

WINTER 2021

# RML CREATES

WORK BY YOUNG WRITERS & ARTISTS



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# EDITOR'S NOTE

## meet the magazine team



At Radnor Memorial Library, working with children and teens brings many opportunities to co-create and to have fun together. With the pandemic, our usual avenues have not been open. However, our community continues to be vibrant, full of thinkers and creators. For this magazine, young people in elementary, middle, and high school have shared their art and writing. On behalf of Radnor Memorial Library, I want to thank each of our contributors. I hope their creativity brightens your day, and perhaps inspires you to make work of your own. I wish to extend a special thank you to Christina Suh, our magazine designer, for sharing her busy senior year as a library volunteer.

-- Lisa Rand, *Youth Services Librarian*

A creative outlet for the township's youth, this magazine encourages kids and teens to unleash their inner stories and visions and share them with a receptive audience. Putting this together was an extremely rewarding experience, and invited sentimental reminiscence of my own time at Radnor before I leave for college this fall. Radnor Memorial Library was a crucial part of my adolescence. I made the regular two-minute walk from the middle school one, two, sometimes even three times a week and found solace in the standstill sense of time preserved by the stacks of books. As I entered high school and started trading Rowling's works for Shakespeare's, I witnessed this beloved institution undergoing similar changes to those I saw in myself. While I crumbled in the face of unfamiliar academic and social challenges, I watched the library demolished into a pile of rubble. And while I developed new strengths to combat my problems, I watched the library being reconstructed into something bigger and better. Radnor Memorial Library has always served as a calming presence in my life, and I'm so glad I was able to leave some sort of legacy behind through the initiation of RML Creates.

-- Christina Suh, *Magazine Designer*



# CONTRIBUTORS

## meet the artists & writers

### MEERA SINGH

is in 8th grade at Radnor Middle School.  
*Autumn* (5)

### REESE HILLMAN

is a junior at Radnor High School.  
*The Countdown* (6)

### DIL AYESHA SHARIF

is an 8th grader in Beverly Hills Middle School, Upper Darby School District. She loves to write, read, and draw. Dil Ayesha participated in the NaNoWriMo 2020 challenge with RML Teen Writers group.  
*Coronavirus* (8) & *Winter Friend* (27)

### RAGHAV BALAJI

is a second grader at Wayne Elementary School.  
*Snow Fun* (9) & *New Year Wish* (28)

### DANBY G. MORRISON

is a sixth grader at Radnor Middle School. One of her favorite poets is Emily Bronte.  
*A Place Near the Train Tracks* (10)

### KYRA LEE

is a senior at Radnor High School.  
*Monarch* (11)

### PENNY TANG

is a 6th grader at Radnor Middle School. She loves reading, writing, drawing and playing the violin.  
*The Magic Stone* (12)

### ASHLEY SUH

is a seventh grader at Radnor Middle School.  
*Billion Story Building* (12)

### JUSTIN NOURIAN

is a junior at Radnor High School. He enjoys reading, writing, and music.  
(21)

### CHRISTINA SUH

is a senior at Radnor High School.  
*The Great Gatsby* (22)

### ELIAS VISOR

is a first grader at Radnor Elementary School.  
*Krinstop City* (24)

### ANYA CHAN

is a senior at Radnor High School.  
(25)

### NIKKI MALUR

is in 6th grade at Radnor Middle School. Nikki likes writing because "I can make the characters act and say whatever I want, and it's fun to see who my characters are and why."  
*The Snow Globe* (29)



# AUTUMN

MEERA SINGH

8TH GRADE, RADNOR MIDDLE SCHOOL

*Autumn* is an acrylic work on canvas.



# THE COUNTDOWN

REESE HILLMAN

11TH GRADE, RADNOR HIGH SCHOOL

As the platform under his feet slowly rose, Harry emerged from underground and was immediately met with blinding light and oppressive heat. Blinking rapidly, trembling with adrenaline and anticipation, Harry took in his surroundings. His platform was on the far left of a wide circle of others, each hosting its own diminutive figure. Turning his head as far as possible without exposing his back to the other contestants, Harry saw golden but threatening sand dunes rising and falling into the horizon. A trickle of sweat ran down his temple as the hot sun scorched his exposed head.

Sucking in a breath of fiery air, Harry once again faced the center of the circle, where there was a litter of survival supplies: backpacks, tents, ropes, and, most enticingly, water bottles.

“Ten, nine, eight,” boomed a voice, although there was no speaker in sight.

There were eight people standing on platforms in the circle. Hermione, directly to his right, was, like Harry, standing on a pedestal emblazoned with the number one. Her face was already flushed. When their eyes met, she nodded, clenching her jaw.

On platforms bearing the number two stood Percy Jackson and Annabeth Chase, the children of Poseidon and Athena. Harry had heard about their epic battles with Kronos and he shuddered at the thought of battling demigods. He wondered, hopefully, if Percy’s aquatic powers would be dried up by the desert.

Team three was Tris Prior and Four. Harry knew that members of Dauntless, like residents of Gryffindor, were loyal and brave. They would be tough competition, for they were trained to be strong soldiers and fierce competitors.

In the distance, Harry could make out Team Four, easily the smallest and youngest of the group. The siblings Alex and Connor Bailey were the grandchildren of the Fairy Godmother, meaning they had magic in their blood. Like Harry, the siblings

had defeated magical forces far older and more experienced than they were. Harry knew that Alex and Connor had used their magic for good and likely had no serious combat training. Harry worried they wouldn't last long.

"Seven, six," echoed the disembodied voice.

Six years ago, the kids on the platforms had united to fight a coalition of Titans, Death Eaters, storybook villains, and Erudites. Not only had those enemy forces won, but they were punishing the fallen allies by pitting them against each other in a Hunger Games battle royale. That first night at Camp Half-Blood, drinking steaming blue cider around the fire pit, Harry had never wondered who was more powerful. Now he would find out.

"Five, four, three..."

Adrenaline coursed through Harry's veins. "Two..."

He surveyed his former allies once more. "One. Let the Games begin."



# CORONAVIRUS

DIL AYESHA SHARIF

8TH GRADE, BEVERLY HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL

Dil Ayesha loves to write, read, and draw. She participated in the NaNoWriMo 2020 challenge with RML Teen Writers group.

Coronavirus made the disease,  
Putting us all in a crisis.

We are staying home for the lockdown,  
It is making all of our mood down.

We all are running for our lives,  
As the disease thrives.

Keep social distance between each other,  
Don't get all together.

At last, don't give up your hope,  
It is better than having nope.

Those doctors and nurses are so brave,  
Who are helping to get out of this grave.

Always beg to your God,  
He will stop this deadly flood.

# SNOW FUN

RAGHAV BALAJI

2ND GRADE, WAYNE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

*Snow Fun* was created with watercolors.



# A PLACE NEAR THE TRAIN TRACKS

DANBY G. MORRISON

6TH GRADE, RADNOR MIDDLE SCHOOL

One of Danby's favorite poets is Emily Bronte.

There is a place near the train tracks  
Not far from my house  
Custom decorated  
Just like a tortured blouse

I can feel the wind, so smoothly moving  
Up against my face,  
The demons there, who take to air  
Could take the human race

I smell the smells

Of Downtown restaurants  
That could carry me back home  
And though the tracks symbolize danger  
I feel so free to roam

There is a vintage pink table there  
With a few extra chairs to see  
Almost as if someone was waiting there  
Someone waiting there for me...

It is dangerous here, a bad place to be  
Monsters, crooks and demons ablaze  
I am aware that they roam free

So, my friends, the next time that you are near  
That place, for it will shun  
You must do one and only one thing  
Run



# MONARCH

KYRA LEE

12TH GRADE, RADNOR HIGH SCHOOL

*Monarch* is a colored pencil sketch.



# THE MAGIC STONE

PENNY TANG

6TH GRADE, RADNOR MIDDLE SCHOOL

Penny loves reading, writing, drawing, and playing the violin. She wrote this story in 4th grade.

