



# TEEN WRITING CLUB

For kids in Grades 6-12

**Tuesdays**  
**4pm-5pm**  
**July 2-August 13**

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**Like to share your stories, prose, poems or thoughts?**

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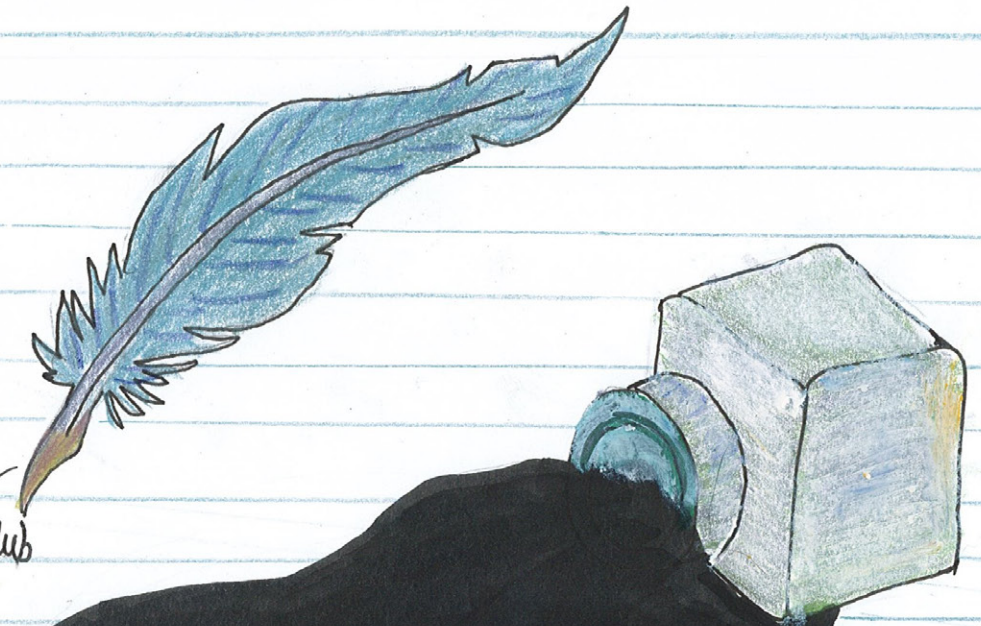
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*Presented by  
Teen Writing Club*



**AREN  
TO  
RAPPER**

Literary Magazine  
SCPL Niskayuna Branch  
Teen Writing Club  
2018-19



Dear Reader,

Pen to Paper Magazine is a collection of work of young artists in our community in grades 6-8. The writing and artwork was compiled and edited by the SCPL Niskayuna Branch's Teen Writing Club throughout the 2018-19 school year. This magazine was published with funding from the Friends of the Schenectady County Public Library.



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Thank You

To Lucy Hart

For creating, leading and inspiring the Teen Writing Club  
and conceiving the Pen to Paper Magazine

Are you in grades 6-12 and interested in submitting work?  
Email [pentopapermagazine@gmail.com](mailto:pentopapermagazine@gmail.com)

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## The Taste of Sunlight

by Maya Healey

Sunlight tastes like silky buttercream  
and tart, but sweet lemons.  
Before it melts away out of your reach.  
The taste lingers however  
leaving you a mellowed out version of it.  
If the sunlight stays away for too long though  
then the taste disappears to be replaced by  
the bitter taste of clouds  
or the sickly, sugary taste of snow  
or even spicy bolts of lightning  
but not the slightly tart taste of sunlight  
that you hadn't realized you'd loved so much  
'til it faded away.

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When a ghost cries  
by Lucy Hart

*Perhaps all along morning dew was the tears of the ghosts, she thought, as her own tears hung suspended on a narrow grass blade. She could smell the sunrise above her, and despite herself she smiled. She believed it to be an unwritten rule of the universe to smile as the sun rises or sets.*

Now her tears were gone. So she just stood, smelling the sunrise. Tasting the breeze that blew through her. It was a particularly good tasting breeze. Mostly, she loved being a ghost. She loved getting to smell, touch, taste, and hear blue, instead of just seeing it. She loved the colors that hid inside the chiming church bells. And most of all she loved the smell of the sunrise.

