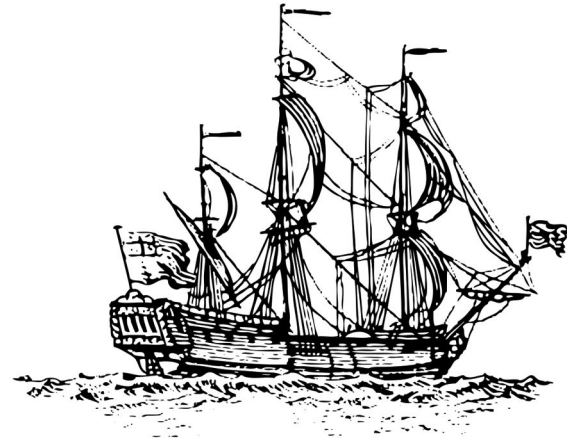


Youth Writers

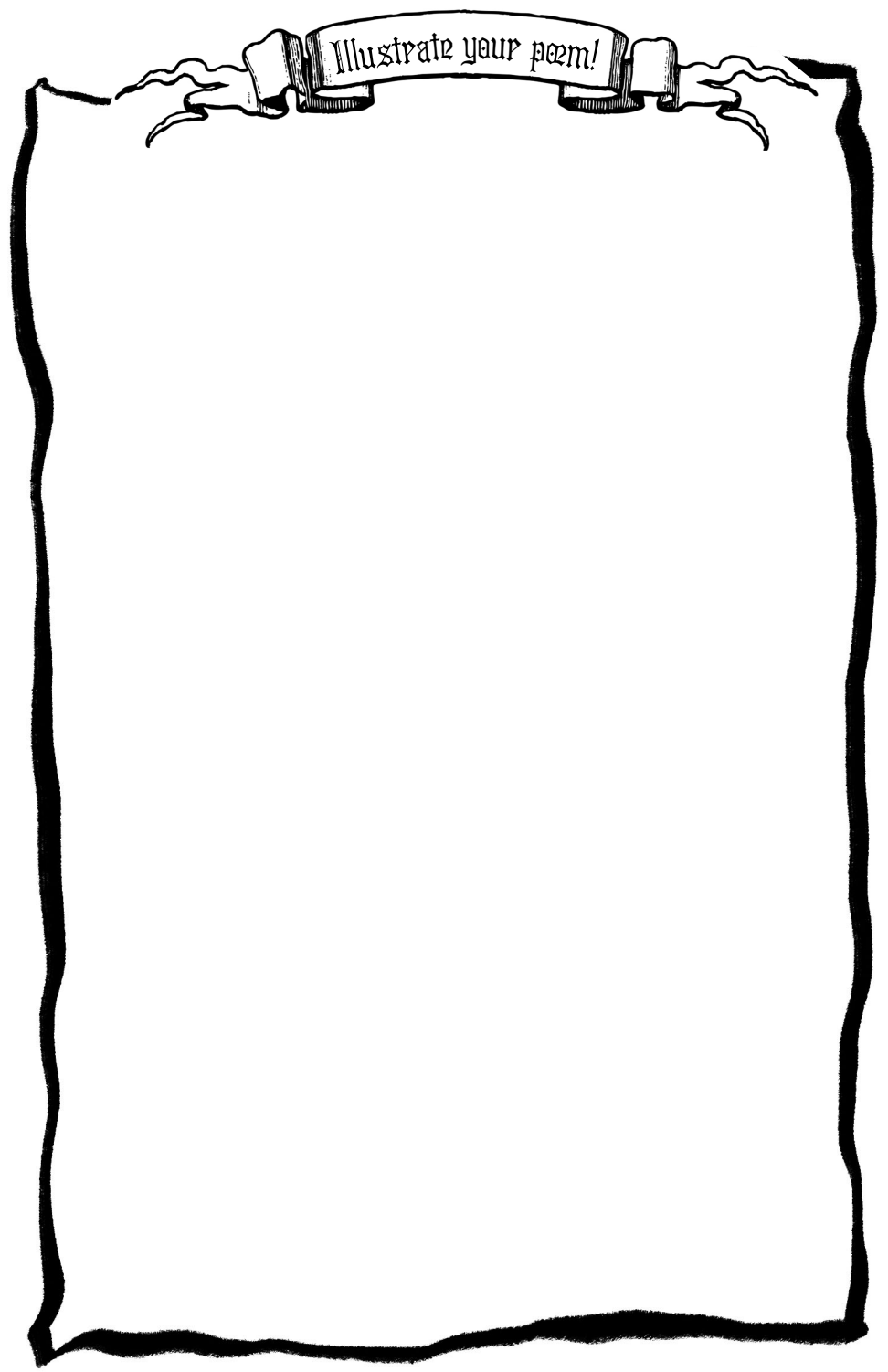
