

The Darkness

By: Yulianis Pesante Quinones, Age 14, Virginia, USA

Gender: Any

Genre: Dramatic

Description: A teen reflects on the concept of darkness.

I wish I was scared of the dark. I mean most people are, but I always find comfort sitting in it. Get home, shower, lay in bed. Don't turn the lights on. My daily routine. Sit in the dark and listen to music. A vampire. That's what my mom calls me. It's not that I don't like the light, you just think differently in the dark. You find comfort in it like a big black blanket wrapped around you. You just let go not knowing what could happen. Your mind travels to so many places and everything's fine. Until you realize you're alone. The feeling of loneliness hits you. You have no one to talk to. Everyone's asleep. You've thought so much that the big black blanket is now suffocating you. So, tell me is the darkness safe or dangerous?

Selfish Samaritan

By: Hannah Chaffin, Age 16

Gender: Any

Genre: Dramatic

Description: A conceited high school girl who volunteers to visit a disabled boy, is called out for actually being selfish and egotistical.

Yeah, we've all heard it, Penelope. How great you are for helping out that disabled boy. Give it a rest. Honestly, I don't think you're doing it for him; you're doing it for yourself. You must feel such a thrill, having him watch you like you're some kind of savior. I'd guess you like to feel that way; some kind of all holy, selfless being. But in my opinion, you're the most selfish person I know. You walk around thinking you are a one of a kind, holy mastermind. Plenty of people volunteer, and the good ones, the really good ones don't yak on and on about it. You like to believe that people think you're a little miss pink perfect cake pop doll, but you're not that. Hard to hear ain't it. That you mean far less than little to someone, someone who doesn't kiss the earth below you. He doesn't need you. You could die today and he'd still breathe the same, suffer the same. You aren't his medication, so stop acting like some prized jewel that can't shatter to the ground. Test me one more time Penelope. You'll see, one day, you'll be nothing more than another grain of sand in the ocean of nobodies.

English Class

By: Justin Kyzar, Mississippi, USA, Age 15

Gender: Any

Genre: Comedic

Description: A frustrated teacher deals with a rowdy class.

Alright class! Listen up! Because of last weeks' "events," we are going to try this again. Everyone get out your pencils. And no throwing them this time! Jane, put that cell phone away! I will not hesitate to take it! Shawn, stop trying to light Cindy's hair on fire! There is barely any left from last time! Jason! Don't you dare throw that chair out the window! Jaaasssooon... Jason! Ugh! you guys are worse today than yesterday, and now I have to replace that window! I am calling the principal! (picks up phone) Hello Mr. Sanchez? We need you in the fifth-grade classroom. What do you mean you are busy? There's no way those kindergartners are worse than these kids. oh...oh... They did that? Oh well, I hope Mrs. Smith recovers. Those kindergartners should be ashamed for doing that to her. Well, stay safe, and I hope the pencil wound in your arm heals. (hangs up) Okay class, new test! We are going to see how good you are at finding a new teacher because I quit! I am going to be a janitor! I rather clean up other people's messes than teach you! Adios!

Outside

By: Eleanor H., New York, NY, Age 12

Gender: Female

Genre: Dramatic

Description: A young girl seeks help from a therapist about her fear of going outside.

I know why my mom asked you to come. I have a problem. Every time I want to go outside, I think about how the outside world is scary. The loud cars, big trucks, the constant noise surrounding me, the germs, the animals... the people. I really want to go outside. I have dreams about leaving this small apartment and I long to walk around the city and see things, learn in a school and not be homeschooled. Go to a park and have normal experiences but ...I can't. Every time I think about leaving, my heart races 100 miles an hour, my palms get sweaty, I get dizzy, and I picture the accident that left me without an arm ... The one moment that changed my life forever. Everyone tells me I'll be fine. But how do I know for sure? I could get hit by a car, robbed, kidnapped, attacked by an animal, or contract a disease. I have spent my whole life living in this house. I was even born in here, I know it's safe. That's why I have a special connection to this house. I am tired of being cooped up, but I can't help it. I just want to be a normal kid. Can you... can you help me?