She loved her transparent tendrils of hair, she loved how light and free a visible but non-physical body felt. She loved being able to run, dance, and laugh, without any pain.

But there were things she did not like about being a ghost. The being dead part the most obvious, but the loneliness was worse. When she died, she knew few dead people, so she had few friends among the ghosts.

Her greatest problem was the young children, not the dead ones, but the living. It's easy for their new eyes and unconstructed minds to see her. When she was alive she was still carrying her last few sparks of youth, and had only lost a chip of her imagination. So everywhere she went they gaped at her. Sometimes the child and their own ghost would stop and exchange greetings, and sometimes even talk a bit. Other times the ghost would shuffle their child away. She would sigh when this happened. She would let out a silent wish for the palm of a child to take her hand. The child would not think of her as a ghost, but a friend. She did not care about all the glass hearts that have shattered as children grow up. She wanted to bring a kid some joy, and maybe take a little light herself.

And sometimes the absence of that hand grew to aching, and she would cry. Letting her tears water the grass. And when her tears stopped she would go and watch the children playing in the park.

"You can see me?" I whisper under my breath. The umbrella holder nods again and extends it's hand further. "And hear me?" I whisper slightly louder. The umbrella holder nods a third time. I take the pale hand and stand up shakily. The second I am on two feet again the umbrella holder falls into the puddle they are standing in. I gasp, and try to jump in after it, but all that happens is me splashing in a puddle. I see a black umbrella sitting in the puddle. Without thinking, I pick it up and open it.

I don't know how long it's been. Twenty years I think. I have not aged in any way, but I know my face is gone. My old clothes are gone. I now look exactly like the rest of them. I don't know my name. I don't remember how I got here. Soon I will be one of them. As I walk (I don't know why I walk, it just feels right), I see another puddle. It never stops raining here. When I step into it I fall, and I feel everything coming back. My name, my old clothes. I land in the sand and I don't want to open my eyes. Then, I feel my emotions return. I am curious, but terrified I will be back in the black desert that sent me to the umbrella world. Then I realize something. My umbrella is not in my hand. There is no water running down my back. I look up and I am in some sort of tree. I realize where I am and that I know how to get home. Even though I shouldn't be able to, I spread my wings and fly home.

# PUDDLES

by Sylvia Giordano

Cold rain runs down my back and cold puddle water drenches my clothes. I'm not too thrilled with that, but what did I expect curling up in a puddle on a rainy night? I sit up and realize that the water is warm and salty on my face. Tears? Why? When I bother to process my surroundings I am disappointed. The ground is covered in black sand. The desert, an immense one, too big for anyone to cross; anyone but me. This is my domain, I think. When I look into the puddle I am sitting in, I see not a reflection of the dark sky, but umbrellas. All black umbrellas, slick with the rain that is falling into the puddle and into their world. I rise to my feet, but slip and fall into the umbrella world.

When I hit the ground my bones don't ache but my heart does. As I look at all of the featureless faces holding the black umbrellas, I cry and scream. They all just keep walking and completely ignore me. I continue to scream and cry until an umbrella holder stops and stands in front of me. The umbrella holder looks down at me without a face. I just wish they had faces. If they did I would talk to them, and maybe they would help me. When I look up at the umbrella holder I see the first color since I got here. The umbrella seems to have every color but black. My eyes drop to the umbrella holder's feet. Like the rest of them, this one's cloak covers them. The umbrella holder is standing in a puddle just to stare at me. I see a pale hand, held palm up in front of my face. I look up at the umbrella holder's featureless face and they nod.

That day she sat from afar, she was a bit distracted because the trees were singing a new beautiful song they'd been rehearsing the past few days. It was during their last few chords when she felt the tap on her shoulder.

This was quite a startling surprise, as ghosts experience many senses, but touch is a rare one. She snapped her head around to see a small girl standing behind her.

"Hello," the little girl said.

"Hello," she replied, giving her a soft, sad smile.

"I heard sad, and went to go see who it was coming from. Are you okay?"

"I'm okay."

