



Fall

Urban

Tales

Fall 2024 Zine
Youth Ages I4-I9



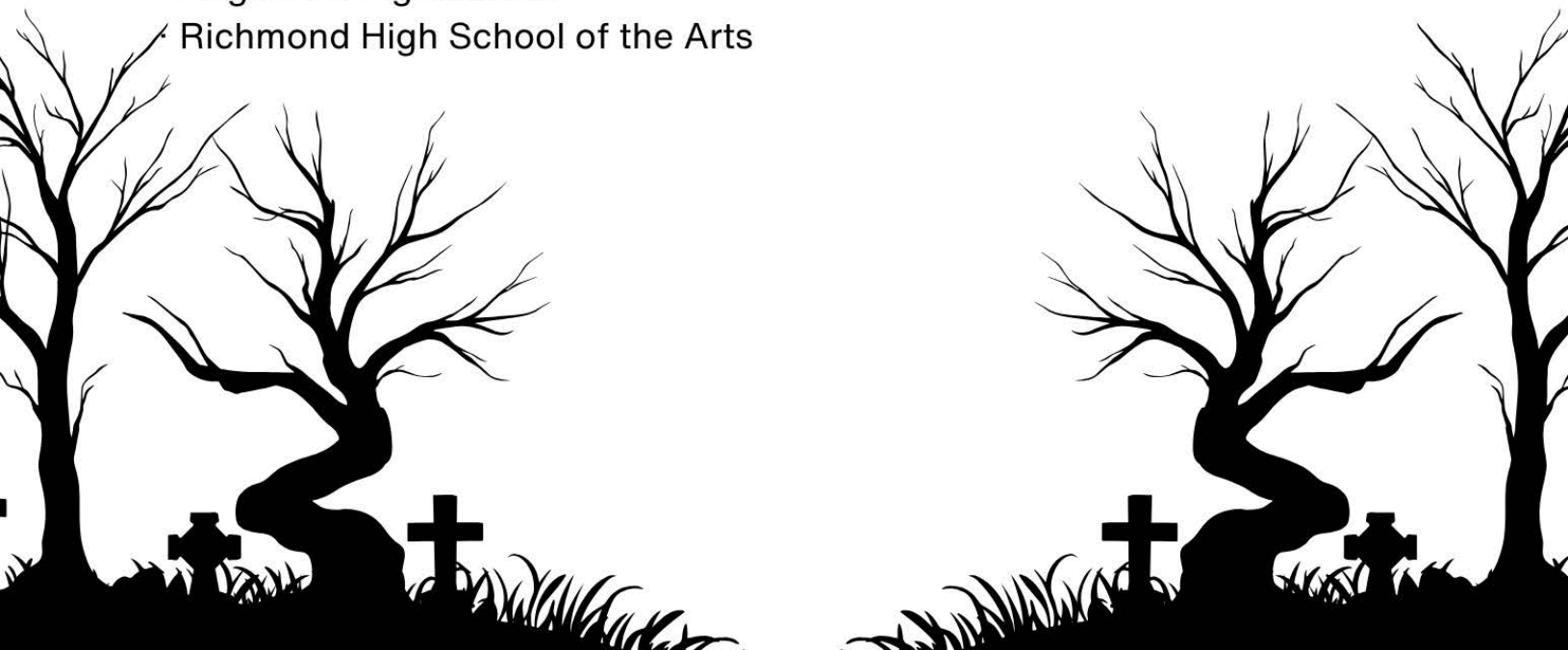
Fall 2024 High School Zine

***“Be yourself. Above all, let who you are, what you are, and what you believe shine through every sentence you write, every piece you finish.” –
John Jakes***

You cannot be a writer unless you see yourself as one. Each program begins with an exploration of ourselves as writers, creators, and communicators. Some work is developed by the individual, and some work is a collaborative effort.

Enjoy youth pieces from Podium partners at:

- Oak Avenue Complex
- Armstrong High School
- Huguenot High School
- Richmond High School of the Arts



Zombie Chronicles

Title: The First Hour of a Zombie Apocalypse

Author: James Van-Hori

School: Oak Avenue Complex

I was at work when I got a notification on my phone that there was a zombie apocalypse. My first thought was to gather food and weapons. My purpose would be to survive. My last note to the world is, "I made it through the apocalypse."

Title: The First Hour of a Zombie Apocalypse

Author: Jaden Scott

School: Oak Avenue Complex

I was on a late-night run with my dog and heard some rumbling in the bush at the playground. I saw a human being eaten alive behind the bushes and watched the man turn into a zombie right before my eyes. My first instinct was to alert my family and get them to safety. My purpose now, and what I want to do, is just protect everyone I love. My last communication to my family and friends who didn't get bitten was, "Stay armed and ready. Always make sure everyone around you is safe."



