

NAME: Julian Kim

DATE: 5/7/26

2<sup>nd</sup> Grade



Zoom! The alien's spacecraft flew over the cat and chicken. They weren't friends yet. The alien Space Craft came from a planet named Z-blob. The cat wasn't very smart but <sup>he</sup> was good at attacking and defending. The chicken was very

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smart but was weak so they agreed to help each other. One day, the chicken found a nice home to have so they looked inside the cat said "how do we get in?" "Break <sup>them</sup> window!" said the chicken. So the cat used a rock to break the window.

They went inside and they were safe.

But one day an alien broke inside and took them! The alien took them to the king of aliens. The aliens told the king to put them to jail. The king said yes but before they got into

Jail they told that the humans could  
give them what they need and leave them  
alone. So the king said yes. So they  
were free soon the humans started  
to give them materials for <sup>building</sup> <sup>houses</sup> And then  
the aliens left the planet Earth.

## **Juni Kwon “The Remote” (Tutor: Rachel Carr)**

Kevin kept his eyes on his desk as Mr. Tuffin pointed at the math problem on the board.

“Who wants to solve this?”

Please not me, Kevin thought.

Mr. Tuffin taught every sixth-grade subject at school—Math, Science, P.E., Music, everything. Most days he looked exhausted, and somehow Kevin always got picked whenever embarrassment was involved.

“Kevin,” Mr. Tuffin said with a tired smile. “Why don’t you answer?”

Kevin stared at the board.

Shirts costs \$50. The store raises the price by 20%, then lowers it by 20%. What’s the final price?

“Fifty dollars?” Kevin guessed.

Everyone laughed.

Mr. Tuffin sighed. “No. Twenty percent of the increased price is different from twenty percent of the original price.”

Kevin nodded even though he barely understood.

The second class ended, he sprinted outside, jumped on his bike, and rode home.

As he reached his house, his mom called from the porch, “Kevin! Get the mail!”

Kevin groaned and checked the mailbox. Bills, ads, and a small package labeled: For Kevin.

Inside, he set the box on the counter just as his little sister Emma spotted it.

“DOES KEVIN HAVE A GIRLFRIEND?” She yelled.

“No! Don’t open that!”

Too late. Emma ripped it open and pulled out a black remote control.

The buttons read: Pause Time. Mute People. Speed Up. Slow Down.

Kevin frowned. “What kind of remote is this?”

That afternoon, Kevin pretended to do homework while secretly staring at the cupboard where he had hidden the remote.

Emma noticed immediately.

“You keep looking over there.”

“I’m not.”

“You literally just did.”

Before Kevin could stop her, she climbed onto the counter.

“What if it actually works?” she asked.

“Probably not,” Kevin said.

Their mom walked into the kitchen carrying laundry. “Why are you two yelling—”

Emma pointed the remote at her and pressed Mute.

Their mom’s mouth kept moving.

No sound came out.

Their mom blinked in confusion and cleared her throat. Still nothing.

“Oh no,” Kevin whispered.

Panicking, Emma pressed the button again.

“—AND IF I HAVE TO TELL YOU AGAIN TO CLEAN THIS KITCHEN—”

The sound returned so suddenly both kids jumped.

Their mom narrowed her eyes. “Why are you acting weird?”

“We’re not!” Kevin answered too quickly.

When she left, Emma grinned.

“It works.”

“That is not a good thing,” Kevin replied.

Later that night, they sat in the crowded middle school gym waiting for the spring play to begin.

Kevin noticed Emma slipping a hand into her hoodie pocket.

“No,”

“Just one test.”

The curtain opened. A kid dressed as a pirate shouted, “THE TREASURE MUST BE ON THIS ISLAND!”

Emma clicked Mute.

The actors kept talking silently while the audience stared in confusion. A teacher backstage smacked the sound controls.

Emma covered her mouth, laughing.

“Turn it off,” Kevin hissed.

She did, and the sound returned mid-sentence.

“—AND WE MAY NEVER ESCAPE!”

Several parents jumped.

Then Emma spotted another button.

“Emma,” Kevin said carefully, “don’t.”

She pressed Fast Forward.

Suddenly a teacher backstage zipped across the gym at impossible speed, spilling props everywhere before crashing into the curtain. The audience burst into laughter.

Emma laughed so hard she held the button down longer.

