

Young Tigers



Mission Dolores School
Literary Magazine

Spring 2010

~ CONTENTS ~

2. **The Skeleton's House** by Humberto Maldonado
3. **The Dinosaurs that Liked to Play** by Da'Rion Johnson
4. **My Dog's Life** by Makayla Byrd
7. **The Three Wolves** by Mario Guerra Jr.
8. **My Trip to Disneyland** by Samantha Matamoros
10. **Stillness** by Graziel Favila
11. **If I Won a Million Dollars** by Alex Flores
12. **The Girl Who Ate People** by Aaliyah Allen
14. **I Love to Draw!** by Mariano Freytes
16. **Summer in Redding** by Justine Perez
18. **Phelma** by Derek Barrientos
20. **My Dog Rusty** by Mireya Lara
22. **My Sister Tatiana** by Nataly Coreas Arana
25. **Last Day of School** by Jazmine Thomas
26. **Character Sketch of an Indentured Servant** by Antonio Voto-Bernales
28. **Child's Play** by Manny Mora
31. **A Poem for Haiti** by Nathan Valle-Umagat
32. **Anonymous Love** by Armand Caradine

The Skeleton's House

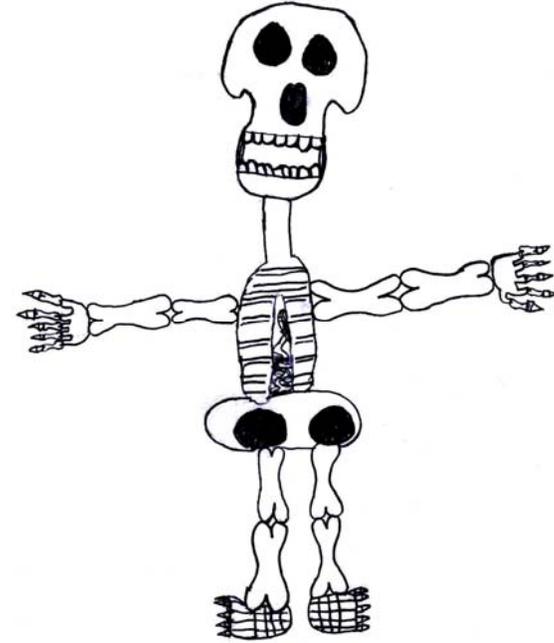
By Humberto Maldonado, 2nd grade

A boy named Ben and his dad came from Mexico, and at first they lived in a hotel. Then they found a house that was empty. So they brought all their stuff and moved in. But they didn't know it belonged to a skeleton.

The skeleton used to be a man. Then someone shot him and buried him, and he was in the grave for a long, long time, so he turned into a skeleton. He wanted to have a haunted house so he could scare people. When he wanted to sleep, he went back to the graveyard and buried himself. He went to the house at night and hid under the bed when he heard people coming.

Ben and his dad found a room in the house and went to sleep. The skeleton was under the bed. The dad went to buy some food. He locked the door and told Ben to stay there. When he was gone, the skeleton came creeping out. The skeleton said: "Leave this house and never return! You must leave now or be trapped here forever!" He said there was a treasure hidden under the house, and that if he dug it up, he would turn back into a man and he would never die, and he would have the power to take over the world. He said, "It's shining gold, down, down under the house, it's real gold, and it's all mine!"

Ben's dad came back and saw the skeleton. He grabbed Ben and took him to the hotel. The next day they went back to the house, but the skeleton already had the treasure. He shot them with his thunderbolt. A little bit of the gold fell on Ben, so he got some power. The skeleton said, "You cannot defeat me!" Ben grabbed the skeleton and threw him into outer space. When the skeleton came back he went, "Ahhhh! Curse you Ben!" He made a hole in the ground the shape of a skeleton. Ben and his dad took the gold and went back to Mexico.



