

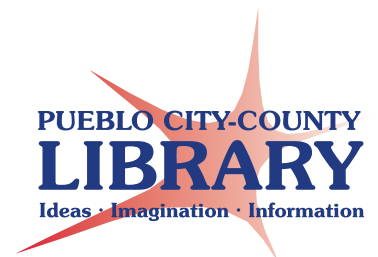
The Friends of the Pueblo City-County Library present

9th Annual Creative Writing Contest

Super Power Story



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The Friends of the Pueblo City-County Library District 2014 Creative Writing Contest

The Friends of the Pueblo City-County Library District is pleased to announce the winners of the 9th Annual Creative Writing Contest. Students were invited to enter a super power story with the following criteria: The last paragraph of the story must contain this exact phrase: “Nothing is impossible!” Each story must contain the following words anywhere in the story exactly as given (for example “wrinkle” but not “wrinkled”): ability, benefit, conquer, heroic, vanish and wisdom. Any entry not containing the above phrase and all six words underlined was disqualified. Entries were judged by Caroline Parsley, Sara Schwartz, Becky Suddath and Sherry Wingo. Winners received a certificate of participation, a booklet with the winning stories and a gift certificate to Books Again, the Friends of the Library’s used book store.

Contest Winners

3rd grade

1 st Place	Eli Schwartz	Fountain International Magnet School – Mr. Hund
2 nd Place	Andrew Cozzetto	Vineland Elementary School – Mrs. Trujillo
3 rd Place	Shannon Kushner	Vineland Elementary School – Mrs. Trujillo
Honorable Mention	Joseph DiPalma	Minnequa Elementary School – Mrs. Smith

4th grade

1 st Place	Christian Baluyut	Home School – Mrs. Baluyut
2 nd Place	Noah Schwartz	Corwin International Magnet School – Mrs. Hocking
3 rd Place	Wilder Unwin	Home School – Gina Unwin

5th grade

1 st Place	Larissa Romero	Morton Elementary School – Mrs. Townsend
2 nd Place	Alyson Farrer	Corwin International Magnet School – Mr. Hutchins
3 rd Place	Jordan Pacheco	Morton Elementary School – Mrs. Townsend

7th grade

1 st Place	Makayla Ayala	Roncalli Middle School – Mrs. Bouldin
2 nd Place	Kimberlyn Reinhardt	Home School – Miranda Reinhardt
3 rd Place	Annabella Archuleta	Roncalli Middle School – Ms. Bouldin

8th grade

1 st Place	Juliet Chi	Connect Charter School – Mrs. Wiley
2 nd Place	Ayrianna Benavidez	Corwin International Magnet School – Mrs. Alexander
3 rd Place	Michael Gonzales	Heroes K-8 Academy – Ms. Montono

9th – 10th Grade

1 st Place	Ilissa Shaul	Home School – Martha Shaul
2 nd Place	Hannah Monk	Home School – Rebecca Monk
3 rd Place	Brendon Rushing	Pueblo West High School – Mrs. Graham

11th – 12th Grade

1 st Place	Jenna Mount	Pueblo West High School – Mrs. Graham
2 nd Place	Courtney Monter	Pueblo West High School – Mrs. Graham
3 rd Place	Jon Winters	Pueblo West High School – Mrs. Graham

Shape Shifter for a Day

Eli Schwartz

Unexpectedly, I was about to have the most nerve racking day of my life. I woke up just as normal. Like other days, I ate breakfast, changed into my uniform and then took a bus to school. When it was almost ten o'clock, I asked my teacher, "May I please use the restroom?" I walked through the usual appearing hallway to the usual appearing restroom but on the way out, the door was gone. It had been replaced by a tunnel. There was no one there to ask about it, so I summoned the courage to conquer my fear and went in. The tunnel was very dark and the end seemed to vanish into darkness. When I was about halfway through, I could catch a glimpse of light in the distance. I kept walking until I came to a giant opening that looked like a cave. In the back of the cave, I saw a wizard. He looked like he had a lot of wisdom because he was surrounded by potions he had created.

I said to him. "May I see that potion?"

He replied. "Sure, that's a shape shifting potion."

Wait a minute, before we go on I should explain what a shape shifting potion is. It is a special mixture of magical ingredients which allows the person who drinks it to change their shape into anything - any object, animal, machine, anything heroic, anything you can even imagine.

I need to get on with the story or I'll miss my favorite TV show. So, I asked the wizard if I could use the potion.

"May I please use it?" I said in my most convincing voice.

The wizard answered, "You may use it for a day. But don't..."

I didn't hear the rest because I was so excited. You see, if you have the ability to shape shift, you want to immediately!

I shape shifted into everything I could think of. Then I decided to try invisibility. You see, shape shifting can even allow you to turn into nothing. Just as I began to get comfortable not being anything, I started sinking into the earth. Literally, like I wasn't even there! I had to think fast, so to my benefit, I shape shifted into a drilling machine and dug myself out.

It worked. Soon I was back in the restroom at school where my adventure had started. As I was walking back to class I said to myself, "I guess nothing is impossible." I also thought the wizard had probably been trying to warn me not to turn invisible. Now I know I shouldn't start doing stuff before I hear the directions.



Luke, Flying with the Foxes

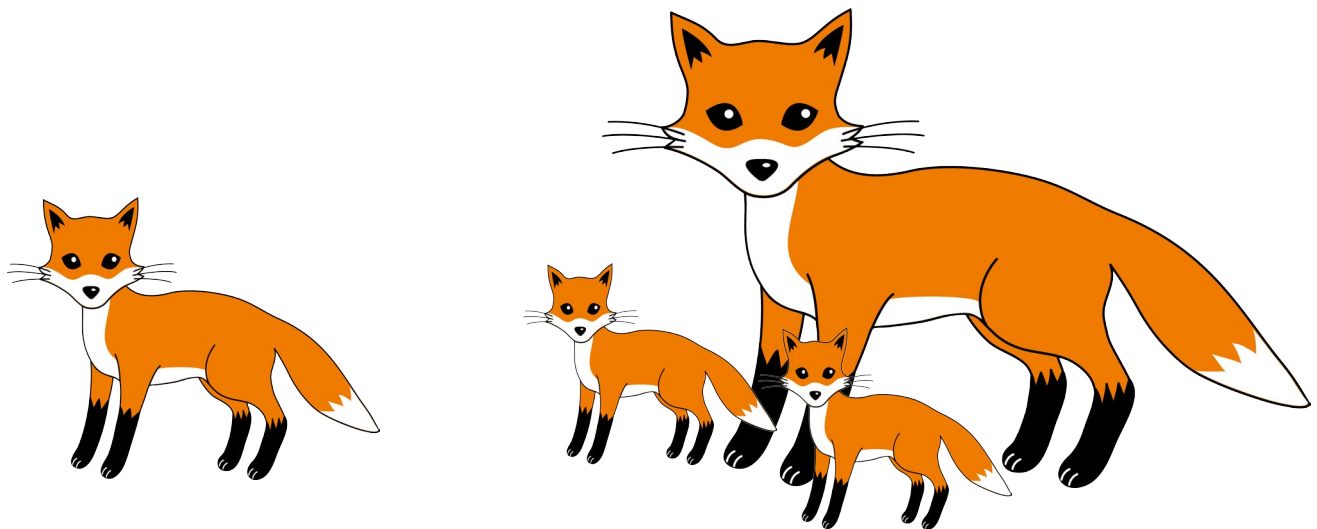
Andrew Cozzetto

Hi, my name is Luke and I live in Montana on a ranch. One day I was walking home from Saddle Club when I got hungry. So I went to my garden to eat an apple. Little did I know that the apple I ate was special. It had a special power that gave me a heroic ability to fly. This would be a benefit because I could conquer my fear of heights. But, also, it wouldn't be so great because it would only last for a day. So I decided to use my power to capture the foxes that were trying to kill my animals. It had bothered my bull, horse, and donkey.

I headed off on my horse into the dark, green forest near the south pasture. I took only a net gun and bait. Suddenly, a flash of fur went by my horse, followed by another. This flash made my horse buck me off and dash away. I was all alone. It was a good thing I had flying powers. So, now I started flying in the cold, dark, green forest. I landed and set my trap next to an old oak. I saw a fox followed by another. So I picked up my net gun, shot and missed. I picked up the net and reloaded. Now, I was chasing after two foxes instead of one. I found them hiding next to the tree. I shot and captured the smaller one. The bigger one ran away as fast as a hare about to get bit by a rattle snake.

I thought I would fly over and visit my grandpa to get some wisdom on how to trap a fox. It turns out that I was not using the right bait. Instead of using cow hide, I needed to use rabbit meat. I changed the bait on my traps to rabbit meat. One hour later, I found the other fox in my trap. I picked up my gun. Before I could send the net flying over him, he broke out of my trap, and I saw him vanish under a log. I started fluttering over the log, and I threw a little stone at the log, and it worked. The fox ran out from under the log. So I took off flying after it. All of a sudden, there was a big ledge, and the fox was cornered. I aimed my net gun, and shot the net, capturing the fox. I took the foxes to a protected forest far away, where they would not disturb others, and they would have enough room to play and run as much as they wanted.

When I was talking to the owner of the protected forest, he said that it would be impossible to take care of two foxes because of all the animals that he already had. I said to the man, "Nothing is impossible when you believe in it." After my work was done, I flew home.



A Girl and her Horse

Shannon Kushner

One day after piano lessons, I plopped into bed for a nap. I began dreaming. There was a purple sharp light that spoke to me. It said, "You have a lot of wisdom in you. Choose the superpower you want. Make sure it is a heroic one." I chose the ability to fly because I wanted to fly one day.

I flew out my window, and there out of nowhere my horse named Red Burbin was flying right next to me. My horse and I think alike, so it made sense for both of us to fly.

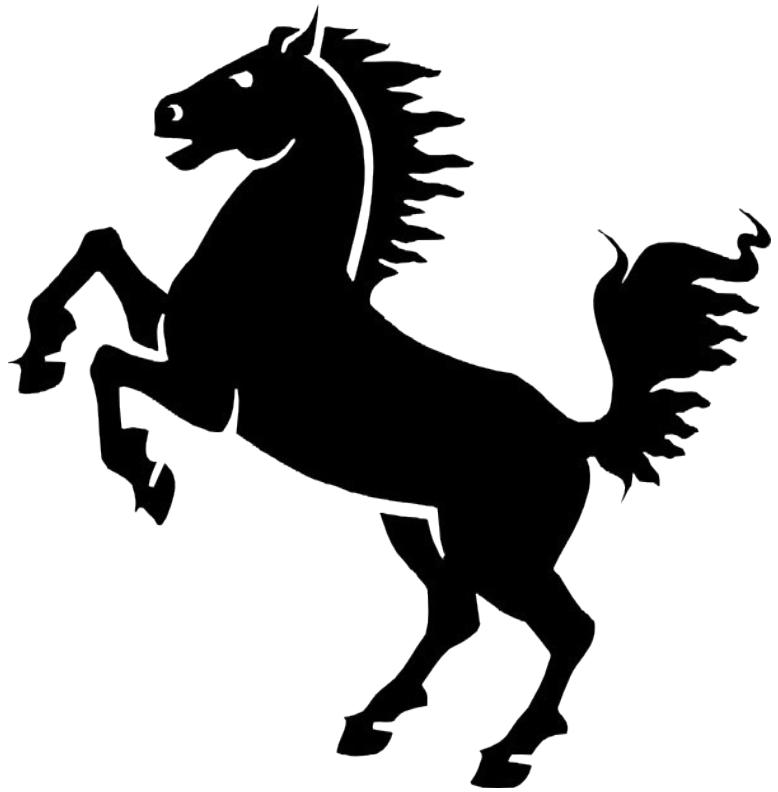
The first thing Red Burbin and I did was fly through the park. We saw a dog that took a little girl's toy doll. I chased the dog, but I wasn't looking, and I flew into a tree. My powers were a little weak. I got out of the tree and my horse checked if I was okay. I took off in the air and chased the dog again. I got the toy and I gave it to the little girl. She gave me a lot of big hugs.