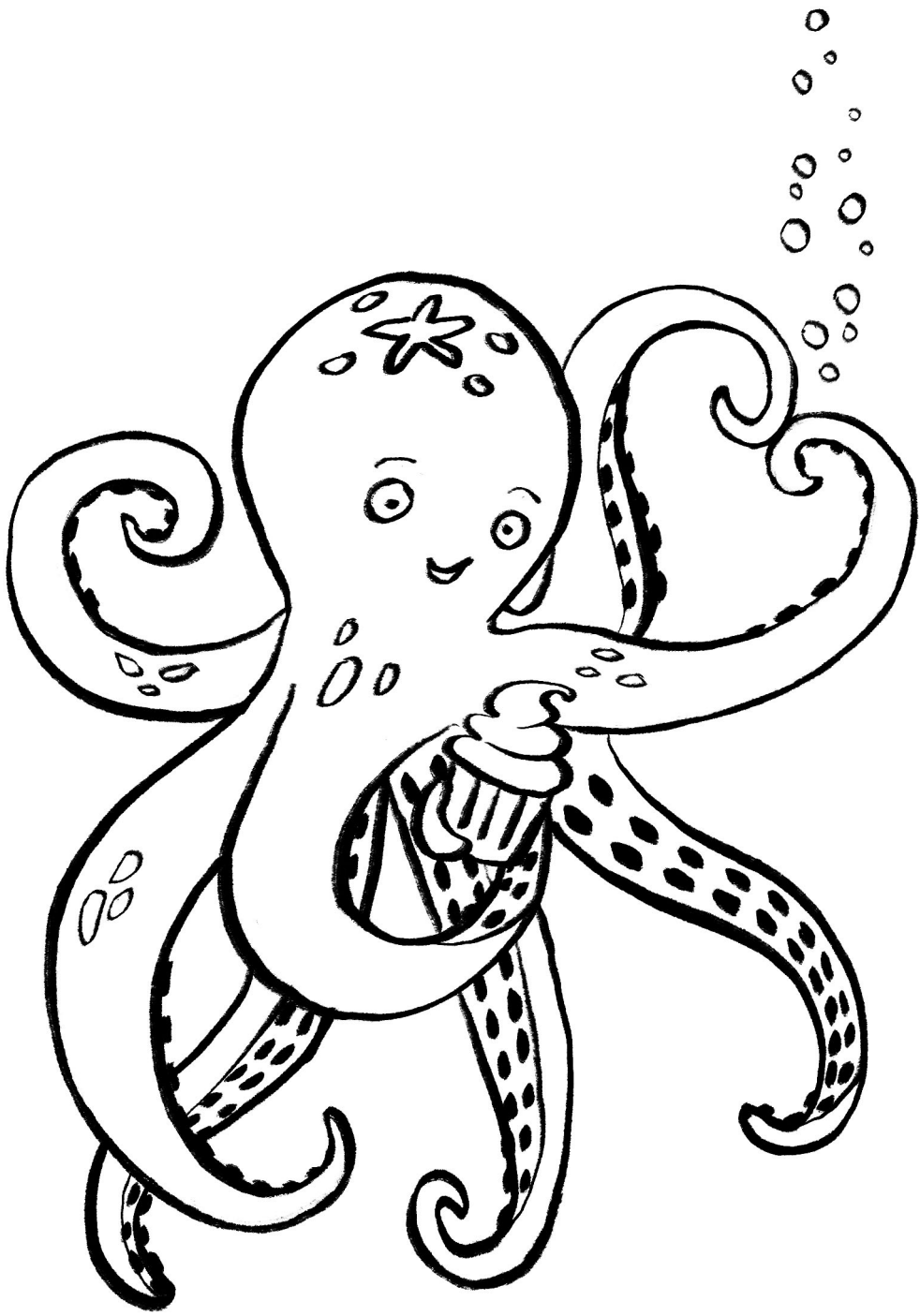


A 916 Ink
Coloring Book



The Journey
Onward







"I Am" Poem

By:

