

Welcome to **WAMS**

Ink, an online
magazine with
original

stories by and for
WAMS students.

Student Editor:

Nirali Shah

Staff: Keerthi A.,

Nisha C., Ryan C.,

Sabrina H.,

Anna K., Anna M.,

Nirali S., Carson S.

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

The Stone Cutter 2

What if I Never Met... 2

Artist Who Paints w/ Fire 2

Your Turn (column) 3

Lightning 4

The Island of Mystery 5

Alternate Harry Potter Ask the Prof 6

Media Makers: a new WAMS student group

The **Media Makers**, a new student group at WAMS this year, was formed by students who love stories in all formats or media-written, audio or video. These students have formed book clubs, written their own stories, made a book trailer (video clip like a movie trailer but for a book) and now are debuting the first issue of the WAMS literary magazine, **WAMS Ink**. Contributors to this effort include Keerthi A., Ryan C., Nisha C., Sabrina H., Anna K., Anna M., Nirali S., and Carson S.

I hope you will enjoy their original short stories, story excerpts, drawings and regular columns—*Ask the Professor*, which answers student questions about writing, and *Your Turn*, prompt ideas for magazine readers to use to create their own stories. If being a part of the **Media Makers** sounds like fun, come join us in the fall for our open house meeting and learn more about who we are and what we do. Till then, enjoy this premiere issue of **WAMS Ink**.

Mrs. Goetjen

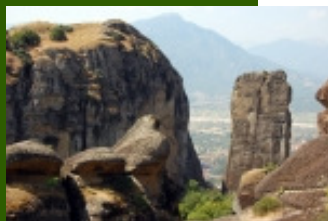


What If I Never Met You- a story excerpt by Anna M.

What if I'd never met you? Would I still be me? Would you still be here? Would I have made it up till now? Would I have become you? Where would I be?

The day he came was one I will never forget, though many others will. It slips from their grasps; slides through their minds, drifts away into nothingness... not mine. I keep my memories close and secure, under top watch, though it's still hard. Everything about him is unclear, uneasy, unthinkable. Sometimes I remember looking at him and blinking a few times, trying to seem him there because I knew he was.

The Stone Cutter by Keerthi A.



Ram's job was to chip away at the local mountain for jewels.

Ram was a normal villager in Madurai. He lived in his thatch roof shack with his wife and kids like the other villagers and worked to support his family. As the son of the stone cutter, Ram's job was to chip away at the local mountain for jewels. His father was now a grandfather and with kids of his own, stone cutting gave him the opportunity to think

and clear his mind.

This day, as Ram picked up his rucksack with his food and tools, he headed a different route than before. He usually went to the well known east side but now for a change, He decided to try his luck at the west side. When he got there, it was empty as he thought it was. Ram merrily hummed a work song as he picked up his tools

and proceeded to chip away at the powerful mountain. He chipped and chipped away until he could no longer chip any more. In frustration, he put his tools down.

"Why are you mocking me, oh powerful mountain?" He asked simply.

"Because that is what it is meant to do." a voice declared.

"Mock me? That is not

"I can't say that he was a hero or a villain, he may have been both"

What if I Never Met You? (Cont. from pg 1)

Oh yes, he was different. Unique. Exclusive. Someone that everyone admired and feared. I can't say that he was a hero or a villain, he may have been both, but that was unimportant. Rarely was anything important to him other than the most unusual things. But the day he came here

was one of his many and infamous greats, as well as the beginning of mine.

I in particular was most puzzled by this peculiar appearance. Who was this new boy? Would he return? And where could I get a hat like that? And it seemed by the end of that day, the whole entire school

was buzzing about the mysterious boy that appeared out of nowhere. And nowhere is right.

That was the first time I saw Griffin Vincent Lore, the time when my world changed and became his, the time that I sometimes wish I'd never been there to see.

The Artist Who Paints in Fire by Carson S.

Flamosa's painting -Keerthi A.



Flamosa was a miraculous artist who made masterpieces before the Earth began. But Flamosa was no ordinary painter for he colored his canvas with searing flames. He painted dark clouds with white celestial

flames, and drew beasts with mystifying dark blazes. He was renowned across the entire universe, but notorious to other artists who painted with the elements.