Mariano Freytes, 5th grade

The Dinosaurs that Liked to Play

By Da'Rion Johnson, 2nd grade

Once upon a time there were two dinosaurs named T. rex and Pteranodon. They lived in a dinosaur house. It was a really big house that was red and blue. They liked to watch TV and play kickball. T. rex and Pteranodon also liked to play with toys. One day they started to fight over a monster toy. They both wanted to play with it. Rather than fight with his friend, T. rex decided to find another toy. Later they said sorry and shook hands. They played as friends again and went to the dinosaur mall. T. rex and Pteranodon bought new shoes, shirts and pants. Finally they returned home and played games. They also ate bacon and eggs, then they went to sleep.

My Dog's Life

By Makayla Byrd, 3rd grade

My dog Buffy is 3 years old. She's black and white, She's about one foot tall and she is jumpy. She jumps on me when I come home early and I lay down. If you pick her up, she'll bite your skin off. She bites and scratches me all the time. One time she bit my tongue.

Buffy protects my mom and me. She sleeps under my mom's bed one day and in my room the next day. Buffy snores like a grown man. She used to sleep in my bed, and she would wake me up and lick all around my face.

She eats hot dogs and doggie bacon strips, and she is chunky. Sometimes when we go somewhere she'll hop up on the table and eat everybody's chicken. She likes to chew on my Barbie dolls and rip my stuffed animals. I have to keep them in my closet. Now she is mad because she can't go upstairs, because we got it cleaned by the carpet people.

She belongs to everybody in my family, but the only people she likes are my brother Darryl and my mom and dad and me. She likes me because I give her my food. If I whistle, she will come. If Buffy smells somebody she doesn't like, she barks and tries to bite them. One time she bit my mom and she got hit with a shoe. My sister wants to get rid of her. But I love her so much!

Buffy has a boyfriend named Ruru. His nickname is Rudy. He is my brother Maurice's dog. I saw the dogs kissing in my room. I think Rudy and Buffy will have puppies.



Leticia Silot, 3rd grade



Tyas Valle-Umagat, 3rd grade

The Three Wolves

By Mario Guerra Jr., 3rd grade

There was a pig called Cruck. He was 40 years old and had a moustache. He wasn't married because girls don't like moustaches. Everyone in town called him the big bad grunchy pig. He was tired, frustrated and mad because every night he stayed up until 2 a.m. to watch TV.

There were three good wolves next door to Cruck. They were smart, helpful and kind. They thought Cruck was nice because his house looked like a chapel. It was blue and it had decorations on the top like diamonds.

The first good wolf lived in a pretzel house. The second one lived in a pen house because you could take one of the pens and write something, then put it back. The third good wolf lived in a metal house.

Cruck was much bigger and stronger than the wolves. One day he went to the first wolf's house to get some sugar for his tea. He knocked on the door. The wolf didn't open it because he was scared. So Cruck kicked and punched the first wolf's house, and then he coughed on it really hard. The house broke down. Cruck went to the second wolf's house. The second wolf was too scared to answer, so Cruck hit and kicked the house, and it broke down.

Cruck went to the third wolf's house and said, "Can I have some sugar?" The wolf said, "No!" So the pig kicked the house and coughed on it. It didn't break down, so he tried again. Then the pig got so tired he fell down. The first and second wolf moved in with the third wolf and they lived happily ever after. The pig never got the sugar because he was really bad to people.

My Trip to Disneyland

By Samantha Matamoros, 2nd grade

Last summer I went to Disneyland with my cousin Nahomy, my brother Jorel, my mom, my dad and our four puppies — Sassy, Candy, Princess and Robin. We took the puppies with us because they were scared to stay alone.

We bought a little puppy car at Target so we could take the puppies into Disneyland. First we went to a haunted house and rode on the little train. I really liked the haunted ride. I saw spiders crawling and worms and a creepy face. My brother was scared and he almost fell off. My mom caught him.