Title: Zombie 2085

Author: Sierra Morrow

School: Oak Avenue Complex

The year was 2005 in Richmond, Virginia, and there was a deadly virus. I was at home at this time, and I was bored, so I watched the TV. I saw the news—it was about a zombie apocalypse caused by the virus. I was so scared I called my friend and grabbed my dad's tools. When I got outside, I put on a hazmat suit, and when I saw the zombie, I took my shot with the gun and stopped the zombies.

One of my friends got their tools, but one of the zombies attacked him. I tried to help him, but it was too late—he became a zombie. I cried. Me and my friends ran to the radio tower, and I announced this message: "Dear citizens of Richmond, if you are alive, grab your gear and run!!"

I said that, and then the zombies came and tried to attack. I shouted, "Eat gunpowder, you zombie freaks!" When I finished off the zombies, I noticed my friends had died except for one friend. Then the apocalypse ended.

50,000 of the people infected with the 2085 virus were dead, and 25,000 of the uninfected survived. We survived because I got the weapons and my friend helped me. For my heroic actions, I became President of the United States. All that is left of me now are the blood of loved ones, the scars from the zombies with bite marks, and my brain sticking out.



Title: The First Hour of a Zombie Apocalypse

Author: Andrea Steward

School: Armstrong High School

I was home alone during the spring while my family was away on a business trip for the week. I finally got out of bed, heard the living room TV, and went to turn it down when something grabbed my attention. “Stay in safe areas. We’ve been told the military will handle everything as these ZOMBIES are still roaming the streets of Kentucky.”

“This has to be a joke,” I said and turned off the TV.

Heading to the fridge, I happened to look out the kitchen window. They were serious—there were actual zombies, fires, and people defending themselves. My first instinct was to remain calm and call my family.

Phone ringing.

“DREA!” my mom screamed. “I’ve been worried sick! Are you okay?
Where’s your brother?”

Remembering my baby brother was across the hall with his Tia, I panicked. I ended the call with my mom, assuring her we were safe. I got my shoes and things to protect myself and went to get my brother. On the way there, I had to push myself to clear a path. When I finally got through, I talked calmly, “Tia, it’s me, Drea.”

The door opened....



Título: El Apocalipsis Zombi

Autor: Luissana Patiño

Escuela: Huguenot High School

Estoy en casa con mi familia viendo la televisión, cuando de repente el canal cambia. En el anuncio dicen que debemos quedarnos en casa y llevar nuestras mochilas de emergencia a un lugar seguro donde está la comida. Mi papá tenía un lugar con armas y motocicletas, así que salimos al patio y pudimos llamar a nuestros familiares.

Con el paso de los días, los sobrevivientes comenzaron a desvanecerse. Mi papá se sacrificó por nosotros y salió para protegernos. Cuando revisamos las escuelas, estaban vacías, así que tuvimos que buscar comida por nuestra cuenta. Todo se sentía apresurado, y ya nadie nos contestaba.

Translation: The Zombie Apocalypse

Author: Luissana Patiño

School: Huguenot High School

I'm at home with my family, watching TV when the channel suddenly changes. The announcement says we should stay home and take our emergency bags to a safe place where the food is stored. My dad had a place with weapons and motorcycles, so we went out into the yard and were able to call our relatives.

As the days passed, the survivors began to fade. My dad sacrificed himself for us and went out to protect us. When we checked the schools, they were empty, so we had to find food on our own. Everything felt rushed, and no one would answer us anymore.

Título: La Primera Hora del Apocalipsis Zombi

Autor: Mani Gonzales

Escuela: Huguenot High School

Un día, estaba en casa cuando me di cuenta de que estaba ocurriendo un apocalipsis zombi. Mi primer instinto fue asustarme, pero sabía que tenía que salvar a otros. Mi última comunicación fue con mi hermano. Acordamos establecernos, construir nuestra propia ciudad y recolectar comida para los ciudadanos.

Translation: The First Hour of the Zombie Apocalypse

Author: Mani Gonzales

School: Huguenot High School

One day, I was at home when I realized that a zombie apocalypse was happening. My first instinct was to be scared, but I knew I had to save others. My last communication was with my brother. We agreed to settle down, set up our own city, and collect food for the citizens.



Título: El Apocalipsis Zombi

Autor: Paulina Molina

Escuela: Huguenot High School

En los profundos y largos pasillos de una prestigiosa universidad, había estudiantes conocidos por su alto coeficiente intelectual. Cada estudiante que ponía un pie en esta universidad se convertía en alguien exitoso en la vida. Como en cualquier institución educativa, los rumores siempre estaban presentes. Pero había algo especial en esta universidad. ¿Podría haber... zombies? Este tipo de rumores no estaban 100% confirmados.

