my hand in front and the other doctor dragged me behind. Together they knew they were pulling their wrists

straight, so I stayed in the hospital for two months before returning to school. My friend was no longer my friend because he never said he was sorry and never came to the hospital to see me.