I am _____
two special characteristics

I wonder _____
something you are curious about

I hear _____
an imaginary sound

I want _____
an actual desire

I am _____
the first line of the poem repeated

I pretend _____
something you pretend to do

I feel a feeling about _____
something imaginary

I touch an _____
imaginary touch

I worry _____
something that really bothers you

I cry _____
something that makes you very sad

I am _____
the first line of the poem repeated

I understand _____
something you know is true

I say _____
something you believe in

I dream _____
something you actually dream about

I try _____
something you make an effort to do

I hope _____
something you actually hope for

I am _____
the first line of the poem repeated



Youth Writers

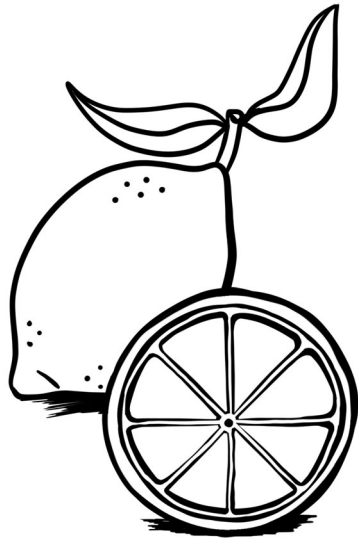
About 916 Ink

916 Ink is Sacramento's arts-based nonprofit dedicated to providing creative writing workshops and reading tutoring for youth ages 5-25 to transform them into confident writers. We empower students to become the authors of their own lives, one published story at a time. Since 2011, we have served over 4,000 kids in the Sacramento region and have published more than 200 anthologies. Our mission is to empower children and youth through creative writing. We envision a Sacramento region where every child and teen is given access to a creative writing program that leads them to believe in themselves and to understand the power of the written word. Learn more about us at www.916ink.org.

Lemon Boy

Alyx Ottenhoff
Ocean's Breath
Mills Middle School

The sun's gaze danced through the trees of the orchard. The boy stood high on a ladder as he carefully picked the bright lemons off the trees and into the wide, woven basket on his hip. Before long, the basket became full with the light but very prominent yellow fruit, and the boy carefully stepped down from the ladder. He put the basket down and then he plopped down beside it, sighing with relief as he did. He peeled off the strands of pale, golden hair that seemed to stick to his forehead and not so neatly pinned them back with a rusty bobby pin. Once that was done, he looked around him and saw all the fruitful trees peering down at him, waiting. *Let them wait*, he decided. And soon his world of yellow turned into a peaceful darkness.