Chaos exploded backstage. Actors sprinted wildly, costumes flew everywhere, and one kid crashed into a cardboard palm tree.

“STOP PRESSING BUTTONS!” Kevin yelled.

“I’m trying!”

She accidentally hit Slow Down. One actor moved in slow motion while everyone else zoomed around him.

Kevin finally grabbed the remote and slammed another button.

Everyone froze.

The entire gym went silent.

Horrified, Kevin pressed the button again.

Instantly everyone came back to life.

“KEVIN! EMMA! GET OVER HERE!” their mother shouted.

After the longest lecture of Kevin’s life, he buried the remote deep in the trash.

Then he slipped a note under Emma’s door:

I threw the remote away.

A second later, the door burst open.

“WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?!” Emma screamed.

“Because it’s dangerous!”

“But it was fun!”

That night Emma kept whining about the remote so loudly Kevin could not sleep.

Finally, the noise stopped.

Kevin walked to her room.

Empty.

Panicking, he ran downstairs into the kitchen.

Emma stood beside the trash can.

“I can’t find it!” she cried.

Kevin sighed. “Emma, you can’t mess around with something like that.”

But Emma suddenly grinned.

Kevin frowned. “You’re in serious trou—”

He stopped.

His mouth was moving.

No sound came out.

Emma slowly pulled the remote from behind her back and smiled wider.

“EMMA!” Kevin screamed silently.

## The Third Look

There is a gloomy alley near Whitechapel, London, where Jack the Ripper's infamy originated. Most people in town never dared to go there during nighttime since there have been cases of people going missing recently. Neither did Kate.

Kate is an obedient and well-behaved girl, her neighbors, classmates, and teachers all say so. From elementary to high school, she has a daily routine of going to school, eating lunch with her friends, and heading back home. She dreads walking by the dank alley everyday, since she always senses an uncanny feeling. The closer she gets to the entrance of the alley, the stronger the cold air touches her, giving her goosebumps. She often dismisses these feelings since she doesn't believe in ghosts, but they get stronger in her mind and really make her uneasy.

One night, she stayed too long at her friend's house. They were reviewing math and preparing for the test together. Kate didn't realize how late it was, and it was already 22:00 when she checked her phone. She slung her backpack over her shoulders, said goodbye to her friend, and hurried away. She had a strict curfew of 22:15, and she was already running late. She was running the whole way, but she was still ten minutes from home when it was 22:08. To make things worse, her phone had only 8 percent battery left.

Kate let out a quiet sigh. The main street was still alive with lights and walking people. She quickly pulled her phone out of her pocket before it died to check if there were any shortcuts she could take. She found out that there was an alley she could cut through. She followed the route on her phone. She gasped. Even in the dim light, she recognized the alley entrance. She hesitated, and her parents' warning lingered in her mind. She shook her head, brushing off those uneasy thoughts, there was no way the alley was haunted or hiding anything strange.

She walked into the alley. A chill ran down her spine. The noises from the main street faded immediately.

The pale full moon was covered by the black clouds. The only dim light shining on the wet, gray cobblestone road was gone. Some broken wooden crates were stacked against the wall. The broken streetlights flickered, casting uneven lights into the alley. Sometimes a faint electricity hum would shatter the silence. The wind blew hard next to Kate's ears. She took a deep breath, and step by step, she walked deeper into the alley.

She kept her eyes looking straight, trying not to look at things around her. Her eyes stared at the endless alley, and she was sweaty even though it was late autumn. She tried to tell herself that everything was alright, nothing was wrong, but she couldn't

believe in herself. Realizing it was very late, Kate knew that she just had to carry on since she didn't want to be yelled at.

The black clouds were drifting in the sky, and the moon was uncovered. Suddenly, Kate saw something glittering in the moonlight. She demanded herself to keep walking, so that she could get home on time. However, her curiosity held her back. She stepped closer to the glittering item and examined it. Her eyes widened. It was a pair of round, gold-framed glasses, vintage, like they belonged to another time. Kate felt like the glasses had an invisible attraction to her, so she picked it up, trying to see through it. She didn't know why, but she felt something about the glasses was urging her to put it on.

She slowly put the glasses on, and surprisingly, it fit her well, as if it was naturally made for her. From the moment she put them on, her surroundings started to spin and twist. The dizziness made her close her eyes instantly. As she slowly opened her eyes, she found out that the buildings had changed.