My horse and I left the park, and we were flying through the air. There was a squirrel that dropped his nuts. He saw them vanish to the ground. He couldn't get down the tree because he had a broken leg. I got the little squinel, and we rushed to the vet. The doctor said that he would have to have a cast. I told the vet I would take the squirrel home and take care of it until it was all better.

Then my horse and I flew some more. We saw a hurt bird with a broken wing on the ground, trying to fly. Red Burbin and I landed by the bird. I picked the little bird up, and rushed him home with me. I gave him a benefit lunch to help him get better soon.

Right after we fed the bird, we flew up to touch the clouds. As we were flying, the sparkly light came back and said, "Your power will last for only twenty-four hours." We said that we would be home by then. My horse and I played in the clouds for three hours. It was soon five o'clock in the evening, and we decided to fly somewhere and get some dinner.

Soon it was eight o'clock, and we rushed home as fast as we could. I said to my horse, "We can conquer anything." I also said to my horse, "If you dream really hard, then nothing is impossible!"



The Powerful Strength Within Me

Joseph DiPalma

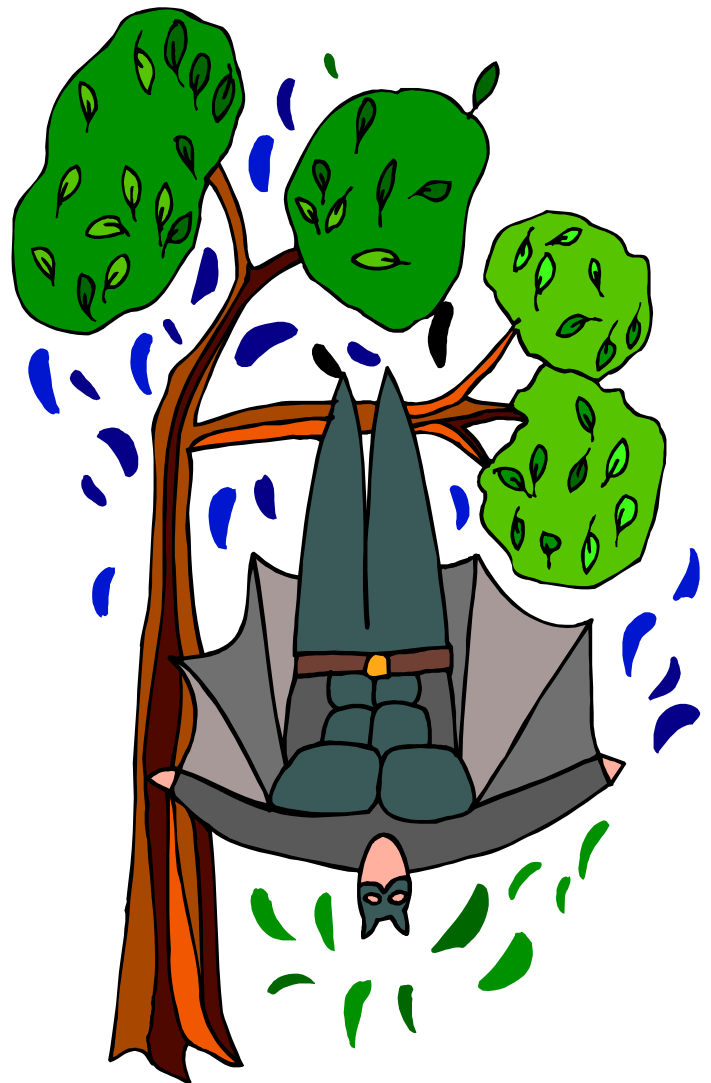
I like to play with my friends. We have fun playing games. When I play with my friends we like to do things like play video games, tag, hide-and-peek and zombies. Although tag and hide-and-peek are very well known kids games, I doubt many people will know what zombies is because my friends and I made it up. In the game zombies, the kids on the top of the playground are people, and the kid on the ground is the zombie. If the zombie touches one of the people, that person turns into a zombie. We will also do dangerous dares, like truth or dare except we only get to do dares.

When I am playing, I sometimes imagine that I have superpowers, and I am a heroic superhero. The first superpower I would like to have is invisibility. To start, I will vanish so nobody sees me and it will happen in the blink of an eye. I will have to sneak out of my house to be a superhero. I will find trouble. I'll explore the city. I can even roll down high hills. Meanwhile, I will sneak into our alley at home looking for people. I will want to help people with my super ability. I will protect them from bad people. I will get things for them if it is far. Most of all, I will treat them with respect.

Also, I would like to have a lot of wisdom. I will answer every math question there is, even the square root of six. I will also build many machines like one that would keep making me young so that I would never die. My teacher would benefit from my being such a good student. We will give her a chocolate bar too!

At last, I will conquer my fear of heights. I will be able to climb the biggest volcano in the world. I will jump off the biggest volcano in the world into the smallest and deepest pool in the world. My superstrength would keep me from being squished like a bug and drown.

After a full day of being a superhero, I would return home like nothing happened. I would tell my mom I was playing outside. I would never tell anyone what I did. Helping people, turning invisible, and jumping off a volcano may seem lazy. But in my imagination, nothing is impossible.



The Extraordinary Hero

Christian Baluyut

My name is Brian but I wish to be called Fireball. I love fire! Whenever I get near it, smell it, see it, or even hear the crackling sound of burning wood I get warm. The sight of orange hot flames makes me feel courageous. I'm eight years old and live in New York City. New York City is a nice place to live, but sometimes it can be dangerous.

One cold and cloudy morning, I read the New York Newspaper about a cunning robber named Sykes. This robber had stolen thousands of dollars from all over the United States! His goal was to rob every bank in the world! The next bank the police think he'll rob is the New York City Bank. I wish I could conquer his strategy and capture him. I was soon surprised to discover that my wish would come true!

That night it was very chilly, so I decided to warm myself by the fireplace. I closed my eyes and started to daydream about catching Sykes. Suddenly, "Ouch!" I had put my hands too close to the fire and burned myself. It was so hot indeed that I shook my hands, and guess what? Balls of fire shot straight out from my hands! "Wow!" I exclaimed. I may have not used wisdom by closing my eyes while warming my hands but somehow it brought a powerful benefit to me.

All of a sudden I heard a shocking radio newsflash, "Warning! Police have found tracks of Sykes in New York City! The three New York City bankers are missing. Be alert and very careful."

"Yikes!" I yelled. "It's time for this injustice to stop! Now that I have this super fireball shooting power, maybe I can save the three bankers and capture that sneaky thief once and for all!"

I raced out the door to look for Sykes' tracks. Incredibly, I found someone's tracks on the road by my house so I decided to follow them. Minutes later, I found a huge gray building made out of titanium alloy. "Gasp!" I was curious to find out what was inside. As I slowly stepped closer towards the mysterious building, I heard mumbled cries for help. I also heard someone shout, "You won't get away with this Sykes!" I exclaimed. I found the notorious robber's hideout! It was time to use my heroic power! I shot fireballs at a side wall of the hideout. Creak...the wall was starting to fall. I speedily got out of the wall's way. The wall had fallen and hit the ground with a loud wham!

As soon as Sykes saw me he asked, "Who are you?"
"Call me Fireball!" I fearlessly replied.

"How did you knock down the wall?" he angrily asked.

"I'll show you," I answered. I shot out a fireball. Sykes gasped with fear.

"Hooray!" the bankers shouted. In a split second, Sykes started to run away with money in his hands. I chased after him. Up ahead, I noticed a sewer lid in the same sidewalk we were running on. Shazam shot fireballs directly over his head. As soon as he looked up, I fired off fireballs at the sewer lid and melted it.

"Ahhh!" Sykes yelled. He had fallen in the sewer. Thanks to my super power, my idea worked! In no time, the police arrived. "You're under arrest Sykes!" a police officer shouted. After that, I untied the ropes that were wrapped around the bankers' wrists. "Good job kid!" the police officer said. "Thank you sir,." I said with pride.

The next day, I wanted to practice aiming with my super fireball power. To my surprise, when I tried to shoot out a fireball, I couldn't. Did my super power vanish? I tried shooting again and no fireballs shot out. My super power was gone. I couldn't believe it!

First, I wanted to be called Fireball and read about Sykes, the evil robber. Secondly, I wished to catch him. Thirdly, I amazingly got the ability to shoot fireballs from accidentally burning my hands. Finally, I captured Sykes and rescued the three New York City bankers! Nothing is impossible!



Time Dilemma

Noah Schwartz

“How did I ever get into this mess?” This was my thought while I was fighting the creepiest human on earth. Hold on a second, first of all, let me fill in some details. I am a nine year old boy, I wear glasses, I am pretty humorous, for some reason I have one freckle under each of my dark brown eyes, and I am pretty smart for my age. In school, I sit in classroom 593 with Mrs. Out Burst constantly yelling at us.

One day, I decided to explore a different way to school. While walking through the woods, I veered off track and quickly got lost under the treetops. Eventually, I found my way to a terrifying mansion and quickly convinced myself to ask directions. Whoever I expected to answer the door, I was surprised when a man so old he could have been alive when the dinosaurs roamed the earth, stepped out of the door and welcomed me.

In a little while I learned that the wrinkled little man was Dr. Befnot and that he was a powerful wizard. When he came into the room and asked me what superpower I wanted to have, I choked and then up came most of my breakfast along with last night’s dessert. When I finished, I looked as pale as white paint on a house. Dr. Befnot was sitting beside me and reading a book so big it looked like a cinder block.

He asked me the same superpower question again, but this time I was ready.

“The power to travel through time,” I heard myself saying.

“How would that benefit you?” Dr. Befnot asked.

“Maybe the power to vanish would help you more,” he suggested but I refused.

Finally, he gave in and sighed, “There is a price for such wisdom.” I stayed strong.

“What will getting a superpower cost me?”

“Once I give you a superpower, you must try to conquer my arch enemy,” the Dr. replied sadly.

“I’ll do it!” I exclaimed before I could stop myself. The Dr. looked up gleefully.

“Let’s get started,” he happily uttered.

When my training was finished, Dr. Befnot sent me back to 1954 in New York. When I regained consciousness, I started fighting Dr. Five Brains (supposedly he was so smart it was like he had five brains). You see, that was how I started fighting the creepiest human on earth. After gaining consciousness for the sixth time, I realized that Dr. Five Brains was carrying what he called a confusinator that was

altering my powers and causing me to get transported to different times and places. Then, a great idea struck me. If I could only get to Mrs. Out Burst’s classroom, she would do the rest. Yesterday, a parent walked in to our very dull math lesson and Mrs. Out Burst almost exploded with fury. I wondered what she’d do if a super villain barged into her classroom during a spelling test?

Unfortunately, when I tried my brilliant plan, I got sent back to Ancient Egypt. While dodging the doctor’s deadly blows, another ingenious idea came to me. Maybe if I go to ancient Egypt, Dr. Five Brains device will take me to classroom 593, I thought. Fifty-nine terrified screams later, I tried to transport myself and the doctor to ancient

Egypt. Sure enough, we got transported to the classroom. As I sat back and watched, Dr. Five Brains suffered the rage of my amazing teacher. Soon after my heroic deed was done, the police arrived to take the now black and blue engineer to jail.

This just goes to show that no matter what extraordinary ability you have, nothing is impossible! Well, maybe me surviving when Mrs. Out Burst finds out I wasn’t at school that day is impossible...



The Leprechaun Grants a Wish

Wilder Unwin

Today is March 17, St. Patrick's day and I have caught a leprechaun. I brought him into my room and he said he would grant me a heroic ability for only one day. I said "That's impossible!" The leprechaun said "Nothing is impossible." So I choose the ability to bring back extinct animals for that day. I wanted to help scientists learn about extinct animals. He then jumped out of the window and ran away.

