

RI Txt Anthology 2015

Session A – Tempe: 29 submissions

Session B- Tempe: 26 Submissions

West Campus: 20 submissions

Poly Campus: 24 submissions

Thank you to all the students.

Enjoy reading these.

Keep on writing!

West Campus

1. Alvarado-Richter, Carlos
2. Anchondo, Andres
3. Anchondo, Azael
4. Caywood, Alexis
5. Columbe, Ian
6. Columbe, Roya
7. Dabberu, Aneesh
8. Dawson, Annie
9. Deb, Raunak
10. Deb, Roshni
11. Gopalani, Kartik
12. Hiredesai, Rhea
13. Kowalski, Ava
14. Lahud, Cristina
15. LaPlante, Debra
16. Lelsz, Stephanie
17. Madaan, Rohan
18. Mukherjee, Ribhu
19. Vurity, Anusri
20. Weiss, Chaela

I Am From 2.0

by Carlos Alvarado

I am from green

From my favorite color
even though I don't know why

From that color which flies proudly
in the Mexican flag

From the sweet and tangy lime
in a key lime pie

From the luscious green in many many plants
contrasting the barren desert

From that color which means luck in Irish culture
and I truly am lucky
to have this life

I am from green

If We Were...

by Andres Anchondo

If we were ants,
we would work all day and night, just for our queen.

If we were dads,
we would do anything to protect our little ones.

And if we were flowers,
we would take in carbon dioxide (bad air)
and release oxygen (good air).

If we became teachers,
we would teach math, science, writing, and reading to prepare little ones
for the future.

But what if, what if we were just ourselves....

What would we do?

Would we make a farm?

Write a book?
Develop a new food?

No! We would do what we want to do.

What would you want to do?

The Baby Who Wrote A Book (REV)

By Azael Anchondo

Baby Joe was a bad baby. He was always throwing pizza instead of eating it. He was always causing mischief. He was in his stroller. Somehow he got a hold of a writer's notebook and a pen.

He started writing..." Once a upon a time there was a thing called the box troll.

Everyone feared it because.....

There was a boy with them (?)

They would go to the surface from their home below and gather stuff. The end," wrote the baby.

The mom looked at the baby. "When did you write this? Did you forget today is your birthday?

Here it comes," said mom. (what?)

There was a knock on the door. One minute later Mom said, "I'm back. Let's go to your room,"

the mom said. "I'll give you the present tomorrow; it's time for bed.

By Alexis Caywood

Once upon a time, in a land far away, there lived a girl. She loved the outdoors and the world around her.

Then, one day, she met a boy. No, it wasn't "love at first sight" like every other once upon a time story you've heard. In fact, the boy was cursed. His father had done many evil acts towards a certain witch, so the witch cursed his family line with hideousness. The boy was in fact looking for money, for he was poor, so the girl hired him as her servant. As time passed, however, the boy and the girl began to bond more and more.

She loved him, and he loved her. When the boy finally confessed his feelings toward her, he was delighted to hear that she felt the same. However, the girl had a good reputation among those who knew her, and was not about to lose that reputation by being seen on the streets with someone so hideous.

When the boy heard of this, he was incredibly hurt. For days on end he was completely silent, avoiding her at all costs.

One day, the girl came home, and he was gone.

Heartbroken and guilty to the core, the girl searched high and low for her love. She set out after him, leaving her home, family, and, shocking to all who knew her, her reputation.

She asked everyone she met on her journey if they had seen him. No one had, each person sending her off with a sad wave, wishing her luck on her journey. Each time she heard the word "no" escape a person's lips, her hope faltered away more and more.

Until one day, where her dreams were restored.

The girl had come across a stranger, who's hideousness resembled the boy's. The girl asked if the stranger had seen the boy.

The stranger had said no, and just as that girl felt that familiar bolt of sadness, the stranger told her a valuable secret about himself, which made him different from the rest.

He was a wizard.

The wizard had magic that could help the girl find her love. The wizard warned her, that there would be a cost to using the magic.

The girl begged and begged, offering to give up anything that she held dear. The wizard just shook it off and reassured her that it wasn't him who wanted anything. The universe would take something from her.

The girl agreed quickly, not taking the wizard's warning into account. She was too determined to find her love.