Eva raised her hand. Her teacher, Mr. Terupt, called on her, with a smile as bright as ever. "Well. Eva, what figurative language is this: Purple peppers pranced on a pink plain."

"Alliteration!" She exclaimed. The class groaned. Eva always answered all the questions, without letting anyone else answer. No one even bothered to raise their hand anymore. The lunch bell rang. Everyone ran out, shooting dirty looks at Eva when they passed her.

Maple Elementary was the best school for miles around. Everyone clamored to go there, and when they finally arrived for the first day, they were disappointed. Even though Maple had the best education, there was a serious bullying problem. If you were even the tiniest bit different (one example is wearing skirts everyday) you would be picked on. Eva was different. She was picked on. She wanted it to stop. Nothing happened.

The teachers were scared to catch bullies in the act, as the main bullies (such as Sophie Green in the fifth grade) were the children of the important people, the people who ran the school, such as Sophie's father, who was the principal, Mr. Green. Sophie constantly made fun of Eva, and never got into trouble.

Eva trotted off outside. She sat down at a table and shivered. It was snowing hard, considering that it was in the middle of January. She reached into her bag, pulled out a sandwich, wrapped in foil, and waited. Eventually, Rose, Eva's best (and only) friend, rushed up and joined Eva. Rose was a pretty girl, with long black hair and eyes that looked like precious blue stones. Still, she once said that she liked school, and had been an outcast ever since. They ate together, in silence. When the bell rang again, they both headed in their separate directions.

Eva headed to science class. Sophie Green laughed at her shabby clothes and

hand-me-down books. Eva ignored her.

Science class was cozy, with neat desks and a wonderful teacher. The moment that Eva was inside, she breathed a sigh of relief. Unlike other teachers, Mrs. Holly had no tolerance for bullying. Also, Eva was her favorite student. "Okay class, what should we learn for the science unit of the week?" Mrs. Holly questioned.

"Can we run experiments on Eva to see why she's so weird?" Sophie snickered, while glaring at Eva. The class laughed.

"Sophie, that's an hours worth of detention with me after school." Mrs. Holly said seriously. As I mentioned before, Mrs. Holly had no tolerance for bullying.

A girl named Amelia spoke up. This was surprising. Amelia always kept her head down and worked in silence. "U-um, w-what about chemical r-reactions?" She whispered.

"That is a great idea! Eva, get my science book on chemicals from the closet."

Eva stalked up to the closet. Once she opened it, a stone fell from one of the higher shelves. Eva picked it up and collected the textbook. She handed the book to Mrs. Holly and sat down, admiring the stone.

The stone was blue, red, and purple. All swirled together in a small pebble. It glimmered and shone, and when Eva moved it, it changed colors. She tucked it into her pocket.

"No homework for today, just find out what the chemical name for water is." Mrs. Holly finished saying. Everybody filed out, talking and laughing along the way. Eva followed, thinking about the stone. As soon as she was in the hallway, she headed home. There was a half-day that Monday, because it was going to snow so hard that there would be a roadblock.

Eva headed onto the bus. She sat in one of the back seats and glanced at the stone in her pocket. It glowed with a ferocity so bright that Eva had to tuck the



pebble in her backpack, to avoid anyone seeing it.

“Hey, bookworm. Get out of my seat.” Eva looked up to see Sophie staring down at her. She guessed that Sophie skipped detention. Again. “Did you hear me? Bookworm, get out of MY SEAT!” Sophie roared. Eva slinked out of the seat and slipped to another. “Now bookworm, stay.” Sophie glared.

Eva sighed. Everyone liked Sophie, with her pretty blonde curls of hair, glowing pale skin, perfect blue eyes, a natural talent for lying, and stylish clothes. Nobody liked Eva, the bookworm, with her straight brown hair that wouldn’t curl, her tan skin, her worn out books and clothes, and regular hazel eyes with big, clunky glasses.

The stone, a glowing ball of light, was being jostled around in her backpack like clothes in the washing machine. The bus was going 50 miles per hour in an area with speed bumps. Eva hugged her bag close to her chest. Thunk.Thunk. Many backpacks fell to the floor, but not hers.

The stone was shining so hard now that Eva squinted to look at it, even inside her backpack. Thankfully, nobody noticed the multicolored streams of constant light all over the bus. The beat-up vehicle bounced along a bumpy road that dislodged even the sturdiest of sitters. Once it stopped at her bus stop, she trudged to her house through mounds of fresh snow. She was welcomed by a cat meowing fiercely. “Hello, Paws.” Eva greeted.

“Meow.” The cat replied angrily. Eva fumbled with her keys a bit, then headed inside. Her mom wasn’t back from work yet. She let Paws inside, then sat on the couch. She took out the stone. It was glowing brightly and felt warm to the touch. Eva still didn’t know what material it could be made of. Glass? Diamond? Regular old stone covered in paint and glitter? None of those. Eva decided to test it by scratching it with a tiny knife. It made the sound of a rubber balloon squealing when you squeezed it. Strange.

The scratch started quivering. Eva observed, surprised. It jumped and wiggled, and finally formed itself into the words, “Wish on me once. I can grant anything.”

Eva was stunned into silence. Then came the sound of a car pulling into the driveway. Eva ran upstairs and put the stone in a black shoebox that kept her most secret belongings, like a charm that belonged to her great-great-grandfather.

"Eva! Did you do your homework?" A shrill voice rang from downstairs. Her grandmother.

"I'm doing it right now!" She yelled back. She dug in her backpack and pulled out Mr. Terupt's English assignment. She flew through her homework quickly and went downstairs to find her mom waiting for her.

"I'm cooking dinner right now, wanna help?" Eva's mom asked.

"Nah, I need to work on the computer." Eva replied.

"Okay, but stay away from grandma. She's in one of her moods again." Eva's mom sighed.

Eva nodded and headed to the computer. She did her work and ate dinner, then went to bed early.

She stared at the stone when tucked into her bed. It wasn't glowing anymore, and the words inscribed on it were gone. The shimmering colors were still there. Eva got up and put the stone in her shoebox again. She went to bed and dreamed about what she would wish for. A pony? A new pair of glasses? No, too normal. Maybe to just be normal?

A new day means a new start. That was what Eva thought as she stepped onto the bus. Immediately, Sophie laughed at her for her shabby clothes - again. Well, maybe her thought was wrong. Eva took a seat and daydreamed about Sophie ignoring her, or even befriending her.

Of course, trying to do that on her own would be like shooting in the dark - but she had the stone. The stone could help. After this day, Eva thought, after this

day.

The day was normal. Classes where students despised her, hallways where she had to sneak away from Sophie and her gang, and back on the bus again.

After Eva ate dinner, she went to bed early again. She stared at the stone, which was sparkling and glimmering brightly, then clutched it tightly and whispered, "I wish that I could be normal." Nothing happened, but the stone stopped glowing abruptly and just looked like a painted rock. Eva picked up a book and started to read. She always did this before she fell asleep, but somehow, she felt like reading was a bore. Strange.

The bus lurched to a slow stop in front of her house. For some reason, she had found new clothes in her dresser. Her old clothes were gone. Disappeared like a gust of wind. She also found that her glasses were nowhere to be seen. In the bathroom, brushing her teeth, she found contacts. How strange, Eva thought. How strange. She stepped onto the bus anxiously, and prepared for the taunts.

Sophie called out loudly, but in a different way. She was warm, welcoming. Was she inviting Eva to sit with her? Yes she was. How confusing. Eva say down with Sophie, and Sophie immediately started talking to Eva like she was a...friend. The stone was working! Eva chatted with Sophie, who teased her a little, until the bus pulled up to school.

Eva felt amazing. This was what she'd been wanting all these years, and it was finally happening! She headed to math class with a huge smile pasted on her face.

English class was normal, but Eva didn't know what some of the answers to the questions were. Weird. Was this the cost of being popular? It was worth it.

The bell rang, and Eva joined Sophie at her lunch table. She enjoyed it, but didn't like that they were bad mouthing Rose and Amelia. It didn't matter. It was worth it.

