

Short Story—Continued from Pg. 11

amount of wood and paper that we throw away each year is enough to heat up to 50 million homes for 20 years. Even doing small things around the house can help. Turn off lights that aren't in use. Take shorter showers. Air-dry your hair. Carpool or take the bus to work or elsewhere more. Don't leave the TV on all day. All of these can help save more energy, and so you can save money on your energy bill, as well as save more greenhouse gases from being released into the air!

Together, by taking small steps, we can gradually help our earth become a better place. We can no longer afford to waste this planet away. We must think about our youth, our future. What will *they* have to live in 20 years from now? 50 years? If we don't start action now, poor Mother Earth will be very, very sick. Too sick to support the millions of species, including us, whose home is also here on earth. Is it really that much to ask for?

Recycle your paper, use less electricity, use less time showering, try not to waste anything...? Are those things really that hard to do? If we pull together as one, and incorporate the three R's into our lives, slowly, steadily, we can make Mother Earth healthier. And once she gets better, we must stick with the 3 R's to maintain her health. And THAT, is my message to YOU, America.



Part Two: Conversation

Evonne Yang | Editor



"Girls shouldn't wander around alone in abandoned buildings, ya know," clucked Dmitri in an attempt to play off his surprise. Her eyes echoed the same purple, and her hair seemed a purple-black color. "How could one find me?"

I've covered my tracks and been too cautious," he thought. "Perhaps she's just a human who made modifications to her image. I have no reason to be worried...yet."

"Well, I was super bored, and this is a church! Why don't you entertain me for a while? Oh, the name's Anya! What's your name?" the mystery girl beamed, displaying

Dear Mommy:

Evonne Yang | Editor

Thank you for everything you've done for me. I realize I've been quite high-maintenance, and I always ask for a lot of things. Everybody always reminds me how lucky I am to have you bring me lunch almost every day. I really am spoiled! I want to thank you for my birthday present too! Shopping with you is a lot of fun when we're not in a rush. Sorry for taking so long when you have to cook.

Sometimes you used to stay up with me when I had a lot of homework to do, and I always tried to finish faster because of that. When you're not home to remind me to keep doing my homework, I get distracted *very* easily. I don't think you should try to be there for me so often because I'm going to college. I don't know how college will be without you. I'll have to cook for myself, do my own laundry, clean my own spaces, keep myself working, find my own things, and a lot of other things. People always want to rush off to college, but I'm not quite so sure. Living with friends instead of family could be more fun but definitely will not be the same.

Sorry for all the times I throw fits. Sorry for all the times I asked you about Chinese. Sorry for all the times I didn't get off the computer for you. Sorry for all the times I made you get off so I could use it. Sorry for making you drive me places. Sorry for making you scared when I drive. Through all this, thank you for putting up with me. I love you so much.

Love forever from your daughter,
Evonne Yang

the typical reaction that he got when a girl tried to talk to him.

"I'm a little busy here. Why don't you run along and entertain yourself?"

"Yes, you do look very busy dozing off there," she rolled her eyes. "Oh, come on! It'll be fun. I'm sure there are a lot of things you can do in such a big, empty space. Hey, you didn't tell me your name yet."

"Bryan," he lied, reluctantly getting up.

"Liar, liar, pants on fire!" she teased, suddenly twenty yards away, holding up his notepad with his findings; her inhuman speed confirmed his fears.

"How did you find me?" Ice filled Dmitri's voice.

"Oh, it was kinda hard but fun! Don't be mean. I didn't do anything yet," giggled Anya with a twinkling laugh. "I knew you'd be close to where you changed."

"How do you know about that?"
Though still dominated by ice, Dmitri's voice leaked curiosity.

My Beautiful Mommy

Alison Yeh | Writer

Mothers are awesome. They clean up after you, cook yummy food, wash all the clothes to make them smell nice, take care of you when you're sick, and help you with your homework. Mothers are always there when you need them. You can count on any mother to just listen to you when you need to vent your problems. Of course if they're YOUR mother, there's a big possibility of a nice, long "advice lecture" afterwards. Just remember they're only doing it for your own good. And because they love you veeery much. :)

I can remember plenty of times my mother has helped me out. I have no artistic sense whatsoever. Whenever I had projects that included some form of arts and crafts, she'd always be there to help me. The teachers would always ask me if they could keep my project as an example for next years' students, and it made me feel lots of pride for having an artistic mother.

My mother also helps me with confusing and frustrating homework. She and my father will both stay up with me to help me understand. Sometimes we even get to four in the morning, but they're both still up, determined to make things clear to me. Their hard work really pays off when I get my tests and quizzes back with 100's.

My mother does so much for me, and I really appreciate it all. I love you mommy! :D

"I'll tell you about that later! Let's play first."

"The cat was a good diversion to get closer to me," he muttered as he calmly walked toward her.

"I know. I'm smart. Yada yada yada. I'm still bored."

"Oh, we'll play until you tell me what you know," sneered Dmitri. His voice dropped to an innocent tone, "Are you sure you don't want to tell me right now?"

"Yep! Let's play," Anya still smiled.

Both vampires shifted into menacing stances, snarls erupting from Dmitri, giggles escaping Anya. They circled each other at such a speed that the candlelight began to flicker in the gusts they created. One last candle reflected in their eyes before yielding to the wind; apparently, her eyes turned red as well. This would be troublesome. Wincing at a sharp throb, he battled to conceal his pain.

"You'll get used to the pain. It'll hurt less later," said Anya. She had caught such a quick reaction.

Dmitri pounced first, followed a split second later by Anya. Their collision echoed through the nearly empty chamber.