"Well, nice to meet you Okay, I'm Marley."

She paused, staring at the little girl, then she laughed. Marley beamed,

"Dad taught me that one."

"It's a funny one."

"Thank you!" she laughed. "What's your real name?" She opened her mouth to respond. It was the simplest question, but the answer was nowhere in her mind.

"I don't remember." she said. The girl did not seem surprised.

"Then I'll just call you Okay, okay?" Marley asked.

"Okay." she said, "I mean, yes."

"You're going to be my friend," Marley said, and with that Marley took Okay's hand. Okay smiled with every part of her being. The trees cheered, and the grass smiled as they ran past.

## *A Different Kind of Beauty*

*by Maya Healey*

The bright buildings  
stretch high into  
the sky.  
Golden, glowing pathways  
of light  
providing order and efficiency.  
Everything is precise and compact,  
the arrays of square,  
glowing blocks,  
are perfectly aligned.  
All the roads completely straight.  
Practical and beautiful,  
in a way.  
Everything planned and executed.

## **Requiem**

*by Cora Wareh*

The colors were  
bold  
beautiful  
but not infinite.  
They were sad too.  
Sad most of all.  
At the very start  
they seemed to shine  
new and unknown  
magical.  
I like to think  
they weren't dull yet  
when you died  
and that  
the last thing you saw  
was as lovely as you.  
But deep inside me  
I know it was  
trembling bleeding hands,  
and a gun.  
I don't know these colors,  
I never saw them,  
how can I mourn something I never knew?  
But sometimes I wonder  
if you  
wanted to escape them  
if they  
closed in on you,  
suffocated you.  
Well I'm sorry  
they weren't good enough.  
And I'm sorry  
If I wasn't either.

## Day Ten: The End

I woke up, jumped out of bed, and flew over to the street that Michael appears on, and screamed,

“I’m ending it all right here and right now Michael, and you won’t stop me.” I rushed at him with my sword, and Michael shape shifted into a pool of water. I slipped and face planted into a tree. Michael laughed, as he was in half person, half water form. I looked at my hand, and had sparks of lightning forming. I turned my hand at Michael, and he was shocked by a lightning bolt. He transformed back into a human. His clothing was burned, and he was on the floor crying in pain.

“Sorry Michael, but I have to do what needs to be done”

I swung my sword, and it missed him. Michael got up and started running away screaming.

“No, no, no Immanuel, please have mercy on my soul,” Michael begged. Then Michael rose up into the air, and a dark spirit body form walked out as Michael plummeted to the ground. It was True darkness. It looked like me, but I knew that it wasn’t me, or so I thought.

“Hello my child,” said the spirit.

I turned off my aura and disintegrated my sword while slowly backing away in fear. He laughed at me and said,

“Don’t fear me my child for I am you. Come Immanuel join me, and see what full power truly feels like” as he reached his hand out.

“Immanuel don’t please, please don’t.” Michael begged.

I looked back at the spirit, and said,

“I’ll do it.”

As I reached out my hand, I was knocked back by my dad. The dark spirit accidentally touched him, and he grew a dark green color. I was backing up slowly, scared by what was happening. I saw how my dad’s eyes started glowing a dark green with the rest of his aura.

“Run Immanuel, run.” Michael said.

I ran at the speed of light trying to get away as far as possible, but my dad was close behind me at the speed of darkness. He shot a storm of grass blades at me, and I was pinned down. I couldn’t move, and was stuck to the ground. Then my dad turned his hand into a log, and swung at me. Thankfully, it was blocked by the only other person that could save me, Michael. He was holding my dad’s arm back with the rocks of earth, and said,

“Dad I know you’re in there, but that darkness is just like a virus. All that it does is attach to you, and grow it’s power off of yours.”

Then my dad snapped out of it, and the dark spirit was shot out of him. It was me Michael and my dad, all face to face with the dark spirit. The spirit had a face of all of our faces. It split into three as it inched closer to us. We backed away in fear, and when they attacked I jumped in front of them. We were in white floating through the air, and all was good. Then I heard a voice, and it said

“You’ve done it Immanuel, you’ve won. Now you can live your life as normal.”