The bell rang again, and Eva headed to science class. Rose stopped her in the hallway and looked almost in tears. "How are you friends with them? They've



made your life miserable since kindergarten!" Eva paid no mind, though. Or tried to. It didn't matter. It was...worth it.

Science class felt boring. Eva was confused. How could science class, Eva's favorite subject, be boring? No. This was the cost of being popular. Eva didn't like it. Not at all.

At the end of class, Eva stayed a little later and asked Mrs. Holly about the stone. She explained about the wish-gone-wrong and everything else that had happened. Mrs. Holly looked shocked. "How did you GET that? I put it somewhere safe..."

"Well, not TOO safe, because it fell out of the closet when I got your chemistry book." Eva apologized. Mrs. Holly looked blank for a little but, then lit up like a lightbulb.

"I know a way to fix the stone so you can wish on it again! Just give me a week. I can do this. Give me the stone." Mrs. Holly was so excited that Eva handed over the stone without any objections.

"See you tomorrow?" Eva asked.

"Yes, I'll update you on the progress soon." Mrs. Holly replied.

Eva's next week of school was terrible. Absolutely terrible. Sophie "joked with" her friends, but it seemed more like bullying to Eva. Rose shot dirty looks at Eva whenever they passed, and Eva had to help Sophie play a "prank" on Amelia, which consisted of stuffing hate notes in her locker.

At the end of the week, Eva came home as always, and unlocked the door. She let Paws in, then collapsed on the couch. Mrs. Holly wasn't going to finish with the stone until Monday. Eva's grandmother looked at her from a sunken armchair and shook her head in disapproval. She was a firm pot against Eva's limp noodle body.

"Eva Smith! Get UP!" Her piercing voice forced Eva into a sitting position. "I've

never seen someone so tired in my life. What have you been DOING?"

Eva hesitated, then replied, "Oh we're preparing for exams." Wait. This was a lie. Eva never lied. Why was the stone doing this?

"Well, get some good sleep tonight. Don't read for too long."

Eva went upstairs and said she was doing weekend homework. There was no weekend homework. She thought about her lie that just slipped out.

One time, Eva had been in a group project with Sophie. Sophie had said that she was going to a doctor's appointment, and Eva let it go, and did the whole project. Later someone informed her that Sophie had gone out getting ice cream with her friends. This sort of story happened all the time. The popular girls weren't just mean, they were liars. How did their parents even let them become like this?

Eva went down to eat dinner. It was Friday night. Pizza night. Even though the delicious smell wafted through the air and taunted her, Eva didn't eat a thing.

Monday came around and Eva rushed to Mrs. Holly. Mrs. Holly handed her the stone and said, "Eva, here's the stone. Wish to be yourself again."

Eva closed her eyes and clutched the stone tightly. "I wish to be myself again."

Eva felt a shift. She looked down and saw her old, shabby clothes instead of new fancy ones. She was holding a backpack instead of a purse.

She thanked Mrs. Holly countless times, then rushed off to math. Rose met her in the hallway with Amelia and invited her to eat lunch with them. Eva accepted, and everything went (mostly) back to normal.

## Epilogue

The next school year, in seventh grade, Mr. Green was fired. Their new principal, Ms. Orna, was the nicest principal a school could have. Nobody knew exactly why Mr. Green was fired, but they were all glad to be rid of Sophie. Her minions were broken apart because they didn't have a leader anymore, and drifted off to befriend other people.

One of Sophie's former friends confidently approached Eva one day and they became fast friends. Her name was Sarah, and she was hilarious. At the end of the year, Eva was the most liked person in the seventh grade, thanks to her.

Later, everyone learned that Sophie had been caught stealing jewelry from teachers. She was expelled from that school, and moved to another state. Everyone laughed at that, and the teachers laughed along with them.

The stone was tucked away for a long, long time. The shoebox was still there when Eva graduated from high school, college, and was accepted to a job. Spiderwebs were stretched over the box so thick that it looked like a white shoebox, not a black one. Nobody noticed, but it had started glowing faintly.

# BILLION STORY BUILDING

ASHLEY SUH

7TH GRADE, RADNOR MIDDLE SCHOOL

What's the tallest building in town? The library -- it has the most stories!

*Billion Story Building* was made with both ink and watercolors.





# UNTITLED

JUSTIN NOURIAN

11TH GRADE, RADNOR HIGH SCHOOL

Justin enjoys reading, writing, and music.

Hours brimming with coffee and caramel  
Light the dark of early dusk.  
The moon pulls tides of conversation  
To drown my sharpest dread.  
You and I, together we bloom rosebuds,  
Flowers for our lives to come.

# THE GREAT GATSBY

CHRISTINA SUH

12TH GRADE, RADNOR HIGH SCHOOL

This sestina, "a poem with six stanzas of six lines and a final triplet, all stanzas having the same six words at the line-ends in six different sequences that follow a fixed pattern", is based on an American literary classic: *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

A still summer night  
Interrupted by the party  
That glows and glistens  
Exuding the extravagance  
Emblematic of Gatsby  
A celebration never to be forgotten

Virtue forgotten,  
The girls of the night  
Throw back cocktails and toast to Gatsby  
"What a party!"  
They twist and twirl in their extravagant  
Dresses that match their personality's glisten

The stars glisten  
Above as guests mindlessly chatter about days forgotten  
Maintaining their masks of extravagance,  
They glide through the night,  
Relishing in a party  
Hosted by the enigma of Gatsby

The house of Gatsby's  
Has been transformed to glisten  
And such a party  
Has no expense spared or detail forgotten  
The orchestra's music swells into this night  
Of pure extravagance

Midnight passes, but not the extravagance  
The stars and moon belong to Gatsby,  
As does the night  
The champagne glistens,  
Promising guests that by tomorrow, tonight's sins will be forgotten.

The magic of a Gatsby party  
Money is no object for such a party  
But behind this extravagance,  
Not to be discredited or forgotten,  
Is the great Gatsby  
But all that glistens  
Isn't gold, and the mystery of the man is darker than any night

Meaningless money and well-dressed strangers at a party  
Who is Jay Gatsby without his extravagance?  
Utterly alone and woefully forgotten

# KRINSTOP CITY

ELIAS VISOR

1ST GRADE, RADNOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

*Krinstop City* is a pencil sketch.





# UNTITLED

ANYA CHAN

11TH GRADE, RADNOR MIDDLE SCHOOL

I walk along the damp trail, the soil squelching as my heavy rainboots beat against the ground. Weeds and prickly branches defend the overgrown path. Towering trees extend in every direction around me, but somehow I am acutely aware of the roads, buildings, and cars which encompass Skunk Hollow, a rare dense swath of nature framed by a sprawling metropolis of three hundred fifty thousand. The moist air clings to my skin, worming its way into my pores, making my face tacky. Occasionally, when a breeze ruffles the trees above me, cascades of water droplets plop onto my wet hair. The trail is thronged with roots, hiding beneath stripes of moss and lichen, which poke out from the soil, seeking to sabotage the wicked human who dares traipse on the hallowed ground.

My foot grazes a patch of loose soil, uncovering a pile of writhing worms, and I jump back in horror. A tangled mass of pink earthworms knot into a spaghetti-like clump. A mass of soil moves atop the worms, a brown Bolognese sauce to accompany the copulating worms. I crouch down to take a closer look. Fleshy, ribbed, salmon-colored bodies glide over one another in terrifying unanimity, each one unbothered by the next. One on the surface dives into the massive pile. Upon exposure to the light, the startled creatures frantically seek out the moist soil from which they were rudely removed. Their plump, juicy bodies are already drying out from exposure. Reacting quickly, the animals seek safer ground, straying from the familiar massive pile of their peers, desperately wriggling away toward dank soil where the sunlight cannot find them.

Entranced, I convince myself to pick up one of the squirming things. As soon as my acidic, salty hand touches the earthworm, it writhes. Its muscles contract uncontrollably as my hands slowly suck the moisture out of the creature. It flails there helplessly in my palm, no doubt terrified by the enormous imposing being ogling it. Yet its distress is trivial to me. Should I cut it in half, it will suffer for days until it finally grows another tail—though I will be long gone by then. Am I really that powerful?

