

Young Tigers



Mission Dolores School
Literary Magazine

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MY COUSIN VICTORIA

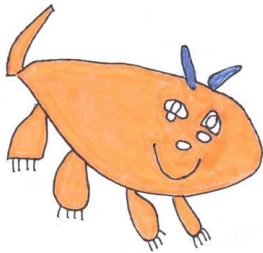
By Quiana Gomez, 1st grade

My cousin Victoria is 10 years old. She lives in a house in Daly City with my aunt and uncle and my three other cousins. I sometimes stay overnight on weekends. My mom takes me there in her car. My cousin Adam is 7, Alexandra is 4, and Angel is a baby.

We play teacher. Adam plays too. Victoria has a big whiteboard on the wall. She writes sentences on the board, and she gives us paper and we copy what she writes. We play a guessing game. One person writes a word down and then we have to look for the word on a book cover.

We play shopping with a basket and a toy scanner. We buy books, toys and other stuff. Victoria scans the things and puts them in a bag. She tells me how much everything costs. She prints a receipt. We pay for it with a toy credit card.

We stay up and watch *Wizard of Waverly Place*, *iCarly* and *The Suite Life on Deck*. I sleep in the girls' room, in a sleeping bag on the rug. In the morning I go to the park with Victoria and Adam. We play on the slides and the monkey bars. Then we go back to my cousins' house and my mom comes to pick me up.



Sara Hernandez, 1st grade



Nataly Coreas Arana, 6th grade

MY TURTLE ELVIS

By Aaron Harrison, 1st grade

My pet turtle's name is Elvis. I got him on my birthday when I turned 6. My dad took me to Chuck E. Cheese for a party, and I won the turtle for a prize with my tickets. I want to go back there when I turn 8 because you can go in the big box. They close it, and tickets fall down from holes on top. If you get a red ticket, it's worth 30 gray tickets.

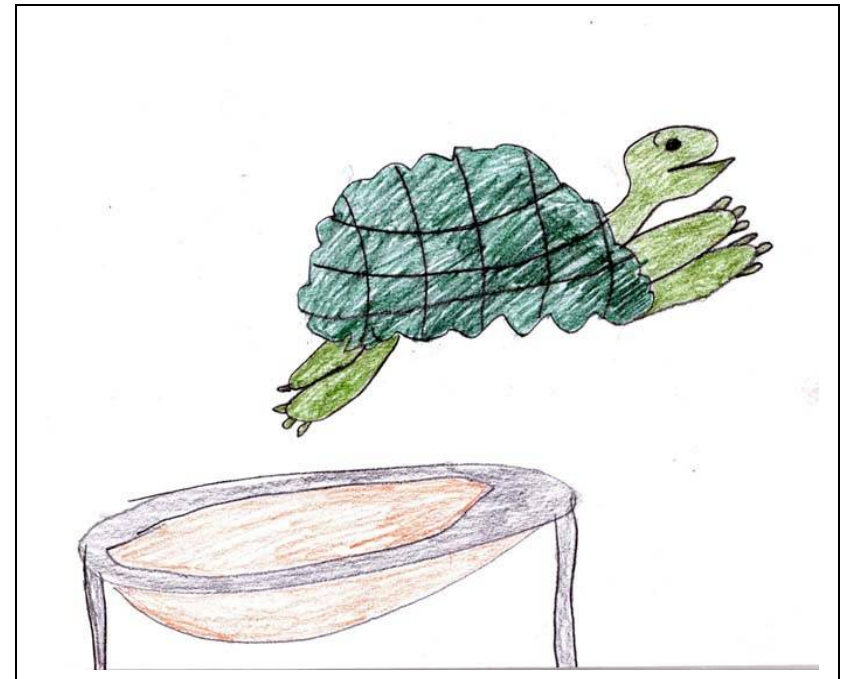
Elvis is green. Sometimes I take a paintbrush and color him like a rainbow. He is cool because he can walk slow, he can swim, and he can sleep. When my sister Azana comes into the room, he goes into his shell. I pick him up and knock on the shell and say, "Who's in there? Come out turtle."

I have another turtle named Girlina. She's a girl. Both turtles have their own tank. When Elvis doesn't want to swim, I put him in Girlina's tank, which has real sand and trees made out of paper. Both tanks have water in them. My last turtle died because I didn't put water in there.

Every time I want to clean Elvis's cage, I take him out and put him under my pillow. I wash the cage with baby wipes and go to sleep, and sometimes I forget that he's in my bed. I say, "Azana, did you take my turtle?" She says no. And then I say, "Hey, how did he get in my bed? Oh, maybe from last night. I forgot again? Man!"

Once when my mom was sleeping, Girlina climbed up on her stomach. It was really funny when my mom woke up. She went "ahhh!" and she flung Girlina all the way to my baby brother's blanket.

Elvis is fun to play with. Every time I put his food in the water, he goes under and jumps back up. Sometimes I take him out and I put a ruler from my pillow to the tank, and he climbs up the ruler. I have a little hula hoop, and he jumps through it. I have a little trampoline, and when I put him on it, he flies up and pretends that he's walking in the air.