My brother wanted to go in the rock hole. It was too scary for me, so he went inside by himself. His face appeared like it was frozen. Then we went in a submarine. We went underwater and we watched the movie *Nemo*.

I didn't like the scary ride with the big boat that goes upside down. It's old and it makes creepy sounds. You have to hang onto something.

What I liked best was when a lady painted pictures of butterflies all over my face. And I liked the flower garden. It had butterflies and regular flies.

We stayed in a hotel. We had two rooms, one for the boys and one for the girls. The beds were jumpy. They had a puppy room where the puppies could sleep. I like hotels because they have pools and you can meet friends.

We still have all the puppies. Would I like to go back to Disneyland? Yes! Next time I want to go underground and see different animals, and eat ice cream.



Samantha Matamoros

Stillness

By Graziel Favila, 6th grade

The wind blowing past me,
The clouds acting like a shield,
The trees whispering secrets
While I am standing still.



Hasana Robinson, 4th grade

If I Won a Million Dollars

By Alex Flores, 3rd grade

If I won a million dollars in the lottery, I would buy an Xbox 360 game. My best friends DJ and Mario would come over and we'd play all night long.

I would buy a red Harley motorcycle and ride it on the dirt path by my friend's house. I like motorcycles because they have cool designs on them, they can go faster than a car, and because girls would like me. I would lift weights to get big muscles because you need muscles if you want to go fast. I would buy motorcycles for my friends DJ, Tyas and Mario.

I would buy a car that could go 90 miles an hour. It would be red, with flames on the side and big rims and spinners for the tires. I would invite my friends to ride with me because it would have a radio and you could turn the music up loud. I would travel to Las Vegas.

I would buy a pony for my sister and a house for my mom with five bedrooms, three bathrooms and a flat screen TV. There would be a swimming pool, a jacuzzi, and a basketball court in the backyard so that I could play with my friends. I would eat McDonald's all the time. My friends would live with me. I would have barbecues and parties. I would have a servant at a little bar to sell soda, and a dance floor for us and the girls.

The Girl Who Ate People

By Aaliyah Allen, 3rd grade

There was a man named DJ whose mother was a witch, and she taught him spells when he was little. He would hide in a tree and put spells on people who walked by. One day a girl named Zoey was walking home from school. When she went by the tree, DJ grabbed her and put a spell on her so that she had to eat people to be pretty. When she didn't eat people, her hair fell out and she started to die.

Zoey hid in a tree in the forest. Some first graders went there for a field trip, and when they were coming out, Zoey grabbed two of them in the back of the line. She covered their mouths so they couldn't scream, and she ate them. The parents didn't know the children were missing until they got back to school.

Zoey went in the lake because she was bloody. Then she dried off in the bushes and ran off to school. Everybody thought she was an ordinary girl.

She felt kind of bad about eating people, so she told her best friend Naomi. Naomi was afraid because the spell was unbreakable. She wanted to tell the whole school, but she thought Zoey would eat her.

Naomi invited Zoey to a sleepover. They were about to watch a movie when Zoey said, "Naomi, go downstairs and get some popcorn." Naomi did, and when she was in the kitchen she got out a big knife and hid it in her pants. She came up the stairs with the popcorn, and when Zoey turned off the light so they could watch the movie, Naomi got out the knife and said, "Bye bye!" and stabbed her in her chest five times. She dragged Zoey's body outside to the forest and left it there.



Nahomy Matamoros, 3rd grade



Leticia Silot, 3rd grade

I Love to Draw!

By Mariano Freytes, 5th grade

I've been drawing ever since I was 2. I draw almost every day. Sometimes I have bad days where I just start drawing. It makes you feel better inside because you're drawing out what you're thinking of.

I like to draw dragons because they inspire me. Dragons can be mean and cute and small. Some dragons are underwater, some have wings and fly, and some breathe out fire. Dragons are cool because you can draw all kinds of details. I draw them in pencil so I can erase. Then I color them and give them out to my family members. I don't use an erasable pen because it will leave all kinds of smudges.