I went down to have breakfast. I had a cherry toaster strudel and then went down stairs to get on the bus. That's when I remembered that today was show and tell at school and I didn't have anything to show. So I brought back a dodo bird from the dead. When I got on the bus everyone stared at me in amazement. The dodo bird jumped around the whole time and pecked on people's toes.

When I got to school I saw Sorrel the bully. So I brought back a saber tooth tiger to beat her up' when I got to class I was first for show and tell. After show and tell was science and we studied the dodo bird. At recess I brought back a mammoth and we rode around on it. My class climbed up on the slide to get up on the smelly, hairy back of the mammoth. The ride was bumpy and the mammoth liked to tear up the ground.

When we were done and recess was over we went on a fieldtrip to the museum. In the bus I brought back a Tasmanian tiger so that we could be entertained on the bus. when we got to the front doors of the museum I brought everything back to life that I saw that was extinct. All of the scientists came running out of their labs to study them and gather wisdom to help benefit mankind.

When we got out of the museum I brought back a pterodactyl. It helped me conquer the world record of flying the fastest. I met everyone at the bus stop at school and we went to social studies. I saw Sorrel the bully with a black eye.

When class was over and I went outside I saw all of my teachers and they stared at me. They were mad at me for bringing back all of these crazy animals. They said that they were causing too much destruction and that I needed to stop.

After school I went and found the leprechaun that I had caught in my bedroom. I sat down next to him and asked him why he was here. He told me "Don't worry about what your teachers told you. All of the animals that you brought back will vanish at the end of the day and everything that was broken will be fixed."

I asked the leprechaun if Sorrel the bully could still keep her black eye though. Maybe it would teach her a lesson. He laughed and said that he could make it happen.

The next morning when I woke up all of the animals that I had summoned were gone. I saw the leprechaun sitting on top of my door knob. He said "I told you. Nothing is impossible!" With a pop he vanished.



Sky Flier

Larissa Romero

As I walked down the street I noticed a group of people staring at me. At that moment I realized they were staring at the clouds zooming at us. Rain began to pour, turning to hail in an instant. At that moment I realized what was happening.

If you didn't know I'm Liz. Yesterday I was taking my walk like usual, and the same thing happened to me as today. A man yelled from the sky that I now had super powers. All at once he said they would vanish the next day, and he would return. I was no longer Liz, I was now Sky Flier a heroic.

I knew I had to conquer my fear of heights. In that case I had to test my powers. I went home put on my blue equipment and left. I went to the top of a cliff and jumped. That's where I got my reputation as Sky Flier. I had the ability to fly. I caught robbers, and evil people. I had no choice but to proceed on helping my town. The benefit I had was endless. I felt like I was on top of the world, mostly because I was.

Rain is now pouring once again. I thought the figure had come to take my powers, but it was just a mad storm. I had to put a stop to it, so I put all my wisdom in to it and figured out I had more powers in me. I was able to freeze the water, and make it into a shield to block the storm out. People shivering became hot. The town became overheated. I used my lightning to break the ice shield, and it was cold again. Now it was freezing. My powers have gone wrong. I paced while deciding what to do about it. I finally came to a decision.

Let me tell you we all make mistakes, but this one is life or death, and it is all my fault. If I would have just let the mad storm pass, this might not have happened. Let me get back on track. I made a fire and let the storm happen. People gathered like a famous person was there to sing for free. A huge amount of people were now swarming around me.

The storm had now blown over. It was as dark as a cave. The only light to be seen was the glisten of the moon light. Hours went by. Now I'm back in the present. As I was saying the man with the deep voice came and my powers vanished like he said they would. The storm is now over and done with.

I wanted to make sure my powers were gone. In that case I put a pool before the cliff. I told myself, "Nothing is impossible." Now I jump. Sure enough I landed in the pool. I guess I'm back to normal. Not Sky Flier, Liz. I'm the me who was me before all of this. I'm sad I can't be a superhero, and save my town and all, but I'm glad to be back to normal.



The Superpower Story

Alyson Farrer

For one day, I would love to have the superpower to learn something instantly and to be able to perform it well immediately. This ability would allow me to be advanced in everything. I would choose this over any regular superpower because I can easily become frustrated when I do not understand math, writing, and history. It also discourages me when I can't swim butterfly because of my weak left shoulder. Only two other teammates have the same problem. One simple question, "Who wouldn't want to be able to learn anything and be heroic enough to do it well instantly?"

One Thursday I received a letter that had flew into my huge bedroom window. I yanked it out of its tight envelope and read, "Dear reader, your superpower wish has been granted! You may now have the ability to conquer whatever this superpower wish could be! But, there is a catch; it all ends tonight at midnight! This grants all superpowers, not including the ones with the benefit to vanish into thin air!" Meaning I have a whole day to test out being smart at everything! Maybe all of my friends would even call me Wisdom Woman! Even though this has been my dream for years, today did not go as I planned!

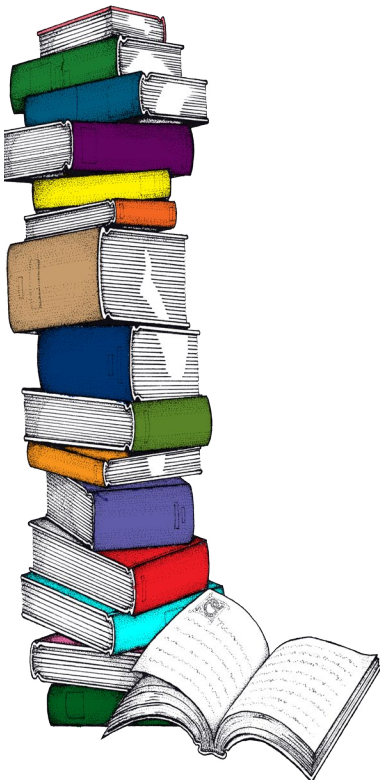
Thinking this would be the best day that would ever happen to me, I dressed in clothes that would bring out my character. Dressing in denim capris and a coral blouse, I pulled my Apple computer out and tested my superpower! Researching a high school algebra question and reading the informative paragraph, I immediately understood how to work the problem out! This could possibly be the best day ever! "Honey, can you grab a piece of toast for breakfast? I'm leaving for the office!" Mom asked. Flying down the stairs, I shout out a quick, "Sure!" Fetching

my bright green backpack I reached for the math textbook that I had brought out for homework last night! Racing out the door, I finally reached my red brick school building.

Strolling into my classroom, I was greeted by my teacher with a gleeful welcome. As I questioned myself if this would really work, Ms. Canthi passed out an assignment we were to finish before the end of this period. I was done in a ten minute stretch. Ms. Canthi collected my sheet and handed it back graded before we left to our next class! A+ was the score I earned on this history test! Almost standing and doing a happy dance, I placed it in my binder for safe keeping! The rest of my school day went exactly like this except for lunch in the cafeteria! "Did anyone get a perfect grade?" asked Jordan A. "I did!" I exclaimed. "Lucky!" said Libby jealously. Now I feel ninety-nine percent proud and one percent guilty. Hoping that I would not feel guilty at anything else today, I packed up and flew to my bus!

Arriving home, I grabbed my violin and music and headed to the car. Even though I knew that this would be the most impressive violin lesson ever, I was nervous I would mess up. During the lesson my fingers sprung right into place not making one mistake! My teacher got so happy she started to smile! Thinking back to my other lessons, she has never smiled in any of them, except for when I first started taking lessons from her! All of my notes were perfect. Even my fingers were playing in the right places to be sharp, flat, or natural! There was definitely no guilt here!

During swim, my coach realized I had gotten fast with much technique. So, she let me be the model to show everybody what to do! My friends kept shooting me dirty looks. This definitely was the worst swim practice ever! During piano, my teacher was very pleased but very suspicious! She asked me if I had a different teacher that was helping me. I shook my head! Not trusted, that hurts!! Then, a thought hit me! I would not be able to do this again! In reflection, not everything has to be perfect! But, nothing is impossible!



The Adventures of Star Lazer and Thunder Bolt

Jordan Pacheco

Two days ago I woke up and I had a tingling feeling in my feet. My feet jumped off the ground and I was on the ceiling of my bedroom. I had the ability to fly! Before anyone saw me I thought I should vanish and quick! I named myself Star Lazer because I later found out I had lasers in my eyes and super speed. I even created a costume! I wore a purple, pink and green long sleeved shirt and black pants. I also hired a sidekick who wanted to be in the heroic profession. He was my friend Angelo. He named himself Thunder Bolt. He could control weather, lightning bolts come out of his hands and he threw tornadoes at mean people.

One day we were taking a stroll looking for trouble. Thunder Bolt was really nervous on his first day of work. I told him he had to conquer his fear. Later that evening, we saw a man putting other people in danger by robbing banks and women's purses. We rushed over to him and told him he was being harmful to the community.

"I'm Red X the evil villain trying to become rich," said Red X. "Well I guess you have to be our enemy," I said. "Great I've been looking for someone to defeat," said Red X. "Let's do our super hero magic," I told Thunder Bolt. I kicked Red X with a powerful swing, raced around him with my super speed (to make him dizzy) and to finish him off I

burnt him on the arm with my lasers. Thunder Bolt threw tornados in his face and he threw thunder bolts at Red X. "Looks like we've won this round," I told Red X. "I will be back," answered Red X. "We will be waiting," I continued.

Later that night at 10 p.m. I saw Red X and called Thunder Bolt. We met right outside of Starbuck's and Albertsons. Thunder Bolt rushed over as soon as he got the call.

"My great wisdom will finish you off," shouted Red X. Then I remembered a spell I once heard on TV. It was worth a try. "I can do anything, be anything, follow my dreams and be amazing!" I said. Ugh those kind words, no no no!" screamed Red X. The magic spell worked! The spell blew him to the ground and he was never seen again.

"Oh, I forgot my mom is working at a benefit to cure cancer," I said.

Then the clock struck 12 p.m. I felt a tingling feeling in my feet (like the one I felt this morning). Boom! I turned back into a normal girl with no powers. "Aww! I am not a super hero anymore," I cried.

"Neither am I," cried Thunder Bolt. "We saved the town today from Red X," I said cheerfully. "Our work here is done... remember, nothing is impossible."



Shape Shifter

Makayla Ayala

It started out the same, just another day. I headed out the door for my daily run through the woods behind my house. While I was running, I began to feel a little light-headed. I decided to take a breather and that I would begin running again once I felt better. As I went to sit down, I touched an outlandish-looking plant. Slowly, the plant began to vanish before my eyes. I began to run back home assuming that what I saw was only my imagination. When I got home, I looked into a mirror and saw what I assumed to be my face. My face had become the face of an animal I saw in the woods - a wolf's face! As I stared into the mirror, my face

slowly began to transform to normal. A few minutes later, I began to realize what had happened. I had the ability to convert into anything I thought of or saw. I decided to go back to the woods to try out my "superpowers." I decided to try to fully transform into the wolf because it has the ability to conquer anything it comes upon.

As I continued trying, I began to feel myself changing, I began to feel like I was shrinking and as I looked at my hands, I noticed they were not my hands. I realized I was on all fours, becoming the animal of my choice. I slowly began to walk in my new form and I felt more agile. I began to trot,

slowly becoming a full-on run. As I was still adjusting to my new power, I heard the screaming of the people in the town. I followed the sounds of crashing and shrieks, but I did not remember to change back to myself. Suddenly, I was back to my human form and someone grabbed my arm and pulled me out of the sight of a strange looking man. The person informed me that the weird man was planning to destroy the town and its people. At that moment, I knew something had to be done. I was going to have to use my super power shape shifting - to save us. I quickly darted back into the woods to think of a plan.

As I was thinking, I heard more screams and crashing. I knew that I was the only person that was going to be able to conquer the enemy. I decided to start off as a lion and if that did not work I would change into something else. After I thought of my plan I transformed into the lion and charged at the stranger. I knew that I would need plenty of wisdom to defeat the villain, I was going to have to put up quite a fight to win this battle. I noticed that my opponent was wearing a suit with built in weapons. I slowed down at the thought of the weapons and did not notice that the man had taken hostages. When I slowed down to think I remembered that I was now a shape shifter and I can change into any creature that I can think of. So my plan, now that I have slowed down to think about it, is that I can change into any creature possible.