Mario Guerra Jr., 4th grade

WHEN THE WITCHES CAME

Story and picture by Amelie Justo, 2nd grade

Every Halloween in San Francisco, witches fly down on their brooms to scare people — even kids and babies. They like to smash jack-o'-lanterns because the faces look weird to them, and they take candy from kids. The witches love candy but they have no money so they can't buy it in the store.

One Halloween, five kids went trick or treating. Two were dressed like fairies, one was a ghost, one was a butterfly and one was a princess. They walked to a house and got a lot of lollipops and chocolate balls. Then eight witches came and snatched away their Halloween bags. One witch just touched a kid's shoulder, and the kid freaked out because the hand was green. After the witches stole the candy, they started eating it.

All of a sudden a witch accidentally dropped her wand. The girl who was dressed like a princess picked it up and quickly shot the eight witches with laser beams. The laser beams sent them back home. The witches have never been seen again.



EVIL SANTA VERSUS GOOD SANTA

By Humberto Maldonado, 3rd grade

Once upon a time there lived Santa with his elves. Just before Christmas he went to the village and collected all his letters. He took them to his lair and read them. Then he told his elves to make all the toys.

Meanwhile, Santa had an older brother — an evil Santa who also lived at the North Pole, but in a different house. When they were children, the bad Santa used to hurt his younger brother because he liked to be evil.

The good Santa kept all the Christmas toys in his house after the elves made them. The evil Santa also wanted to give toys to the kids, but they would be in big boxes so that evil elves could hide inside and sneak into the houses. Then they would destroy all the kids' toys, because that's what evil does.

Just before Christmas, evil Santa put a present in front of good Santa's door. Then he knocked on the door and ran. An evil elf was hiding in the present. When the elf got inside the house, he printed Santa's toy list. Then he went out the window and climbed up to the roof. There was a snowman with a hat that opened up into a satellite dish. The evil elf used it to signal evil Santa about the list. Then evil Santa made all the toys on the list so that he could visit the kids' houses.

When good Santa found out that his toy list was missing, he knew that his evil brother was back. Good Santa remembered everything on the list and where the kids lived.

On Christmas night, good Santa put all the toys in his bag and went out to deliver them. His evil brother came flying toward him on a sled. He tried to hit good Santa's sleigh so the toys would fall out. But good Santa dodged him and went faster and faster, and disappeared before evil Santa could catch him.

Later that night, good Santa swooped down and grabbed evil Santa's bag of presents from his sled. He flew with them to the

forbidden land: that's a place where there is nothing. Good Santa ripped open the presents, and all the evil elves fell out. Then good Santa went back to fight his evil brother. He hit his sled, and evil Santa fell into the ocean.

The next morning, when the sun came up, good Santa stood on top of a mountain and the whole town saw him. A man said, "I didn't know Santa was real!" The town yelled, "Santa! Santa!" And he lived happily ever after.



Natassja Hernandez, 7th grade

I LOVE KICKBALL!

By Azana Harrison, 3rd grade

I learned kickball from my friend Shai when he asked me to play one day. Kickball is fun because you get to kick and catch the ball. I play it at snack and lunch. I'm better at kicking than fielding.

It's a lot like baseball. There are four bases. You stand on the home base and kick the ball, and if somebody catches it you're out. If they don't, you're safe. But if they throw the ball to the person on base and you're not there on time, you're out.

There are two white lines. The pitcher stands on one of them: you can pick the close one or the far one. The pitcher rolls the ball like a bowling ball.

Each team gets three outs and each player in third grade and up gets four or five fowls. A fowl is outside the white baseline. Second graders get five or six fowls. We don't really keep track of the score.

Grades 1 to 6 play almost every day. We play on concrete. People get injured a lot. That happened to me: I tried to turn back to first base and I twisted my ankle and fell. My brother Aaron got hit in the face trying to catch the ball. He was so close to catching it.

I love kickball. It helps your arms and legs because you get stronger. I like everything about the game except when the other team gets mad and starts yelling, "It's our turn! It's already three outs!" And we say, "No, it's only two." They throw the ball hard when they get mad.

LETTERS TO DR. KING

By 3rd grade

Dear Martin Luther King Jr.,

Thank you for changing the world and for wanting all of us to be equal. My mom is white and my dad is black. I wouldn't be born if they couldn't be together. If you didn't change the world, we would still be separated and things would not be fair.