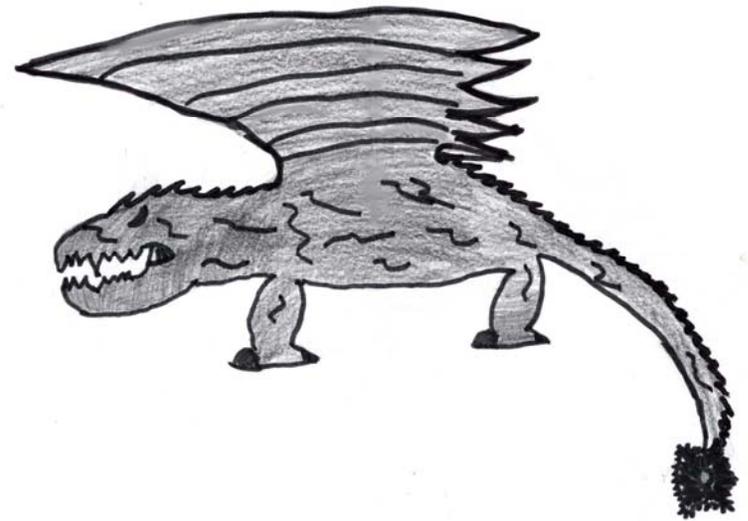
Another thing I like drawing is stick wars. They're little people made out of lines. You can make them fight, draw faces and put in little mind bubbles.

I like drawing comic books because you can draw whatever you want. You can make people with super powers or write about a kid who becomes famous.

I would like to become a professional artist because you never know what can happen. You could get tons of money. You might be in a museum.

I don't want to go to art college because you would be learning from someone else. I would reach my goal by finding people who are famous artists and asking them if I could give them a picture, and they would say: "This is a one-of-a-kind artist!"

I want to do Chinese brush painting. I want to illustrate books and do landscapes of San Francisco because you can draw lovely stuff like the Golden Gate Bridge and Coit Tower. I don't like graffiti because it looks horrible and it makes your neighborhood look bad.



Mariano Freytes

Summer in Redding

By Justine Perez, 5th grade

I've been going to Redding since I was born. I go there every summer with my parents. It takes about three and a half hours to drive there. My Grandma, my Grandpa, my Uncle Ed, and a lot of my cousins are there. My grandparents live in the country, in a little wooden house with a garden and a farm. When my Grandma sees me, she runs up to me and hugs me very strong. They don't have much room in the house, so I sleep in my Grandma's camper. It is really cool — a camper all to yourself.

My grandparents have one acre of land. They grow tomatoes, sunflowers, cherries, peaches, rosemary, tulips and orchids. They pull weeds and cut wood. We stack the wood next to the fireplace. Sometimes they burn wood in the summer. The next-door neighbors have cows, and sometimes we help milk them. I put them in a wood stand and squeeze the udders a little, and the milk goes in a big bucket. The cows can kick you hard. I once got kicked in the face. Some cows hate me because I play with them in a rough way. They chase me for fun.

I cook with my Grandma — lots of stuff like pies, bacon and eggs, cake, and chocolate pastry. She loves to cook tomatoes and rosemary and New York steak. She makes the best seafood ever. When I smell it, I go to the house and ask, "Is it ready?" But usually she says no.

Redding has a swimming pool and kiddie pools and swim classes. That is where I learned to swim. I read a lot of books — really old books that my Grandma found in her house or camper. I ride my bike to Julia's Diner. It's a place where you get to eat and drink for a couple of dollars. I meet my friends there and we get our favorite food — chicken and fries.



Justin Esguerra, 8th grade

My friends are all blonde and really nice. If I need something they will give it to me and I will pay them back. Lexi is smart and really funny. She is 10 years old like me, and my other friends are just like her but they are older.