After I came back to reality, I was face to face with this horrible man. I had changed myself into an animal with different features. I had the head of a tiger, the body of a cheetah, the teeth of a venomous snake, the claws of a bear, the climbing skills of a jaguar, and I had the hunting skills of a lion. I chose these animals because the cheetah has the ability to run and is agile, the lion has the hunting ability, the bear has huge claws, the jaguar because of the climbing skills, the snake because of venom, and the tiger because of its intelligence. It took me a few minutes to become the animal I wanted to be. Once I was in the complete form, I began to pace back and forth to find where I would strike first.

Finally, I decided to strike at his leg to knock him off balance, but when I charged he saw me coming and swung at me. The hit I took was hard and knocked the breath out of me, yet I refused to give in to his evil. Suddenly, his suit had missiles and they were aimed at me. When they were flying towards me, I figured out what I was going to do. At the last

second, I jumped over each missile. When I jumped over the last missile, I jumped at the villain's chest to knock him to the floor. This time it worked. I hit him straight in the chest and knocked him to the ground. I saw that he was wearing a mask and I knocked it off. When I saw who it was, I was mortified. It was my boyfriend, Jason. I could not believe my eyes. I loved him! How could he do this to me, to the whole town? Everybody in town liked him and now he was the most feared and soon to be most hated. He struck me in my face and threw me across the street. I got back up in a matter of seconds and jumped right back on him. I said, "Please do not make me do this to you. I love you!" and then he slipped out from under me and was gone.

I began searching frantically for him to stop him from hurting the people in the town. I ran around town and found him near the park and ran at him. Jason continued to walk and did not see me. I clawed at his back and bit his shoulder. I knew that he would not survive the bite, but I did what I had to do to save the town. Once I changed back, the whole town was at the park looking, staring at the body of Jason Martinez. The person everyone loved and trusted. I could not help myself and I began to cry, I walked slowly back to my house and up to my room where I then fell asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, I went into the woods. I tried to change only to realize my powers were gone. Once I noticed this I went to the town gas station and bought a newspaper, On my way home I stopped in the park to read it and on the front was me as the animal I turned into, The article said that I was a heroic figure in the town. I knew that my powers would benefit the town, but if only I still had them. I can only wonder," Why did I only have them for one day? When the plant vanished, did it go to another city or town for someone else to find?" But now I know that somewhere the plant may be waiting for a town's next hero. As I thought this, I told myself," Nothing is impossible!"



The Day of the Elements

Kimberlyn Reinhardt

I'm walking down the street on my way to become a human guinea pig, by guinea pig I mean I have to sit in a chair and have a man named Nate insert superpowers into my blood flow. Its nerve wracking because I don't know what could happen if he failed. I don't know why I ever committed to this, it's dangerous. I'm going behind my parents' back, how could I do this? I can't do it, it could ruin my life if it fails. While I'm walking, I suddenly see it, the big brick building. Maybe I could run, no I'm going in.

Once I'm inside I see machines of all sizes and there standing in the middle of them, was Nate with his dark blonde hair covered in ashes. From the looks of things he had just finished working on another failed project. "Are you sure you want to do this, if not I can find someone else." "I'm sure, I can do it." "Okay then let me show you some of the machines." I decide to follow him. Walking around I think to myself of all the wisdom it must have taken to make all of these machines. Then Nate starts to speak, "This here is the machine we will be using to give you your powers." "Well, machine, it has gears and a helmet, but worst of all there were cuffs on the arm rests to hold you down. I consider running for it, would I make it? No it's too far, I have to stay. So after staring at the gears for several seconds, I slowly nod my head and he hooks me up. "This shot will make you sleep, okay?" "Okay, how long till I pass out?" "Thirty seconds." He pushes the shot into my arm. I'm lying there when suddenly my sight starts to vanish.

Suddenly I wake up with a cold chill running down my back, I sit there wondering where Nate went. "Nate, where are you Nate?" "Right here, what do you need?" "Did it work, do I have are you ready to get hooked up and started?" I stand there looking at the powers. "I don't know, get up, and think about summoning power." Slowly I get up and I think powers, come on I think give me some powers, come on. Suddenly water shoots out of the ground and then air flies around me, when I move my hands rocks shoot into the sky, and finally fire starts shooting out from under my feet. "Whoa chill out, stop we get it you have powers." "I have powers I really have powers." "Yes you do." "Oops sorry I didn't think they would work, I mean not to hurt your feelings but I kind of thought that you would fail." "Honestly, so did I but I didn't." "Oh yeah, and Nate did you ever give anyone else powers other than me?" "Well there was one lady, older than you her name was Veronica, and she wanted powers. I gave them to her and, well I regret it because she turned evil and

is now going around trying to find me and any other possible heroes." "Veronica, I know her she was an old family friend before she moved here, and then we moved here but we never really saw each other again. I can't believe she's evil she used to be so nice and friendly." "Yeah well people change. Anyways you should get going I have a feeling you're going to see Veronica again pretty soon." "Yeah I guess so, well I better go and get used to these powers. Bye."

Once I left Nate's place I went to an empty parking lot and started to work on my power control. In the empty lot I started to practice just my water powers. I started to summon small waves than I dried them with my air. After that I used my fire and caught small weeds and tumbleweeds on fire, then using my water I put them out. After a few hours of work I was finally ready to fight Veronica.

Suddenly I see Veronica with an army of lions around her. I think to myself her power must be the ability to control lions. Lions? Why lions, why not fluffy bunnies or kittens, for all I care they'd be easier to fight and maybe then I would have a small chance to conquer Veronica. How do I fight them? Water won't bug them, air will just make them angry. That means I have to use rock and fire powers. Great, the two powers I never really mastered in that time in the parking lot, well I guess I just have to wing it. Finally she sees me and I attack.

Using three big boulders I knock out four lions, then using my flames I take out the other twenty. Then she decides it's time for her to attack. I watch her jump towards me but then suddenly she's not there, in her place is a giant six foot tall lion standing over me. I look into its face you can see small details that proves its Veronica. It has deep purple eyes, and its face was a little chubbier than other lions. While I'm looking at it, it starts talking in a booming yet female voice. "You are that little girl who use to call me Auntie V aren't you?" "That's me Auntie V, I remember you used to be so nice I wanted to be like you when I grew up, but now I can't stand that thought." "Then fight." "Fine." Then we attack.

We fight nonstop for almost an hour, but then I decide it's time to end the fighting. Using all my energy I start to summon all the elements at once. I feel the energy surging though my body. Come on I think, come on please. Suddenly I feel all the power leaving my body, and there in front of me is a giant element tornado under my control. I move it toward Veronica and it hits her and starts to swirl her around inside it. I feel bad to do this to her but I know it will benefit

our town if I do it. After I see she passes out, I make the tornado stop and call 911 to come and take her to the doctor.

After they take her to the doctor everyone is asking me how I did it, and how I'm so heroic when I'm battling. "I'm normally a shy nervous girl, well that is until you get to know me, but I can be brave when I need to be." "Impossible!" says

an old lady. "Nothing is impossible!" With that, everyone leaves except for Nate. "Nate I just want to tell you thank you for the adventure." "You are welcome, now go to bed your powers will be gone tomorrow." "Okay." After that I go home and sleep knowing my powers will be gone tomorrow with no problems or worries.



Time Travel

Annabella Archuleta

As another boring day of my life started, Scarlett my sister and I, wanted to go and play down in the creek beside my house. As we ran down the trail toward the creek we saw lights coming from the creek. Scarlett and I were very curious and wanted to know what was glowing, cautiously we continued to follow the trail.

We followed the trail to where the creek had been blocked by the work of beavers. We looked everywhere for the lights but had no sight of it. In the middle of the blocked creek there was a little island and in the center of the island stood a stunning flower that I had never seen before. It had colors of turquoise and pink flowing from the inner part of the flower to the tips which were highlighted with yellow. It had started to glow like fireflies on a dark quiet night. We had become so fascinated with the flower that we had leaped from stone to stone to get to the beautiful plant. I sat down

near the plant and looked at its beauty and touched one of its petals. My head started to spin, Scarlett vanished, the sounds of the rushing water had stopped, and I had become sleepy and could not resist. I woke up and it was just me and the flower. I then looked down at the water and saw no reflection it had seemed that I was dead; however I could move.

The sound of the rushing water started again and I looked down at it and had a reflection but this time the water had words and specific dates on it. One was my birthday so I went to touch it, and my surroundings changed. I was suddenly in a hospital and outside a room, where my grandma and grandpa looked so young and my whole family was there. My dad came out and yelled, "It is a girl!" Everyone started clapping and hugging him. The weird part was that everyone was walking through me and seemed to not notice me.



I had the best superpower in the world! I stayed beside the flower astonished about my new ability and looked through more and more memories throughout my life. I looked into the sky and had realized it was getting dark, so I touched the flower again and Scarlett re-appeared next to me crying. She had said that I was sleeping so long that she thought I was dead. I laughed at the fact she thought I was dead. When we got home my parents were arguing, another day of fighting. His job did not give him a good benefit. My parents are hardworking people that do not earn a lot of money. So while my parents were arguing downstairs, I went upstairs into my room closed the door and cleared one whole wall. I took down all my posters and pictures and looked at the wall and more dates appeared so I picked one that had the date December 25, 2005.

It was my fourth Christmas and I had got my old vanity that I had for nine years now and I love it to pieces. Also I got my first Denver Broncos sweatshirt that I have hanging in my closet that I do not fit in anymore. It was the last present for me and it looked small and poorly wrapped, once I tore one piece it moved, I was too scared to open the rest so my brother tore it all up. It was a kennel. Confused I unlocked the gate and out ran an energized little puppy. It was Ruff my little husky! I was almost in tears because Ruff died last year when he was hit by a car. It was a tragic time for my family because we loved that dog to death. My sister walked in asking if I had seen her backpack and saw the memory playing on my wall. It was the first time I rode a bike. She finally believed me I guess, because she sat down next to me watching my memories too.

As we watched the time Scarlett got her ears pierced at age seven, we started laughing because she was crying like she was been given a shot. Our parents became suspicious, and walked in my room too. I paused the memory and we stared at each other for a long time. I had told them about the flower and how the super power rubbed off on me. They thought they were seeing things until I re-played the memory and not one word was said because we were deeply into the moment. We spent the entire day watching the so called videos of my life. It was about 9 p.m. at night and everyone was on my bed watching and listening with me. We all had an argument on which date to play. Scarlett wanted to play April 23, 2003 where she was doing her ballet recital when she was nine. I wanted to play February 15, 2002 where I had went to my first dentist appointment. My dad wanted to watch March

29, 2010 when we took a trip to Hawaii. My mom wanted to watch May 2, 2012 when I was getting my first flu shot, I guess she wanted to see me throw a fit. My parents got lazy to make dinner because we all were watching the memories so my mom ordered pizza. My room was like I have lived there for years and never left the room because there were pizza boxes, pints of pop and cups everywhere like I had thrown my own party.

It was getting late and I was wondering if I went to sleep my super power would be gone. I wanted to conquer time because I felt as if I were always missing important things in my life that make memories. It's where I gained hope, wisdom and faith that make me what I am today. The dates showing up on my wall were never ending, it seemed like I had been alive for 100 years. My parents were in tears half the time because we missed the old days where money was not a problem and family was more important. In my memories my parents were always heroic because they gave up so much to be with us. That night my family had realized that family is all we got and family is all we need. We all fell asleep on my bed that night. I do not know how we managed to squeezed on that tiny bed but we did. The next morning I woke up and tried my super power again, it was gone but I had those memories forever and a new beginning. That's why nothing is impossible!