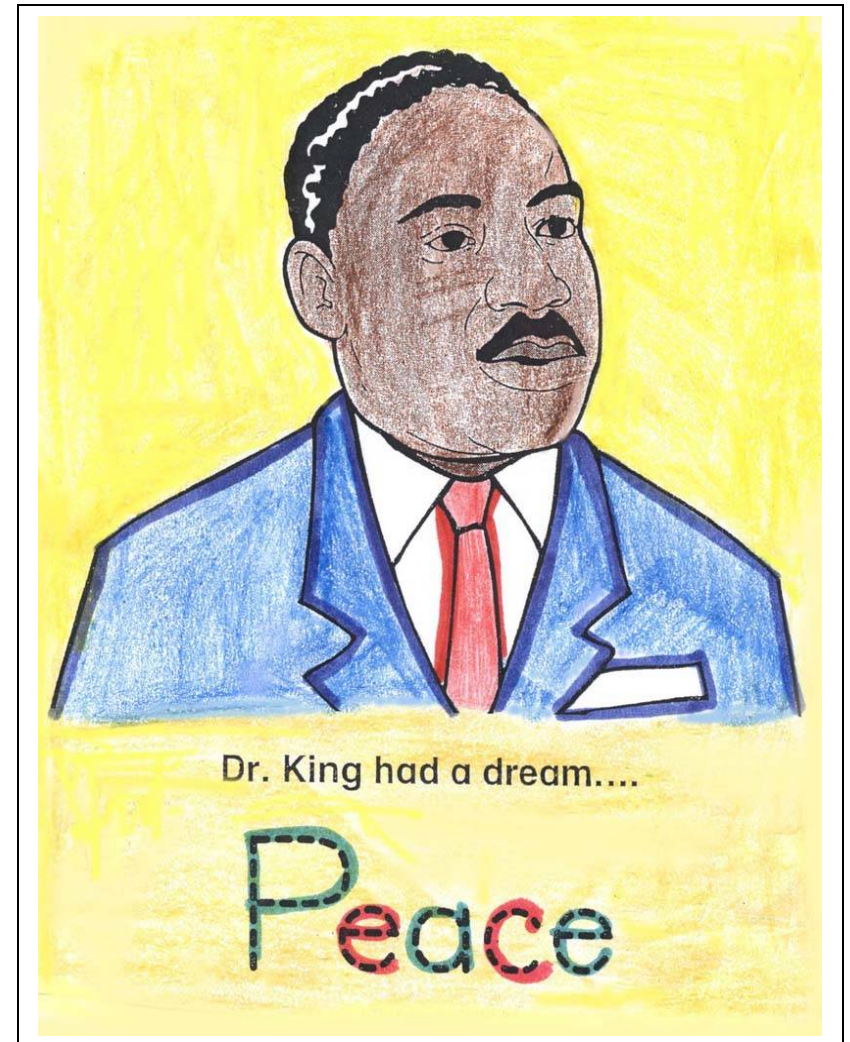
Love, Qyana Smith

* * *

Dear Dr. King,

I am sorry you got shot. I wish you could see what your dream did. Your dream changed the world. We celebrate you on your birthday. It is a national holiday. I wouldn't have friends from different backgrounds if it wasn't for you.

Your friend, Emily West



Qyana Smith

MY FAVORITE PETS

By Ana Soto, 3rd grade

My favorite pets are my dogs Honey and Daisy. They are pit bulls. Daisy is big and Honey is tiny. Daisy is 14 years old and Honey is 7.

Daisy is my brother Jimmy's. Honey is my sister Maria's. They are not my dogs, but I am like their aunt.

They have comfortable dog beds. Honey sleeps in a cage downstairs, and Daisy usually sleeps with my brother upstairs.

We put a couch downstairs, and Daisy tore it up. She eats Honey's food. My mom has a pet chicken downstairs. One time she let Daisy and the chicken out at the same time, and Daisy played soccer with the chicken's head.

I feed them dog food and dog treats. First they have to sit down, then they get their treats. I throw dog cookies to them. Dogs like to eat every minute.

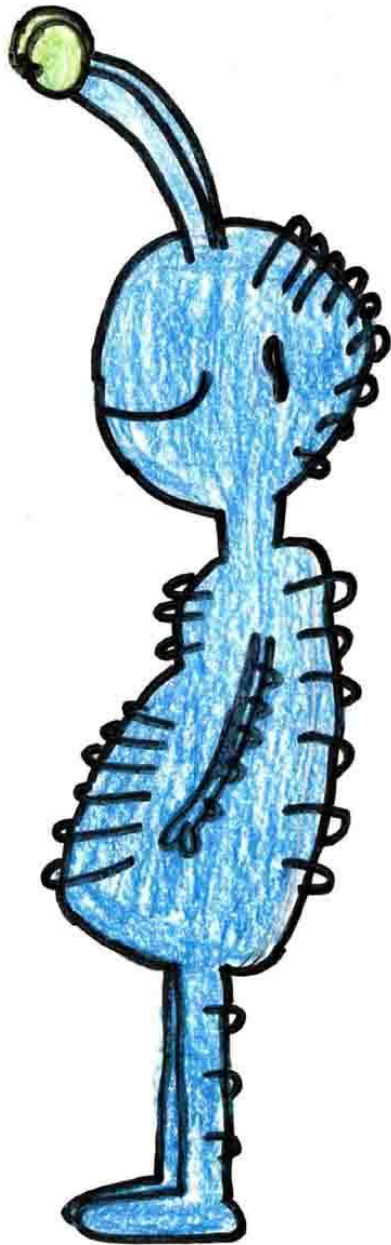


Ciara Williams, 6th grade

Daisy doesn't like Honey that much because Honey gets more attention. Sometimes Daisy bites Honey's head. But if Daisy gets in a fight, Honey will get in too because she wants to protect Daisy.