So one day a painter of lightning asked Flamosa to come to a painting contest to truly discover which elemental artist was superior.

They met at a cliff side in the center of the Universe. The artists all lined up in a circle, taking turns painting. The first to go was a handsome looking young man in a black tuxedo. At his feet were more shadows than anyone should have. He picked up a brush that was scarily knife like and dipped in his shadow, fill-

The Stone Cutter (cont. from pg 2)



“...there was a stone cutter slowly chipping away at him.”

change you want to see in this world. If you really want to see how important your life is, I will grant you a power this week.

You way step into the shoes of someone else and become this person or thing. I bid you a good day.” on that note, the old man left an astonished Ram.

As Ram was going home that day, he saw the chief of the town. The chief was a good man, helping others out and always making good decisions for the village.” *I wish I was him.*” Ram thought. In a second, there was a flash and Ram looked around, he was the Chief!

With new powers at his disposal, Ram felt confident that he could help the world. He set up a new irrigation system and got some helpers to help him build it up. As the men worked in the fields, the sun shone down merci-

lessly on them.

“I wish I could be the sun.” Ram said aloud. Like before, Ram found himself in a new form. He could heat the world any way he liked, making deserts and other dry areas where ever he liked. Ram set to work, heating up places that hadn’t felt warmth in years and keep off of places that needed some shade. As he prepared to heat up a frozen area, he found that something was in his way.

“I wish I could be the wind.” Ram thought. With that, he became the wind. With a free spirit and the power to control the little zephyrs and the mighty rains, Ram was sure no one could stop him in his will to help the world. With the rains over the deserts and the sun in the frozen areas, Ram was sure all was right. He raced the sky, checked the world for any improvements to be done when he rammed into a huge mountain. It stood impressively in his way, keeping check on the rowdy winds. Impressed, Ram thought of another wish.

“I wish I was the mountain.” He declared proudly. Now he could change the world. As he kept the winds in order, he heard a “chip, chip, chip.” He looked down with a sinking feeling to realize that there was a stone cutter slowly chipping away at him. “I wish I was a stone cutter.” he said, realizing the truth.

As he became his normal self, he thought about his purpose in

life. Ram now knew that everyone was equal to each other, in some way and no matter how insignificant you feel you CAN be the change you wish to see in the world. As he contemplated on this matter, he grinned and realized life for what it was worth. He left the grove happily and quickly, before he could see an old man with saffron robes, proudly looking down at Ram. ■

the purpose of a mountain.”

“Yet that is what it is doing, is it not?” an old man said, almost appearing out of thin air. He was a simple man like Ram, although with his saffron robes and books of ancient texts, this wasn’t any old simple man. He chuckled softly and patted the mountain affectionately.

“Yes, that is it’s purpose.” the old man said finally.

“If that mountain has the purpose of mocking me, then what is my purpose, old man?” Ram asked.

“Your purpose is to cut stone, stonecutter.”

“Shouldn’t I have a bigger role in life? The chance to help someone, or even change the world?”

“Young man, Be the

Your Turn (a regular column) by Carson S.

This regular column will provide ideas to get YOUR creative juices flowing! Pick one of these prompts and see where your imagination takes you! Submit your writing to **WAMS Ink** and maybe you’ll see your words in print!

1. What if Neville Longbottom from *Harry Potter* was the one in the prophesy instead of

Harry?

2. “*And then something miraculous emerged from the meteor that crashed in my yard.*”

3. “*I should've gone yesterday. Yup. Time travelers can completely ignore grammar tenses. Makes English papers much easier.*”

What’s Selling This Week?

NYT Top YA Books

1. THEODORE BOONE: KID LAWYER, by John Grisham
2. THE THRONE OF FIRE, by Rick Riordan
3. WHAT HAPPENED TO GOODBYE, by Sarah Dessen
4. THE RED PYRAMID, by Rick Riordan
5. TIGER’S QUEST, by Colleen Houck

The Artist Who Paints in Fire by Carson S. (cont)



Drawing by Keerthi
A.

“That’s because you
aren’t like everyone else!”