Turmoil

Juliet Chi

Heavy raindrops battered down on my back as I trudged down the street. I believed it to be appropriate weather for the result of my inequitable life. Morose gray clouds loomed over me, concealing any ray of sunshine that dared try and poke its head out. Every cell in my body wished for me to vanish. Out of sight, out of mind, right? Finally, I reached my destination. I creaked open the front door and glanced around the house dejectedly. Of course my parents weren't home. They would never be home. I flung my backpack on the mahogany floor and willed tears that were threatening to break through not to fall. Fatigued from the jeers of my classmates and peers, I clambered up the stairs and promptly collapsed on my bed. I sank away into oblivion, wishing that I could avenge my pride. Strange dreams haunted me; I felt...a very mysterious desire to become one with nature.

In the morning, I woke to the sound of street cars beeping at each other; a strange sense of foreboding accompanied it. I felt like something important had happened in my dream, but I couldn't remember what it was. Rush hour at seven o' clock, on time every day. Trying to use the Force to summon my robe, I was surprised to find it in my hands. Bolting upright, any drowsiness left my mind as I gaped at the imitation silk in my hands. Waving this off as a morning hallucination, I practically crawled into the bathroom. I twisted the sink handle and a few, weak droplets spurted out before the ceasing to produce water anymore. Frustrated, I slammed my hands onto the edge of the sink. Out of nowhere, cool water sprayed me in the face. Extremely confused, I placed my hands onto the sink again. Nothing happened. I tried again and was shocked to find a sparkling orb of water levitating in my hands. Gasping, I let it drop. The ball splashed into the sink, the drops swirling down the drain. I scrutinized my hands in deep interest. Testing my newfound ability, I summoned my clothes and shoes into the bathroom. The latter rammed into my face after a light breeze carried it over. I pulled on navy blue jeans and an emerald green sweater. I grabbed my backpack and sprinted to school.

I shivered along the way. Smiling, I tried to warm myself, and minuscule orange flame popped into my hands. I grinned again, feeling the warmth of my yet powerful, fire engulfing me. I arrived at school, and my smile was replaced with a neutral mask. I slunk through the halls, trying not to burn anyone. Unfortunately, someone

rammed into my shoulder. Automatically, I mumbled a rehearsed apology, but the boy just shrugged and smiled at me.

As he walked away, I overheard his friends laughing, "Dude, why'd you talk to the freak? She's a real creep."

Angrily, I created a small rise in the ground and the offenders tripped over themselves. Scowling, I decided to allow myself to benefit from my power to control the elements. A fiery desire consumed me. I wanted to conquer the world and make everyone pay for their wrongs against me. Why should I be an outcast because of who I am? I leapt out of the school window and floated on a gust of wind. Many people pointed at me as I passed over them. One voice I heard was from a well-known, popular girl from my school.

She cried, "Look it's the freak! I was right about her! She's a weirdo!"

Acting purely on impulse that was fueled by my rage, I dropped a huge ball of boiling water onto her.

She shrieked, "Ow! My hair!"

Smirking, I flew back to my tiny apartment. I found one of my old Halloween costumes and took its mask. I zipped up a blue, restricting jacket and zoomed out the window again. I banished the clouds simply by moving my hands apart. The bright sun burst forth with blinding light. I shielded my eyes, and then proceeded to glare at the city smiling up at me with hopeful eyes. Fury overwhelmed me; the thought "power is hierarchical" ran through my mind over and over again. Creating a maelstrom of blazing fire, I hurled it down to the metropolis I so despised. The crackling orange flames razed the tallest buildings and ignited the rest. The screams of citizens became music to my ear. I wanted them to suffer and to feel the anguish I felt.

Amplifying my voice with the wind, I thundered, "Attention citizens! You have wronged me since the day I was born! Now...you will feel my torture."

Screaming in horror, the people attempted to scramble out of the metropolitan inferno. I raised walls made of earth that were at least ten feet in width. Sparkling water coalesced around me; I intended to pretend to drown them to give them a nice scare. The sapphire aqua shot towards the city. The fire was extinguished and I could make out men in burnt expensive suits. I slowly drained the water.

I gazed around the remains of what once was a great metropolis. I fixated on something, a young woman slowly being crushed by a wooden pillar. Her baby, who was barely able to stand, was wailing.

The woman smiled weakly and cooed, “Don’t worry. Mommy’s going to be fine. Live my beautiful child. Go to sleep. Shut your eyes. You are my little darling...”

Something dawned on me. Something that I didn’t know I could feel anymore. Compassion. I wanted to change, to do something good. In my epigrammatic moment of a moral epiphany, I acted on whim.

I sprinted over and burned the pillar without harming the woman. She rushed out and scooped up her baby. Tears ran down her dusty face as she thanked me with more gratitude than I had ever received in my entire life. I saw that she had some minor burns on her back, though she didn’t seem to mind nor did she mention it. The sun had set and the fire began to burn. My body strained” not being able to cope with the sharp agony spreading through me. My time was up, and I knew it. I struggled to hold together the wispy strands that kept me conscious. Collapsing to the ground, I at least wanted to leave a parting gift before the side-effects of me selling my soul took place. I waved my hand in an arc, and a beautiful garden sprouted out, replacing the metropolis’ remains.

Trying to withstand the immense pain that I felt, I cried, “I’m sorry. It’s impossible for me to see what you people do with this garden, but I want you to love and cherish it forever!”

My consciousness slipped away; I was fading to eternal darkness. I woke up with a start and heard a monitor beeping faintly. I tried to summon water, but nothing happened. I was in a hospital bed.

On my bedside table I saw a note. It read: Nothing is impossible!



A Power of Wisdom

Ayrianna Benavidez

I believe I contain a gift. A gift of wisdom. Some believe it's a superpower, but I find everything difficult to undertake without faith and wisdom. Faith, the confidence in wisdom and trust. A trust in confidence and wisdom. A perpetual cycle that's formed on interdependency. An ability to captivate a little hope into our society. That's where I come in. I am able, able to peer not only into the future and past, but to actually see into the heart of the people.

Years ago, the world was divided due to past wars and extremities in violence. There were no countries, nations, states, or cities. There was only one group in the world then; it was established as the Society. Ranks were the hierarchical foundation of the Society, and were formed by the committee of foreseers. The foreseers provided wisdom, faith, and love for all of the ranks and take upon the highest rank. Foreseers were the leaders of the Society and through their wisdom they decided outcomes in the society. In the depths of the nation's despair, there were survivors. They were known as remnants in our society and received the lowest rank. Remnants still acquired the affection of others, but were not capable of securing the power of wisdom. The middle ranks were titled the Rising. Once you turn a certain age, then we had the opportunity to train extensively and try to qualify for the Foreseer Rank. The training and process was known as the upbringing. Only a handful passed the upbringing and obtained the potential of wisdom. Only the foreseers could decide if the individual possessed the gift through the upbringing by utilizing their own wisdom.

Seven out of the copious one hundred Rising were chosen for the Upbringing. The foreseers chose which of the Rising they believed were capable enough to handle the gift. My loyal friend and I were accepted into the upbringing. Our objective was to gain as much in the development of the gift to be certified as a foreseer. For the training in the upbringing, it was mandatory for the insight evaluation once a week. The evaluation testing is when we had the opportunity to portray the potential of wisdom through the insight of the foreseers. In three short weeks, the foreseers would decide the fate of each individual. The one who proved he/she contained the inherent wisdom would receive the gift for one day.

The upbringing ceremony was held last week. We spoke our short goodbyes to our dear families and headed off to

train with the foreseers in their grand living arrangements. We took the flying car to their homes and as we ascended, our families became gradually distant. I knew they would eventually vanish like the solitary sun setting in the evening.

When we arrived, the Foreseers were already waiting for us. There were seven foreseers, one foreseer for each Rising. We were handpicked by the foreseers and are known as the chosen. We lived with the foreseers in their separate houses to focus on developing the gift of wisdom. I will be living with a lady Foreseer for the next three weeks.

The first time I opened her front door, I was inclined for total amazement, ambitiousness, and awe-inspiring decor. Instead, there were tons of brown shelves with a boundless amount of books. When the Foreseer saw my disappointment, she faithfully stated, "Be wise my dear for you will see the true colors of man and what the world used to be." As my questions about the process of the Upbringing accelerated, I noticed she only answered with poems that rhymed.

I asked curiously, "What three evaluations will we be doing?"

She replied with an abundance of wisdom, "First you will categorize the good from the bad, classifying, organizing just a tad. Second you will confide with your confidence and faith within, find your identity and also wisdom. Lastly, you will find the instructions to be a leader, with great intelligence not to be meager. If you follow my steps to success, your life will be filled with great finesse."

As she recited the poem, I made a mental note of every word to benefit me for future purposes. She delicately gave me a book and nodded as if to start reading right then. Every word on the page was full of life. The book was thriving and it was as if the author was an illustrator, painting delightful sequences in my brain. I was finished with that huge book in a half hour. It seemed as if a few minutes had gone by. I asked the lady foreseers for another book to immerse myself in.

She responded, "This book is enough for one day, tomorrow I will give you another book to portray." Every day for the next six days, my hours were spent reading and trying to translate the foreseer's complex poems into the language I currently speak. Before I knew it, it was time for the first Evaluation and to conquer the chosen. We were given scenarios and tested on how we would deal

with the situations if it became a reality. My strategy was to utilize my knowledge I gathered from the books and put them to use during our first evaluation. I realized all of the books I consumed were given to me for a reason. Inside each book there was a message to seek out the good from the bad. I passed the first evaluation in a breeze as if I had been studying the concept of problem solving for years. My knowledge and intellectual superiority was captivated from the mesmerizing books.

My foreseer and I confidently strutted back to her extravagant house. The lady foreseer observed my proud attitude and clearly communicated, "Don't get cocky and confident. Remember the reason you're here, the opportunity to gain the power of wisdom and knowledge."

All over again, I read a different book every day. The empowering autobiographies that the foreseer hand-picked spoke into me and warmed my soul. Each author contained heroic qualities. Through the writer's experiences, I was able to seek my identity throughout myself and pursue my individuality. Shortly after, the second evaluation approached. The circumstances changed from the last evaluation. We had to genuinely answer personal questions about our character and how we perceived ourselves. Because of the autobiographies I read, I was prepared for that second evaluation. The foreseer was assisting me in being proactive by reading books that were relevant to the upcoming evaluation.

I woke up that next morning and the lady Foreseer had disappeared. I collaborated with the other chosen and all of the foreseers were completely gone. For the week I was supposed to be reading to prepare for the evaluation, I was looking for the foreseers. All of the chosen, including me, had to unite as one to bring the leaders of the society back.

Consequently, the foreseers disappeared for a reason. They wanted to observe our reactions when they left to see if we would utilize our inner wisdom as a super power. Since we united, all of the chosen received the gift. Nothing is impossible!



One Day a Hero

Michael Gonzales

Sometimes I like to dream, I am someone greater than I already am. That I am able to be someone important. It was in the middle of October when my dream became a reality for only a day. This was the worst day of my life.

I live in the most beaten down neighborhood in the whole city of San Francisco. Every house within a fifty yard radius would have chipped wood or broken windows. Lamppost that once produce light at night were on the edge of snapping. Homeless men would lay near a dying tree to cool down. My house was in between an abandon house and an old man's house. The old man whose name was either David or Henry was believed to be insane

I live in a house that was beaten up and small. It was only one story tall with an attic that I call my room. My room in the attic has a cozy red bed that always remind me that things could get better than what they already were. Downstairs lived my baby sister Susan and my mother, who both shared the same room that we called the nursery. I use to have a dad that lived with us until he started abusing me and my mother. Then at the age of eleven I had to battle my dad in court. It was from that point when I saw that if justice needed to be served I would do anything in my power to serve it. Even if it meant losing my dad.

When my tired mom called me down the attic for breakfast to start off the day, I gave her a hug in joy of actually having breakfast. Today was payday for my mom she earned a total of three hundred dollars. Not much but it meant a somewhat good meal and paid bills. My sister Susan ran from the nursery and greeted me with a hug. Unlike other sisters mine is the coolest. We rarely get into fights and we love each other. I may not have the "perfect house" that everyone seems to have but I enjoy having my family.