I marvel at an earthworm's incredible capabilities of regrowth. If its body is sliced

in half, the sector with the head will simply regrow its tail. How many cuts can be made before the worm can no longer regenerate?

But what about the worm's life? The creature's days spent burrowing in the mud are equally as important as mine as a human. It knows nothing about me and my intentions, only concerned with its food, water, and reproduction. Yet an earthworm's suffering is as real and raw to itself as my own suffering is to me. Its legitimacy should not be diminished on account of its size or vulnerability. Biologically, earthworms and humans are remarkably similar, sharing 70% of our DNA. How would I feel if a giant being dumped me into its hand and sliced me in half?

A rite of passage for children, nonviolent or not, is to slice a worm in half and watch both ends squirm in pain, or burn ants under a magnifying glass and observe their bodies shrivel up into tiny raisins as they fry to death. We do this for sheer entertainment. We manipulate nature for brief amusement.

Zoos are built for human entertainment, miniature snow globes boasting artificial nature, constructed so humans can draw entertainment from nature at the cost of nature itself. Entire sharks are killed for their one prized fin, a rare delicacy which humans sauté and chop up into a bowl of stew. Ivory tusks are hacked off rhinos and elephants, only to be displayed in a dusty corner. Humans have burned, cut down, poisoned and torn their way through nature's resources and treasures.

Humans see nature itself as secondary to their enjoyment of nature. We believe ourselves to be the supreme beings of the Earth, and the Earth to be graced by our presence. Selfishly, we only pay attention to nature when it is interesting or entertaining; In our wickedness, we refuse to acknowledge that nature is far more than what is visible to the human eye.

# WINTER FRIEND

DIL AYESHA SHARIF

8TH GRADE, BEVERLY HILLS MIDDLE SCHOOL

Dil Ayesha loves to write, read, and draw. She participated in the NaNoWriMo 2020 challenge with RML Teen Writers group.

As the season knocks on the door,  
All the leaves fall down.  
Chilly cold shivers us more,  
As the snow queen comes into the town.

Take your coffee and sit by the fire,  
Get all cozy and warm.  
The beauty of the whiteness I admire,  
It is the snow flake's charm.

Gingerbread is baking in the oven,  
Starving us all for a yum.  
Grandma gifted me a sweater all woven,  
To save me from getting frozen numb.

Put on your coat to survive in the cold,  
Do not slip on the ice.  
Under the blanket, the stories are told,  
With a theme full of honest advice.

As the temperature starts to increase,  
The season comes to its end.

# NEW YEAR WISH

RAGHAV BALAJI

2ND GRADE, WAYNE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

*New Year Wish* was created with oil pastels.





# THE SNOW GLOBE

NIKKI MALUR

6TH GRADE, RADNOR MIDDLE SCHOOL

Nikki loves writing fantasy and fiction stories. She likes writing because "I can make the characters act and say whatever I want, and it's fun to see who my characters are and why."

"Dad!" Sophie cried, running up and hugging him.

"Sophie! Guess what I got from my conference?" he asked, digging into his big brown suitcase with lots of stickers on it. Sophie couldn't wait to see what her dad got. Every time he goes on a conference, he always buys her and her sister, Mia, the amazing gifts, like he could read their minds of what they wanted. Sophie could tell this gift was going to be really special since he went to New York City.

"Surprise!" he said, revealing two shiny snow globes.

One had a big angel with big sparkly golden wings spread out, looking like it wanted someone to bow down to it.

The other had snowmen with weird looking uniforms, but regular smiling faces standing across each other which was pretty messed up, but interesting. It also had a key attached to the tag that said CLOSED, with a little lock on the bottom of the glass.

"Wow dad! I love it!" Sophie exclaimed.

"You can pick one and I'll give the other to Mia since she picked her gift last time." her dad said, holding both out to Sophie.

"Uhhhh... I'll take...that one," she answered pointing to the one with the key.

"OK but listen. The cashier told me to not cut the key off from the tag, and most of all, don't open the lock. OK?"

Her dad looked serious. He was never that serious when it came to gifts.

Especially the ones from the city.

"Oh OK. I wasn't even thinking about doing it anyway." She lied, trying to hide her disappointment.

"Good, now you should get to bed. It's a school night too."

"OK, Goodnight dad."

"What took you so long?" Sophie's mom asked as she stirred the wooden spoon in the instant pot.

"I don't know, the bus driver was late; again." Sophie answered, kicking her shoes off.

"Oh. well how was your day?"

"Same old. We do literally nothing in school! It's just plain old math, after that lunch, then science. Nothing happens!"

"Soon you're going to Camp Kirkwood!" said my mom, chopping some onions.

"Mom, that's in the end of the year."

"There's still lots you can do, if your looking for an adventure," Sophie's mom said. "You can explore that creek near our backyard-but me and your dad have to come with you."

Sophie said nothing.

She slouch-walked up the stairs with a heavy bag of math, science, and social studies homework. "I just want something different," she sighed getting a crumpled math packet out and started scribbling stick-man drawings on it. Then she turned and looked at the snow globe which sat silently sat next to a binder. But something was wrong. "What's that?" Sophie asked herself as she got up from

her chair and held the snow globe. It was... different. The snowmen standing across from each other didn't have their usual smiling faces, but, angry faces.

Like they were at war.

Ha.

Not only that but the snowmen with furious faces stood in front of both sides with weapons so big Sophie didn't want to get on their bad side.

Like that's ever going to happen.

For the first time that day, Sophie smiled. "I can't believe I'm looking forward to school tomorrow."

"Hey, guys!" Sophie exclaimed the next day, running with her unorganized backpack on one shoulder. Both her friends, Zoe and Amy turned and greeted her with a tired smile.

"What's going on, Sophie?" Amy asked. "Remember the snow globe I told you about?" Sophie asked, zipping her coat up.

"Oh yeah! What about it?" Zoe asked.

"Well, yesterday, I saw- "What are the losers doing in the middle of the courtyard?" a tall girl with dark brown hair wearing a long black fuzzy coat asked.

"Oh. Hey Leah." Zoe rolled her eyes.

"Why so sad? Aren't you happy to see me?" Leah said, flipping her hair up. Her hair was so long she could make it a lasso if she tried.

"Not really," Amy muttered looking down. Leah walked closer.

"Listen here losers. I can make your lives a party. But if you get on my bad side, I

can ruin your life. Just look what I did to Grace Thomas. Because of me she begged her parents to move to Ohio. Don't make yourselves the next target. Just look what I did to these girls?"

Leah turned to two girls watching their phones. One girl's head shot up. She nodded, looking scared. "I made there lives way better. Right Riley?"

Riley, who's eyes were still on the phone, nodded quickly.

"Yup. She, uh, totally made our lives, uh, way better." No one but Sophie noticed her quick eye roll.

"Hey, Leah? We should get going. we don't want to waste our time- "Stop it Kate! Only I get to say when we're going. I haven't finished dealing with these three yet. But fine. Mr. Greff isn't happy when I'm late."

Leah walked away as Riley and Kate followed.

"She's so mean!" Zoe exclaimed. "And convincing too. The way she warned us about how she 'can ruin peoples' lives' is kind of scary." Amy said rubbing her arms. "She was just lying. Plus, there can be lots of reasons why Grace moved away." Zoe explained.

"Your right. Leah always lies."

But sometimes she didn't.

"Anyways, did you study for Mr. Kosicki's test?" Amy asked Zoey. "Yeah, all night actually. I'm so tired. Wait, but wasn't there something Sophie wanted to tell us? About that snow globe?"

"Oh, never mind about that," Sophie said. "let's just get to class."

"Mom, I'm home!" Sophie yelled once school was over.



No answer.

"Mom?" I screamed.

Still no answer.

"Hm, she wouldn't just leave me without saying anything..." Sophie said to herself.

Then she gasped.

"What if it had to do with what I said yesterday about the 'adventure'?"