What I like about Daisy is that she stares at you with those beautiful eyes. Honey wants to have fun with you and she never hurts anyone. She is always good to me and Daisy.

When I take my dogs in the street, they always get hyper and they jump around everywhere. They are the dogs I always wanted. People always want to buy them because they think they are so cute.



Brandon Garcia-Penticoff, 4th grade

THE BOY WHO WAS ABDUCTED BY ALIENS

By Sydney Marquez, 4th grade

One afternoon a boy named Tony was playing with his toys in the bedroom when all of a sudden a green laser beam appeared in his doorway. The beam made its way to Tony's toy truck. Soon the truck started floating in the air. Then Tony saw his toy truck bump into the ceiling. Next the laser went toward Tony.

Tony was shocked and couldn't move, so the laser beam got him. He didn't realize he was floating until he felt his head hit on something very hard. "Ow!" Tony cried.

He was lowered, then was lifted higher, and this time the laser beam made him float through the ceiling like a ghost.

Tony tried to scream, but no sounds came out. He tried to attract attention, but nobody was around to see. Eventually he was high enough to touch the clouds.

"This is kind of fun," he thought. Soon he saw a toy truck. Then he realized it was *his* toy truck. He grabbed it. After playing with it, he saw something red and as big as a blimp. It looked like a hot dog without its bun.

He floated around the bunless hot dog and saw an opening that was big enough to fit him. Soon the green laser beam sent Tony through the hole. Once he was fully inside, a cage fell on him. Next he was surrounded by hot dogs with bushy moustaches and green eyes. Tony guessed they were aliens.

"Give us your toy truck," said the aliens in unison.

"No! No! No! No! No! No! No!" yelled Tony.

"Why not?" they asked.

"This is my favorite toy," said Tony. He hugged his truck.

The ship was empty except for a big red spotlight and a light switch. The aliens floated to the switch and turned it off.

"Hello? Anybody there? I'm all alone in the dark!" Tony shouted.

"We'll set you free if you give us your truck."

"Why do you want my truck?" asked Tony. They didn't answer.

"Can I give you a different truck?" he asked.

"OK, show us," one alien said.

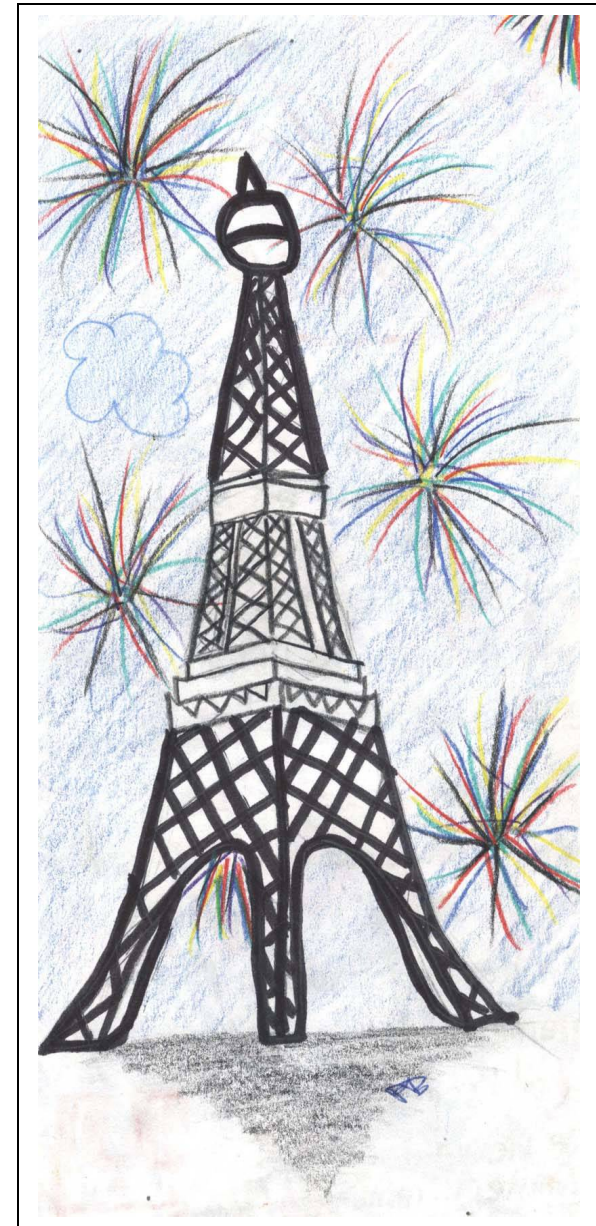
"If you'll let me free," Tony told them.

They turned on the spotlight and unlocked the cage. Tony fell out of the ship and into the sky. He landed on the trampoline in his backyard and bounced up, then back down on his feet. "That was fun!" exclaimed Tony.