I have a clubhouse in my Grandma's backyard with two big windows called "The Stars." My dad built it. It took one year to finish. We look at the stars, and we have a lot of frogs in the clubhouse because my Grandma waters the lawn every day. We also talk and sew clothes. The club has four girls — Lexi, Rainy, Jessica and me. Rainy is 13 and Jessica is 11. My birthday is in July and they have always come to my birthday parties, since I was 6.

Redding has a lot of wild animals, like mountain lions and rattlesnakes. I used to have a pet frog named Lily. She was my pet for a week, then I let her go. I think it was a her.

My dad lived in Redding when he was a boy, but there were no jobs so he went to San Francisco and he met my mom, and I was born. He is a truck driver for American Soil & Stone. If I had to choose between San Francisco and Redding, I'd have to say Redding because you are in nature and there are not a lot of people. You get to smell the clean air and the scent of the pine trees, and your dog or cat can go out and be free, instead of staying in the house. I want to move there someday.

Phelma

By Derek Barrientos, 6th grade

"Here Phelmy Phelmy Phelmy — good girl." My Phelma loves her mealworms. I am writing about my cute chubby lizard. I think Phelma's the coolest lizard ever.

My lizard Phelma has the cutest little alligator eyeballs. Her body is perfect. She looks like a mini leopard. It is very weird because she has a yellow body with black polka dots but her tail is gray with black stripes. She is about the same size as a hot dog. She does not have nails or teeth whatsoever, just little eetsy beetsy teeny tiny toes. Leopard geckos have holes as their ears. It is very interesting and funny.



Maryn Miller, 3rd grade

Phelma is a very little lizard. Each time I see her she comes out of her coconut house and says hi to me. When I touch the tip of her mouth she licks me. Her tongue is as thin as a piece of paper. The cutest thing about her is that when I carry her she starts to lay down and sleep on my hand. She also sheds about once a month.

I think that leopard geckos' lives are affected by eating bugs. Also by just not being bored and playing with them. They help by pooing and making some good soil. Leopard geckos poo in the same place each time.

That's how my Phelma is. She loves her mealworms. Oh! And crickets. Don't forget they love crickets!

My Dog Rusty

By Mireya Lara, 5th grade

I got my dog Rusty four years ago. He was laying on the street in front of our house and a lady knocked on our door and said, "Is this your dog?" My sister and I were excited and wanted to keep him, so we said, "Yes, yes, yes!" We took him to the vet to see if he belonged to someone. The woman there checked and said he didn't. My family and I were happy.

Rusty is a Jack Russell terrier. He is 10 years old. He's very short, and his fur is brown with a little gold color on his back that is turning white. My sister wanted to name him Dusty, and my mom thought Rusty sounded better. When we got him he was friendly with us.

Most of the time Rusty acts calm, but when he sees cats or rabbits or squirrels, he gets crazy. He gets excited when people come to our house. He likes to play and he doesn't bark a lot — only at night when he hears noises. No one is afraid of him except my baby cousins because they think he is going to bite, but he doesn't.

I feed him once or twice a day. He likes canned food — the beef kind. His favorite thing to do is take a walk all around our neighborhood. When someone opens the front door he runs outside. I'm afraid he won't come back, so I wait outside for him. He always comes back. People know him and everyone is kind to him except my next-door neighbor who whines about how Rusty always barks.

Everybody in my family takes him for a walk and plays with him. Sometimes we throw the ball and he runs to get it. I make him chase me in the house, and sometimes I chase him.



Rusty by Mireya Lara

He bites only when you're giving him a treat and he doesn't see your hand. I give him doggie bacon. It looks like bacon and smells like barbecue. I say "sit" and he sits, then I can give it to him safely.

We had a pit bull before. He was mean so we gave him to my auntie, and then he ran away. I think he was mean because we barely knew him and didn't give him enough love like we do to Rusty. Now I have a new puppy. She is a Chihuahua named Moon. But I am scared because Rusty is old.