It was interesting, how the lightning only left a couple of burn marks, right outside of Mr. Shay’s classroom. Laura Turner was sure the school would burn down, but unfortunately for her, it didn’t. And, the IT Girls, Natalie and Amber, were acting much worse today. “Laura, what are you doing for the talent show? A *comedy act*?” Natalie asked.

“No, it’s a surprise,” Laura muttered.

“Actually, you do need to decide, Laura,” came a voice from behind the girls. It was Miss Andorra, the Turners’ neighbor, also Laura’s math teacher. “I heard from your mother that you have no idea...” Miss Andorra said.

“That’s why you don’t want to live next door to your math teacher...” Laura muttered to herself.

“Miss Andorra is your *neighbor*?” Amber snarled. “How unlucky can you get!” “Excuse me?”

ling the brush with a marvelous orange. He began to paint, continuing to dip his brush in shadows until a glimmering bead of sweat trickled along his brow. He rotated his canvas to show everyone that he had created an orange eclipsed moon and a blue, misty midnight. Flamosa, being an honorable opponent, gave his rival a brief clap. The other artists soon followed, painting with lightning, water, and stone, forming vibrant meadows,

razor streaks of clouds, and radiant stars.

It was now Flamosa’s turn. He twirled his hands in the air, and soaring towards then came a unique rainbow of fire. The fire levitated above his hands, and then he blew it onto the canvas, creating nothing more than splatter of paint. “You are a fool. You have created only a mere splatter and lost the challenge.” another artist blurted out. But in silence, Flamosa grabbed their hands and

touched them to the canvas, making multiple elemental splatters. But suddenly they all mixed and merged making the greatest masterpiece of them all—our wonderful Earth. Flamosa said “We were all fools, for no art could be worse than one made by a man who isolates himself from all wonders but his own” ■

Lightning by Anna K. (story excerpt)

Miss Andorra growled.

“It kind of serves you right...” Laura began, but stopped herself in time. Miss Andorra always agreed with Bridget: Laura’s B+ was a disgrace to the family name. Laura started to walk briskly toward her locker to get her lunch. She couldn’t go to the lunchroom... not without a friend! And Alessandra, she didn’t really count, plus she sat with all of the Know-It-Alls.

“Hey, Mr. Shay, can I stay here, for, um, science extra help?” Laura asked, closing her locker.

“Laura. You have a 99% in science. You do *not* need to waste your lunch period in here with *me* reviewing... *photosynthesis*!” Mr. Shay exclaimed.

“Water, plus carbon dioxide, plus sun energy yields glucose and oxygen...” Laura yawned. “Takes place in the chloroplasts in plant cells...” she

continued.

“Seriously. Science extra help? Something’s up. Are those girls bothering you again?” Mr. Shay asked.

“Nah, I just want to review, er, cellular respiration!” Laura stammered.

“We haven’t even covered that yet. Honestly. What is going on?” he said.

“Did I say cellular respiration? I meant... parts of prokaryotic and eukaryotic cells!” Laura improvised.

“We covered that a month ago,” Mr. Shay moaned.

“The Periodic Table of Elements!” Laura blurted.

“Last year.” He said.

“Er, I, um, wanted to review, for, um, um...” she began.

“You want to review how to avoid eating in the lunchroom for as long as possible,” Mr. Shay guessed.

“Kind of. Sort of,” Laura sighed.

“Come on. In,” he said, pointing at the door of the

room. Laura sighed with relief.

They walked into the room. Laura took out her science notes, and just stared blankly at them.

“What are you *doing*?” Mr. Shay asked.

“Studying.” She lied.

Mr. Shay rolled his eyes. “Yeah, right,” he said.

Laura sighed and shoved her notes back into her unorganized binder.

“What exactly are you doing for the talent show? Miss Andorra was wondering...” Mr. Shay began.

Laura rolled her eyes.

“I don’t like that lady! She always expects me to do better than everyone else!” Laura exclaimed. Mr. Shay looked hard at her.