Un día, como cualquier otro, mientras asistía a la universidad, llegó un estudiante nuevo. Caminando por los pasillos y observando cada detalle de ellos, el nuevo estudiante miraba los rostros de las personas que iban y venían. "Algo está raro con esta persona," me dije a mí mismo.

Translation: The Zombie Apocalypse

Author: Paulina Molina

School: Huguenot High School

In the deep and long hallways of a prestigious university, there were students known for their high IQs. Every student who set foot in this university became someone great in life. Like any educational institution, rumors were always present. But there was something special about this university. Could there be... zombies? These types of rumors were not 100% confirmed.

One day, like any other, when I was attending the university, a new student arrived. Walking through the hallways and observing every detail of them, the new student looked at people's faces that came and went. "Something is off with this person," I said to myself.

Título: La Primera Hora del Apocalipsis Zombi

Autor: Angela M.

Escuela: Huguenot High School

Es domingo por la noche, y por razones desconocidas, me siento confiado sobre ir a la escuela al día siguiente. Estoy escuchando la radio, y a lo lejos veo una sombra. ¡Un zombi se está acercando! Mi primer instinto es correr. El zombi me persigue y sigue persiguiéndome. Llamo a mi familia para acercarme a ellos. Transmito en vivo y digo: “¡Esto es estúpido! ¡Digo estúpido, todos!”

Translation: The Zombie Apocalypse

Author: Angela M.

School: Huguenot High School

It's a Sunday night, and for unknown reasons, I'm feeling confident about school the next day. I'm listening to the radio, and in the distance, I see a shadow. A zombie is approaching! My first instinct is to run. The zombie chases me and keeps chasing me. I call my family to get closer to them. I broadcast live and say, “This is stupid! I mean stupid, everyone!”



Título: La Primera Hora del Apocalipsis Zombi

Autor: Zaida Cordova

Escuela: Huguenot High School

Estaba en casa viendo las noticias, y anunciaron que había un brote de zombis. Me quedé junto a la ventana y vi zombis. Cuando iba en camino a buscar suministros, encontré una manada de zombis. Mi propósito ha cambiado: ahora estoy buscando a alguien que salve a mi familia de convertirse en zombis, que nos ayude a encontrar comida y un lugar para dormir.

Translation: The First Hour of the Zombie Apocalypse

Author: Zaida Cordova

School: Huguenot High School

I was at home watching the news, and they announced that there was a zombie outbreak. I stood by the window and saw zombies! When I was on my way to look for supplies, I found a herd of zombies. My purpose has changed: I am now looking for someone to save my family from turning into zombies, help us with finding food, and a place to sleep



Title: The First Hour of the Zombie Apocalypse

Author: Catherine Cobbs

School: Richmond High School of the Arts

It was 2:45 PM, and my friends and I were in our 4th block class at school when we found out about the zombie apocalypse through an Amber Alert on our phones. The alert stated that the threat was near me. Our first instinct was to get the materials we needed and stay together at all times.

So, my friends and I went to the store to grab everything we needed for this apocalypse, including bags of ice and a big cooler to keep our water bottles cold. Then, we went to my house to build a big wooden gate around it and a door blocker with wood to keep the zombies out, at least until they break it down. We also started a garden.

After getting our supplies, we decided to get food from Queen's Jamaican Restaurant, knowing it might be our last meal for days, weeks, months, or even years, depending on how long this apocalypse lasts. We were eating, watching TV, and sitting by our blickies—because mess around and find out.



Título: El Apocalipsis Zombi

Autor: Samira Adli

Escuela: Huguenot High School

Era un lunes por la mañana en la escuela. Estaba jugando con mi lápiz mientras escuchaba mi clase de historia cuando de repente se activó una alarma aterradora. Estábamos confundidos; estábamos en negación. Nuestras caras estaban en shock porque habíamos escuchado la descripción de esta alarma en leyendas e historias de terror. Mi primer instinto fue tomar mis cosas y ayudar a mis amigos a cerrar la puerta y correr las cortinas. Algunas personas comenzaron a llorar.

Llevamos dos días aquí. Tenemos hambre, y la gente tiene miedo de mirar por la ventana. Nuestra misión ahora es sobrevivir. Extrañamos a nuestras familias; extrañamos nuestra libertad. La última vez que vi el mundo normal fue cuando iba camino a la escuela. Ahora miras por la ventana y ves zombis, personas muriendo, y escuchas los gritos de desesperación.

Title: The Zombie Apocalypse

Author: Samira Adli

School: Huguenot High School

It was a Monday morning at school. I was playing with my pencil while listening to my history class when a horrifying alarm turned on. We were confused; we were in denial. Our faces were in shock because we had heard the description of this alarm in legends and horror stories. My first instinct was to grab my stuff and help my friends shut the door and put the curtains down. Some people started crying.