The moonlight was completely swallowed by the heavy clouds, leaving the alley in a dull gray. The cobblestones underfoot looked older and tougher, their cracks were filled with dark water, as if they had not dried in years. The brick walls on both sides seemed closer, the surface was worn and peeling. The air felt heavy and unnaturally silent, there wasn't even the faintest whisper of wind. The entire alley seemed trapped in the distant past.

Before Kate could fully process what had happened, she noticed something hanging on the wall through the darkness and flickers of light. It looked like an old poster. Her eyes slowly moved across it until they stopped on the date near the bottom. 1926. Kate froze.

Kate stared at the poster, and her brain was struggling to make sense of it. This had to be some kind of joke. But suddenly, she felt a strange presence of someone, or something. She slowly looked away from the poster. At the far end of the alley, someone was standing there motionless, and their back faced her. Kate frowned, she was sure the alley was empty a few seconds ago. She swallowed hard and forced herself to relax. She comforted herself that it was probably just someone else walking through the alley, nothing more.

Then the figure began to move and slowly turned toward her.

At first, nothing about its face seemed obviously wrong. It had eyes, a mouth, and a nose, everything was where it was supposed to be. But as she continued to look at it, a wave of uneasiness crawled from her toes to her head. The features didn't seem to fit together properly. Its smile stretched too far across its face, and its eyes directly stared at her without blinking.

Kate tried to focus on the details, but her mind was refusing to process what she had seen. Every time she thought she understood what part of it was off, the idea that something about the face was unnatural came up again. She frowned, and she took a small step backward without even realizing it. The figure did not speak, it just stood there and stared at her with a blank expression.

Then it began walking toward her. Its movements looked strange, as if its body had just learned how to walk. It walked in a way that no normal people did. It looked as if it was deliberately trying to imitate human walking, but it wasn't doing a very good job of it.

Kate's heart started to race so fast. Instinct made her turn around and flee. Her footsteps echoed through the alley as she rushed past the dark walls and broken crates. As panic tightened in her chest, she turned the first corner she saw, then another. The weak streetlights were flickering above her.

Finally, she stopped behind a wall, laying herself against the cold wet bricks as she tried to catch her breath. The alley fell silent again. She swallowed hard and leaned forward to see around the corner.

The alley was empty.

She was relieved. Maybe she had imagined it or that maybe the eerie atmosphere and panic had gotten into her head. She let out a shaky breath and looked down at the wet cobblestones beneath her.

She saw the reflection on the wet ground.

The figure was standing right behind her.

Kate stumbled backward and turned around, but there was nothing there. The alley behind her was empty and silent. Her stomach dropped. Then, a faint sound of clothing scraping echoed from deeper within the alley.

Kate looked up. At the far end of the street, the figure had appeared again. Her vision blurred as she ran. Her lungs were burning, and every breath felt sharp and painful. She could hear nothing behind her, no footsteps, no breathing, but somehow that terrified her even more.

She turned another corner and almost collapsed when she found herself trapped in a dead end. Dark brick walls surrounded her, leaving her nowhere to run. She took a step back to the corner, shaking violently. The alley was silent again.

Then the figure appeared at the entrance of the dead end. It stood right beneath the weak yellow light. It was walking toward her. Slowly and calmly. Kate pressed herself harder against the wall, she was breathing desperately. She didn't dare look up because she knew what would happen if she saw its face again. She squeezed her eyes shut tight as the scraping sound grew closer.

Closer and closer. Until it finally stopped directly in front of her. Kate could feel it standing there. Her entire body trembled as panic ran through her chest.

Then suddenly, she thought of something. The glasses. She had forgotten she was still wearing them completely in all that panic. A desperate wave of hope lit her up. Without hesitating, she took the glasses off her face.

The world started to spin around again. The suffocating silence vanished. Kate stumbled forward onto the pavement of the alley in 2026, she opened her eyes slowly and cautiously. The noises from the main street began to rise again.

She looked around the alley. It was empty. Completely empty. It was over, and she had escaped somehow. A shaky laugh almost came out from her throat as she walked back to the alley entrance.

Then she looked up. Under the weak glow of a streetlight, someone with a black robe was standing there motionless.

And even from this distance, Kate knew exactly what it was looking at.

Her.