“That’s because you aren’t *like* everyone else!” he said tightly. “What are you talking about? Do I have some sort of secret super powers or something?” she asked. ■

The Island of Mysteries by Anna M. (story excerpt)



Where am I? It was the first thing Zanbari thought as he blinked his eyes, vaguely seeing a blurred line of blue and gold. Seconds later, the sound hit his ears. Crashing water and bubbling waves sounded like thunder in his fresh ears, threatening to cause a major headache. The smell was just as bad; the aroma gathered around his nose was of blood, sweat, and dead fish. A disgusting mix that was unfamiliar and almost unbearable. There was a noise of shifting rocks and an agonizing groan.

“*Is that me?*” he wondered and searched his senses further. No, he felt nothing, his body was motionless then a jet of adrenaline shot through his insides. He tensed and all his muscles suddenly released their aches, but that didn’t bother Zanbari at the moment. His mind began to move with lightning speed, though his body remained stiff. Someone, or something, was near him. He looked frantically for something to use for protection. His sword? His pack? A sharp rock even?

The stranger moved again, another moan rumbling out of him, and Zanbari knew he had to act. He had to pull himself together before something happened to him. His enemy was hurt and it was now or never.

Everything moved so quickly that it felt like time had stopped. Zanbari leapt from the ground, stumbling slightly as he did so, and grasped a fist-sized stone. He turned around, stalked over to his victim and crouched over him. He raised his arm, prepared to throw his weapon if he had to. But then his eyes focused in on the wounded creature. It was a boy, curled into a ball, clutching at his stomach. He was covered in minor cuts and bruises, dirt and grime matted his dark brown hair, and the faint glow of a crystal shone beneath his dark shirt. He turned over and blinked slowly, his deep blue eyes staring up at Zanbari. Barely recognizable, it was Siris.

For a moment they just stared at each other. Then the peace broke and Siris flinched back in surprise, and for a second it seemed as though he didn’t even know who Zanbari was. The surprise lasted only a moment though because then Siris jumped, letting out a frightened yelp. “What are you doing with that ROCK?!” He yowled in Zanbari’s still sensitive ears. Zanbari flinched and dropped the rock. He instantly felt ashamed. How could he have forgotten? Siris was here... His friend was with him... But why? How? Temporarily forgetting about how he almost hurt Siris, he asked quickly, “What happened? Why are we here?!”

Siris sat up, gently rubbing his sore head and stifling another moan of pain. “I. Do. Not. Know.” He muttered choppily, still trying to regain his breath and take in his surroundings at the same time. He looked up at the sky and squinted. Zanbari did the same. The sun was high in the sky, cloaked by masses of fluffy, care-free clouds. It was about mid-day.

Zanbari frowned. What had it been the last time he was awake? Nighttime? Morning? How long had they been out? He turned and helped Siris up then brushed off his own dusty, sand-covered clothes. He heard Siris do the same and then turn to look around, and gasp. “Oh. My. Unbelievable.” Siris’s whisper rang in Zanbari’s ears. Zanbari jerked his head up like a frightened rabbit and followed Siris’s gaze, while trying to keep his tongue inside of his mouth.

They were on an island, that was obvious enough, but one that could have come out of a dream. Tall, tropic trees loomed high in the distance, like stationary sentinels. Their shiny emerald leaves bloomed everywhere and wild, sunset colored flowers and thick, juicy vines were sprinkled throughout the picture. Majestic birds cawed deeply from all directions and even more unknown wonders remained hidden still. No longer were there rolling, grassy plains or high, jagged peaked mountains. A dark pit of fear knotted in Zanbari’s stomach. Not from what he knew might lie in the unruly jungle, but from what he did not know. *The unknown is the greatest weapon, if you use it correctly.* Charzar’s crisp words came back to him.

“We’re not in Rumorium, are we?” Siris choked on his own words.

Zanbari silently shook his head. No words would escape his clenched throat. He lowered his eyes. How stupid he had been. He’d led them off track, however it had happened. They were not where they were supposed to be; their mission was suffering, but even more, he had failed. He had failed the King, and Charzar, and Siris, and all the others back home. It was his first real chance to prove himself. His hand instantly flew to his crystal, grasping it tightly until he could feel the vibrating hum from inside it.