We've been here for two days. We are hungry, and people are afraid of looking through the window. Our mission now is to survive. We miss our family; we miss our freedom. The last time I saw the normal world was when I was heading to school. Now you look through the window and see zombies and people dying while hearing the screams of desperation.

Personal Codes

Title: Code of “P”

Author: Brianna Napier

School: Richmond High School for the Arts

Rules I live by:

Always follow God.

Stay true to your word.

Be yourself in every situation.

Live life.

Don't let people run over you.

Don't always listen to other people's opinions.

Stay loyal.

Never date your friend's ex.

Do better for yourself before you do better for others.

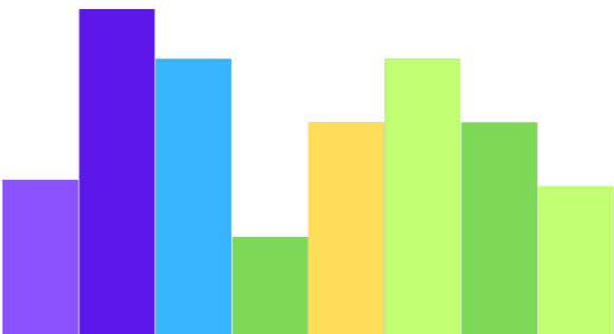
Listen.

Don't always say yes.

Take time for yourself.

Don't start drama.

My role models are my parents because they taught me so much about life: like to put in the work, to try to have fun, to always communicate, to do what you love, to keep your shoes clean, to keep to your word, to tell the truth, to find out stuff for yourself, and to stay calm.



Title: Code of "P"

Author: Christopher Smith

School: Richmond High School for the Arts

Rules I live by:

- 1) Say NO, like you say YES.
- 2) It's okay to not be okay.
- 3) If they're not blood, keep the family you created.
- 4) Creativity starts with you.
- 5) Change starts with you

My role model is my dad. He keeps a strong, cool, and sensible mind during stressful situations.

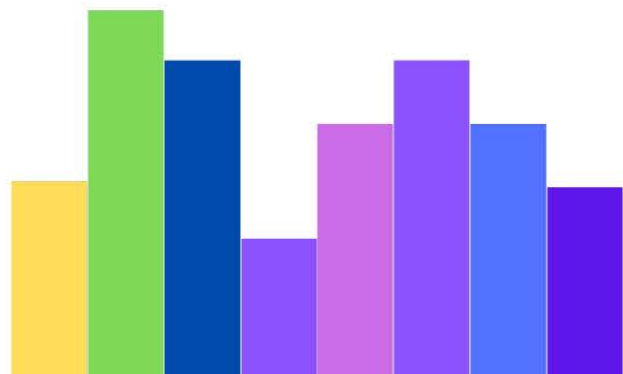
Title: Code of "P"

Author: Brea Johnson

School: Oak Avenue Complex

Rules I live by:

- 1) Be respectful, even when I know it's hard.
- 2) Be myself, no matter what!
- 3) Do not be easily influenced.
- 4) Be honest all the time.
- 5) Have self-respect.



Title: Code of “P”

Author: Deshawn Fitz

School: Oak Avenue Complex

Rules I live by:

The only thing that can beat failure is trying. If you're failing in life but not putting in any effort, you will never get anywhere. But if you fail and keep pushing, you're going to eventually be better, do good, and be motivated to keep going.

Title: Code of “P”

Author: Emmanuel Spruill

School: Richmond High School of the Arts

Clever

Humorous

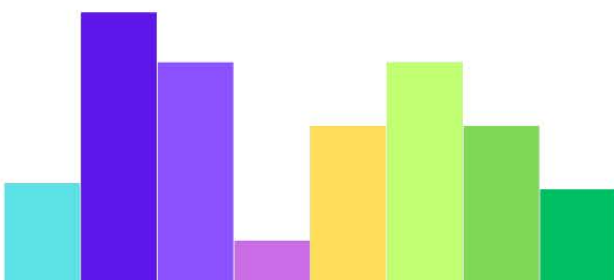
Crafty

Fun

Whimsical

Elegant

Although I'm very introverted, there are times when I'm very extroverted. I plot different things that transpire, and I like watching them happen. I'm also very goofy and joke a lot sometimes. My role model is my mom. I love my mom. She's a very hard worker.



Title: Code of "P"

Author: Shyla Scott

School: Richmond High School for the Arts

Rules I live by:

Never be with someone who does not see your worth.

Do not save people that do not want to be saved.

Never create a mask that only represents who you may want to be, but who you are going to be.

Never cry over someone who does not deserve a single tear. Your tears are worth gold.

Never be shocked when friends turn into the enemy; they are bound to show their true colors.

Never say, "I want," instead say, "I will."

Treat others how you want to be treated.

Hold on to what is about to be told.

Girls, your tears are worth gold.