She was about to call her dad when she found a small piece of paper. Sophie recognized it from the note pad her mom always used.

"Just doing some grocery shopping. Be back in an hour. Don't open the door to any strangers. Love Mom" Sophie read, frowning. She sighed and went to her room.

"Well, I guess I should've known it was too good to be true," Sophie said quietly unzipping her purple backpack and getting her math workbook. "Er, what's 12 times 72 again?" She slumped in her chair and turned to the snow globe.

It changed again.

The creepy snowmen didn't change, but the key did. The letters on the lock read 'OPEN'. And the key, was in the lock too! On the key it also read 'Snow War II'.

"Snow War II.. What the heck does that mean? Oh my gosh dad.. What kind of globe did you get?"

Suddenly, Sophie got this weird feeling like something was controlling her, forcing her to turn that golden key.

She turned it.

Nothing happened.

“Well, that didn’t work.” she said sitting back down.

Suddenly the room shook.

“Is this a earthquake? We never get earthquakes! Whats happening-

All of a sudden a giant portal came out of no where dragging everything in it.

First her backpack.

Then the bed.

Then her.

Almost immediately Sophie found herself inside the portal.

It was a blur. All Sophie could see was stripes swirling around and around from black to white over and over again. She didn’t know if it was her imagination or reality. She didn’t even know if she was on earth anymore. The world was just...empty.

“AGH” Sophie gasped. She finally woke up. But was still in that black and white portal.

Then she felt like she was falling.

Like she was on a plane that was crashing.

“HELP! AAAAAAAH!” Sophie screamed waving her arms around.

Like that was doing her any good.

She was dying.

“OOF” she grunted as she hit the ground. To her surprise it didn’t hurt. In fact, it felt cold, but the ground felt like snow was there.

“Snow? But it never snows at Texas...unless, I’m not in Texas anymore.” She had the courage to take a look around and see where she was. “Wow,” Sophie breathed. If this was a prison, she would gladly live here.

Everything was covered in snow, but not the dirty brown snow you always see but beautiful, true white snow with tiny snowflakes falling around her. And the trees were so pretty with tiny icicles that hung on the perfect branches. There were so many animals and birds around the white wood, Sophie felt safe. Then she felt a cold winter wind sweep her on her feet. She breathed in her hands as she felt a freezing shiver roll down her spine.

“Psst”

Sophie looked around.

“PSSSSST”

Few seconds later a small snowman came out of a bush. “Over here! Before they see you!”

“Um, okay?” Sophie was super terrified of that talking snowman but she followed the command since she had no idea what this place is or why she's here.

Sophie ducked down and crawled toward the snowman, but then noticed the small curls on her head.

“So, uh I have a lot of questions right now, and uh, what are you are and- “SHHH” the snowman-or woman whispered moving some twigs stuck to the bush so she could see a little bit outside the bush.

“Hey did you hear something?” a guy with a deep voice asked someone.

"Hm. Could be an animal. Keep scouting the grounds in case it's a snowman who shouldn't be here."

After that they heard fading footsteps.

"Okay, you're safe to talk," the girl said.

"Oh, uh, okay, where am I? What are you? How did I get here? Where is my family? How do I get home?" "Slow down! Wow! One question at a time! There are certain limits to a snowgirl you know."

"A-a snowgirl?" Sophie asked confused.

The snowgirl rolled her eyes.

"Well yeah. A snowman except a girl? It's kind of obvious. My name is Silvia."

"OK first question answered. Second question, where am I?" asked Sophie again.

"You're in the land of SnowVania!" Silvia exclaimed.

"Is that even a word?" Sophie asked.

"Just don't ask any questions. I'll explain everything. Anyways, you shouldn't be here. Our land is currently in danger. Did you hear those guards?"

"How? It seems so peaceful and quiet here- suddenly an arrow flew right on top of Sophie's head. She was about to scream until one of the soldiers that was there before yelled "OVER HERE!"

"OK now would be a good time to RUN!" Silvia whispered. "Follow me I know this place. Buy the back on my hand!"

Sophie and Silvia ran as fast as they could and hid behind a few trees.

"SH! My soldiers are too dumb to look here." Silvia muttered.

"Uh, you're soldiers?" Sophie asked.

"Oops, I mean the soldiers. It's kind of hard to keep track of what you're saying when you speak a whole different language. Also, I told you not to ask any questions!" Silvia hissed.

Sophie wanted to point out that the guards were not speaking a different language but she had a feeling she did not want to get on Silvia's nerves. Her thoughts were interrupted by the soldier's voice.

"You think you got them?" one of them asked. "Don't know. It's not often you see an angeler on the devil side of Snowvania."

Sophie recognized that voice from the guy who shouted 'over here'. She was also dying to ask Silvia what 'angelers' are. Silvia sighed.

"Guess you must be wondering what 'angelers and devilers are."

"Yeah, but wait, there 'devilers'?" Suddenly a black cloud appeared in the sky.

Silvia let down another long sigh. "Let me tell you the story of the 'devilers' and 'angelers', and it's a long one. But no questions," Silvia warned. Sophie got comfortable on the blanket of snow.

A very long time ago, our queen, the Snow Angel, ruled the world. Everyone of course was delighted that she was the ruler because she was kind, generous, and wise. The queen's sister, the Snow Wind, also loved her sister dearly and wasn't jealous of her power, because she knew that soon, she would be the queen when her sister steps down from the throne.

One day, Wind was walking in the woods to find her sisters favorite berries, to surprise her. Then, she found a dark cave, but inside were the berries she needed. And so, Wind went inside the cave. As she picked the freshest berries she could

find on the bush, a voice, coming from nowhere, echoed the cave.

*'What brings you here today, your majesty?'*

*'Uh majesty?'* Wind shouted fearlessly.

*'You are the queen's sister are you not?'* It echoed again, getting louder and louder each word it said.

*'I am, but how do you know me? And nobody in Snowvania ever comes here in this part of the forest,'* the queen asked.

*'Oh, I know you, and your sister too. Everyone does. Speaking of your sister, why does she have the right to rule this whole world, while you have to just sit around watch her be loved?'* it said again, sounding even more colder.

*'Uh, well, umm... I'm going to be the ruler too you know. Right after she steps down from the throne.'* Wind said, getting ready to leave the cave.

*'That will never happen. You know, the queen is going to have a child...'*

Wind paused and said *'A child? No! If she was expecting one, I would be the first one to know!'*

*'Hahahaha!!'* The voice laughed, hardly frightening Wind. *'You don't know?! HA! Everyone in the kingdom knows! Why, your secretive sister wouldn't even tell her own family member? And thanks to her, you won't have any time to shine because the baby will soon be the ruler! HAHAAHAHA!!'*

Not believing what she just heard, Wind just froze. She knew that it was a lie, but was it? Angel had always been kind to her and gave her anything she wanted. How could she hide that she was expecting a child to her?

*'No. Your wrong. My sister is so kind, she wouldn't hurt a fly! Unlike you, you're just a miserable fraud who doesn't even bother to show its face!'* Wind yelled,



sending gusts of wind inside the cave; like a hurricane, which is one of her powers.

*'Nope! Wrong again! HAHA! I don't even have a face...'* then, the voice revealed itself, but not in human form, but in light form. Because it was a light orb. *'Who-Who are you? What are you?'* Wind asked. *'HAHAHA you see. I'm the spirit of darkness. You, my friend looks like a very, very nice dinner...'* then the spirit roared rapidly and crawled on the floor and soon sucking Wind up in the darkness.

"Woah. But that doesn't explain why this war started." Sophie pointed out.

"Fine, Fine. OK, so, Wind turned into the Snow Devil after that. She returned, bringing all the darkness with her. Devil even forced millions of villagers and hundreds of guards to join her side. That's when the war started. It was called Snow World I since this was about the two Snow sisters battling each other. The fight lasted for months. Not a single person gave up, and thousands of people died, like my great-great grandfather.

Then, the Snow Angel finally gave in. *'I will not fight anymore with you, my sister. Instead, I'll make a compromise.'* Then, lasers and explosions popped out of the queen's scepter, and after that, both the Snow Angel and the Snow Devil vanished.

