



Creative Writing  
Minor  
Chapbook

Session Three  
2018

The Creative Writing Minor at the 6 Points Creative Arts Academy was comprised of a group of talented and passionate Bonim and Olim writers from a variety of majors.

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Samantha C.  
Theatre and Visual Arts  
Age: 10

### **Bella, You Are Blue!**

I look at the void; the deepest, darkest blue. Should I jump in? Is it safe? Is there another world on the other side? What does it have? Intelligent life? Candy? Watermelons? (don't ask) I look at the rocks around me. Sinister and black. Dark as the night sky. Why did dad take his seven-year-old daughter moonwalking on the newly discovered planet? I look back into the void. Blue like the sea, blue like the sky, and blue as a robin's egg all at the same time. I was that shade of blue for myself. I find myself seated on a rock while I think about ways to own the void. Suddenly, the rock in front of me slides forward and bumps into my own. I collide with the rock behind me and a rockslide begins. All of the rocks around me are skidding forward, the drop-off taking me with them. Piles of rocks cascade down the cliff destroying the landscape below I look at the blue void. I look at the cliff. I start to slow down. I come to a full stop but my rock is half over the cliff. I look back to the void but it's not there. Because of my experience, I am the void. I am blue, and blue is me.

Yael  
(pen name)

### **Who Am I?**

Small, delicate, almost weightless snowflakes fall out of what appears to be a white, flawless sky. I climb the steep steps that lead to my cozy, yet small townhouse. I slam the door shut behind me, gasping for air. I pull the scarf off, that was covering half of my face. My mind was racing, trying to catch up with the days' events. But it never did. Instead, it took me back to the dimly lit 5th grade classroom. I stared up at the clock, just waiting for the hand to hit 1500. But then my teacher said a phrase that I still remember to this day. "Who do you think you are?" Those words will forever echo in my head, bouncing around, never stopping. Yes. I have a name that people address me by, but now 14 years later, I am still unaware. Who am I, really?

Lana B.  
Visual & Culinary Arts  
Age 12

### **Dangerous Caramel Cupcakes**

#### Ingredients:

1 cup butter (with spiders)  
1 tablespoon oganesson (non-active powder)  
1.5 quarts flour  
2 cups sugar plus extra 4 cups  
2 cups milk  
2.5 cups heavy whipping cream  
3 tablespoons water  
3 liters hydrochloric acid  
3.5 kilograms astatine  
4 cups powdered sugar  
Caramel extract (optional)  
Sulfur sprinkles (optional)

#### Directions:

1. Make the caramel: Melt 1/25 kilograms of the astatine in the microwave. Put in the large amount of sugar and the water. When the sugar has caramelized, add the heavy whipping cream. Let it sit at absolute zero until cooled, then separate in half.
2. Make the cupcakes: cream the butter and rest of the sugar together. Add the milk, caramel extract (optional) and half of the caramel. Mix it in completely before adding the flour and oganesson. Mix it in slowly. When fully combined, whip it for an extra 2-3 minutes to activate the oganesson. Do not overmix. Line a cupcake tray and place it directly on top of the astatine to bake for 20-30 millennia, or until a cake tester inserted comes out clean.

3. Make the frosting: combine the powdered sugar, hydrochloric acid, and rest of caramel.
4. Assemble: when the cupcakes are completely cooled, pipe the frosting on using a decorative piping tip. Add sulfur sprinkles.
5. Enjoy!\*

\*Creative cooks: change the caramel to nutella and the extract to vanilla

Adara R.  
Theatre  
Age 14

### Untitled

My head was hung in shame. My hair fell into my eyes as I looked down, and this was okay by me. I wouldn't have been able to see much through the tears anyway, and this way fewer could gawk at my display. I had already been ridiculed and mocked by those closest to me. How I could still care seemed ludicrous to me, but true all the same.

I could only hear pounding in my ears, protecting me from the jeers thrown by others. The steady beating comforting me, I trudged on through the hall of the camp. A rattling suddenly began, turning from one small sound into an army. To add salt to it all, had I lost my mind?

Still the rattling grew louder, until I was too curious to stand it and had to look up. I needed to check whether or not it was real, as well as my sanity. To my surprise I saw Abby flying towards me, the cart she was pushing loaded with boxes.

My name was called, but I couldn't face her. I couldn't bear to see my last remaining friend turn on me like the others had. I kept walking, but to no avail. As I was a reader, Abby was an athlete. She caught up to me easily. Before I could say anything she grabbed my arm.

"Stop, Emma. It's alright. I just want to show you something."

She grabbed one of the boxes from her cart, and when she did it rattled. It hadn't been imagined. Great, I thought sarcastically. Now that I know I am at least partially sane, everything will magically fix itself.

Although I wanted to pull away while she was distracted and keep walking, I couldn't. My curiosity was raging, I needed to know what was in there. What could make that noise and fit in something smaller than a shoe box?

Sensing my anticipation and being her dramatic self, Abby opened the box towards her so that I couldn't see the contents and drew something out. I knew from the way her arms were moving that she was fiddling with something from behind the lid, but I couldn't see what it was.

After a few seconds she put down the lid with flourish, allowing me to see what she had been doing. When I saw, I burst into a fresh bout of tears, but for entirely different reasons.

There, on her shirt, was a button. The button was emblazoned with the name of the camp, but that wasn't what made me emotional. This button was a rainbow. It was a Pride button.

In the following weeks a rush of these buttons ensued. In her boxes, Abby had more than enough buttons for the whole camp.

My friends, no, the people who pretended to be my friends; had meetings with some of the adults. Word had gotten around about how they had treated me and some of the mentors and counselors had caught wind of it.

I found real friends like Abby, who didn't judge me on things like that. We hung out and talked all the time. Eventually I came to realize something important, something I hadn't realized before. Although it may not have been liked by all, I stayed true to myself. I am okay with who I am, and that is more important than someone else's opinion of me.

Samantha C.  
Theatre and Visual Arts  
Age: 10

### **The Moon**

The Moon is big, the moon is bright  
I will stare at the moon tonight  
Why do I stare  
I don't really care  
I really try to count sheep  
I just have to get some sleep  
I just lay in the dark  
The moon hovering over the park  
Someday the moon will save the day.

Lilah P.  
Visual Arts  
Age: 14

### **CAA Acrostic Poem**

**C**ommunity  
**R**ehearsal  
**E**xcitement  
**A**ttention  
**T**ogetherness  
**I**magination  
**V**alue  
**E**nergy

**A**mazing  
**R**otation  
**T**ransition  
**S**upportive

**A**rtistic  
**C**reative  
**A**rrangements  
**D**ance  
**E**ngaging  
**M**emories  
**Y**outh