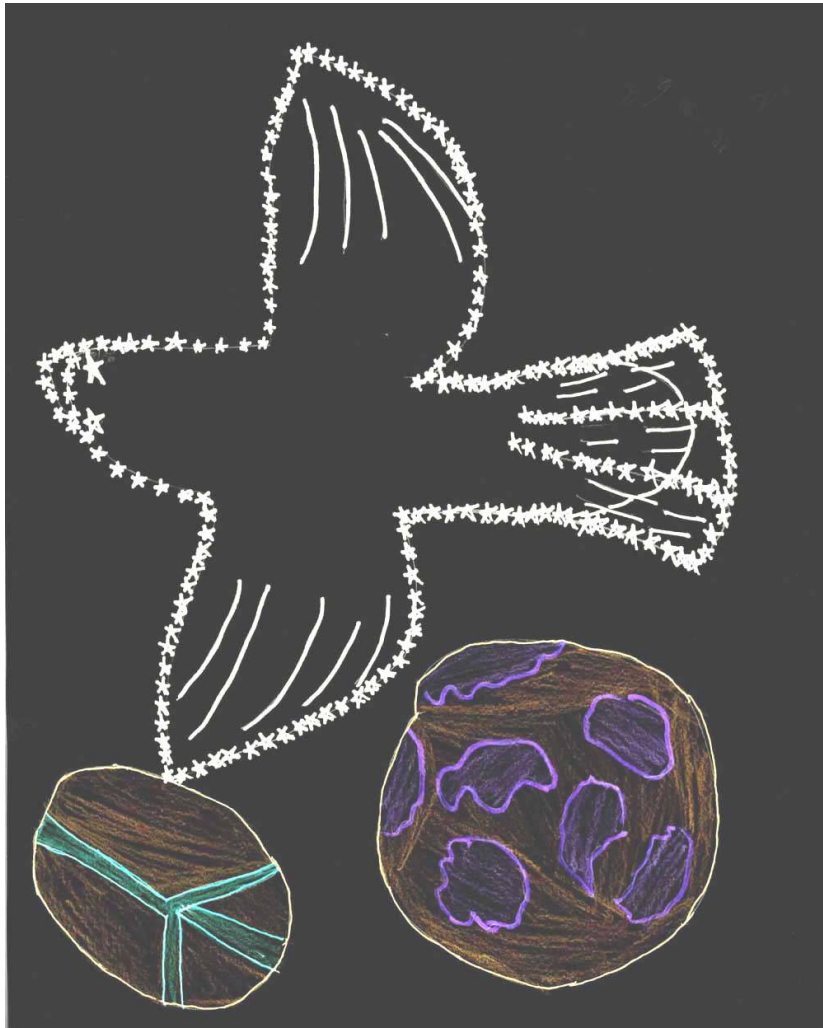
He walked into his house and up to his room. The aliens followed him. He picked up another toy truck from the floor. He didn't like it because it was pink and was covered with old stickers. He gave it to the aliens. They liked it. "Thank you," they said. Less than a minute later they disappeared. He didn't have the chance to ask why they needed his truck so much.

Tony continued playing as if nothing had happened. He heard a car pull into the driveway and he knew it was his mother. She came inside his room and asked, "What did you do today?"

"Nothing," said Tony. He didn't want to tell her because she would think he was crazy and would take him to the worst psychiatrist in the universe. So he kept his adventure a secret.



René Barrón, 8th grade



Makayla Byrd and Mario Guerra Jr., 4th grade

THE WHITE DOVE

By Maryn Miller and Makayla Byrd, 4th grade

Once there was a white dove that was made out of magical stars. It was the clearest and whitest bird you could think of. The stars told the dove to find a planet that was dark and lonely and had no living thing, and to make a sun so that the planet could have trees and grass. The stars wanted the dove to bring the planet back to life so that they could have more places to shine.

The dove flew away, and after three days it found a planet that was black with red clouds. It once had people on it, but now it was barren because everything had been destroyed by a giant meteor 5,000 years before. The clouds were red because they were stained with grief.

The dove let out a screech, and its magic started working. A sun appeared in the sky. All of a sudden the dove saw green popping out of the ground. It heard the sounds of birds, cats, dogs, sheep, bunnies and people. The things that had lived on the planet before were back, but new and improved.

The dove was overcome with joy. The stars said, "Your work is done here," and the dove dissolved back into all the little stars that it was made of.



MY DREAM OF FLYING

Story by Kira Trevino, picture by Maryn Miller, 4th grade

One night I had a dream of flying. I flew to an ice cream shop, and both the ice cream and the guy who sold it started floating. I got a bunch of ice cream for free. Later I told my mom and she said, "That is a strange dream."

In the morning I went to school with my friends. It was awesome because we could do whatever we wanted. We got no homework or classwork. Instead, we had a party and went on a field trip to New York. We rode on a ferry that could fly. The Statue of Liberty winked at me. Then the ferry flew us home, and we had little rooms on board where we could sleep for the night. When we got back, I jumped off the ferry and flew straight home. I told my mom but she didn't believe me.