Ana Soto, 2nd grade

My Sister Tatiana

By Nataly Coreas Arana, 5th grade

My sister Tatiana is 4 years old. She was born on October 9, 2005 at Kaiser Hospital in San Francisco. I was so happy when I heard that I was going to have a baby sister because I wanted one to play with.

Whenever I'm bored she says, "Come and play." And I'm like, "OK." Tatiana makes me laugh because she sticks her tongue out and makes faces, and she talks really interesting stuff, like asking me questions about a story. She says, "What is this?" and "are you my friend?"

We play board games like Candyland and Hi Ho Cherry-O. She is good at games. Sometimes she makes up her own rules because she gets bored by the old rules. We play

baseball, bowling, boxing and tennis on our Nintendo Wii. It belongs to both of us. When her friends come over, right away they play with dolls.

She watches *Sesame Street*, and when she sees Cookie Monster she goes crazy because she thinks he might eat her. She keeps watching because she wants to get scared.

I teach her things like ABCs, writing her name, drawing, building block houses, to be nice, puzzles and more. Sometimes we put on her kids' music from Playhouse Disney, or reggaeton. That's the Spanish hip-hop. Tatiana sings in a soft voice and dances cute. She moves her hips really fast and slowly.

She does chores like vacuuming. I help her. She puts in the electric cord and turns it on. She tries to fold clothes, but she just crumples them, then I have to fix them.

We sleep in the same room. She takes naps, and she stays up until 10:30 p.m. because she wants to play games. I stay up late only on Fridays. On school days I'm tired because I get up at 5:30 a.m.

When she's asleep and I'm kind of bored, I try to wake her up by making loud noises. Sometimes she hits me. I grab her hands but she's too strong. She gets on my back. She gets mad when I don't play with her, and when I don't give her stuff that she wants, like toys of mine.

She goes to preschool at Sanchez Elementary School. She wears a tan uniform. We try to wake her so she can get to school on time. It is hard when my mom is trying to give her food because my sister makes a fit. Sometimes she just wants to eat candy. I think she'll go to Mission Dolores for kindergarten. She took the test and passed.

When she grows up I think she could be an artist. I want to live near her because I want her to be safe. I will go with her to dances, parties, clubs and other beautiful places.



Nathan Valle-Umagat, 8th grade

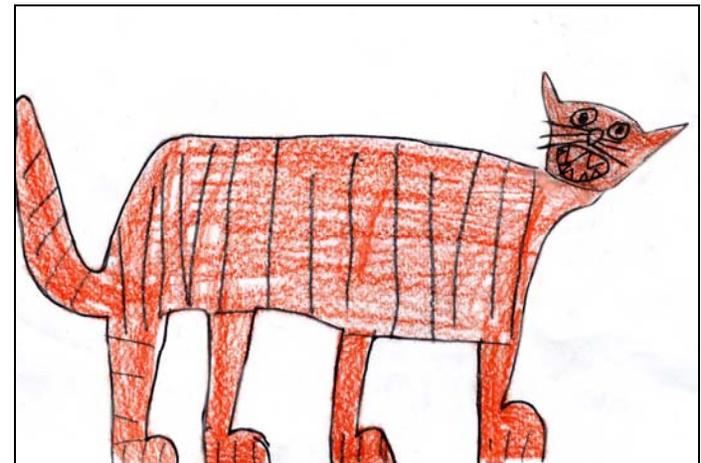
Last Day of School

By Jazmine Thomas, 6th grade

Do you like the last day of school? I sure do and I'm going to tell you all about mine.

On the last day of school, we had free dress, a party, and we all got to watch a movie. It was really fun. Our classmates all had to bring in food. Then in the middle of the day we ate our food and partied hardy. The food was almost gone because it was really good.