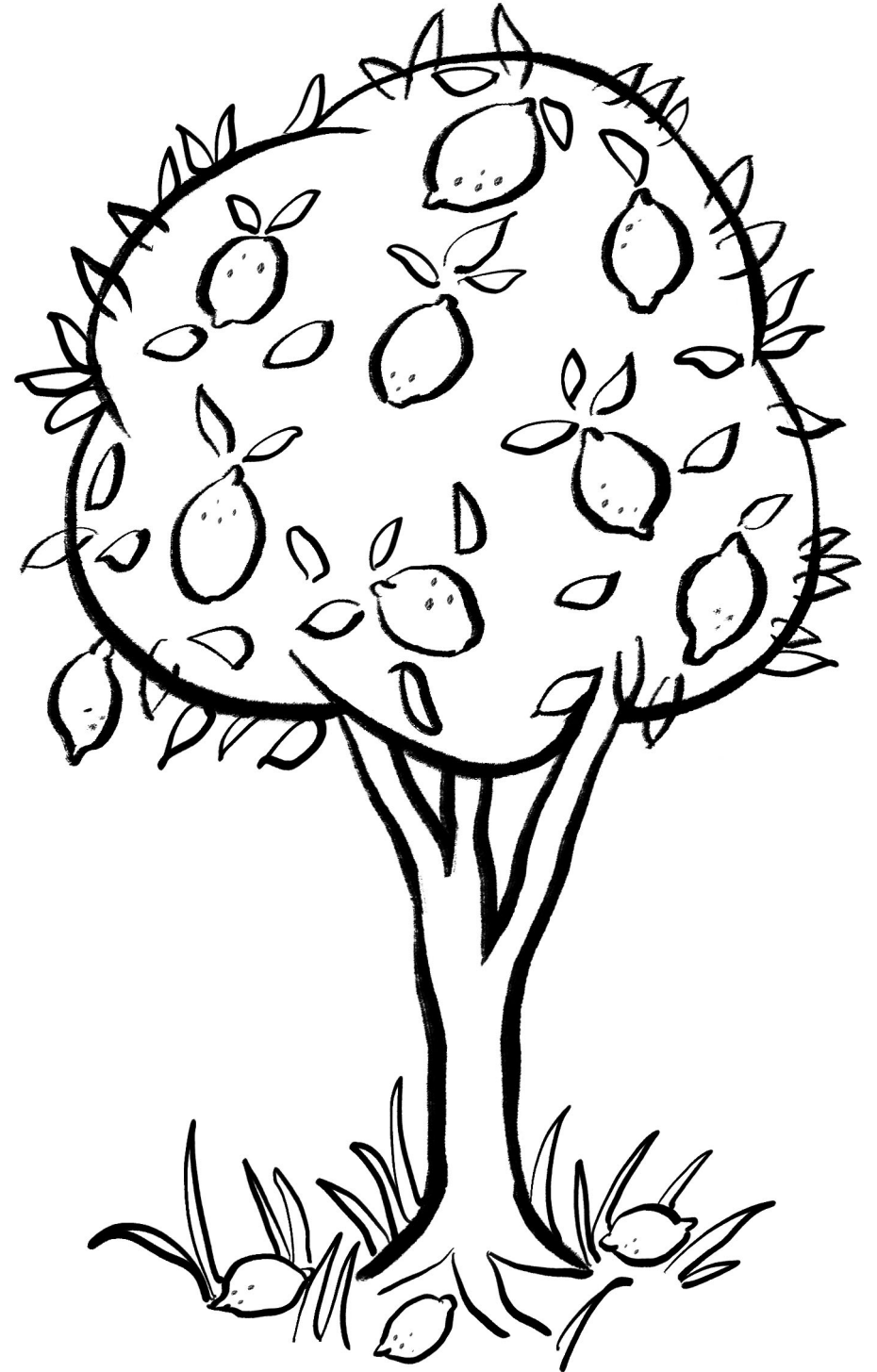
The Wolf

Sarah Cannon

Forgotten Fireflies

Walnutwood High School

Daybreak. But not quite—for the whispering night and singing day have met in the middle, a glorious sunrise that shone light on a forest once cloaked in that night. The petals of spring dappled the grass and the silky flowers sparkled when the skylight reflected off of their dewdrops. Everything here belonged where it was, nothing out of the ordinary, as peaceful as can be. Weeds were not weeds, but plants just doing their part. The breeze itself seemed to carry the peace and serenity. A paw touched the ground. A black, furry paw, belonging to the wolf. He moved gracefully through the forest with no hesitation in his step. Whether he walked, trotted, or dashed, it did not matter, for he knew where he was going. He was hunting, but not for food; no, he was hunting for something else. This wolf went on this way down the path his paws made, gleaming bright eyes piercing through the early morning light. He was searching for something, and only time will tell when he will find it.



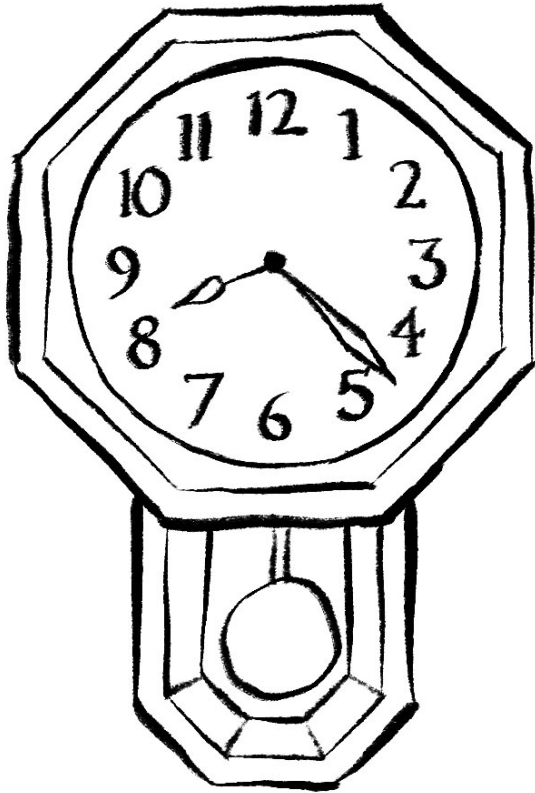
A Dog's Loyalty

Bella Herren

Thoughts Fading into Light

Author's Lab

With the clock ticking
and the years somehow passing,
the dog is still there.