I was teleported back into my bed, and I guess that this is the end. Day eleven doesn’t deserve a section in this story, because I learned a lesson that day. Don’t win without a purpose.

But if you happen to look

Up

Up

Up

You’ll see a

different kind of beauty.

The vast, dark sky,  
speckled at random with stars.

And the big moon  
hanging over everything,  
watching.

There is no framework  
There are no blueprints  
It just is.

And could never be improved,  
because it's  
natural.



Artwork by Angela Tawfik

and of course I told them I was fine, and they didn't care again. I showed my homework to the teachers and they didn't care either. I walked home, and I saw Michael once again.

"Round eight..."

Before he could even finish his sentence I grabbed him by the neck and lifted him up into the air. I turned into a phoenix and brought him higher and higher up into the air. I heard as Michael was choking, and gasping for air. I looked at him as he suffered and wanted to stop, but it was the only way to end the day. I was fighting back and forth with myself, while holding the ticking clock of Michael in my talon. Michael grew in anger, and tried to butt out my flames with water. I was crying on the inside, but laughing at him on the outside. I didn't know what had happened to me. Why I was being so evil to my own brother? Then he broke free changing into darkness, and levitating into the air. I landed down on the ground and looked at him. He was twitching in mid-air at fast speed. He stopped flying, and fell from the sky. He was laying on the ground dead. I lifted him into my arms crying, looking at the blood on his face. Then I heard a voice from behind me saying

"You haven't won yet, and you never will."

I turned and all I could see was a neon green log for a split second.

### Day Nine: The Beginning of The End

I woke up again, and it was strange, because I knew that Michael was dead; or so I thought he was. I thought about the day and how Michael died, but I didn't know if the neon green log thing was important. I thought long and hard, but couldn't figure out what it was. I had a normal day of school, once again. When I got onto the street where Michael was, I saw him again sadly, but thankfully. I ran up to him and spawned my sword of light, electricity, and fire. Michael used the "bring it on" hand gesture at me, and pulled a sword of darkness, water, and earth. I smiled and swung first, as he blocked me with his sword. We fought back and forth with one another, and he said,

"It's time."

I looked at him confused, and suddenly a green ram started charging at me. I jumped over it in slow motion. It transformed into my dad, and he shape shifted his arms right in front of my eyes, to two green logs. I knew what had to be done in that moment in time. I had to kill both of them. I spawned a second sword in my other hand, but the two swords were too heavy for me to carry. I was struggling trying to pick them up as, they both started charging at me. I deactivated my swords, and ran, at lightning speed. I had to hide far, far away. It was the last minute of the day on my watch and it was pitch black. I was hiding in an airport hoping that Michael and my dad wouldn't find me. Then I looked at the time. The clock stopped and everything around me froze, soon the lights shut off, and it was all dark. I was glowing when I turned on my aura, but then Michael and my dad came out from the shadows, glowing green. I was terrified, backing up slowly in fear, I didn't know what to do. Then Michael started charging at me like he was jousting. I knew that I had nowhere to go, nowhere to hide. It was time to risk it all.

Michael looked at me, and said

“I see now, you would do anything to kill me just to give yourself a benefit.”

“Michael no you don’t understand.”

“What, what do I not understand, Red Fire, tell me?”

I didn’t know what to say.

“I guess that you’re the bad guy...”

“Michael, no please, Michael, no, I didn’t mean to...”

Michael stood up from the ground, and activated all three of his powers. Water, earth, and darkness.

“Good game, Red Fire...”

### **Day Seven: Regret**

“I am a monster” I thought to myself. I was evil and was positive that I was. I didn’t know what to do. To save Michael or to kill him would change my whole perspective on life, and I almost killed my own father. I got up that morning, sick and tired of everything. I ran downstairs, and apologized over and over again to my dad. He said to me

“It’s okay, son.”

I looked at him confused, and his head changed into that green ram. I was shaken, and pinched myself to make sure that I wasn’t dreaming. Then I heard a break in the window in my room. I ran upstairs, and saw Michael bleeding with rage, and an aura of black with blue eyes. He spawned his sword, and swung at me. I dodged the sword, and he had it stuck into the wall. He switched hands as he walked closer to me, and summoned another sword. The one in the wall faded away, and my wall started to change to darkness.