After recess we had gym so when we got back we just relaxed. Then Natalie and I talked how we were going to miss everyone. When we were almost finished with school, we found our handcrafted stockings on the back of our chair full of candy to eat. All you could hear was people sucking on candy canes and snacking on chewy peppermint candy. It was really loud but who cares, it was the last day of school!



Makayla Byrd, 3rd grade

Character Sketch of an Indentured Servant

By Antonio Voto-Bernales, 5th grade

Hello, my name is Tony. I am 13 years old and I live in Trenton, New Jersey. I was born on April 24, 1699. I have been a indentured servant since I was 11. I work on a plantation. I was sent here from Italy because my parents were very poor and couldn't take care of me. This is very rare for Italian children because my country is rich.

My schedule is: first thing in the morning I wake up, then I eat my breakfast and feed the animals. Next I collect the eggs, and milk from the cows and goats. Then I shear the sheep, give the dog a bath, comb the oxen, and then I sadly kill a pig after it has a baby. The pig becomes breakfast bacon.

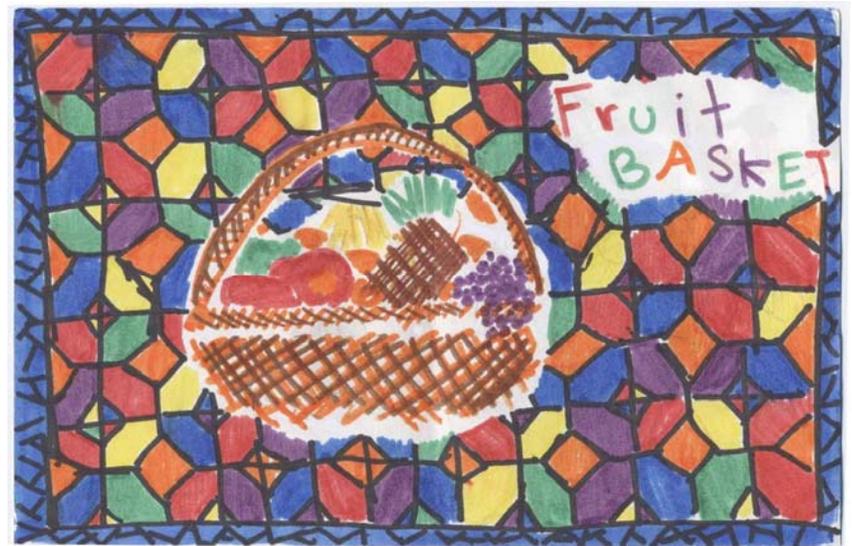
My owner's name is Robert. One day he went out to gather berries and he got captured by the Lenni Lenapes, an Indian tribe. I was walking the dog, whose name is Sammy, when I heard someone screaming, "Help!" Sammy started to bark. He led me to the tribe and there I found Robert. I ran back to the plantation, and when I got to the tool shed I took a spear out. I came back on the oxen and said, "Give me back my leader!" They said, "Why?" I said, "Because I'm not afraid to use this spear."

They gave me Robert back. He let me have the whole day off as a reward. Now it's the next day, so I am going to harvest some tobacco. I'm just getting back from the chicken coop, and there is a birthday party with almost all my friends! I am in shock: I forgot that today was my birthday.

Robert wrote me a poem. Here it is:

Today is your birthday, your special day,
And on your 14th birthday
You have four years left with me.

That was a very good poem. I almost cried. So now he screams, "Let's party!" I like Robert a lot. I had been asking him for a pocketknife, so he got me one. The rest of my presents included a fish and some money.