Dragon

Charlene Williams

Umm...

A.M. Winn Elementary School

There once was a girl named Duhana. She was born with dragon horns, a dragon tail, and the end of each limb was unusual. She had the power of breathing fire. People at school would make fun of her because of her appearance. When she hiccupped, sneezed, or coughed, a little bit of fire and sparks would come out of her mouth. Despite the mean people, she decided to stay happy. So in the winter, she decided she'd help the people that lived on the street stay warm. She'd start fires in the fireplaces in other peoples' homes to keep people warm.



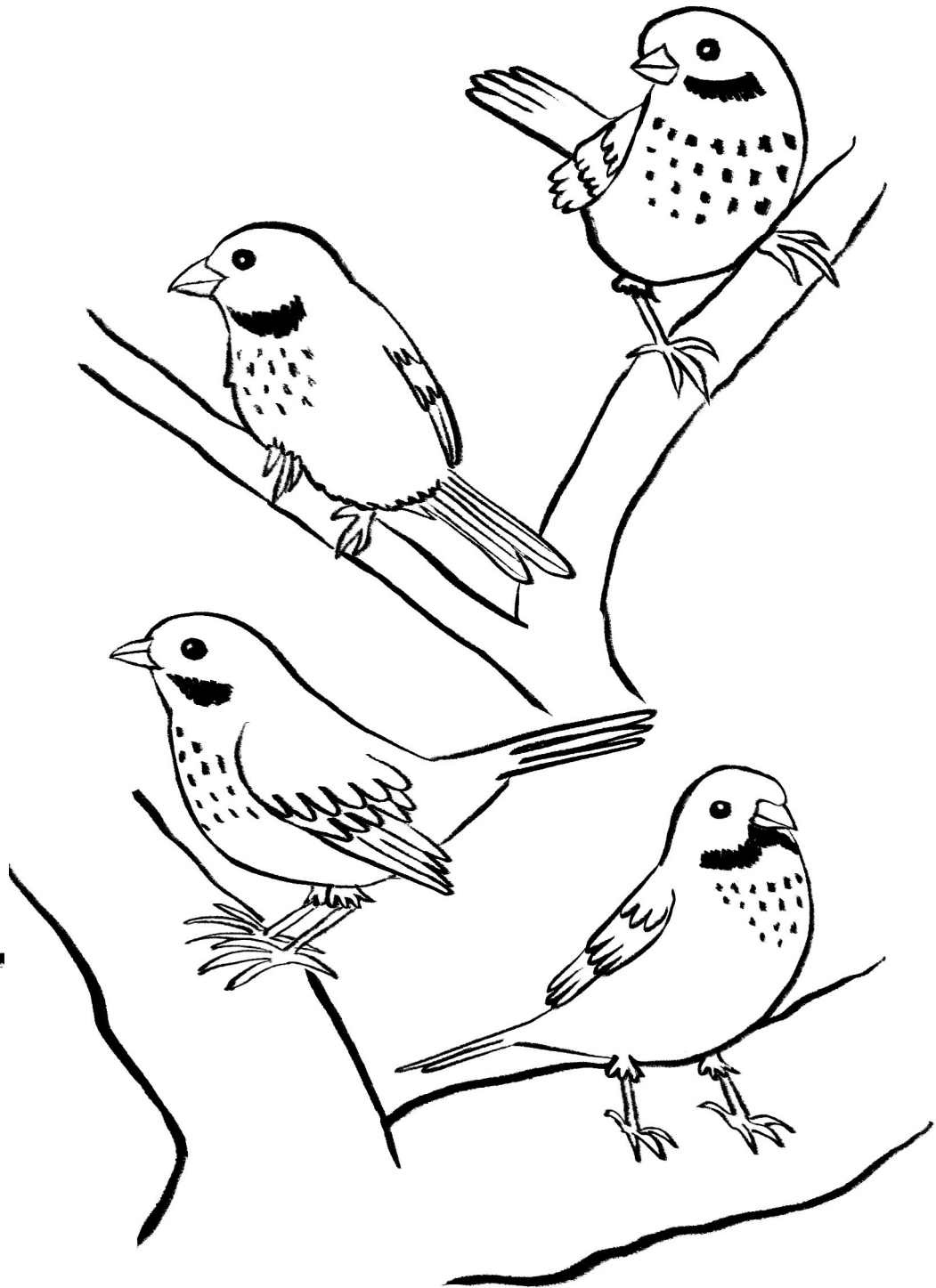
What to Do When You See a Zombie

Parker Reynolds

What I Want it to Be

Mariemont Elementary School

1. Panic
2. Run
3. Stop
4. Find someone
5. Trip that person
6. Run and run



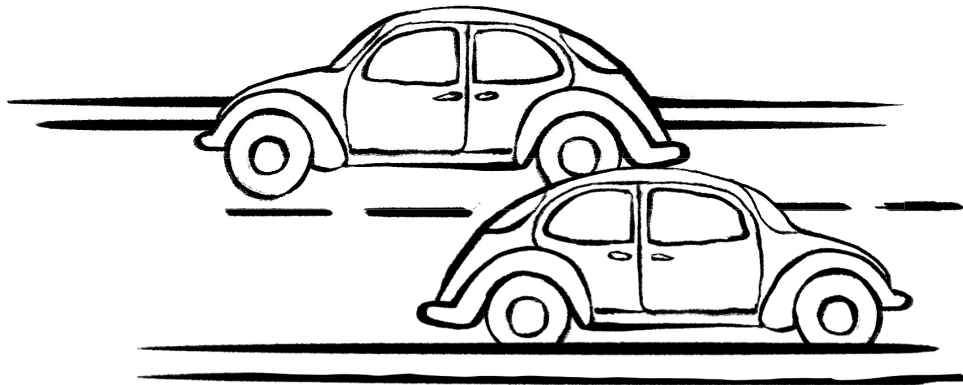
The Outside

Ekam Rattu

Book of Legends: The Magic Gherkin and the Blazing Blue Fire

Amplify Summer Camp, Grades 3-5

Outside you can hear the four sparrows singing.