A few days later, the magic brought the girl to a stone wall. Not a stone wall with bumps and holes in it, like the side of a mountain, but a perfectly straight and smooth stone wall.

Confused, the girl wandered further along the wall. It seemed to go on forever. Starting to grow frustrated and enraged, the girl picked up a tiny pebble and threw it at the wall in order to vent some of her anger.

Upon impact with the pebble, the entire wall collapsed.

The girl jumped back, amazed, and a little surprised that the destruction of the wall had been that easy. She began walking slowly, towards the gap where the massive wall used to stand.

To the girl's surprise once more, a chilly gust of winter air hit her face, blowing her hair backwards. She held up her hands to shield her eyes.

She lowered her hands to get a better view of the land ahead of her.

Snow. That was pretty much everywhere. There were hills, there were trees, and there were even mountains, but nothing was there that wasn't covered with fluffy white snow.

The girl stepped into the snow, hearing it's soft crunch underneath her foot. She began to shiver as her body began absorbing the chill in the air. She kept walking, and kept shivering, harder and harder, until it was nearly unbearable.

Suddenly, the girl heard strange noises. It sounded like footsteps, much like her own, only louder and more rapid. She looked around her for the source of the noise, feeling panic begin to swell in her chest.

She looked behind her, and terror along with the panic was felt within her.

A giant stampede of red-eyed reindeer, which stretched out as far as she could see.

The girl screamed, and began to run. The soft crunch of her footsteps in her snow became more rapid. She could hear the reindeer much better now, and could almost feel their hot breath down her neck.

The girl was close to giving up right then. She thought she had no chance of escaping, that her death was inevitable.

Suddenly, a bright light began to shine from the sky. The reindeer made loud noises, indicating that they were scared, and began running in a different direction. The girl pushed herself to run faster, not knowing what the light was and no doubt, fearing it.

As it got closer, the girl realized it wasn't danger. It was, in fact, the wizard.

The wizard rode upon a majestic white stag, coming quickly towards the girl. If there wasn't a man on top of the stag, the girl never would've seen it, since it was so white it blended right into the snow.

The girl realized right then that the wizard was in fact, cloaked, and she couldn't see his face. There was just something so familiar about him, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

It was then that the wizard removed his cloak, and the girl took a step back in shock.

It was the boy.

Her true love.

The girl's emotions seemed to whirl around her as she laid eyes upon him, after so long. First, she felt joy to be with him again. Then, anger that he ever ran away in the first place. Guilt at what she had done to him, and what she had put him through, overpowered any other feelings she had at that moment, and she threw her arms around him.

She cried softly into his shoulder, begging him for his forgiveness. He forgave her.

They lived happily for a few years, then the girl went back to her village, for the first time in a long time. It was there that she discovered the price of using magic, the cost of the universe.

Her reputation, her ego, every reason she rejected the boy at first were gone. She could honestly care less at this point.

If she had her love, what more could she want?

I am From...

by Ian Columbe

I am from...

places of deadly heat
where many men roam
a child who only has
a sister for a sibling
friends by the name of
Bryce and Jonathon.

FOREVER, NATURE

by Roya Columbe

Trees

Strong and sturdy
yet gentle and leafy.

Flowers

So much to study
But the stems ,
So like a sheath.

Vines

Oh so wavy
They are endless
Look at them go!

Water

Sometimes wild and crazy
Sometimes tame and calm.

My Life

by Aneesh Dabberu

I come from red, white, and blue
Or blue, orange and green.
from brown and black and light green, too.

I come from a hospital, all white and blue—
Banner Thunderbird, that's the place.
My baby cousin was born there too.
That is very cool!!!

I am from 2007, when my brother was five years old
Whenever I cried, he thought I was cold

I'm from a house with a missing pillar,
where we always had fast food for dinner.

When I was small, my mom
told me I looked like a baby doll.

I came from where people used a table
for my cradle, where corn grew,
and on special occasions,
we had stew.

I Am From Trees

By: Annie Dawson

I'm from sturdy houses of wood
Protecting, holding, staying

I'm from sitting on benches of wood
Supporting, comforting, helping

I'm from hiking in tree filled woods
Towering over, tall, cramped

I'm from wood camp fires
Crackling, lighting, smoking

I'm from books
Educating, adventurous, alive

I'm from wooden desks
Learning, writing, teaching

I'm from wooden bookcases
Holding, tall creaking

I'm from houses,
benches,
hiking,
campfires,
books,
desks,
and bookcases of trees.