The day changed in an instant. I always knew that there was bad news when my mom tried to smile. "Danny, Susan, I have good news and I have bad news." Said my mom in a quavering voice. "I got a promotion at my job as a nurse, which means more money. The bad news is my boss who is your dad will only let me have the job if he moves back in." right on cue there was a knock on the door. Sure enough it was my dad. The day ended with beatings, my dad shouldn't even be here abusing me. Was justice being lied to?

While in the attic my right leg was in pain and bruised. I could barely walk. I had a black eye that I had to squint to

see anything. My mother's and sister's wounds were the same. My dad wanted to show us what happens when we try to get rid of him. I crawled to my attic window and saw a shooting star. I made a wish to be strong enough to take this abuse and protect my family from it.

The next day it was my turn to go to the grocery store. My dad told me if I wasn't back in 10 minutes I was a dead man. We didn't have enough money for a car. So I had to walk. The walk was only two minutes long to the grocery store. I didn't have enough wisdom to realize how lucky I was to even make it to the grocery store, because of how bad the neighborhood was.

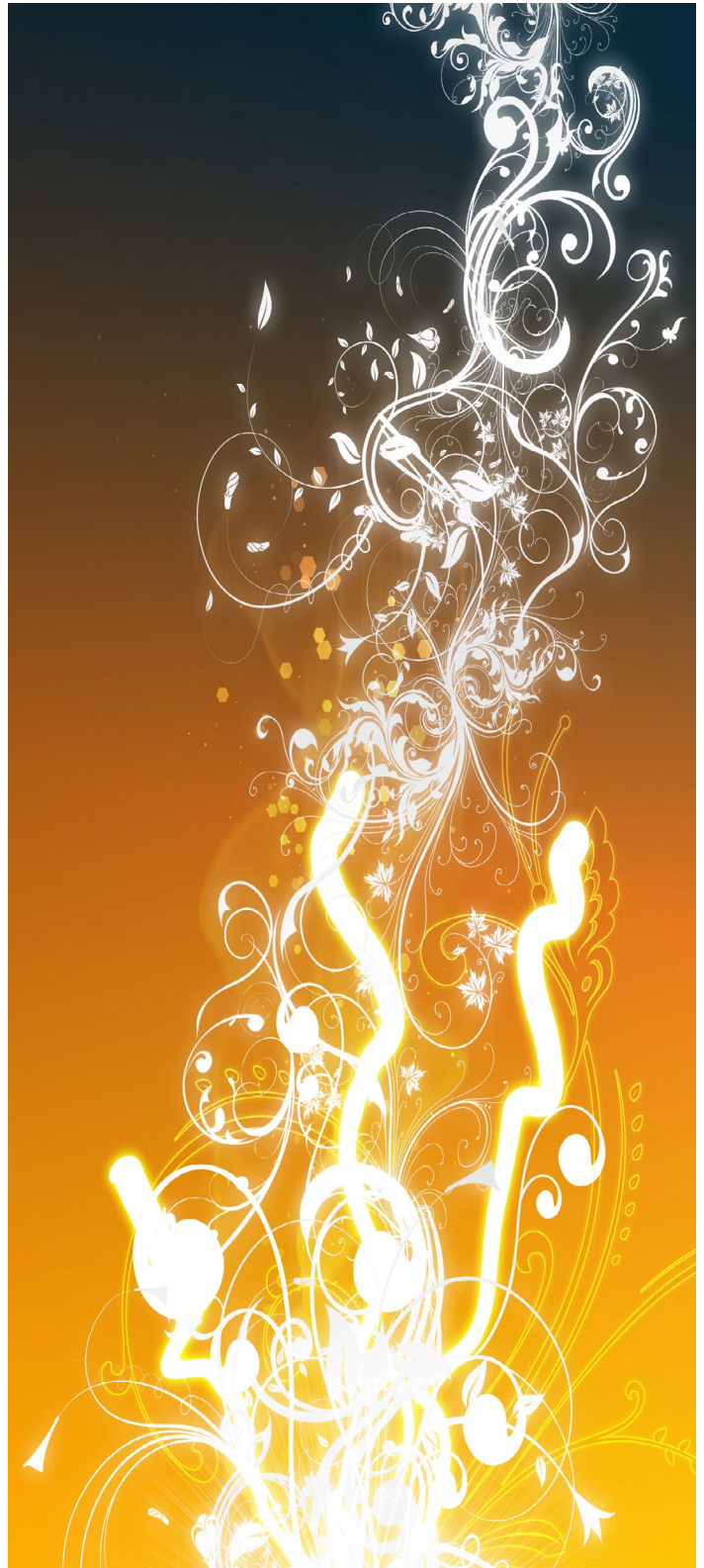
I must have been very unlucky that a hooded figure came rushing in holding a gun yelling, "Everyone get on the ground!" He was cleaning out the cash register when the cops came. The robber grabbed me to show the cops he wasn't afraid to shoot any of us. I remembered my wish I made last night. I wasn't heroic but I knew I might have a chance to conquer the hooded man. I stomped on his foot and disarmed him with my right hand and punch with the left. The punch caused him to go air born. The cops began firing at me even though I stop the hooded man from robbing the store. I felt five sharp pains all over my body including my head.

It must have been police shooting at me. I felt my body for blood, but there was no blood on me. Only holes in my cloths. I must not only have the ability to be stronger than what I already am, but I may also be bullet proof. The bullets was still painful, I just wasn't wounded. I ran through a window shattering it. I heard more gunshots. The police were firing at me! I jump a nearby fence that led to someone's backyard. From there I made my way home. I will give the police officers the benefit of the doubt. If I saw a kid punch somebody who was twice his size into the air I would shoot at the kid too.

My dad was waiting for me outside my house. I knew I might not be able to vanish and escape my dad as easily as I did the cops. My dad pulled out a pistol from his jacket and pointed at my head. Bullet proof or not it will still hurt. A lot. I put my hands in the air to surrender. My mom and sister were watching with tears in their eyes. "You were a minute late," my dad said in a drunk voice. Is this justice? Even if he did shoot me I know I wouldn't die but he could always shoot my mom...or my sister. He pulled the trigger. I faked dead so he wouldn't kill my family. When my dad

turned around to lecture my family why my death was their fault, I got up and grab him by his shoulder and lifted him above my head and threw him to the ground a couple of feet away from me. I walk over to him to finish him off. When he grab his gun and shot three times. I only felt one gunshot. I turned around and saw where the other two shots landed. My mother and sister were dead on my porch. I turned back at him in pure anger and charge at him when all he had to say was, "It wasn't my fault."

When I got a hold of him all I saw was red. There was blood on my hands. I ran as far as I could in fear of what I just did. When I was far enough away that I felt safe I collapse onto the sidewalk. I tried to sleep with the images of my dead family. I even tried to keep them alive, looks like I failed them both. Now my sister is dead along with my mother. The next day I felt weak. My power was gone. Maybe it will come back when I need it most. After all nothing is impossible!



A Frozen Dream

Ilissa Shaul

If I had a super power for just one day, it wouldn't be to fly or have x-ray vision or even to be able to vanish into thin air. No, I'd choose the ability to create ice wherever I wish. Since I am a figure skater, it would be a chance of a lifetime to jump, glide and spin to my heart's content from sunup to sundown.

"What?!" you may ask puzzled at such a thought. "How in the world could you possibly benefit from a super power like that?" It's simple and makes perfect sense to an ice queen like me. Besides turning parking lots into ponds and sidewalks into frozen streams that anyone and I could enjoy,

and grasslands, I'm there. I visit the sights I'd love to see next to the Eiffel Tower, which are the Statue of Liberty, Rockefeller Center, the Empire State Building and the toy store from Home Alone 2 (simply a must). After taking a bite out of the Big Apple, I set out on my incredible journey.

In order to cross the vast and frigid Atlantic Ocean, I use my wisdom in preparation for my adventure. Every figure skater knows that the most vital piece of equipment needed is freshly sharpened blades. My own becoming dull after the long skate to New York, I stop at the local ice rink to visit the skate technician before venturing out.



I would be able to finally conquer my truest and deepest longing...to see the Eiffel Tower in the city of lights, which is Paris, France.

Are you wondering how this could be? Well, let me explain just how I would accomplish such a feat. First of all, with such a power I skate my way from Pueblo West, Colorado to New York City, New York turning highways and byways into frozen lanes with a thrust of my hands. After many miles of touring through prairies, mountains

Next, I gather all my essentials...pizza, ice cream, Ding Dongs, my skate club jacket, ear muffs, gloves, skate dress (with lots of bling), and most importantly my cherry red MP3 plus 101 AAA batteries so I can listen to Mandisa, Newsboys, and Mercy Me every stroke of the way. All these supplies naturally fit into my royal blue 2014 Southwestern Regional Figure Skating Championships backpack which is convenient so I'm free to swiftly twist, leap and twirl all the way to Europe.

Totally thrilled, it's now time to start my expedition. As I stand on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean watching waves crash down on the sandy beach, I feel a light breeze gently brush face. I close my eyes and take a deep breath of the fresh and crisp ocean air. My beautiful snow white skates are on my feet and I'm ready to go. I stretch out my hands and...swoosh! I look before me and see a long, smooth, clear path of ice reaching across to the horizon. I step out onto the solid icy road that awaits me and begin skating, one stroke after another.

It's amazing! It's like nothing I've ever experienced before. I'm skating on an ocean, the grandest ice rink in the world and it's all mine to enjoy! There are no hockey players, speed skaters, or other figure skaters whizzing by me or cutting me off in the middle of an axel jump or a layback spin. There are no judges to impress, no audience to please and no snooty competitors to worry about. It's just me being free, doing what I love. I do a spiral, then a lunge, a double salchow jump here, a haircut spin there. Twizzle after twizzle, jump after jump, spin after spin I make my way to my destination and it's tres cool.

Along the way I spot a pod of playful dolphins escorting me. We seem to be cheering each other on. I leap then they leap. I twirl then they twirl. I giggle then they giggle. It's our own game of "Follow the Leader." After a while we part ways then I'm startled by the blast of a whale's blowhole. I'm showered by the spray and surprisingly see the tail of a whale rising above the surface. It is an awesome and astounding sight to behold.

Besides being entertained by incredible sea creatures, I also pass the time by imagining historical events that occurred on and over the Atlantic Ocean. As I see a gigantic iceberg sticking out of the water like a zit on my nose, I'm reminded of the Titanic. I wonder what it would have been like to be a passenger on that great ocean liner and experience both the excitement of being on its maiden voyage and the tragedy of its sinking into the depths of the sea. As a tear trickles down my cheek, I glance up at the salmon colored sky and my thoughts race to another time in history when the young, courageous air-mail pilot, Charles Lindbergh, flew the Spirit of St. Louis in the first solo transatlantic flight. As I think on what Lindy accomplished in 1927, I suddenly realize that we have something in common. Our routes are exactly the same! We both started in New York with our sights set on Paris. That's amazing!

The name Lindy triggers my memory of another famous aviator who was nicknamed "Lady Lindy." Amelia Earhart also performed a first in aviation history. She crossed the same body of water that I'm traveling on. In 1932 she was the first female to fly solo over the Atlantic. Her planned route was from Newfoundland to Paris, but landed in Ireland instead. She received the Distinguished Flying Cross from Congress for her achievement. Thinking of her determination lights a spark in me to keep on and not lose heart as my legs begin to grow weary.

Suddenly, I catch a glimpse of land and instantly my strength is renewed. I'm just a few miles away from victory and another remembrance comes to mind. The Mayflower, carrying Pilgrims, had also journeyed these waters, but in reverse from Europe to the New World. Seeing land at last and feeling both exhausted and overjoyed I picture them rejoicing after months of misery and sacrifice just to reach their dream of freedom. In that moment, I'm filled with gratitude and the hope that dreams can come true.