Many of the Snow Devil's guards were still afraid that she would come back, so they stayed loyal to her. And they also made a compromise. One half of SnowVania belonged to the Snow Angel's people, and the other belonged to the Snow Devil's.

We're now having a second war to settle this once and for all. But it's more intense. If the Devil's followers win, they get to keep this whole land for themselves." Sylvia retold with sorrow look on her face. "And since we don't have an equal number of soldiers, our side, the angelers, is losing,"

"Wow, I'm sorry. I never knew how hard it is here." Sophie said, regretting the way she acted towards her.

"Apology accepted. But we have bigger problems to worry about! If those soldiers

come back here, we'll be finished!" Sylvia exclaimed, pulling me out of the thorny bush.

"Wait, I have one small question- "I SAID NO QUESTIONS!" Silver growled. "And if you don't want to get us killed, then follow me!"

"Fine," Sophie mumbled looking down at her feet. Sylvia may be bossy, and mean, but she was the only guide Sophie had, and the only snowgirl she knows and trusts. Or is she?

"SILVIA!" Sophie whisper- yelled.

"Yes?" Silvia's eyebrows shot up.

If she had any.

"Please can you just answer one question? You give me loads of information about a whole different world that I never knew existed then you're expecting me to not ask you any questions!" Sophie said feeling satisfied with what she said.

Silvia hesitated. "One."

"Okay. How do you know so much about the devilers, and the deviler's territory if you're an angeler?" As soon as she said that thunder and lightning struck.

Silvia seems really shocked by Sophie's question.

"Uh, are you sure you don't want to pick a different question to ask, like how did the devilers and angelers get their name, or how- "Yes, I'm sure." Sophie interrupted.

"Uh cause my dad is on the deviler's side and my mom is on the angeler side. I forgot to mention that there are neutrals in the story, hehe." Silvia answered.

Sophie narrowed her eyes. "I think I can take it from here, thanks." She turned to

walk away when Silvia blocked her.

"Whoa, Whoa, Whoa. Are you serious? You won't last a day out there!"

I said I'm fine, thank you." One thing Sophie was glad to have is her height. Since snowgirls are shorter, it made Sophie feel like the bigger person in the fight.

"OK." Silvia turned to walk away.

"Wait, what?" Sophie asked.

"OK. Don't trust me. Fine by me." Then Silvia disappeared into the wood.

Sophie started to wander in the forest, which seemed like she was going in circles. The scenery was beautiful, but not helpful when you're trying to find your way around a place. After the story Silvia just told her she was pretty nervous to meet any devilers, she already met two soldiers that tried to kill her by shooting an arrow at her head!

"I think I should keep going straight," Sophie decided. "So I know im not going in circles." it was hard to believe that a war was in progress now. The woods were entirely empty, except for the trees and bushes. She walked for over an hour and still couldn't find anything.

"I wish Silvia was here..." Sophie admitted sitting down next to a tree. Then, she closed her eyes and let her dreams take control.

Sophie opened her eyes and found herself still in the winter wonderland.

"Guess I have to keep walking," Sophie mumbled rubbing her eyes. The sun was shining right at her.

"Wait, what's that?" Sophie asked herself, squinting. She could almost

see...houses! "A village!" She ran as fast as she could but then stopped. "Wait, how do I know it's not the village where the devilers are?" she wondered. "It's fine, I don't even know if that stupid story is real." She dashed once again, and this time not stopping.

Loud voices started to ring Sophie's ears.

Angry ones.

But she kept running.

They got louder and louder every step Sophie took.

"AIM.... FIRE!" A voice yelled threw a bustling crowd. Sophie didn't know what or who that was but it wasn't good. Sophie hid behind a close rock and watched the fight. Suddenly shouts and panic lured the air.

"NOT REAL FIRE FOOLS! FIRE THE CANNON!"

"This is intense...." Sophie said to herself. She moved closer to get a better look at what was happening. Maybe she could help.

"Augh, augh," Sophie coughed. "where's all that black smoke coming from?" She asked. "It smells horrible!"

Suddenly a snowman face spun towards her. It looked like he was signaling to someone.

"Uh oh.... He might have spotted me," Sophie said nervously.

"YOU THERE!" a voice said behind Sophie.

"AAAAAAH!" Sophie screamed. She walked backwards when she found herself guarded by another angry snowman.

"You're coming with me," the snowman grunted dropping a tiny black ball on the ground. As soon as it hit the ground the ball broke and pink fumes started blowing out of it.

"What is thaaaaa....." instantly Sophie fell asleep.

"Where am I?" Sophie said, just waking up. She was alone in this strange gold room with lots of roses and flowers. It was beautiful. Suddenly to big doors burst open with a human! A human! Maybe she knows how to get back to Texas, Sophie thought.

"Hello," she said. The girl had a soft voice and was walking up to Sophie.

"Im General Amy," she began.

"A-Amy?" Sophie gasped.

"Uh, yes?" Amy asked confused.

"Amy! You got trapped here too? We ca both find our way out of this place!" Sophie smiled.

"What do you mean?"

I'm your friend from school remember?"

"Uh, Ma'am? I finished school. And my only 'friend' is the other general. She's outside asking one of the second-in-command soldiers why their houting and firing cannons." Amy answered, walking towards a window.

"Who's the other general?" Sophie asked, not sure why Amy was here or why she didn't remember her.

Amy gave her a unsure look. "General Zoe."

Sophies eyes widened. "Zoe's here too? No way!"

Amy sighed. "I guess the bomb that the soldier dropped made you a bit crazy, anyways, why are you here? Is-

"Because she's a spy for the other side!!" A voice interrupted. The same snowman who dropped the sleeping bomb was now in the room.

Amy glared at him. "What do you mean Kurt?"

"I got orders from the second-in-command to go to a rock and see who's hiding. I saw that girl spying on us!" Kurt grunted.

Amy spun towards Sophie.

"Are you a d-e-v-i-l-e-r?" Amy asked.

"No! I'm not on anyone's side. You see, there was a snow globe and a portal that sucked me up and I ended up here then this bossy snowgirl came up to me and helped me and- "Wait. Who was the snowgirl?" Amy asked, scratching her chin. "Her name was Silvia," Sophie answered. "But she said her father was a deviler and her mother was an angeler."

Amy and Kurt glanced at each other. "We don't have any families like that in Snowvania," Amy said looking outside the windows. "And please don't say the name of the other side."

"Why?"

"Why you tell us about this, Silvia. Kurt, remove the ropes." Amy responded, changing the subject.

Sophie didn't even realize that she was strapped in a chair with ropes. Kurt looked at the ropes and it imminently loosened and dropped.



"Woah," Sophie breathed.

"Youve never seen snowman magic?" Amy asked.

"No, I didn't even know that existed!" Sophie answered, getting up from the chair. Then Kurt laughed.

"Ha-ha, got to admit her acting skills are very good." Then is face turned serious. "Do you want me to come with you while she explains who the snowgirl is?"

"Thats OK Kurt, besides, Zoe will be with me."

"By the way, I never got your name," Amy said. They both sat in a cozy living room with the fire on in the fireplace.

"Oh, its Sophie." Sophie answered. "I-

"What's going on, Amy?" A girl that looked just like Zoe came into the room.

"Hi, Zoe," Sophie said.

Zoe narrowed her eyes. "Amy how does the girl know my name?" She asked.

"I told her about you," Amy replied. "She's about to explain how she got here.

"Well, let's here the story," Zoe said sitting on a blue chair.

Sophie told them everything about the snow globe and portal, to Silvia's story.

"Well, that's intense," Amy started to say.

"Yeah, and I really need to find my way home," Sophie stared at the fire in the fireplace as it sparked and crackled.

"Well, would you like to join our fight with the devilers? Another human on our

side could help us win," Amy offered.

"What are you saying Amy? We don't even know if she's a deviler! She could be a spy!" Zoe said furiously. Amy rolled her eyes.

"No wonder you and Kurt get along so well."