That evening when I was watching TV I saw my dream on the TV screen. Then the alarm clock rang. That's how I found out it was just a dream. I looked at the clock and it was only 5:30 a.m., so I slept in. I never had that dream again.

Heb,
my
name iz
Jazzy!

I'M ME

By Jazmine Thomas, 7th grade

I drew this picture because people look at me and expect me to be somebody else. Well, I'm one person and that's me, myself, and that's all. I'm not going to be anyone else, and if you don't like it, get lost because Jazmine's coming through.

This letter isn't just for me, it's for all the people in the world who want to be themselves also. Because it's your life, so live it to the fullest in your perspective, because you only have one life to live.

ME AND THE GIANTS

By Alex Flores, 4th grade

I started playing baseball last summer because my coach Bernard called me up and asked, "Do you want to play?" I said yes. He's been my soccer coach for about four years and he's the dad of my best friend, DJ.

The game is coach pitch. Coach Bernard throws it overhand, but he doesn't pitch it very hard. If it was kid pitch, we would miss everything because the kids throw it a lot faster.

I played with some of my classmates from Mission Dolores — Mario, DJ, Tyas, Anthony, Jonathan — mostly the same people who are on my soccer team. We played at Silver Terrace Park.

My position was second baseman. I made nine double plays and five triple plays. I'm better at catching than hitting. I hit mostly ground balls and popups.

In the last game I made a home run. I ran around third base and I was caught in a pickle. My dad was playing catcher, and he threw it to the other guy but it went over his head, so I ran home.

I like the San Francisco Giants! My favorite players are Pablo Sandoval because he can hit home runs, Tim Lincecum because he can strike out people easily, and Jonathan Sanchez, who is another pitcher. I follow the Giants games on the computer every night. My dad goes to a Web site and it tells you the score.

I've been watching the Giants since Barry Bonds was playing, when I was 4 years old. I went to about 21 games that year with my mom and dad. I ate hot dogs, pizza and churros, and drank Coke and lemonade. I went on the Coke bottle slide. It's big and dangerous: I heard that some people broke their leg going down it.

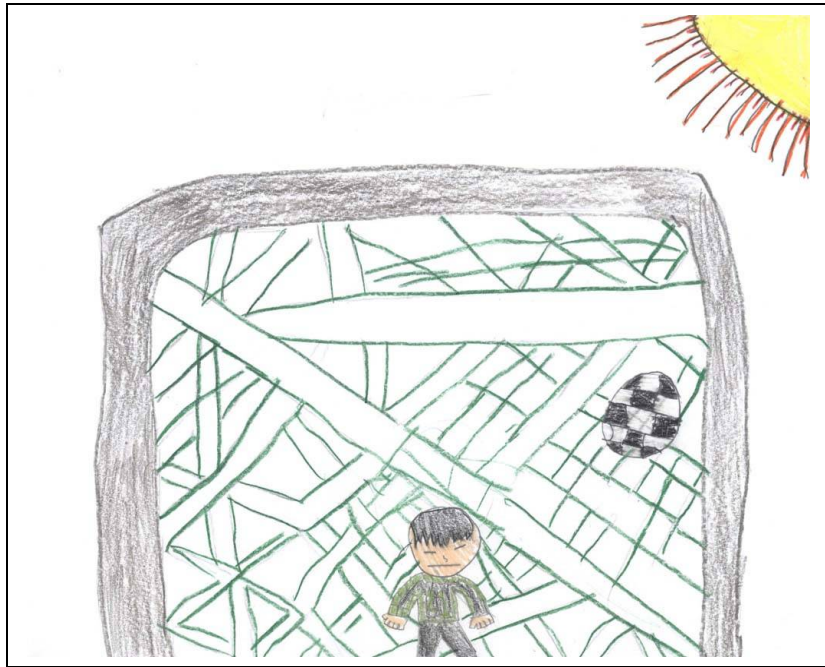


Samantha Matamoros, 3rd grade

I was at the game when Barry Bonds broke the home run record. When he hit it, I almost fell out of my seat because a guy was cheering beside me, and he tripped and landed on my chair. He didn't hurt himself.

There was a heck of a reaction. There were balloons, confetti and fireworks: one of them rattled the stadium. Everybody was cheering: "Barry Bonds! Barry Bonds! Barry Bonds!"

Last year, when the Giants won the World Series, everybody in my neighborhood opened their doors and started yelling and cheering. I felt good inside that the Giants won because they didn't start out the season that well.



Nataly Coreas Arana, 6th grade

SOCCER IS MY LIFE!

By Eduardo Galera, 5th grade

I started playing soccer five years ago, when I was 5 years old, because every Sunday I would go to Garfield Park in the Mission to watch four of my uncles and my cousin play soccer, in a league for adults.

I like soccer because you can learn skills, you can hang out with your teammates, and you can do tricks. I can do la chilena: you juggle the ball from one foot to another about five times, then you kick it high, turn around, jump up and flip, and kick the ball backward.