S.P.Y.

By Raunak Deb

"Ssssss" the kitchen walls burned to the ground.

"Run for your lives!" Ms. Heather shouted as she gathered as many of her dresses and shoes as possible.

Max woke up groggily. "What's going on?"

Suddenly one of the wooden planks in the wall creaked. "Huh" He turned and "whack" the plank hit Max's head and he was again sent back to sleep. When he woke up he found himself wrapped in a warm blanket on the patio in front of his foster home.

"Finally woke up, eh?" an officer said. "Sorry kid, we searched everywhere but we couldn't find a place where anyone would take you in." "You'll have to go to an orphanage."

"So word spreads around that fast," Max thought. "This is the seventh home that I've been in that burnt down." "Also the number of houses I've been in."

"Well, we found an orphanage that has kids mostly your age so that's where your goin'."

"I guess it can't be helped then," Max said.

"But first, I'll need your information" the officer said.

"Ok, I've been a foster child since I can remember, I am fourteen, every house I lived at has burned down, and my dad is still alive so I'm not an orphan."

"Okay," The police said. "Get in the back seat."

As the officer drove him to the orphanage, Max asked the officer, "Where did everyone else go?"

"They left immediately after saying that you were always bad luck." Max was silent.

"You don't care?" The officer asked.

"I've adjusted to being a lot more comfortable with that kind of stuff 'cause being mad won't help anything," Max replied.

"Well, we are here," the officer said. "See you around" He drove away leaving Max with all his stuff, which wasn't much. He had a piece of obsidian and one suitcase with all his clothes. The obsidian was a charm from his mother. He pricked his finger with it to give him luck. Max entered the building. The place was huge with kids from probably nine to seventeen. He went to the front desk and got all his stuff carried to his room and got himself checked into the system.

"Over here" a lady called. He went over to the lady. "You are Max Jonas I presume," she said. "Ok, I am Ms. Green and welcome to S.P.Y., the spy program for youth." "Here we will be teaching you how to read code, speak code, pick locks, and learn how to use firearms." "And this is the beginning of your tour."

The minute he saw the class handling firearms, for the first in his life he was amazed.

To Be Continued...

A Strange Day in July

By Roshni Deb

Maria and Ellois ran to the beach, away from their parents, away from the world. Maria's brown hair flew behind her and her white dress fluttered. Her brown eyes watered. Ellois, her twelve year old brother, comforted her.

No one else came to the beach. The beach was *their* sanctuary. Their place away from the world. They would not allow anyone else there.

Ellois picked up three stones from the ground: a small flat one, a round one, and a slightly magical one: the rainbows on the bottom were simply mesmerizing. Maria, who was three years younger than her brother, sat down on a boulder behind Ellois, who decided to skip the stones. Maria cheered as the first made two jumps, then three, then four, before the first stone sunk. Ellois threw the next, but brother and sister were disappointed when the stone dove underwater with a plop.

"Ellois!" shouted Maria. "You can do better!"

Ellois took the magical stone from Maria's hand and threw. It skipped three times before stopping on the surface of the water and skipping back.

Maria gasped, surprised. "It truly is magical!"

Ellois was quite mad, on the other hand. He threw with all his might, but the third stone came skipping back.

When it came back the second time, the water parted, revealing a long staircase with seashells embedded in it.

Maria was fascinated by the staircase, whereas Ellois turned around to see their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Etile running toward them.

"Come on!" Ellois grabbed Maria's hand and dragged her down the staircase to who-knows-where.

Uninvited Guests

by Kartik Gopalani

Julie was putting her groceries in her refrigerator, when she thought she saw the doorknob turn. Was it her imagination, or was there shallow breathing behind the door? Her heart was pounding; she was sure the doorknob turned and it wasn't her own breathing.

She was halfway upstairs, turned and peeked at the front door again. Julie noticed it was slightly opened. Julie also saw a shadow in the light between the wall and the door. She whimpered softly. Julie was wishing she was dead already.