So don't let your negative emotions grow

About some boy or man.

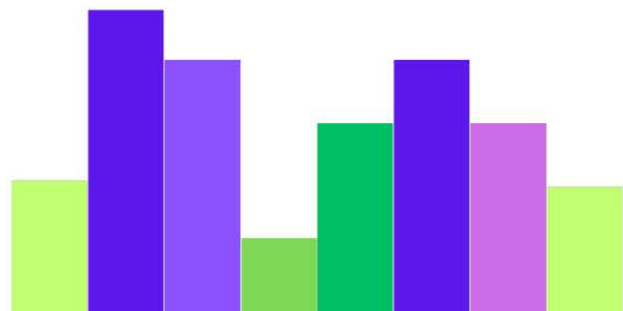
Just take my hand as I will guide you...

To a life without a man's opinion

And a life of knowing your worth.

This is going to be the birth

Of independence and greatness.



Truths and Perspectives

Title: #Facts vs. Your #Feelings

Author: Karisma Neal

School: Richmond High School of the Arts

I am not confident enough to speak publicly; however, I am a true believer in certain topics that come up. I will not be afraid to speak up about things I believe are #Facts or #Feelings. Even if I am wrong, you wouldn't be able to tell me otherwise because that's how strongly I stand by my beliefs and disbeliefs. If I really put in the effort to practice, I would be able to speak in public and be confident. Positive minds make positive moves, and I would be that girl who is confident enough to public speak.

Title: #Facts vs. Your #Feelings

Author: Shyla Scott

School: Richmond High School of the Arts

I am a goal achiever, and I know it. But my opponents may feel that I am not and that I would never achieve my goals. That being said, my words will forever ring true, as I am almost at the finish line of achieving my many short- and long-term goals. These include being in the top 10 of my class, maintaining a high GPA, and, most importantly, finishing my homework. Nevertheless, my determination keeps me running because my goals are what will create the person I am now and in the future. I'm a goal achiever, and I know it.

Future Dreamers

Title: A Letter to My Future Self

Author: Christopher Smith

School: Richmond High School of the Arts

Dear Chris,

I would love to think I am a teacher right now, or a JSU student (or at least VSU). I hope you had time to practice amongst many other things. If you don't mind answering some questions for me: Do you have a house and/or a job? Did you ever find time for yourself and personal growth? And what career did you choose?

That one thing I'm having trouble with, and I want to know, is if I'm doing the right thing. Is the high school version of me still relevant, or was it all for nothing? What dream (out of the many dreams) came true?

There are so many things I can ask you, but I can't get too excited because the future is too broad and unpredictable. Many times, I've wanted to talk to you to ask what to do, but the important thing is that you're reading this in the far future (so you can answer my questions). If you can, believe in me, and don't judge the throwback pics.

Sincerely,

16-year-old Chris

Voices of Joy

Title: All About Joy

Author: Autumn Christian

School: Oak Avenue Complex

Let's talk about joy. I feel like my school allows us to contribute to joy. How? Well, they give us activities and events to participate in, such as pep rallies, school dances, sports games, field day, and so much more! Last year, my school gave out donuts every quarter for either getting an "A" or "B" Honor Roll (the donuts were so good!). I love donuts—or maybe I just like to eat. Field trips, small groups, and clubs also bring joy. Challenges or competitions add to the fun too. For example, they would make classes compete, and the winners got delicious food at lunch. Aye! Don't forget about pizza parties or spirit week! My school always tried to throw in some fun activities for us to enjoy ourselves.

Well, I'm not sure about other people, but my 8th-grade year and friend group were fun—other than the people I feel "neutral" about. My favorite classes, in order, were Math, Science, English, Health/PE, Social Studies, and Tech. I LOVED my math teacher so much! She was so sweet, and my science teacher was funny. My English teacher could be annoying sometimes, but she was still nice. I swear my PE teacher was so sassy—oh my Lord! It was actually funny. Anyways, I love school. I also love food, sleep, music, and my bed, and it will stay that way. Also, I love my mom, dad, older brother, etc. Oh, and I love writing—maybe a little too much.



Title: All About Joy

Author: Jakobe Allen

School: Oak Avenue Complex

What does it mean to feel joy? How do you know when you're feeling it, and how do you recognize it in others?

You know you're feeling joy when you feel really, really good about something and can't stop smiling. When people feel joy, they tend to be nicer and want to do more for others, most of the time. I feel joyful when I play video games and when I'm playing basketball.

Title: All About Joy

Author: Taleah Williams

School: Armstrong High School

What is one small thing that you can either start doing or stop doing that could bring you more joy?

One thing I can stop doing is overthinking as much. I can focus on going outside, enjoying life more, working on myself, continuing to progress, trying new things, and making time to relax and practice self-care. Also, I can try living in the moment and being aware of my current thoughts and emotions, all of which can help me bring more joy overall.