“Come on Red Fire, I know you wanna die...”

“Ah!” I screamed at him, and tried to get down the steps, but sadly I was being blocked on both sides by Michael and my own dad.

I curled up into a ball of fear on the landing as my dad and Michael inched closer. Then I thought about how Michael used his sword and it was stuck in the wall.

“Come on Red Fire, all I need to do is end you three more times” Michael said as I was cutting a hole in the wall behind me to escape.

“Sorry son, but what has to be done has to be done...”

I pushed myself out of the hole behind me, and started running away on the streets in my pajamas. I was being chased on the highway by Michael riding on a green ram, and was scared for my life. Terrified, as I was running as fast as I could, I face planted onto the cold hard ground. Michael was towering over me. I was trembling in fear, scared to death as Michael killed me once again.

### **Day Eight: What Has To Be Done**

I woke up and was sick of dying over and over again. I thought about Michael killing me. I couldn’t do anything about him wanting to kill me, but I wanted my life back. I knew that I was down to the choice, kill or save Michael, because I only had two more days to do so. I went to school, and it was the same as any other day. My friends asked me how I was

## **Untitled**

*by Logan Modan*

Theoretically, I could listen to crickets  
without them running away.

Theoretically, I could jump from fear  
and land  
on the back  
of a fantasy.

Theoretically, I could inflame myself  
and be fine  
without having to surround myself in water.

Theoretically, I could change shape  
and lives  
and laughs  
and sight  
because  
technically,  
I am dead.

## Hardships of a Writer

*by Pallavi Datta*

I was told to write a piece, or so I understand,  
I sit down to write at my desk,  
pencil, paper and eraser in hand,  
this should be simple enough, I think to myself.

I chew some mint bubble gum,  
hoping it will spark some imagination,  
waiting for the ideas to come,  
but find myself doodling in distraction.

A little bit of light music should get the ideas flowing,  
I think as I search for the perfect radio station,  
but ten minutes later my mind is just as empty as before,  
and I fall to the waiting hands of procrastination.

There must be some sort of idea surely,  
I say as I turn the music up a couple cranks.  
half an hour later the bag of chips is empty,  
my page still hopelessly blank.

The possibilities seem endless,  
but what should I write?  
All the ideas make me feel restless,  
but no sudden epiphany takes flight.

"You're the villain."

I stood staring at Michael and everything went into slow motion. I was shocked and confused at the same time.

"I'm the villain," I said.

"Well yeah, you've been trying to kill me this whole time haven't you?" Michael said while walking towards me.

"Well yes, to stop you, not to... wait."

Michael had done it, he had confused me, and I had not even realized until he was standing on top of me. I saw the dark energy start swirling around his fist. I dodged his punch and he replied with,

"Quick wits I see. Alright, Red Fire, you can dodge a couple of attacks with your speed, but you don't even know how to use your powers. I will just keep on killing you forever and ever, this day will never end. I will always dominate, because in this world I am God. I am better than you and I always will be!"

I looked at Michael as the dark aura rose upon him and his eyes were glowing a fire blue. I knew that that wasn't Michael, and that deep down inside he was still there.

"Attack first, I want to end this evil spirit growing inside of you forever Michael."

Michael pulled a sword of darkness, water, and earth from thin air, and ran at me, ready to kill anything in his path. I dodged it, and I pulled a sword of lightning, light, and fire out of thin air.

"Oh I get it, you were faking it this whole time. You knew how to use your powers and you were going to kill me with them."

I looked at Michael as he dropped the sword and it disintegrated in thin air. He spread his arms out wide, and said,

"So you're ready to end me, and ready to destroy all the good memories, battles, and times that we had together..."

I had to make a choice to kill him or to save him. I didn't want to kill my brother, but it was the only way out of this repeating day. I asked him

"Why are we fighting?"

He told me a backstory that I would never forget.