Suddenly the door was fully opened. A figure with a black mask and long, blond hair stepped into the room, looking extremely comfortable, as if she had been there before. Julie whispered, "Who are you?"

"Your very good friend," the masked woman said.

More people came in. The first person looked directly at Julie. Julie tried to run. That very familiar voice shouted, "Go away and we will call the police and leave!"

"Who are you?" Julie asked again.

All of the people took off their masks and Julie gasped. All of her friends lined up in front of her and said, "Happy Birthday."

Julie was still in shock from what just happened, and she stared with wide eyes at her friends. It wasn't her birthday, it was June 4. Wait...it was JUNE 4! It was her birthday. One of her friends, Jordan, brought cake and ice cream, and they celebrated all day long.

Poem:

I Am From Pink
by Rhea Hiredesai

I am from pink, from the pink blossoms
of an agave reminding me of rainforests
always bringing everyone joy.

From sweet pink frosting on the cake
every birthdays sweet as strawberries
or sugary candy.

From sitting by pink hibiscus flower
in Hawaii eating ice-cream, and snow cones

I am from pink

Story:

The Secret Palace
by Rhea Hiredesai

Lucy stared out her window looking at her garden. There she saw her two older brothers being chased by the gardener. They had five pomegranates in both hands.

"Would those two ever stop getting into trouble?" The two boys ran inside.

Lucy had three older siblings: James, Susan, and Isaac. They all lived together in a spacious 70 room palace. Just then they were overwhelmed by a great smell. The children followed it to the kitchen where a seven-step straw berry cake sat on the counter.

"I'm going back to my room before i get in trouble," Lucy said. Susan followed "I've had enough excitement for one day," Isaac said, and walked away.

It was just James. He ate a huge bite of the cake. It was so good he kept eating. Soon the maid came in looked at the cake, and screamed. James escaped before the maid saw him.

I Am From Green

by Ava Kowalski

I am from green trees and cool weather
where family is close, together at holidays

from gray skies and rainy mornings
and breathing in the moist air

from cross the country going far
now from brown ground and blue skies

now wishing I could go back to green
where all is happy and close
where family sees you everywhere

but still sadly cross the country going far
not where I'm from
now see the family once a year

now I'm from Batman marathons with dad
on the Fourth of July
now from Thanksgiving turkey every year
now from new opportunities

Opportunities you only see here in brown ground
and I opportunities I got from green ground.

I Am.....

by Cristina Lahud

I'm from two quiet people
who always do their best for me

from busy and exhausting days
driving from place to place

from the smell of baking cookies
in the kitchen
and the smell of grilling
steaks outside

Invisible Words

How does a sculptor
decide what to leave out?

no face, but she reads
with her whole being

I have watch students read
with their whole being,
immersed in the moment
transported by time and place
no longer themselves
but connected with the author,
the characters, a new world

I have watched writers
create that new world,
connect, transport us.

Our words bind us
through story
soothing our hearts--
connecting, after words
tore us apart.

by Debra LaPlante, RITxt West Instructor

I am From

-Stephanie Lelsz

I am from a small two story house with a rock slide, trees boughs giving shade at the bottom.

I am from peacocks and chickens near the library and behind it a tree maze, perfect for hide and seek.

I am from a family that is divided by two states, but will stay in each other's hearts forever.

I am from LOADS of noisy cousins clicking the remote and always asking for, "Five more minutes!"

I am from nights with my grandpa, ordering tender turkey and moist, sugar apples.

I am from cool summer nights
squirtling my father with a water
gun and saying, "I got you! I got
you!" in the pool.

I am from clear bluish pool water.
From brown, white, and red
cakes. From cyan bedsheets
lulling me to sleep.

I am small house, peacock and
chicken, divided family, noisy
cousins, turkey and apples, water
squirtling, delicious cake kinda
girl.