Tales from the Deck

Title: Luck of the Draw

Author: Anna Harris

School: Richmond High School of the Arts

I sigh as I look at the crowded place that everyone goes to: the Jester's Circus Caribana. My dad owns the famous name and has been running the company solo since his former/ex-best friend, Zack, left. To be honest, I really don't know what happened between them. I decided to explore the place since I didn't have anything better to do.

After a moment of walking aimlessly around, I found myself in front of a fortune teller with cards. I was standing last in line with a blank expression, having forgotten why I was here in the first place. After an hour, I finally went inside to see the mind-reader, Lira. She sat on the chair with a white, bright smile as her white, shimmery jester hat shined under the neon light. I walked closer, uneasy about the way she stared at me. I know she's only a puppet, but something always bothers me when I'm near puppets like her and the others.

"Nice to see you. You must be the creator's daughter," she said softly. I was a little surprised at how she knew that, but instead of questioning it, I just let it pass me.

"Yup, that's me," I said uncomfortably.

She then started without warning. She spaced the cards out, expecting me to pick. "Choose two, and choose wisely," she said in a careful tone. I picked two from her hand. She let out a small chuckle as she made the rest of the cards disappear with a snap of her fingers.

I turned over my cards to see a King on one card and a diamond on the other. I was confused because I didn't know what it meant. I looked back at Lira, and I swear for a moment, she looked hopeful about something. "What does this even mean?" I asked as I watched her closely. She smiled as her expression darkened.

"This is about the sins your father has committed and who these people prize as king. You must be careful and aware; he is not what he really seems. He's a dangerous man with a dark secret, and diamonds are a good way to defeat him. If you complete the 10 levels and pass the dangers, you can end this once and for all," she said, as her tone changed into a personal thought. "Even if that means your father has to die," she said with no remorse.

My eyes widened as I stared at her in shock. I sped up quickly as my voice came, "What!? Why do you think my father has to die?" I asked, my mind spinning with confusion. Until her next words, I was in shock.

"You're looking for what really happened to your brother, aren't you? You'll find out soon. Just don't love the circus. That's what he wants you to do!"

I felt a shiver down my spine. I had a feeling that I was about to find out something dark and twisted about my father by the time the day ended.

Title: Luck of the Draw

Author: Christopher Smith

School: Richmond High School of the Arts

Together, an Ace and Jack friendship should last forever.
Friendship is strong, but so Ace thought.
Jack of all traits and master of none wanted to be just like his friend.
But rage engulfed his soul, and he tried to stab him in the back.
Jack failed, and this is what the Ace said,
“A sound soul dwells within a sound mind and a sound body.”



Title: Luck of the Draw

Author: Katherine Lopez

School: Richmond High School of the Arts

“Ace! Where are you going?” Ten called out. Ace, running as fast as a rabbit being chased, suddenly fell. “Wait here, I’ll be back,” Ten said. Ace, whose fear had risen, began to crumble and was no longer human. He fell deeper into the pit, unable to control his emotions. Ace never had friends, family, or anything more; his knowledge of the world had only just begun. Perhaps not in a scientific sense, but he grew and was shaped by sorrow through his emotions.

“Hey, is anyone here?” said Key. Suddenly, Ace woke up from his dream. Had he dreamed of falling into a deep hole? Key, who had been stuck underground for a long time—longer than an elephant would remember—also woke up! Both Key and Ace woke from a coma, sharing the same hospital bed and room. So, who are Key and Ace? Well, Key and Ace are Ten’s dual personalities!



Villian Era



Title: A Villian's Story

Author: Jo'Mauri Davis-Hicks

School: Armstrong High School

In a high school group project, I ended up playing the role of the villain in someone else's narrative without meaning to. I took the lead, assigning tasks and advocating for my ideas, thinking I was being proactive. However, my dominant approach ended up overshadowing a quieter member of the group, Sarah, whose contributions I frequently ignored. At the end of the project, a friend felt undervalued due to my behavior. This experience taught me a valuable lesson about the significance of collaboration and the need to listen to others, which has changed how I handle teamwork moving forward.

Title: A Villian's Story

Author: Joshua Mukuye

School: Armstrong High School

A time when Joshua M. was the villain in someone else's story: I woke up on a Tuesday morning as happy and motivated as ever before. This was the case until I went into my refrigerator and discovered that the last bottle of orange soda was gone. I knew who did it—it was my older sister, who always takes the last of everything!

I remembered we had one last cupcake in there as well, so I decided to be a villain and ruin her day by eating it—she was NOT happy when she woke up! LOL. The real reason I ate the cupcake was because I was angry. I also drank the last orange soda, but I felt like being a hungry villain for a day.