In the fall I play for the Jamestown Eagles soccer team. It's in the San Francisco Vikings Youth Soccer League. We practice from 5:30 to 7:30 p.m. every Friday. DJ's dad Bernard is the coach. He helps us practice penalty shots, and we play games against our teammates. We play against other teams every Saturday at Garfield Park, South Sunset or West Sunset Park.

In 2009 our team didn't pass the ball and we lost most of the games. But in 2010 we won the city championship! I scored about five goals. My best game was against the Dolphins. I had a corner kick, and when I kicked it, the ball curved and nobody touched it, and it went in the goal. My uncle Pato showed me how to curve it.

Soccer lasts the whole year. In January we start playing indoor soccer on Sundays. The field is smaller and the goal is a little square. When the ball goes out of bounds, you have to kick it in four seconds or it will be the other team's ball.

In February 2010 I went to a soccer game at Candlestick Park with my cousin, my mom and my uncles Vidal and Pato. It was Mexico against Bolivia. Outside the stadium we saw El Matador, the great Mexican soccer player. He's a legend. He was on the team when Mexico played for the World Cup. He's retired now. We took a photo of him, and he wrote on my T-shirt. Then we went in to watch the game. Mexico won, 5-0.

That summer, Club América from Mexico played against Real Madrid from Spain at Candlestick Park. I didn't go, but I watched it on TV. Club América lost 3-2. The morning of the game, I went downtown and I met all of the Club América players on the street. They autographed the same T-shirt that El Matador signed. It was cool!

Every Sunday and Wednesday, Mexico plays against other countries on the Spanish channel. My whole family watches — my mom, my dad, my three sisters, my little brother and me. I always wear the T-shirt when I watch. I like the Mexican soccer teams because my family is from Yucatán.

A SCARY HALLOWEEN

By Nataly Coreas Arana, 6th grade

Once upon a time there were three friends named Sabrina, Mireya and Nataly and an evil witch named Rosie.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon on Halloween Day, and the three friends were just getting out of school. They were going to Mireya's house so they could change into their costumes and then go out. Sabrina's costume was a vampire, Mireya's was a zombie and Nataly's was a werewolf.

Nataly drove them in her green car that had fake blood on top. When they had their costumes on, they went to eat at the Elephant Bar and Grill. They had pumpkin smoothies with gummy brains on top. Then they got back in the car to go trick or treating.



Sydney Marquez, 4th grade

They got on the freeway, but they took the wrong exit, and ended up in the middle of nowhere, close to where the witch lived. The car ran out of gas. They got out to see what happened. Then they saw something in the sky. It was Rosie the witch on her broom. She flew down to them. They didn't know that when she was up in the air, she had created a spell to clear the road that they had come on. Before she landed, the road had disappeared.

They asked her, "Do you know the way back to the city?"

The witch said, "Of course I do. Take the green slimy path. But beware when you step in the slime: it might be deep."

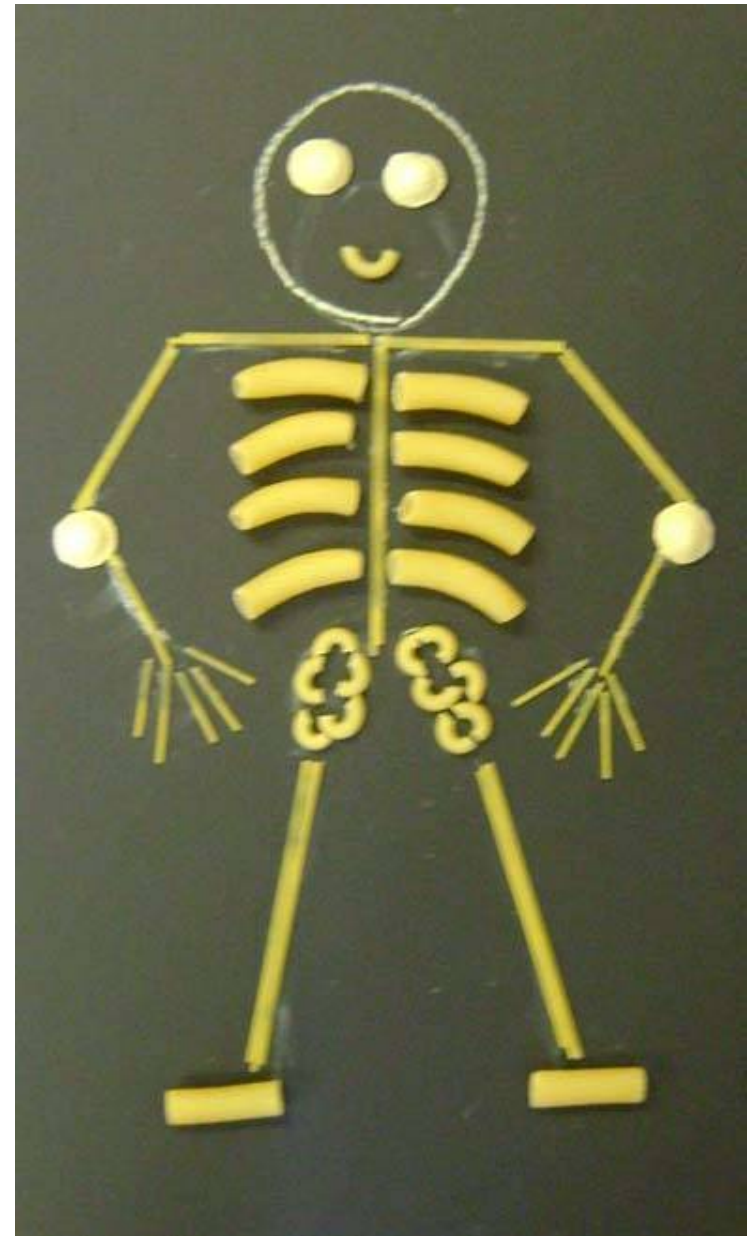
The three friends started walking down the path. Sabrina heard creepy noises and thought something was going to happen, so she went running ahead and she slipped and broke her fingers. Mireya and Nataly rushed over and helped her up.