"Please stop fighting, I'm not a spy. All of this is really scary and confusing, and I just want to go home. I can fight if you want, whatever helps me get home." Sophie pleaded.

Amy and Zoe glanced at each other.

"Fine, you can fight." Zoe said rolling her eyes.

"Yay! The guards will escort you to your room where you'll find your armor. Everyone is required to wake up at three o'clock in the morning so be ready. Let's go Zoe. We should check how the soldiers are training."

"OK..." Zoe answered shooting the biggest glare at Sophie.

As soon as they left, three guards appeared behind Sophie.

"Ahem."

Sophie spun around. "Oh, hi. Uh are you showing me my room?" She asked trying not to laugh at how funny there guard uniforms looked on snowmen.

"I'm Henry. And yes, follow me miss Sophie." said the biggest guard as he jumped up the glass staircase. He led me to a big room and opened the doors.

All Sophie could manage to say was "Wow."

Sophie was speechless. The whole room itself looked like a house. In the middle was a huge queen size bed with cozy magenta covers. Across from the bed was a

wide screen TV that looked like a movie screen. On the side was a circular bay window with the same pillows that had halos on them in the fireplace, with velvet curtains and golden rope holders to match the bed. On the other side was a super huge closet with lots of racks and bins, along with a gigantic bathroom with a big shower, plus a hot tub. There was also a mini kitchen that looked very, very grand. It had a huge sink with a stove and two ovens and a concrete counter. And the wallpaper of the whole room had pure green vines with tiny flowers on them.

"We do apologize for the size difference," Henry started to say snapping Sophie out of her amazement. "we are holding all the soldiers who are fighting in the war, and this happens to be the only room left."

"Thats okay, I love this room!" Sophie exclaimed falling on the bed.

"Good. Thomas, will you get the armor? And Steve, tell the generals that miss Sophie has her room." Henry asked as he checked his pocket watch.

"Anyways, you should prepare for the fight against the other side."

"Why do you keep saying the other side? Why cant you just say 'devil'?"

Henry stared at me like I broke a 10,000 dollar vase.

"Please do not say her name," Henry replied checking to see if anyone was watching.

Suddenly, a dark cloud formed outside and rain drizzled and soaked the lush plants making them droop with soggy soil.

"Woah, what happened? Why did it start raining just now?"

Henry sighed. "Because you said her name."

"why can't I?" Sophie pressed.

"Well, I don't know much, after all, I am just a guard," he answered as I frowned.

"but all I know is that there is a legend saying that if you say her name three times, she will come back here. Of course, no one on the devil side can, but if they say the Snow Angel's name, she will come back. If you say her majesty's name once, all the clouds will part, and it will be a clear beautiful sky. Twice, and the sun will shine as bright as a brand-new light bulb glowing in your face. The plants will be straight up and beam with pride. Three times, she'll come back! They say that was the Snow Angel's compromise spell she made before they both vanished.

Henry retold, folding a blanket, and then sitting down on a lavender colored bed.

"Wait, what about, um, her?" Sophie asked, putting the soft comforter over herself.

"If you say her name once, it started to rain a bit. Twice, thunder and lightning strikes. Three times, you know what happens."

"That's just what happened to me."

"Now, Thomas should be back with the armor soon." Henry said, quickly changing the subject.

"Sorry I was late, there were some minor difficulties with the sorting," Thomas said scaring Sophie with his British accent.

"Thomas there you are! We'll leave you to prepare for your day." then he whispered to Sophie, "Don't tell anyone what I told you,"

"I won't," Sophie whispered back.

The first thing Sophie heard when she woke up was booming noises and clanging metal drumming in her ears. It was 2:55 A.M. and right now everyone was scrambling into their armor, grabbing the sharp swords and pushing cannons and bombs to the battleground.

Sophie nervously hopped out of bed and changed into the fifty-pound armor. Finally, she was ready. Sophie rushed out the door with nothing but a dull sword in her hand and hoped that she would see the generals. But it turns out they were already at the battleground waiting for the rest of the soldiers to come.

As soon as Sophie saw Amy, I was more than relieved. Suddenly a loud voice broke her confidence.

"What are you doing here?" I turned around and I realized it was the other general, Zoe, standing behind me with the scariest glare she ever seen.

"the other g-general said I can join the fight, you agreed too," Sophie stammered backing away from her, even though Zoe was her friend.

But not in this world.

"What are you talking about? I did not agree!" Zoe shouted. Then Amy showed up.

"Glad you could make it, Sophie," Amy said. "don't be scared, all you have to do is avoid dying." she winked and both generals hurried to the front of the crowd.

Suddenly, trumpets began to blow and drums started to pound.

The third day of the war officially started.

Sounds of screams and terror clouded the beautiful sunrise sky, making it wash away with bomb fumes and cannon smoke. In less than a second, screams and noises made the whole battlefield feel more than just a war, it felt like something that would be told forever, not just history.

Sophie just stood there watching the whole thing. Snowmen were dying! Just because they couldn't agree on who took which stupid side.

So many snowpeople were thrown to the cold white ground, and some were flurrying away.



Bombs and cannon smoke covered the whole battlefield. Sophie knew she needed to help, but looking at the soldiers, who've been training for years, lying on the ground made her think this wasn't a good idea. She never even fought before.

But Sophie knew she had to do something. She agreed to this. Sophie started looking around for someone vulnerable, then spotted the general of the snow devil.

She was also a human but looked so familiar. She gasped as she figured out who she was.

Leah.

Along side her were two soldiers that looked just like Kate and Riley. They looked scared. Like they were going to run away. Sophie almost felt bad for them.

Then she saw Amy walk towards Leah.

And started fighting.

Leah knocked Amy on the ground with a red and black shield that said 'devilers'. Sophie gasped.

Never had she ever seen something so violent.

Amy got up, stable, but looking weak. She hit Leah with her sword but that didn't do anything, her armor was super thick.

Sophie checked to see where Zoe was so she could help Amy, but she was fighting Kate and Riley who were losing that fight by a lot.

Suddenly Sophie saw Amy lying on the ground. Leah was about to finish her off.

Sophie quickly rushed to a cannon and started putting in some bombs. She aimed

it straight at Leah, in hopes a snowman wouldn't block her only shot. She got ready and fired the cannon.

That turned out to be a huge mistake.

BOOM. The cannon roared so loudly it caught almost every snowmen's attention. The cannon ball was heading straight to Leah.

But Leah saw.

She dodged the ball at a split second and the ball hit someone else.

It hit Amy.

Amy screamed as the ball hit her arm.

All the soldiers began to fight Leah, but she defeated them all.

The war had ended, for now. All the angeler doctors rushed to treat Amy but nothing helped.

Everyone went inside but Sophie didn't want to face the snowmen.

Especially Zoe.

Sophie was sure all the snowmen saw her fire the cannon. She didn't even know how to work it! Why would she do such a thing?

Sophie went inside and heard the doctors tell Zoe that Amy was dead.

She killed one of the generals of the angelers.

"What have you done?" General Zoe whispered, walking closer to Sophie as she removed her head from her hands. "You killed her." she yelled drawing her sword out.

"GAURDS SIEZE HER! AND TAKE HER AWAY!" Sophie was so speechless that she couldn't even stand up. The guards drew their swords and began stomping toward her. Sophie started running out of the castle.

She wanted to get out of here.

Out of the battlefield.

Out of Snowvania.

Out of the horrific snow globe.

"And where do you think you're going?" A cold voice asked interrupting Sophie's desired thoughts.

It was General Leah who was standing right in front of her.

Then she laughed the vilest laugh Sophie ever heard.

"You're not going anywhere! Guards! Take her to the dungeon!" the only thing Sophie remembered was that she fell unconscious, or they knocked her unconscious and she was in a huge cell. Sophie was lying on a broken, tattered cot.

Even her arms were cuffed to the walls. Beside her was a brown blanket that looked all torn with ants crawling on it. Suddenly, bouncy thuds started echoing through the walls, making them crumble a little bit.

"Well, well, well now look who we have here," a voice that sounded like General Leah's echoed as the thuds sounded louder.