With a few strokes more, I finally set foot on the shore of France. Reenergized, I glide through the countryside and villages to Paris at last! It's nightfall as I skate through the Arc de Triomphe, past the Louvre and Notre Dame. I freeze the River Seine making it my personal "red carpet" to the magnificent Eiffel Tower. I quickly change into my sparkly skate dress. With a wave of my hand I create a winding path of ice to the top. The view of the city of lights is breathtaking. My wish has come true thanks to my super power! Nothing is impossible! This may not seem heroic to all, but reaching my frozen dream is all that matters to me.

In the Impact Zone

Hannah Monk

It was a cool December morning on the California coast, just as the sun was peeking over the horizon casting a soft glow on everything around me. The soft whir of the chains on my bike was the only sound on my sleepy neighborhood; the birds not even chirping yet. Why am I awake this early, you may ask? To explain it is merely impossible, you have to feel it to understand. Only one logical explanation can be given, and that is to catch the perfect wave. “Wisdom,” my dad always tells me, “Is the key to deciphering a junker from a dream.” I’ve been at it for months, yet still haven’t quite gotten my dream. I’m sitting on my board about a hundred feet out, the deep blue ocean glistening from the rising sun. I look out into the abyss, completely in the moment. When out of nowhere, a huge set is breaking on the horizon. I lean down and paddle with everything I have, the salt water tingling my fingers with each stroke. I’m there; I stand up on the ride of my life, and I crouch down to grab some tube suction. My fingers are glazing the inside of the tube, adrenaline pumping through my veins, when suddenly...”Whoa Sophie look out!” screamed the voice of a boy standing beside a trash can. I slam the brakes of my bike, the wheels making a skidding, screeching noise as I fishtail and lose my balance. “Oh, Sophie are you alright?” he said as he grabbed my hand to help me up. “Yeah, sorry about that Adam. I wasn’t paying attention to where I was going.” I said sloughing off my clothes. “Were you thinking about that ‘perfect wave’ again?” he asked. “Yeah.” I said with a guilty smile. “I don’t know, Adam. I mean is it even possible?” I asked looking at him, my sandy blonde hair catching the California breeze. “I don’t know, Sophie.” he said. Then looking at me with a mysterious grin, he said, “I guess you’ll never find out unless you go for it.” I smiled, then grabbed the handlebars of my bike. “I’d better get out there while the waves are at least trying to help me out.” I said. He then called out, “Alright. Good luck!”

I came to a stop once I got to the bike rack, and saw my favorite sight; I’m the only one on the beach. I know I can benefit from this, as any wave that arises is mine, there’s no competition. I grinned, then grabbed my surfboard, threw off my shoes, then ran towards the ocean as though she were a long lost friend. I then dove into the water, and for me, this is the perfect start to my day; a gallon of water shot up my nose, and somehow another gallon finding its way into my way too tight wet-suit. I paddle out, when halfway there, something catches my eye: a glowing starfish. “There’s no

way,” I think to myself as I paddle over for a closer look. Sure enough, there it is, resting on a partially submerged rock. I’m not an inquisitive person, but this time it has my full, undivided attention. I reach my hand out to touch it, shaking as though I have the chills. Then, just as my finger slowly touches it, “Ow!” I scream, yanking back my stung hand. I look at it for a brief moment, then look again to see the starfish still there, only nowhere near glowing. I look at my hand again, having a small pinprick on the tip of my finger. It then begins to vanish. “Whoa.” I say aloud, then take another look out into the ocean. “Man, I wish I could just, make my dream wave appear!” I say raising my hands. When suddenly, with the raise of my hand, a wave arises. I smile, then raise my two clenched fists into the air and screech for joy when again, another wave arises. “No way.” I say, astounded. Slowly and attentively, I raise my hand again, higher and higher, when I stop; there it is. I keep my hand raised as the dream wave refuses to fall, then I paddle out quickly to conquer my dream head on.

I’m sitting on my board about a hundred feet out, the deep blue ocean glistening from the rising sun. I look out into the abyss, completely in the moment. ‘When out of nowhere, a huge set is breaking on the horizon. I lean down and paddle with everything I have, the salt water tingling my fingers with each stroke. I’m there; I stand up on the ride of my life, and I crouch down to grab some tube suction. My fingers are glazing the inside of the tube, adrenaline pumping through my veins, when suddenly I can see the break of the wave. I feel like a superhero, making my heroic appearance on a golden board. I’m stunned I have the privilege and ability to experience something so majestic. Although I know this moment won’t physically last forever, I know psychologically it will. I take one more deep breathe into the salty miracle, feeling the mist resting on my eyelashes, and gracefully make my exit. I gasp for air as I arrive on the surface, and look out into infinite miles of ocean. It’s still, as though nothing has happened. I let out an astonished, unbelieving laugh, then paddle towards the shore with accelerated speed. On the shore, I run towards my bike swiftly, then fly along the streets looking for someone to tell.

I don’t know it, but catching my dream wave and discovering my power has taken up the entire day, and right now, the sun is setting and the day is almost over. Gliding down the sidewalk, I see none other than Adam walking

towards the beach. “Adam! Wait up!” I yell as I hop off my bike and run towards him. “What’s wrong, Sophie?” He calls back, running to meet me. “You’ll never believe it!” I say, completely out of breath. “What is it?” He asks. “My dream wave! Adam I rode it!” I say, still shocked myself. “What? Are you serious? Congratulations, Sophie that’s great!” He exclaimed. “No, you don’t understand. I got to make it!” I said. “What?” He asked, puzzled. “Come on, I’ll show you.”

We ran off towards the beach, and by the time we got there, the sun had already sank, and it was barely light outside. We held our surfboards under our arms, then I took a deep breath, then looked at him. “Okay, you ready?” I asked. He shook his head yes, then I lifted up my hand towards the ocean. Only this time, nothing happened. “What?” I whispered, then began to raise my hand up and down with

no avail. “Oh, Adam. I’m so sorry. I just don’t understand, a minute ago...”

“Sophie!” he interrupted.

“What?” I asked.

“Sophie look, your board!” I then looked down, to see glowing on my board, engraved were the words, “Nothing is impossible!”



The Ultimate Battle of Wits

Brendon Rushing

Jason walked through the forest holding his bow at the ready. He was hunting for his family dinner again, because his dad failed to keep a steady job. A small rustle of leaves caught his attention and he spun around with an arrow ready. He cautiously lowered his bow when he laid eyes on what was in front of him.

A rusty, metal box laid in front of him with a small piece of paper taped to the top. He slowly approached the box. He still had a death grip on his bow, prepared to fight if necessary. He bent over and ripped the piece of paper off of the box and jumped back in one swift motion. He unfolded it and stared in confusion at the contents.

It reminded him of the ancient, abandoned languages he learned about in history. It was something like cuneiform or ancient Greek. A buzzing feeling started in his head.

The longer he stared at the paper the more intense the feeling became. He wanted to look away, but it was as if the paper had stripped him of his will power. The letters began to blur and run together. Then, all at once, the letters formed solid lines again, but this time in English.

It said: You are from an ancient planet, the shadow world, which was long ago destroyed. You and your sister are the only living descendants from the shadow world. We, the ones sending you this, happen to be from the same planet that destroyed yours. The reason we destroyed it was because we found them unworthy of the gift of life. However, the two of you were raised on earth which had proven itself many years ago. Because of this we have decided to give you an opportunity to prove yourselves separately from the rest of your home planet. Choose one power. Think very carefully because you will have to defeat a man who has the ability of mind control using this power. Choose one that will benefit you. Once you have decided grip the rock contained inside this box and you will have it. Then, your opponent will come. Remember, you have your life as well as your sister's life to fight for. Good luck.

Jason knew that this was impossible. This wasn't real. Maybe, he ate some bad mushrooms with dinner yesterday, but at the same time he found himself believing it.

"Mind control, huh. What better way to beat mind control than with a superior mind."

Jason smirked to himself. No way was he going to lose. He had too much riding on this. Jason looked down at the box once again. He walked towards the box with more confidence this time. He dropped to his knees and opened

the lid. Inside, was what appeared to be a normal stone. Upon closer examination though, it was revealed that there were small traces of neon green that was almost too small to see.

He reached down with a renewed nervousness. He gripped the stone and a sudden pain rippled through his body and a fog clouded his mind. His back arched and he released a small gasp of pain. 'What ability do you seek?' Jason gasped again, this time in confusion. He took a moment to collect his bearings.

"Wisdom," he spoke aloud, "I seek great wisdom."

"Granted."

He hoped the pain and fog would vanish when he was done. It did, partially. However, an echo of pain remained.

And that is when he appeared.

Jacob had yet to realize that he was no longer alone. That cost him. Pain once again flooded into his mind. The only difference is that this time the pain was multiplied tenfold. He had entered his mind in an attempt to take over. "Who...who are you?" Jacob barely stuttered out.

"Names are pointless pleasantries that we need not indulge ourselves in," he replied tensely as he put most of his power into taking over the young boy's mind.

"You... mind control," Jacob quietly as he used all of his newfound knowledge and brain power into finding a way to push back the mysterious man's advance. Sweat started to form along his brow and his teeth started to ache from how hard he was biting down.

"Hehe. That's correct," The man stated with a smirk, "and I conquer people like you for breakfast!"

The pain in Jacob's head increased to a level where it could have exploded and no one would be surprised. It took every bit of Jacobs's brain power to not fall to his strange foe.

"You have an impressive mind, I'll give you that, but I cannot fail," the man said despite knowing that his power was slowly fading and while he has making progress it was not coming along fast enough to be able to take the boy down before he lost his power. He would have to attack physically, but he cannot fight a mental fight and physical fight at the same time.

The man pulled out a dagger, halted his mental barrage, and lunged forward. Jacob barely had time to register what was happening. If he didn't have his new ability then he wouldn't have been able save himself. He didn't have time

to ponder that thought any longer than he did because the man longed again.

‘Get the gun!’ his mind screamed at him. He lunged backwards, fell to the ground kicked his opponent’s legs out from under him, and scrambled back until he could feel his shotgun pressing into his lower back. He spun himself around and hastily grabbed the gun, almost shooting himself in the process. He spun back around while simultaneously reloading the gun.

He came face to face with the demonic evil man he had been at war with for the past 25 minutes. He, on pure instinct alone, swung his gun like a baseball bat. Good thing he did so too because he hit the hand gripping the knife which was quickly making its way towards his chest.

An ugly crunch resounded throughout the forest, which was followed by the screams of the mystery man. The man knew he stood no chance in a physical battle anymore, so in one final desperate attempt he launched into the boys mind again. Jacob was expecting it. Using his new brainpower he crushed the mind of his opponent.

In a flash the man was gone. The battle was over.

As time went by after that day he found it hard to keep the experience to himself, but he knew the true heroic thing would be to spare his sister innocence. He took one main message from the entire experience that changed his entire outlook on life. Nothing is impossible.



The 20s Touch

Jenna Mount

Oh baby, do you hear that jazz!?! And those absolutely ravishing fedoras they are wearing! Honey, I just love the 20s...

This is the year 2014, I know. But, did you ever think that with just one touch, someone could turn any place into a scene from the roaring 20s? No? Well say hello to the girl that can! I am a junior in high school, and last night I was invited to my very first party. It was crazy! There was music that made your heart have the ability to stop, and drinks that were so high class. There was such a cute guy there, and he offered me a drink. He said it was just a fruit punch, but my wisdom told me otherwise. Being your average love-struck teenage girl, I accepted it. It did taste exactly like he said it would, but after a while I started feeling a little funny. I went home, laid in my bed, and ended up falling asleep. I had forgotten that I set an alarm for midnight to make sure I was home in time, so when it went off I was startled. But what was even more startling was when I reached over to turn it off, everything around me changed. Literally, everything. There were women in long, flowing dresses, and the men were dressed in suits. Not to mention, everything was black and white! It was just like those old time movies from the 20th century. My bed was in the middle of a road! There were little wagons with people going around me, looking at me as if I was out of place! It made no sense! I reached over to pick up my glasses, and accidentally hit a lady walking by. But then out of nowhere, everything was gone, and my stuff was back to normal! What just happened? It made me so nervous. Is there something wrong with me? Was this all just a dream? Questioning everything, I ran downstairs to the kitchen to get some food. Maybe I was just hungry after drinking that drink. Then, it dawned on me. Maybe that drink wasn't spiked with alcohol, maybe it had super powers! Wow I felt so crazy saying that to myself. I took a deep breath, and thought about it for a second. How is it that just after a few swigs of an drink, I suddenly had a power?



