

EVENT TWO:

post your short stories here so we can review them before handing them in!

E.E:

LAKE: Mars: February 10, 2584

I waited for the signal to go. {this is too basic to submit. we need to make it so awesome that it'll blow people's minds} After being sent to Mars {one} hundred years ago from Earth,{this ain't realistic} I was anxious to find out what it was like, after so long. The last time I remembered it, they had been creating the first floating cars. {they already created hover cars though}

Hovers... I think that's what they were called. They were supposed to drive with a magical {i thought this was scifi} circle on the ground, knowing where they would go and letting others know where they were going as well.

Finally, I heard the lady {what lady? describe} through the speaker, announcing that we would leave in ten minutes. As she said that, the engines started, making it clear that my nerves would get unbearable. {huh? reword that sentence} I was brave one hundred years ago, because we would've found life. And we did, exact replicas like us. {huh? elaborate more}

But now I was scared. What if the spacecar bursted into flames? What would happen if we never made it to Earth? What would happen if we ran out of food before we made it there!?

That made me more scared than anything. {which example?} And me worrying made me not realize that my assistant was next to me, comforting me.{reword this}

"Alec,{um um that's a really stereotypical name} it's alright! We'll make it there. And we can see what Earth is like now."

I looked over at her -- her blonde hair in a ponytail, capable of fitting in the helmet. Her pale skin was clear, light freckles dancing across her nose. Her green eyes knew what I was thinking about. {CREEPY}

"Clara, how do I calm down? So many possible things could happen out there. We could *die*," I said{SAID IS DEAD}, getting more scared now since there was five minutes left before we left. Clara hopped in beside me, putting on her helmet.

"You don't. You just have to face your fears."

I had no time to respond because those five minutes were up. I had cold feet suddenly; I needed to get out! I tried to open up the spacecar door, but it was jammed tight.

A voice inside both of our helmets said, "Alec McCormick, Clarissa Maestas, are you ready for the flight of your life?"

"Yes."{who said this?}

"Then off you go, in 3... 2... 1... NOW!"

At that, the door opened, and we saw the stars, and then we blasted off. {okay um what comma splice}

We went fast, stars whirling around us. You could see faint patterns, like the Big Dipper, {pINES} and even the Andromeda.

I no longer felt that fear; I could see Earth from here. I knew that we could make it in less than a day, I knew that we wouldn't burst into flames, and I knew that we would have enough food.

"Isn't it beautiful?" Clara said in a dazed tone.

"It is..." I noticed a meteor, heading for a star. Then, I realized, we were going to witness a star explosion as close as 80 miles away from it; a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

The closer the meteor was to the star, the more I realized that I yearned to live beyond the stars. How wonderful it would be to be able to get so close to a star so small from far away that it would be so huge! That would be amazing, being able to learn the way of the Universe!

Who knew how big it would be? How large something as infinite as the Universe was. I saw the star -- it being connected with the meteor one moment, and the next creating an explosion so big, we could feel the heat.

"Wow... that was... just... extraordinary!" Clara exclaimed in a whisper. I smiled; she was right, it *was* extraordinary! I knew how much the universe could scare her -- after all, her father almost never came back to Earth the time he left.

I got rid of those thoughts and saw how close we were to Earth now. I could see the blue oceans, I could see the lands of Africa and Russia, and all the continents, including parts of America! And then there was the USA; it wasn't how I remembered it -- green and yellow like a lion's fur -- it was grey. All grey; nothing there was another color. As soon as it was in view, another voice came on in our helmets.

"We will be landing in 20 minutes."

I thought that this would take a day or more! Not two hours! We had barely been in space for that long! And somehow, even after that thought, I realized something; we have advanced technology, of course it would only take two hours! I laughed at my silliness.

Those 20 minutes went by in a flash, cause then, we speed down into a city, it was grey, light refracted everywhere, made out of glass. Buildings not brick, or fiberglass. They were made out of strange materials that even I couldn't understand. People down below us pointed at the spacecar. They all watched us, moving out of the way.

We slowly landed, getting out of the car. People taking pictures of us I took off my helmet first, Clara following my lead.

Everyone watched us, unmoving.

"Clara? Is that you?" I heard a deep-voice rumble. I looked to find an old man --, long black hair and green eyes decorating his head -- and a pair of olive hands reaching out to Clara.

"Dad!? Oh my goodness, Dad!"

A little girl walked up behind him, about the age of 14. She looked at me and smiled, teeth showing. She had black hair down to her shoulders, a pair of green eyes, and wore a blue beanie. {you would think that a beanie would not be from the future}

"Welcome," she started, making a huge gesture of the city.

"To Theta Crest!"

KARA:

there is a starman waiting in the sky for me.
the moon lights the way for us,
illuminating the vehicle and my
starman,
surrounded by an inky
darkness.

the vehicle
is some kind of
futuristic vehicle?
a hover car, perhaps?
or the car of my dreams?

the moon
just a silver sliver
reminding me of the fact
that there is a slim chance
that i will see my starman

and my starman;
a mysterious figure
in an astronaut's suit
face covered,
body covered,
driving the car.

as i lay on this hospital bed,
thinking about dreams
and my starman,
i wait for the surgery
that will change my life
one way or another

now the surgery.
i can't think much
but my starman
fills my mind
while the doctors
experiment with my body.
there is a skylight above me
showing no stars
and a slivered moon.

its fading
its all fading
why is it fading?
the doctors are arguing
about why the anesthetic
didn't work,
somehow?
was it because i was

holding onto my starman?

they are muffled now.
everything is black.
oh!
there's a white light.
i walk towards it
i want to touch it
i want to feel it

...

i have gone through,
and in front of me,
stretches an inky blackness
a slivered moon,
no stars,
but people
people everywhere
shimmering
silver
and gold.

but one --
only one --
stands out;
my starman.

EMO:

EVENT THREE:

Kara:

Nows! Nows!

Prosident bans the fifth letter of the alphabet!

Prosident Trump had recently banned the fifth letter of the alphabet on the promise that it was used "too much."

"I am tired of hearing people talk with that annoying fifth letter noise!" Prosident Trump claimed on his speech on Thursday. "I dislike it. I shall ban it."

Surprisingly, the Congress didn't fight against Trump's decision and voted for the ban! Many of the Congressmen made speeches as well claiming that they didn't like that certain letter, changing it to "o"!

However, it is curious to know that they did it in very broken English when they were Americans, though that might be because they were speaking with "o"s instead of that dreaded fifth letter.

oorufjkndtporfldvtoorgljkdtoorgljkfxtoglato4uhorfjkndhirhthdtjirdshgisdghit

That fifth letter is worst letter in alphabet. It should be banned forever and over. We will fight against the letter {ROMOVOD}! WE WILL FIGHT!!!

aortgkrflflgkkgkktiivc,f,ghjivfottyprwiqosldfgkjivcb.vc

~

Owon Cooper, Editor of {blank} Newspaper