You can smell the lavender passing by the garden.
You can touch the hot metal on the playground.
You can see the vibrant yellow and aqua blue play structure.
When you get closer to the road,
You can hear the cars' engines revving.
You can smell the oil petrol near the cars that tickles your nose.
You can touch the sleek and metallic car,
And finally, you can see the cars speeding past you by the road.
This is the outside.



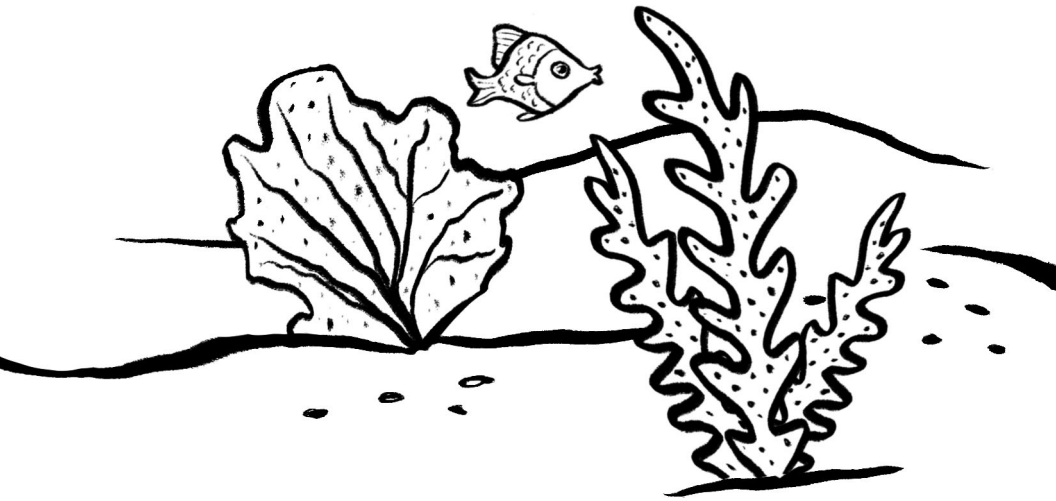
Bottom of the Ocean

Ray Garcia

The Road Home

Elinor Lincoln Hickey Jr./Sr. High School

Right now, I feel like a pocket of air trapped in a very old, sunken ship at the bottom of the ocean. It's serene and muted at the bottom, but it's lonely and daunting as well. Somehow the ship is my brain, filled with old pretty things like memories and dreams—while the unexpected, mysterious beauty from the ocean fills my mind. But I don't know what the ocean is yet...it may be life. Or my budding ambition? Maybe it's doubts and confusion. I don't know, but until I figure it out, I'll wait at the bottom of the ocean.