After thinking for a minute, I wondered what would happen if I touched something again. I walked over to the leftover pizza my parents saved me for dinner, and hesitantly reached down to grab a slice. Boom! There it was again! There I was, for the second time, standing in a scene from the 20s. Now that I kind of expected it to happen, I actually took a second to look around and see what's around me. It was so cool! I started walking around, and saw one store in particular I wanted to go into. There was a dress in the front window that was to die for. The dress was about

knee length, and was an ivory-colored silk. Back in the, "real world," so to speak, they don't have this kind of clothing anymore. Was it wrong to use this power to my benefit and just get the dress? Either way, I still got it. That dress looked so good on me. I was in love. And the more I looked at clothes, the more I wished I actually lived in the 20s. Not only was it the clothes, but also the people. Everyone I met was so friendly and welcoming. Granted, before I bought the dress, they all thought my clothing was a bit questionable. I wanted to stay there forever. It's not because I wanted to conquer the 20's or be heroic about it, I just felt much more at home. Luckily I was wearing a watch, because when I looked at the time, my parents were supposed to be waking up in five minutes! I didn't want it to look like I

came home just to vanish again! In a hurry, I touched the brick wall, but nothing happened! What did I do the first time to get rid of the scene!?! Then I remembered, I touched a person! Quickly, I ran up to a random man and tapped him on the shoulder. Before I knew it, I was back in the kitchen looking at the pizza. I scrambled back to my room and pretended to be asleep, just in time for my parents' alarm to go off. Like usual, my mom cracked my door open to see if I was still asleep. I kept my eyes shut, and hoped for the best. Thankfully she fell for it, and I could breathe.

So, did this mean that if I touch something with my fingers, that always happens? I was kind of nervous to find out. Nervously, I jumped into my clothes, and had to go

to school about an hour later. I couldn't touch anything at school without being paranoid. But for some reason, every time I did touch something, it stayed just fine. What if it only happens when I think about it? I ran into the girl's bathroom during lunch, and thought I would test it myself. I stepped in a stall, and thought about what it was like to be in those scenes. After I thought about it, I touched the stall door. There it was again! The scene was back! I absolutely

loved having this power! I was officially in love with the 20's! It was from that day on I realized what history was really like. Everyone learned about it in middle school, but no one ever gets to experience it, because the past is the past. I always thought a super power was used to help other people and make them happy, but maybe that's not all true. Maybe a super power can be used to make you happy! After all, nothing is impossible!

Hidden Powers

Courtney Monter

I soared so high. It was like I was touching the sky. Those birds, ha, they've got nothing on me. I couldn't believe it. Everything looked so different from up above. The feeling of being weightless, No it was better. It was like everything around me wasn't moving; like I was traveling so fast that time had stopped itself. What did it feel like? I felt superior to anything and everything I came upon. I was in a way heroic. I knew that I could conquer any challenge that came at me. Failure would never be an option ever again, That darn Marissa Montgomery wouldn't want to bother me anymore that's for sure, And Jimmy Ankus; oh what would he say if he could see me now? He would surely dump that mean old Katelyn Harman, that's for sure! I can't believe this is happening, I have to tell

my best friend Kacey. I stopped in midair. Suddenly I was lying in the middle of the street. I was sleeping? I tried to fly away, but I couldn't move, it's like I was stuck. Wake up! Wake up, I said! I was lying in

my bed. My room was still a mess and I could see the sun coming through my window. I grabbed my alarm clock to check the time, I rubbed my eyes as I reached towards my bedside table; it was 7:30! Wait this doesn't make sense, am I dreaming. I was flying around the city two minutes ago. How did I get here? I slowly stepped down from my

bed and as soon as my feet touched the ground, I began to wobble. The room was spinning, I fell on to the floor. I tried to stand up but I was too weak. I felt as if I hadn't walked in ages, sort of like an astronaut feels when he returns to earth after living in outer space. Am I sick? There's no way this is real right now, maybe I'm still asleep. Then I heard my little brother Derek running down the hallway and my mother shouted, "Lizzie your toast is ready. Hurry up you're going to be late for school!" I was late to school that morning. I walked in to my chemistry class feeling baffled and bothered. But, I couldn't wait to tell Kacey about my flying experience. I quickly scrambled to my seat next to her. But when I started to talk, all that came out of my mouth was

gibberish. She wasn't buying a single word I said, I could tell by the look on her face. She asked, "Are you okay Lizzie?" I tried to tell her that I was fine but Mr. Likstern yelled at me and said he would write me up if I didn't

shut my mouth. I guess I would have to wait until lunch to finish telling Kacey my story. She would have to believe me. I mean why wouldn't she? It was 11:30 a.m. I found Kacey sitting at our lunch table and I quickly sat beside her. Okay so anyway back to what I was saying earlier, I was



Jimmy too! But then I fell and I didn't wake up and then I was in my room and then I fell again and now I'm here.

She just stared at me... like I was crazy. "Not with the flying story again, Lizzie it's not real. You were daydreaming or I guess in this case, night dreaming. Were you reading that book again?" asked Kacey. Nuhnuhnuh no, I stammered! Why would you say such a silly thing? She said, "Because it seems like every time you read that stupid thing before bed, you always have crazy dreams." That's not true! "Oh really, remember that one time when you woke up and thought Derek had been kidnapped by a crazy man with spatulas for hands? That's because it was real, or at least that's what it felt like. Look bottom line is that I don't know why these things keep happening to me, but it's got to be a sign or something." "That's crazy Lizzie, what would it be a sign for? What could the universe possibly be telling you?" How would I know? Wait I know, maybe you're dreaming!" Kacey exclaimed sarcastically. Obviously I am, but it feels so real. It's like I don't want it to end. Plus, how do you explain the nausea when I wake up in the morning, and my inability to stand up straight? The bell rang and that was the last time we spoke that day. That night I couldn't sleep because I didn't want to. I lay there wide-awake in my bed, tossing and turning. All I could think about was what my next dream would be. The city was bustling and people were busy running about the streets. There were

Time is Still

Jon Winters

"Final testing on the RX-10 chemical enhancement serum has begun. Human experimentation's are scheduled to begin tomorrow however the surprisingly positive affects in the preliminary experiments have persuaded me to accelerate the testing. I, Dr. Avon Paracelsus, will be injecting two doses of RX-10 directly into my blood system via syringe. In the event that RX-10 has any affect other than the desired result human testing should be canceled. I acknowledge the risk that I am taking however I feel that it is necessary, for the further progression of the human race. I will be the first of many steppingstones and they will remember me as the father of modern humanity!"

tons of neon lights that illuminated amongst the tallest of buildings and the atmosphere was full of excitement. I felt this sudden urge to take off into the skyline. Once my feet could no longer feel the ground, I couldn't stop myself. I transported into this zone and there was no way anything could undo the hypnotization I was under. I ruled the sky and owned the black clouds. The stars were so beautiful. From up above, the bustle of the metropolitan was striking. It's the weirdest thing. Life is perfect here. There's no crime, people are happy, and there are no problems with society. I flew towards the mountains and quickly started to vanish in to the sunset as the day light slowly started to peek through the horizon. I woke up feeling different this time. For some reason, I felt déjà vu like I knew what had already happened and what was to come. Maybe I was a psychic. Maybe my mission in life was to share my knowledgeable wisdom with people. Could my predictions come true? But why me, why was I chosen to carry this noble ability? This gift could be both a curse and a blessing. It would hurt me and benefit me.

That was the last book of the Hidden Power series. I love re-reading that story aloud. Courtney Monter was always my favorite author. Too bad she stopped writing novels. Wouldn't it be cool to have super powers like the characters in her books? Hey, nothing is impossible!



The swift, chilling wind rushes through the cracks of my window in my apartment, jolting me awake. I slide out of my bed and begin my morning ritual, shower, and get dressed, head to work. I find that life is much more simple when you have a plan, a routine to follow. You can avoid unwanted conflict and life is very relaxed.

After my shower, as I dawn my dress shirt for work I notice a small incision over my wrist directly above the vein, as if someone had taken blood. Being that I work in a hospital I often find myself donating blood, however it had been several weeks. My arm felt fine so not amounting to anything I continued on with my morning routine.

Breakfast was the usual generic pancakes I can find at my local grocer. I place the pancakes on a plate and stick it into the microwave, type 1:30 on the number pad, then close the door. As I wait I glance at the digital clock on my wall. Tues., October 21, 2014, 4:45. The second I notice the time I sprint out the door, completely neglecting the still heating pancakes.

On my way down the three flights of stairs to the main floor I run into my neighbor, Josh. "Late again," Josh inquired as I rush past him. Not paying him any mind I continue down the stairs. Josh is a lawyer, he is brilliant and owns his own law firm so he arrives whenever he feels like. As I bust through the front door of the apartment complex the bustle of the city hits me. Inside the building most of the noise is muffled but out here on the street, you can hear every horn, see the masses of crowds in the urban landscape, and smell all of the exotic scents that this beautiful dreadful city can conjure.

Living in the city means I don't own a car, so I walk, or in this case sprint to work each day. About three blocks away from the hospital I notice a man pushing through the crowded sidewalk, even thronging people out of his way. Pursuing him was a police officer with his gun drawn, shouting for people to clear the way. Now only a few meters away from me the officer draws his weapon and fires. My heart drops as I grasp the situation. If the bullet misses the man I am the next object in its path. I feel myself stepping to my left, however I feel as if I was on the moon, and the laws of gravity no longer applied' I watch idly as the bullet passes through the man's shoulder and he begins to slump to the ground. The bullet continues to propel towards me, I watch as it spins then realize that something isn't right. As I come to this realization bend my knees slightly allowing myself to get closer to the ground then I push, launching myself to safety.

The second I cleared the bullets trajectory I felt reality begin to return to me. Time began to move at a normal rate and gravity was normal. I stagger to my feet to see the officer cuffing the now injured man, I quickly glance behind me to see the bullet had impacted a light pole. I looked over at the officer but out of nowhere he began to vanish.

Stunned by the events that had just transpired I just stopped and observed my surroundings. But to my surprise everyone else began to vanish around me, then the buildings and surrounding objects began to fade as well. The

landscape was completely bare. In the distance I could see a small approaching object. As it got closer I could make out more detail. It was a man, in a lab coat wearing dark tinted glasses. He was somehow flying towards me. I felt a sense of danger in me and I turned to run, but the second I turned a translucent wall appeared before me. I tum to my left to see another, the same to my right. I was trapped, with him approaching rapidly.

"You are David, yes?" the man yelled from a distance. "Yes!" I replied. "I am Dr. Avon Paracelsus, I am a scientist that specializes in the development of human abilities. You see every human has a unique trait hidden within him or her. You seem to be able to manipulate time around you. For a moment I want you to imagine what you could do with that power, how it could benefit humanity. With the help of my wisdom you could be a hero and conquer any enemy, or you could use your ability to take what you want." Before today I believed that I was nothing. That I couldn't contribute to society, I could complete no heroic actions but in this man I saw a great madness. Whatever he was planning, it would mean great trouble for society. "I will offer you a choice, join me and I will help you develop your powers into a tool that will help out or I can remove your power and you can return home."

I plant one foot behind me and raise my hands, ready to fight. I could tell in his eyes that he knew my answer. "It is impossible to defeat me, I hope you know that!" Motivated by his threat I charge at him, jump as high as I can and time slows once more. I see that he is exposed for an assault and I land my foot in the back of his neck. Time returns to normal I land on the ground. I turn to face him, in a readied stance. He draws a pistol from the inside of his coat and waits for my move. I prepare for the shot and right before I make my final charge to end him I think to myself, "Nothing is impossible!"