The Rise of Legends

Título: El Día que un Gato Cumplió el Deseo de su Dueño

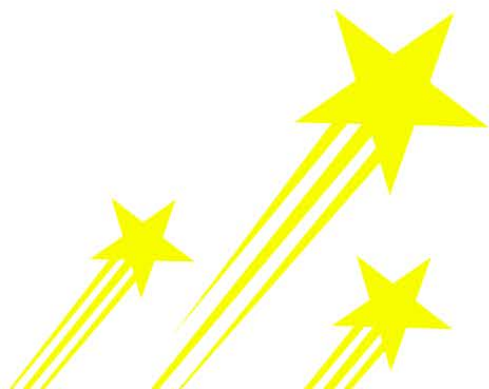
Autor: Yoslin Cisneros

Escuela: Huguenot High School

Había una vez un gato que era muy querido por su dueña. Ella lo amaba tanto que nadie podía imaginarlo. Pero un día, el gato desapareció, y su dueña comenzó a caer en una profunda depresión. Sin embargo, lo que ella no sabía era que el gato había sido robado. Había alguien que lo seguía buscando, pero ya habían pasado cuatro años desde su desaparición.

El gato desaparecido de la dueña se llama Brother. Un día, un gato se acercó a la casa de la dueña. Cuando lo vio, gritó: "¡Brother!" pero no era Brother.

Otro gato, llamado Totzi, encontró a Brother y le dijo que su dueña lo extrañaba, que estaba enferma y quería verlo una última vez. Brother buscó cumplir ese deseo y regresó después de cuatro años. Cuando la dueña lo vio, lo reconoció y comenzó a llorar. Empezó a decir: "Mi pequeño Brother ha regresado," y Totzi cumplió el último deseo de la dueña antes de que muriera de depresión.



Translation: The Day a Cat Fulfilled Its Owner's Wish

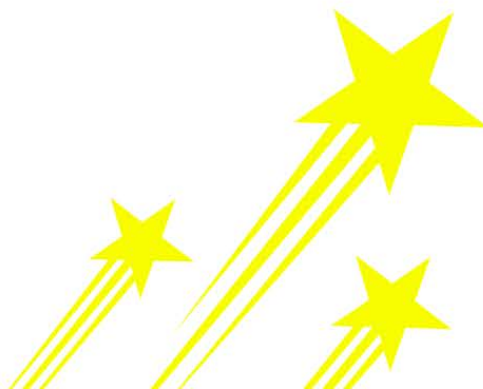
Author: Yoslin Cisneros

School: Huguenot High School

Once upon a time, there was a cat very much loved by its owner. The owner loved it so much that no one could imagine it. But one day, that cat disappeared, and she began to fall into depression. However, what she didn't know was that the cat had been stolen. There was someone who still followed it and kept looking for it, but four years had already passed since its disappearance.

The name of the owner's missing cat is Brother. One day, a cat approached the owner's house. When she saw it, she shouted, "Brother!" but it was not Brother.

Another cat, named Totzi, found Brother and told him that his owner missed him and that she was sick and wanted to see him one last time. He searched to fulfill that wish and returned after four years. When the owner saw him, she recognized him and began to cry. She started to say, "My little Brother has returned," and Totzi fulfilled the owner's last wish before she died of depression.



Title: The Revival of Bloody Mary

Author: Damon Tolliver

School: Armstrong High School

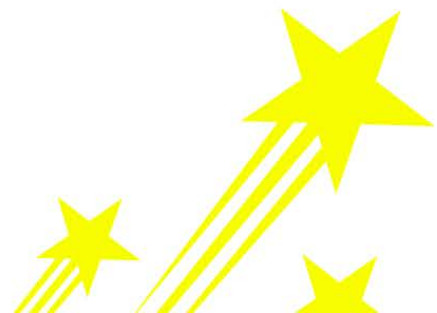
This story takes place from Oct 29 - 31. It's two days before Halloween. There was a boy named Johnny. Johnny was 12 and in the 7th grade. There was this superstition going around about this entity called "Bloody Mary." Johnny never believed in any type of superstition. The other kids talked about it all day, so Johnny decided to go home and try it. The steps to summon Bloody Mary are to look into a mirror in a dimly lit or candle-lit room and repeatedly say her name. Johnny proceeds to get the items to summon Bloody Mary. Later that day, he returns home, waits until nightfall, and that's when everything changed...

Title: The Breathless Strangers

Author: Aldray Epps

School: Armstrong High School

In the heart of an unnamed city, under dim streetlights, an urban legend whispers through the shadows about "The Breathless Strangers." It's said that every night, you can hear the screams die down as you slowly hear "The Breathless Stranger." They say he only appears on misty nights when fog blankets the streets, thick and heavy, his face hidden under a dark hood, his eyes cold and unfeeling. He approaches his victim without a sound, just another shadow slipping through the night. But those who sense him catch the faintest whiff of stale breath and a strange, almost sweet smell, like decaying flesh.