Discoloration

Emmanuel P.

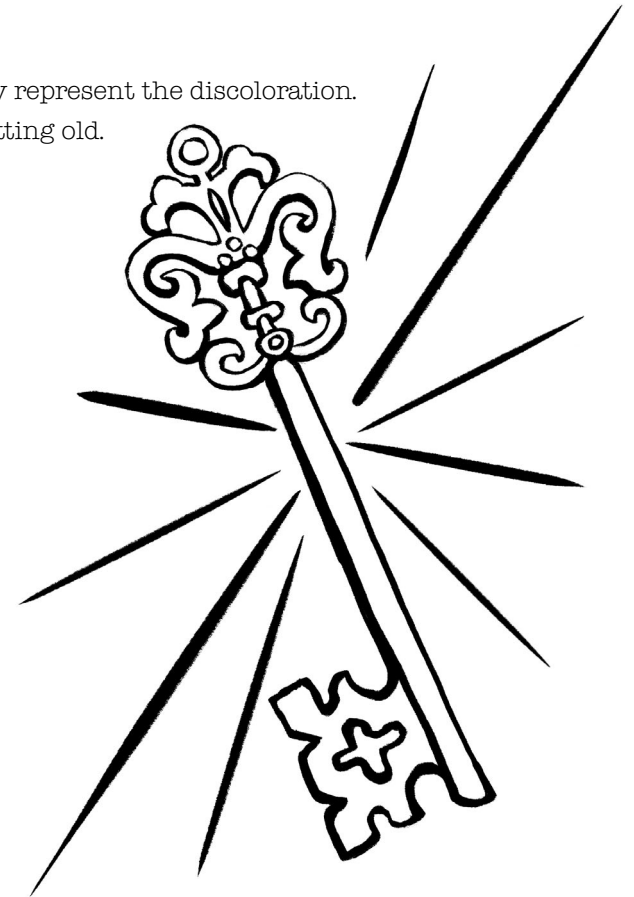
It's a Beautiful Struggle

N.A. Chaderjian Facility

This key, bronze, with discoloration,
in short, it's been through a lot;
it seems to represent my life, discolored,
old, but still new.

By this I mean, old because of the time and hardships
that were experienced and
new because the simple fact that its presence is new.

The values,
hardships,
pains, and errors only represent the discoloration.
I'm still young but getting old.



Iris Flowers

Evan Bustillos

Today, I Will Give You a Color

Katherine L. Albiani Middle School

There was once a field with many beautiful iris flowers. It was owned by one of the most beautiful women. She was a light, gentle soul. She wouldn't even hurt a fly. I'm most positive you can guess her favorite color. Purple was the color of the iris flower—so rich, so amazing. A beautiful color matches so well with a beautiful woman. Most knew the beautiful woman as Iris Queen, but people who were close called her Violet. When she was little, long before this wonderful field of iris flowers rose from Earth's soil, was a tall house with junk piling out of each window like a waterfall. Violet, a young, short, and smart child, knew that this house was damaging the land that surrounded it. The grass was brown and hard.



Friends

Cora Hastings

What I Want it to Be

Mariemont Elementary School

Once upon a time, there was a bee who accidentally stung a flamingo. The flamingo was furious. She was so angry that the bee had stung her. The bee said, "It was an accident." The flamingo didn't believe her, so they became enemies from then on. The bee challenged the flamingo to a fight. But it wasn't just any fight, it was an animal fight. Animal fights are outstandingly crazy, and the animals are rambunctious. They fought, and it was a close one, but the flamingo won. The bee was still alive, but it was still in the Beespital. It was in very good care. The flamingo felt empathy for the bee and wished it was there in the bee's place.

Twenty Years Later...

"Hi everyone, I am Beatrix, the bee who got hurt about twenty years ago. I feel good as new and I live with the flamingo in a dorm at A.N. (Animal State College). We are very good friends now. I realized that the flamingo regretted what she did to me. I will let you know what happened: I got my stinger pulled and I had surgery. I couldn't feel a thing."

"Hi, everyone, I'm Flora. I'm the flamingo that hurt the bee, I was the one who felt empathy for the bee. Like the bee said, we live in a dorm room together and we take the same classes. We got a scholarship."