The House On The Corner

By: Rohan Madaan

Most of the neighborhood stayed away from the lugubrious house on the corner. Several odd sounds came from this one particular house. Many people had moved away from the neighborhood. They heard screams of pain from John Polinski. Mr. John Polinski was a millionaire scientist who never left his house. He tested his experiments on himself, many of his creations react way too violently causing him a lot of pain and torture. The reason he never leaves his house is because he created a drink containing Aloe Vera and chlorophyll, he believed that chlorophyll could unlock a secret hormone in the human body if mixed with a large amount of Aloe Vera. Although his theory was correct, the secret hormone caused him to mutate into half of a human and half of a plant. He never left to get food because he simply stood in his backyard and photosynthesis would occur. Whenever, he wanted water he would remove his shoes and the tiny roots that are stuck on the bottom of his feet would absorb water from the aquafer underneath him. He could never leave in case someone discovered that he was a mutated human, he would be taken into a lab and he would be dissected to see the effects of the drink. This drink if not taken regularly caused him tons of pain, if he didn't drink it exactly every two hours, his bones would be replaced with stems. The pain caused by the drink

made him go insane. He screams as loud as he can whenever he is in pain, even by the slightest touch. John can only think about two things whenever he is not in ultimate pain. His dead wife and his life before the mutation.

“Where are you, Lucy” called John

“No response again” thought John

He began to look for his wife. He searched for hours around his house, each step creating more depression for him.

He began to cry, wail, and moan in pain. “My wife has left me” yelled John.

Only Thought

By Ribhu Mukherjee

"It is time," knew Thought. Or so he knew at first, but then he realized there was no time here. There was no anything. And then he knew, "It is now."

But what was now? To answer that, Thought had to go back. Back to the beginning of the Universe. The two forces of Creation and Destruction had agreed to make a new stage. Creation would make the stage, and Destruction would take it away, and the cycle would continue, as it had done for all eternity. And so the Stage was made, and it was called the Universe. He formed the planets, and the stars, and put them into groups he called galaxies. The Universe was made, but something was missing. Nothing was going on. What was the point of this Universe if nothing would happen in it? Creation made life, and put it in the Universe. Then he made time, so the Universe could keep growing and changing and being. And so it existed, until finally the time came for it to end.

Now it was Destruction's turn. Destruction had to clear it all away so the cycle could keep going. He slowly stripped the Universe down until there was nothing left. Everything was gone.

Everything, except for Thought.

The Unidentified Help Note

By: Anusri Vurity

It was a dark winter day and the wind was moving back and forth across the road carrying a small piece of paper. Alice Walker slowly trudging to her house caught sight of the small paper and picked it up as it descended. She read it with a worried look and shoved it in her jacket pocket.

Now she ran home to examine it more closely. Her parents Jacob and Jenny, worked at the Police Department of Arizona and had worked with many detectives and helped them solve cases. Both of them were at the department when Alice came home. The young 19 year-old girl read the note over and over again.

She made up her mind to keep this to herself so she would not get anyone hurt. She read the note one last time and it read:

"I have been kidnapped by my brother. I am
Steve Roberts,

and my brother Ralph Roberts put me in this
dark cabin.

All I have is a lantern , this piece of
paper , and a pencil.

I have gotten my hands out of the rope, but
I can't take off

the tight chain on my hand and my stomach.
I let this note out by the breezy wind."

- Steve Robert May
19,2014

Alice thought, "I know the date the date is June 3, 2014, but I hope I'm not late." She was right and her mystery had now begun...

Missing in Venice
Chaela Weiss

Anisha breathed in. she had escaped! "success!" she whispered. This wasn't her first time either. In fact, it was her eighth. She was always running away, because her mother did not love her, and her father was dead. He died after falling out of a gondola. Her father was a wizard, and had taught her many tricks. Her mother was always angry with her, yelling at her though she had done nothing. So she had run. She had a plan too, always had. She had a dress and a cape, and her father's wizard hat with a veil on it. He had given her the hat in his will. She had also brought her brass staff, which gave her the power of premonition and mind reading. She was in the small gondola, sailing away to town. She stopped the boat and pulled it aground. Then, she lugged it behind her as she walked through the streets. She stopped at a wood pile, and made an opening through the pile. She crawled through the opening, and, setting her staff down, pulled up the boat to close the opening. There was a canvas inside, and she snuggled into it and slept. When she awoke, she wrote a sign on the canvas and packed it in her boat along with two pieces of wood. She carried it to the center of town, where she opened up a stand, performing magical tricks all day, disguising herself as mystic, not knowing that the famous wizard Roderico was watching her. "She is good at magic. I will talk to her" he murmured. He approached as she was packing up the boat. "You are good at magic, young Mystic. May I ask your real name?" Anisha gasped. She bowed. Roderico laughed, saying, "No need for that. I repeat my question."