"One day you and I were hiking up a mountain. You saw something glowing that was red and white. You touched it and I was shot off of the cliff. I landed in a tree, slowly falling down. I heard an ambulance coming to get you, and I tried to get up the hill again, but I found a dark spirit instead. The spirit and I bonded, and I didn't know where you were. Then the spirit made a bet with me. If I killed you ten times you would lose and be forgotten. If you kill me once you will forget that I exist. So I expected it. Now you just want to end me, so go ahead."

"So if I end you I'll forget you forever, but this day will end."

"Yeah I guess so."

I brought the sword into mid-air, and swung it at Michael, only to be deflected by a green ram. I hit the ram on the horn, and it transformed into a human. It was my dad. Michael ran up to him crying, and whispered,

"Ram man," looking at the bleeding spot on his ear.

bored, and depressed. I went to school, and my friends asked me how I was, but I didn't even answer them. I felt like I was being a little mean, but I didn't know if it was that bad. I walked home from school on the same street that Michael would appear on, but Michael wasn't there this time. I was a little confused at first, but I was happy. Now I could finally finish up the day, and stop living through this nightmare. I walked home with pride on my face, marching through the streets. I thought that I heard a little something, and slowly turned my head to the left. All I saw was a black fist coming at me at lightning speed down the road, and...day five.

"Oh come on!"

### **Day Five: Oh Come On**

I got up that morning angry. I broke my alarm clock, and didn't regret anything about it. I ripped the sheets off of me, and punched a hole in the wall. I grabbed my clothing, and went to school. My friends asked me if I was okay, and let's just say someone went home with a bloody nose, and it wasn't me. The teachers got mad at me and asked what had gotten into me when I didn't have any homework, or pencils. I walked home again that day. I looked around on the street for Michael, but didn't see anyone there. I heard what seemed to be a car, and before I knew it I saw Michael running at me at lightning speed. I clenched my fist, and punched Michael right in the face. I said,

"You would do the same wouldn't you?"

I grabbed him by the neck with the aura of white glowing around me, and my eyes glowing fire red. My fists started to ignite as Michael was in my grip. He started gasping for air. Next thing I knew I saw a large-horned green ram running at me. I gasped, and was in bed again. I cried when I woke up, regretting almost killing Michael.

### **Day Six: The Bad Guy**

I had second thoughts about who I truly was that day. I didn't know if I was the good guy anymore. I didn't know if what I did to Michael was me, or the evil within. I did my entire routine that day, and when my friends asked what happened to me, I told them that I was in a coma, and they didn't really even seem to care. I had my homework for my teachers and they didn't even seem to care either. I also realized that my own parents didn't seem to care, but my dad had this strange smile when I told him what happened. He said "it's beginning" and "it has to happen." When I told them how I kept on dying from Michael and I battling, they still claimed that Michael did not exist. I walked home from school and came back to the street that Michael had appeared on. He was there, but didn't seem like he was really acknowledging my presence. I touched him, and we were back in the arena.

"What do you want?" Michael asked me.

"What do you mean, didn't you want to fight me this whole time? I thought you wanted to end me."

He laughed, and said,

Should I write tales of a juggler in Southern Peru,

or a perfectly thought out inexplicable crime?

Perhaps an expedition to one of Jupiter's moons?

Maybe a magician traveling through time?

Opt for heart pounding adventure,

or sentimental heartfelt prose?

A comical hilarious read for pleasure,

or an article on the intelligence of crows?

I finally choose poetry after some consideration,

and begin sketching a draft with my thoughts,

but then come many other complications,

meter, rhymes, how do I make the ideas come across?

But really, what should I do?

Limerick, couplets, prose or rhyme,

or go for a more exotic haiku?

Prose it is, I finally decide.

My mom says with some annoyance,

"This whole time what have you been doing?"

I say with a laugh, perhaps writing's not my expertise,

and I'll stick to reading and appreciating.