Rosie had a hairy eagle that was spying on what they were doing. The eagle grabbed a big rock and dropped it on Mireya's foot. She started hopping up and down. Then she fell because the path was slippery and slimy. A tree branch fell on Nataly's head and poked her eye out.

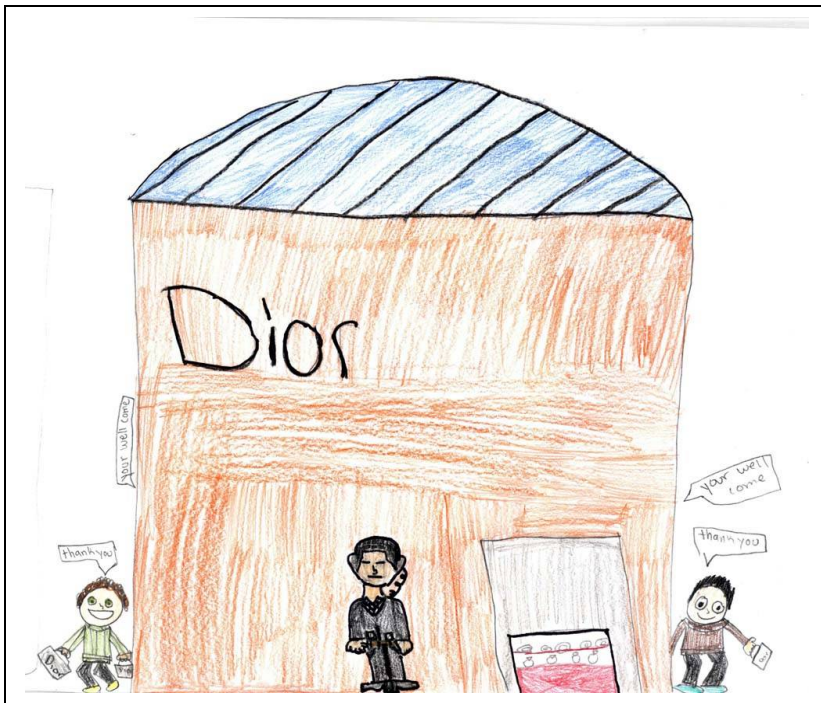
Rosie flew back down on her broom. She started to laugh crazy and scary. She cast a spell for the costumes to come alive and get stuck, so that Sabrina would remain a vampire, Mireya a zombie and Nataly a werewolf. The three friends fell into a slimy hole. They all sank together and disappeared. Nowhere would they be found!



Mario Guerra Jr., 4th grade



Ellis Coverson, 7th grade



MY UNCLE ANGELINO

Story and picture by Mariano Freytes, 6th grade

I want to tell you about my Uncle Angelino because I really admire him. He is my mom's younger brother. He is a security guard at Westfield San Francisco Centre. It's a cool job because he gets to wear a suit. He buys expensive clothes and accessories. Sometimes I go there to pick him up with my Grandma, Mamita. My uncle doesn't have a car because he got in a car crash three times.

He lives in South San Francisco. I go there every weekend. I sleep over on Friday and Saturday and sometimes Sunday if I'm sick. I like to go to his house because I can play

video games with him and visit with my Grandma. She's a nurse. She was born in Nicaragua and she speaks really good Spanish. She had to transfer to America, then she had two children — my mom and my uncle.

He likes to watch sports and play sports. He taught me how to play tennis and a little bit of baseball, and I taught him how to play basketball: I'm better than him.

He sometimes takes me out to a movie, and he makes up very funny jokes when we are watching it together. He does many other things, like eating sushi, listening to music, and visiting his girlfriend and my great-grandma. He likes to write to his dad and visit him in L.A. When he doesn't have anything else to do, he cooks. He likes to make chorizo con huevos, gallo pinto and French toast.

My uncle graduated from Mission Dolores in 1999. He helps me with homework. He reads the directions and finds out what to do. He can speak Spanish and he tries to help me with French. He's good at spelling and grammar. He is like my dad because he supports me and he wants me to succeed in life.



Jocelyn Muñoz, 4th grade