Julia Isidro, 7th grade



Aaliyah Allen, 3rd grade

Child's Play

By Manny Mora, 6th grade

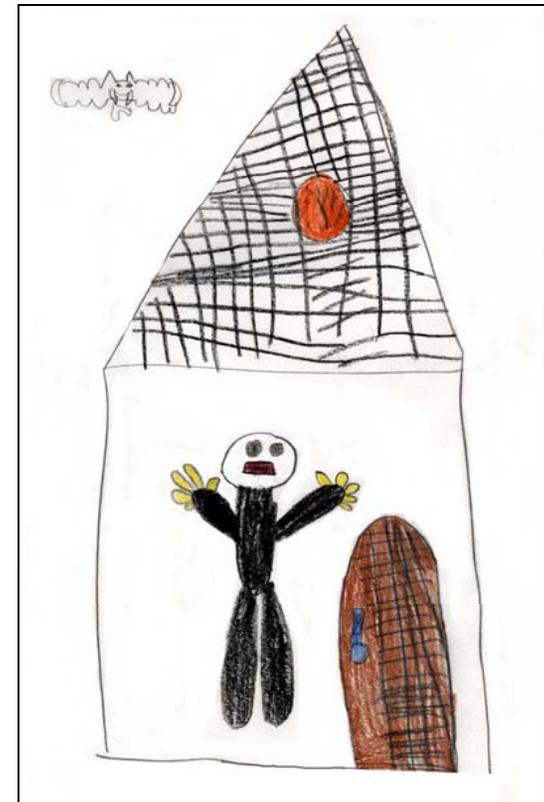
One night I watched a movie called *Child's Play*. I was with my mom and my cousin in the living room at my old apartment in South San Francisco.

They turned the movie on and I saw a kid named Andy buy a toy called Chucky. When Andy brought Chucky home, Chucky started talking to Andy. A couple of minutes later, the mom picked up the opened box and the batteries for Chucky fell out. She looked at Chucky, who had been on the couch, and then she looked around the couch, shivering because the doll wasn't there. Chucky popped up from behind the couch and tried to kill her. He got away and attacked the mom's best friend with a knife.

My cousin was staring at me because I was so scared. So we turned the movie off.

It was still very dark and my cousin said, "Turn the movie back on" in a loud tone, and "Manny, stop being a coward and be brave." He kept on saying, "Turn the movie back on," but I never did.

Still to this day I am scared of dolls and the way they feel and look, and how they stare at me. If someone has a doll, I want to grab it and throw it out the window.



Humberto Maldonado, 2nd grade



Josue Alberto, 8th grade

A Poem for Haiti

By Nathan Valle-Umagat, 8th grade

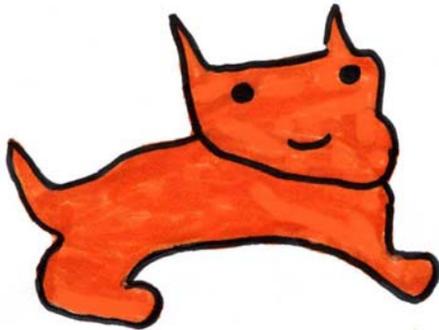
For all my brothers and sisters in Haiti:
 Keep up your faith,
 Don't lose hope.
 God is with you all,
 God picks you up when you fall.
 Through this struggle,
 I am with you.
 I may not be next to you physically,
 But spiritually you all are on my back,
 And I'm walking on with you
 Through the fire, temptation, this journey of life,
 Through the rain and the pain.
 Don't worry, mother and father,
 Your kids are always with you,
 Lovers,
 Separated by death.
 Keep your heads held high,
 They're thinking of you,
 But it is time to go on.
 Get in that helicopter
 Into kingdom come.

God help them all.

Anonymous Love

By Armand Caradine, 8th grade

Her beautiful eyes burn through my skin like the rays of a thousand suns,
 And through my skin she sees the love and passion.
 Countless days I scheme and plot to get her love.
 My love for her is wider than the Atlantic Ocean.
 Her beautiful walk screams, "You can't have me,"
 But at the same time, "Come and get me."
 I'm stuck on a borderline like Humpty-Dumpty,
 I'm torn, confused, lost,
 And sometimes find myself shocked like a convict on the electric chair,
 And even still,
 My love for her remains anonymous.



Da'Rion Johnson, 2nd grade



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