"It's the little girl who killed the general for me!" yep, definitely General Leah.

"What do you want?" Sophie asked trying to get up from the broken cot.

"Just came to check on you," General Leah said, "after all, I don't want my prized

possession die here.”

*Prized possession?*

“Why would you even want me anyway? I didn’t do anything! Should you be granting me wishes or something from my “good deed” which I didn’t even mean to do!” Sophie shouted as some walls crumbled again.

“HAHAHAHAHAHA!” Leah laughed straightening her dress. “You really think that I trapped you in this cell because you did something? No! because you, my friend are from a different world. If I could uncover the secrets of this, world, I could take it over! Just like how I did with this. Imagine no general for the angelers. Why, they wont stand a chance against my worthy army!”

“No, your wrong.” Sophie interrupted her as anger rushed down her veins almost about to make her explode. “They still have General Zoe.”

The words still stung me, almost bad as Leah’s words.

“Ugh, that Zoe,” she said pacing around like crazy, ready to say a whole list of bad things about her. I don’t blame her actually.

“always thinking she’s in charge. She doesn’t even know how to run a whole army! That’s probably why she looked so devastated when you amazingly killed Amy. Anyways, thank you for the armor. I enjoyed looking at the secrets and materials the angelers used to make it so strong,” she said moving closer to the cell. “and I will gladly take a sample of your what’s it called, Chapter 9 homework. With it, I will be able to uncover the secret portal to your world and my world take over it! AHAHAHAHAHA!” she screamed laughing, her horrifying laugh.

“W-What about t-the S-N-O-W-D-E-V-I-L? she s-surely wont let y-you,” I said quietly not ready to give up on the angelers just yet.

“She will absolutely let me take over one world, after all, I was the one who defeated General Amy. Or at least I will tell her that.”

Sophie couldn't believe it. She stomped up the stairs and more and more pieces of walls crumbled on my hair. Not only she was going to take over this world, Leah was going to take over Sophie's world! She just sat there, giving up. Suddenly, a creak from the door bounced in my ears. Then bouncy hops echoed the den just like Leah's. "Hello?" a voice called as the hops got louder and louder. Immediately, Sophie recognized the voice, but she wasn't quite sure. "Hello? I'm down here!" she answered relieved that someone might free her. Though, how would they get past the guards?

"Alright, I'm coming, don't worry!" the hops got even louder, and Sophie felt so happy, She felt like she was going to cry. Finally, the voice came, revealing none other than, Silvia. But this time she was different. She had on a velvet cape with a little crown, like she was the ruler.

"Silvia! Thank goodness! Please you got to get me out of here, I'm really sorry how I treated you." Sophie apologized excitedly trying to break free from the painfully tight cuffs.

Silvia frowned. "I thought you said I could not be trusted." Sophie hesitated and tried to look truthful and sorry.

"And I'm very sorry I did that. It was a big mistake leaving you behind. If you help me get out, I'll do whatever I can to help you win against the devilers. Or whatever side your on, I promise!" Sophie pleaded looking her straight in the eye.

Silvia thought for a long time. "Nah," she said simply turning around. "I don't even think the Snow Devil, nor the Snow Angel will be happy about it. Since you betrayed them both."

"Wait..." I started to say. Which side are you really on? It's supposed to either rain or become a beautiful sky. So far, it's nothing! Unless,"

I was so speechless, I didn't even have the voice to finish my sentence. Silvia laughed hard. Like Leah's laugh. "Hehe, yes, I'm the Snow Devil."



"No, oh no, oh no oh no," Sophie hesitated as she laughed more and more.

"So, I was right! You were just trying to bring me back to the palace! How could you do this?" Sophie yelled as more anger rushed down her blood.

"Ha, I guess you won't believe me unless I show you first," she answered as laser beams and explosions burst around her. In a split of a second, Sophie found out who she really was.

The Snow Devil had long pitch-black hair with eyes that matched along with black makeup on. She was very tall, like double the size of Sophie, with a long black dress covering her little snowgirl feet.

"How were you revived?" I asked eyes wide open hoping it wasn't because of me. "Hmm, I don't know, but whoever did that was pretty nice," she answered climbing up the stairs.

"but imagine how the other devilers will react when they see their queen! Now if you excuse me, I'll be on my way." she exclaimed bouncing up the stairs again and locking the door behind her. That's it. All my hopes were officially gone.

No Silvia, no Zoe, no Amy.

What next?

No Sophie?

Suddenly, the walls began to shake. The whole den was going to fall.

On me.

I got off the cot and squeezed under it to at least protect my head. But I didn't go in much because of the hand cuffs. Thanks a lot Leah!

Soon, the walls began to fall everywhere, breaking everything, it touched. But not

me thankfully, or the cot. Then I felt a small relief in my wrist. There was no heavy metal anymore! I got up, and I realized I had a huge cramp on my hip. I also realized that the cell bars were broken! The rocks and walls probably crushed the bars and the cuffs! I wiped all the dust off my cloths, and I put on a big smile, and walked out of the nearly crushed cell.

Getting out of that cell was one thing but getting out of the castle was another. The Snow Devil, or Silvia, must be super important to have this many guards just standing around. Thankfully, she called everyone in the "Grand Hall" to celebrate her appearance, so Sophie had a few minutes to escape. But how? That castle was full of twists and turns, and she didn't know which door is which. Some labels would be nice! Sophie strolled around. Every single wall she saw had some scary picture of a monster with vivid red eyed glowing the hallway light it was a torch. And there were lots of silver statues of black halos and the Snow Devil herself. Sophie was sort of curious what would be around here. Then, she came upon a gold shiny door. "This must be the way out," Sophie said to herself as she pushed the heavy door hoping to finally see the light of the sun again. "This is- this is a science lab?" she questioned herself looking around the dark room. The only light in there was a neon green light that lit up everything. There were lots of papers surrounding it, like they were the potion's own personal guards. Sophie slowly walked over to the desk. One of the papers said 'latrop ot eht dlrow fo eht namuh'. "What is that? A secret code?" Sophie said looking closely at the paper. Below it in really tiny letters it wrote 'Ancient Lark, computer 4pacs' "Well, computer maybe means that I should look it up on a computer and 4pacs might be the password!" Sophie exclaimed, opening the computer that was sitting on the side of the desk. She typed in 4pacs and it worked! "Come on Google Translator, hurry up and load!" Sophie whispered clicking the mouse rapidly. she found the language 'Ancient Lark' and typed in the coded words. "'portal to the world of the human' that's it! This potion will take me back home!" Sophie gasped deleting the tab and shutting down so no one will know she used it. She then opened the potion lid. "Oh, its dust not liquid! I guess I'll sprinkle it on." Suddenly, the same shake in the ground and the blue and white striped portal appeared out of nowhere, like how she got here in the first place. This time it sucked only her up leaving everything else. Sophie gasped and dropped the bottle as it shattered into a million pieces. This was the last time she was ever going to see Snowvania again.

I couldn't be happier. Sophie gave in and got ready to finally see home.

Before you know it, she was standing up in front of my desk chair with the snow globe on it swirling around with snow. Sadly, the only thing that was missing was her homework. Sophie's heart was pounding, and her throat was dry, and her stomach felt tight. Nothing changed but it felt like everything did. The house was pitch quiet. Too quiet. Sophie ran downstairs and she saw that the note my mom left me was still sitting on the table. Looks like time stopped while she was there. Sophie got some cookies and milk and walked upstairs, even though she knew that mom and dad didn't allow it. But she desperately needed it. Sophie went to her parents' room and sat on their big grand king-sized bed. she pulled the velvet covers up. "Alexa, turn on the TV," Sophie called as she chewed a soggy cookie. Since there was nothing better for me to watch she just watched the Eagles play against the Patriots. Then Sophie heard booming sounds and explosions. Sophie was quite sure that was not coming from the TV, so she nervously went to her dreaded room. Sophie thought it was over, but it wasn't. The Snow devil was in the room, standing between two guards. "I knew I would find you here, HAHAAAAH!!!"