Title: The Misty Depths of Loch Ness

Author: Joshua Mukuye

School: Armstrong High School

The following story you are about to read revolves around an urban legend surviving the restart of reality. Get ready for what you're about to see.

In the misty depths of Loch Ness, a shadowy, mysterious figure glides from beneath the surface, its serpentine form barely visible. Tourists on a nearby boat gasped as the awe-inspiring creature breached the water, its ancient eyes meeting theirs for a fleeting moment before disappearing once again into the depths. The encounter left them all with a heightened sense of wonder and worry, almost a feeling of shock and awe, forever questioning what mysteries the Loch still holds.



The Rise of Legends

Title: El Científico Malvado y los Perros

Author: Yefrin Caceres

School: Huguenot High School

Había una vez un científico malvado que creó unos perros malvados para conquistar la Tierra y convertirse en su líder y gobernador. En el proceso, tuvo que luchar contra otros guerreros para poder apoderarse del planeta. Sin embargo, tenía un plan en mente, un camino que debía seguir para obtener el poder que quería y dominar todo el planeta.

A lo largo de su vida, no pudo obtener todo el poder que deseaba porque su maestro, quien le había enseñado todo lo que necesitaba saber para conquistar la tierra, siempre se interponía en su camino. Como resultado, nunca pudo ser el número uno. Siempre quiso ser el primero, pero sabía que su maestro siempre ocuparía esa posición. Por eso quiso destruir a su maestro, pero su maestro actuó rápidamente y lo derrotó. El científico malvado no pudo hacer nada contra él, ya que el poder de su maestro superaba al poder del científico malvado.

Al final, el maestro derrota al científico malvado, y como toda historia, esta termina con un final feliz.

Continuará...



Translation: The Evil Scientist and the Dogs

Author: Yefrin Caceres

School: Huguenot High School

There was once an evil scientist who created some evil dogs to take over the Earth and become its leader and governor. In the process, he had to fight with other warriors to be able to take over the planet. However, he had a plan in mind, a course he needed to follow to obtain the power he wanted and dominate the entire planet.

Over the course of his life, he was unable to gain all the power he desired because his teacher, who had taught him everything he needed to know to take over the land, always stood in his way. As a result, he could not always be number one. He always wanted to be the first, but he knew his teacher would always hold that position. That's why he wanted to destroy his teacher, but his teacher acted swiftly and defeated him. The evil scientist couldn't do anything against him, as the power of his teacher dominated the power of the evil scientist.

In the end, the teacher defeats the evil scientist, and like every story, this one ends with a happy ending.

To be continued...



Title: Beware of the Dimimi

Author: Anna Harris

School: Richmond High School for the Arts

The Dimimi legend was born on the southern side of America. Tales and rumors say people have seen Dimimi out late at night in alleys or forests. It is said that Dimimi is 7'11" tall, with short, messy brown hair, a fully black left eye, and a white right eye with a black 'X' as the pupil. No one knows for sure what this species is. It could be a demon or a monster, but one thing is certain: he is anything but human.

Dimimi was not always known as a scary legend. He was once human and normal, just like everyone else. His name was Dime. At the age of ten, he became an orphan and was taken to St. Moore's Orphanage. After a month at the orphanage, he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Rivers. Mr. and Mrs. Rivers were priests at a town church, but behind closed doors, they were cruel. They abused and neglected Dime while he was under their care, and soon this became his reality. Believing that Dime had been contacted by a demon, they performed an exorcism on him. Afterward, they took him to the forest and abandoned him, leaving him to die alone. Ever since that day, his soul and body have lived in the woods and other dark places.



Title: Kachisake-Oma

Author: LaShauna Hamilton

School: Armstrong High School

Kachisake-Oma is a vengeful spirit born from a tragic circumstance: her mouth was cut from ear to ear. She haunts the streets of Japan, seeking out victims to kill with her sharp instruments. Kachisake-Oma was unfaithful to her husband, and out of jealousy, he cut her mouth open with scissors. What scares me the most is that she'll go around asking people if she's pretty. If you say yes, she will take off her mask, then she'll ask again. If you say no, you're dead!

Title: Black Widow

Author: Kailyn Smith

School: Oak Avenue Complex

Her name is Black Widow. She is a talented hacker, expert tactician, protector, master martial artist, and multilingual. Her archnemesis is depression. The minute it comes into her life, it consumes her and changes who she is as a person daily. At one point, depression took over her life, making her feel like she was alone in the darkness. Depression is so negative—that's why it's her supervillain, her archnemesis.

However, Black Widow is strong, smart, and worthy. She means something to this world and will not let depression win. If her archnemesis, Depression, were to escape, they wouldn't come back for her because she has already proven that she is strong and won't



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