## **Day One: The Power Within**

by Immanuel Forde

Well, this is how it all started. My twin brother Michael and I went on a hike together. We found a cave, and in it there was a glowing light. I walked up to it trying to find out what it was. It glowed as bright as the sun, but shimmered like a diamond. I touched it. It all went white for a moment and I could see veins of light, electricity, and fire flowing throughout my body. Next thing I knew I was in a hospital bed with my mom, dad and sisters, but no Michael. I asked everyone where Michael was, but none of them knew who he was. I thought that they were joking so I ignored it. When I was able to leave the hospital, I asked the doctors to go through my family's birth certificates, but I couldn't find Michael's certificate anywhere. I went to school a week after, still worrying where Michael was and if that whitish, reddish diamond thing had anything to do with it. My friends all asked me if I was fine. I said yes, but when I asked where Michael was they looked confused and asked who I was talking about.

I was on my way back home, and I saw Michael down the street but he didn't seem to look the same. He looked mad, and lost. I got closer to him and it looked as if a dark spirit was rising over him the closer that I got. I ran up to him and when I touched him I appeared in an arena with Michael. Michael had a dark aura surrounding him, and had bright, fire blue eyes. I was glowing a white aura and everything looked as if I was wearing red sunglasses. Michael said to me,

"So you're finally ready to fight me, Red Fire."

I looked at Michael with a confused face, and asked him,

"What do you mean?"

It seemed as if saying that only got him angry. Then he shot an ice shard out of his hand at me. I was shot in the side of my arm and blood was dripping. I looked at Michael and got mad. This seemed to make him happy. I clenched my fist, and a fire started on it. I was frightened and tried to put it out. Michael watched me, and taunting me said,

"Looks like you forgot how to use your powers."

"Powers?" I said.

He laughed, saying that he'd said too much, and came dashing towards me at a speed I've never seen before. I blinked, and everything slowed down. I walked to the side, avoiding Michael, and time went back to normal. Michael was face first into the wall behind me. He looked back at me claiming that that was a warm up. I looked at my hands and they were on fire again, but I realized that it didn't hurt. I looked at this as a benefit.

Michael came to me again and I deflected him with a burning tornado. I felt sorry for Michael, but part of me was happy that I'd hurt him. He was burning up, and said to me,

"Oh so you were just playing dumb, I get it."

Michael stood up tall, towering over me, and laughed. He punched me against a wall as his eyes got darker by the second. I was in my bed, and it looked like the day started over.

## **Day Two: A Rebirth**

I didn't know exactly what had happened that day, or what really happened at all. I didn't even know if it was really even a day, or maybe just a dream in disguise. I looked outside, and it was like any other normal day. I walked to school, and everyone did the same thing like it was Groundhog's Day. They all asked if I was okay, and I said,

"Okay from what?"

They all must have thought that I was crazy, or they were pulling a prank on me. I walked home again, and this time I saw Michael, and he smiled, and said,

"Back for more I see."

"Guess so."

"How many more times are you going to go against me Red Fire, until you win?"

I didn't know what he meant so I said,

"Yes."

He laughed, and ran up to me. He grabbed my shoulder, and we were across from each other, in a arena once again. People were cheering Michael on, telling him to rip me to shreds. Michael lifted the ground from below me, ending me in a second. I opened my eyes once again, and said,

"Day three."

## **Day Three: Realization**

I quickly realized that it was just going to be the same thing over and over again. I got dressed and went to the same street that Michael had appeared on. I saw him, and he asked,

"Round three?"

I ran to him, but he dodged me.

"You didn't think it would be that easy did you?" Michael said.

I jumped up from the ground, knees scraped, and head aching. I clenched my fist, and fire appeared on it once again. I aimed it at Michael, and shot a tornado of fire wind. His clothes were burning, but he turned into water for a split second to cool off. He laughed and said,

"Finally a real challenge."

He rushed at me, and I jumped up over him, my eyes red and a white aura forming again. I was looking at the ground realizing that my arms were tired, and that I still hadn't touched the ground. I was a phoenix, and flying. Michael got mad, and the ground from beneath grabbed my claws. I tried to break free but couldn't. Darkness started swirling around Michael like a tornado, as the ground that grabbed my claws brought me closer to Michael. Before I knew it I was in my bed once again.

"Day four I suppose."

## **Day Four: Ugh**

The same thing kept on happening over and over again. I find Michael doing some random superpower thing, and then I die. I lived that day like it was any other day, and felt