"A-A-Anisha" she stammered. "Where do you live Anisha?" he asked. They walked to the wood pile, and she stopped to buy a breadstick, explaining it was her only meal that day. He invited Anisha to stay with him and learn magic, and she eagerly accepted. For the next two days, Anisha stayed with Roderico, learning magic and talking. On the second night she thought he was a lot like her father. Then, early in the third morning, while Anisha was still sleeping, the paper came. MISSING: YOUNG WIZARD GIRL NAMED ANISHA. PLEASE RETURN TO DEONA STATONICA AND ANTONIO STATONICA. Roderico read.

"I must return the child to her mother, though I will be very sad." He said solemnly. When Anisha awoke, he explained the matter to her. "But don't fret, child." He said, handing her a necklace. "Touch the amulet, and you will be here." Anisha put the amulet on.

"Do you want me too leave?" she asked. "Oh no, child. I wish you to stay I am doing this because I care."

"She doesn't love me." She whispered. Roderico said that that was not true. Anisha went home, and to her surprise a man opened the door.

"Anisha? Do come in dear. Your mother and I have been worried sick!" Anisha stepped in. "Mama?" she called. "oh, Anisha!!" cried her mother, embracing her. Anisha was again surprised. The seven other times this was

not her reaction. "Who is he?" she asked, pointing to the man. "That is Antonio. But you may call him dad, for I have married him!" Well, that explained a lot. Antonio hugged her, saying what a joy it would be when she was his daughter. But there was something fishy about his smile. Anisha thought everything would be ok, but then the changes began. Anisha and her father loved looking at the stars through his telescope and discussing constellations. She and Roderico had enjoyed this pastime as well. Antonio sold the telescope, however, and used the money to buy a new gondola. He also called Anisha "Anne" which she loathed. Yet everytime she expressed her opinion, he would yell at her and slap her cheek. Then, when her mom found out, she would slap her other cheek. She was slapped so much, at the end of the day her cheeks were red and slightly swollen! So everynight she had to apply medicine and dunk her head in water, and each night she slept with a washcloth on each cheek. She wanted to see Roderico, but she could not go because Antonio demanded to know where she was every second of the day, and she could not tell him. She did play pranks on Antonio though, like placing water from outside in his shoes. She loved hearing the squish of the water, and his aghast expression when he stepped into the muck. One day, Antonio walked past her saying, " Hello Anne." Anisha couldn't take it anymore. She cracked, screaming: " I AM ANISHA!!!! NOT ANNE. I NEVER WILL BE ANNE!!! I AM ANISHA!!!!!" Antonio whipped around, his eyes glazed with fire. " How many times do I have to tell you? You are Anne! Not Anisha! The stars are worthless and magic means nothing! Worthless girl!" he slapped her. Thoughts, evil thoughts, rushed through Anisha's mind. She needed revenge on Antonio, and she was determined to get it. That night, she dressed in the clothes she wore the night of her escape. She carried her staff. She snuck into her mother and Antonio's room, and slipped into the closet. She pulled out his prized possession, his glass toe ring. She took the toe ring outside and placed it in the new gondola. She hacked holes in the gondola with her staff and watched it sink. Oh, sweet revenge! How good it tasted! She enjoyed this for about five seconds and then..... Her angered mother was watching her. She was incandescent with rage! " Mama, I.."
" No. Leave. You are banished, I thought you could handle this, Anisha!" Anisha, full of sorrow and grief, touched her amulet. Immediately, she was transported to Roderico. She told him what she had just done, and he listened intently. He told little pranks are ok. This time she'd gone too far. " I had a reason!" she cried. She told him about Antonio's devilish deeds, how she just expressed opinion and how she was banished. Roderico could not believe his ears. As she finished her story, Roderico said: " Well, I can assure you you won't go back there again. How would you like it if I adopted you?" Anisha's eyes sparkled like a thousand stars, as she cried "YES!!!!!!!" So he adopted Anisha, and they were extremely happy. In the nights, they looked at the stars and constellations, in the day they practiced magic and other useful subjects. All in all, they were very happy. That is the end of my tale.