“No...No use just standing here. We need to move. Get food, water, shelter, and find out what happened. Everything’s gone and we’re stuck on an island, so... let’s get moving.” Zanbari mumbled. He knew he had to take control, be the leader, but his insides felt like a raging, storm- shaken sea that he couldn’t escape and couldn’t calm. He felt like he could break at any moment. He gave Siris a fake smile, hoping he looked more confident than he felt.

Siris nodded. At least he looked slightly more relaxed. “And we can always resort to magic, right? Use just a little, if we can manage it, though it could draw unwanted attention and drain our already weak energy.” He sighed, obviously frustrated, but tried to keep positive. “We’ll figure something out. There’s bound to be food and water somewhere... kind of like an unplanned adventure, eh? I can’t wait to tell the others!”

If you ever see them again. Zanbari thought gloomily, his spirits sinking even lower.

The two boys began to tramp towards the jungle, heads high and eyes wide. They knew not of their recent past or near future, and even the present was blurred to them. They were on the Island of Mysteries. ■

Ask the Professor by Nirali S.

All images courtesy of www.4freephotos.com
(a Creative Commons license)

Dear Writing Professor,

I have a horrid case of writer's block... any tips and/or tricks to help me continue writing? What do you think is the best way to avoid writer's block?

Sincerely, *Weary Writer*

Dear Weary Writer,

According to Wikipedia, "Writer's block is a condition, primarily associated with writing as a profession, in which an author loses the ability to produce new work. The condition ...can be trivial, temporary... At the other extreme, some "blocked" writers have been unable to work for years on end." According to "dictionary.com", writer's block is defined as "a usually temporary condition in which a writer finds it impossible to proceed with the writing of a novel, play, or other work." Some well-liked modi operandi to evade the infamous writer's block include just putting a pencil to a piece of paper or your fingers to a computer and... well... writing! Just write... well... anything. Writer's block may occur due to lack of interest in the topic or just not knowing enough about it. If you feel exhausted while writing, it may be time to take a break or a little siesta before going full-on writing whatever you're writing. Try to write about anything, even if it involves dinosaurs inhabiting Mars, or anything of the sort. By getting your creative juices flowing, you may just be able to find a way to cure your case of writer's block.

Hope this helps! **The Professor**

An Alternate Harry Potter story by Nisha C.

It was a bright, sunny spring day in May 2000 and Talelopee Earthingal and her brother, James Earthingal were chasing each other in the green, grassy lawns of their humongous modern mansion when their father called, "Talelopee! James! Could you bring the mail?" The two children raced to the mailbox and shouted back at the top of their lungs like normal playful 10-year-olds would, "We're getting it!"

As they climbed up the steep steps of their mansion, they panted as heavily as a vacuum cleaner noisily cleaning a room. They set all of the mail aside and browsed through it, finding two envelopes - each with their names printed with fancy lettering, both saying the same thing inside:

Hello, Congratulations! You have been admitted to Garl School of Wizardry. Your new student orientation will be held at 147 Thrush Way, Brucklins, Ohio, 04721 at 1:00. Lunch will be served. You will need 1 set of Grade 1 Spell Books which will be

sold at the orientation for 5 Galundrons each, 1 wand that suites your interest for 4 Galundrons each, 1 set of uniforms (everyday school outfits, dress robes, etc.) sold for 6 Galundrons for each set, and 1 pet of your choice to send and receive wizard mail - there will be a choice of owls, lizards, cats, and blue jays sold for 3 Galundrons each.

Also, don't forget to bring this letter to the orientation with you.

See you then!

Signed,

*Professor McLaffily
Headmaster of Garl School of
Wizardry*

"What's this all about, father," Talelopee asked.

"Ah, your Garl School of Wizardry letter. I was wondering when that would be arriving. At age 10, you are to go to Garl School of Wizardry and stay in their dorms. You have the option to come home and visit for the holidays or stay at the School. You can also send home letters to us. Don't worry; Professor McLaffily will take great care of you. That's where your mother and I met, and we felt as safe as you are in this house right now. We will go to the orientation," replied Mr. Earthingal. "Oooh," Mrs. Earthingal chipped in, "I will come as well. I clearly remember our First Year orientation..." Mrs. Earthingal started to dream and wonder. "You make it sound like a wonderful place. ■"