



# Leaps & Bounds Magazine



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# Leaps & Bounds 2022 Spring Issue

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# The Point of View of a Book

by Stephanie

Dear Reader,

Look, it's great that I'm your favorite book, but seriously, you have to start caring about my feelings! Hey! Stop laughing! Of course I have feelings! Anyways, this is what I have to say:

Please use a bookmark. Do you *have* to always leave me open upside-down? I'm getting old! My spine is practically cracked! Also, folding the corners of my pages is such a mean and shelf-ish way to mark your place when you could just put a bookmark in and not ruin my beautiful pages!

Protect me at all costs! Seriously? I *told* you not to laugh, this is very serious. I still remember the time your dog licked all over my magnificent cover! Because *your brother* spilled his dinner all over me! Do you know how disgusting and horrible that was?

Anyway, I hope that you consider my feelings next time.

# Book review for Restart by Gordan Korman

by Serena

I was looking around the library for something to read when my eye caught sight of a book with a bright orange cover. I pulled it off the bookshelf and found out that the book's name was "*Restart*" and it was written by an author named Gordan Korman. I tried to remember where I had heard about this book and that's when it hit me—this was the book that lots of my classmates had been talking about. So I flipped over the book and read the blurb on the back cover. The story is about a boy named Chase who fell off a roof and landed on his head. He got a concussion and ended up in the hospital with amnesia. He barely remembered his own name. When he returns to school, he finds out that he used to be a jerk and a bully. He no longer has any interest in his old ways but it takes some time for the other kids to adjust to the new Chase and to learn to trust the former bully.

This book has a strong theme of friendship. Friendship is important because if you don't have any friends, you will be lonely. A true friend will stand up for you if you are being bullied. They will cheer you up if you are having a bad day. Your friends will worry about you if you are sick. Those are only some examples of a good friend. "*Restart*" made me think of a person in my school who enjoys bullying and teasing other students. I used to be friends with this bully and then I started getting tired of her being mean to other people so I stopped being friends with her and decided to stand up for the people getting bullied by her. I discovered that I really liked being friends with people who have a kind heart and that we had a lot more in common. I really enjoyed reading this book and I hope that by reading this, you will like it too.

Something unique that I liked about this book is that each chapter is written from a different person's perspective: Chase's, his victim Joel Weber's, the victim's twin sister Shoshonna Weber, and many more. I highly recommend this book because it has lots of action and it shows what it's like to be a bully and what it's like to be bullied. If you want to find out how Chase Ambrose finds his life, read this realistic fiction book called "*Restart*", by Gordan Korman.

# An Uneventful Day

*by Charmaine*

The sun shone brightly in the sky above, and the light breeze ruffled my hair. Grandpa had decided to take me grocery shopping with him, trying to fill our day with things we could do together before I flew back to the United States. It was my final day in China, and I wanted to savor every moment I was there with him.

He handed me an old, red, helmet, put his own on, and started up the engine of his old, rusty motorbike. It creaked and groaned in response before finally coming to life, its loud roar filling the garage. I clambered up onto the seat and he plopped down behind me, hands coming to rest at the handles. He drove out onto the dirt road, dust flying behind us as he steered out and onto the main road.

There was a market not too far away, a big, decrepit building that looked like it was barely held together, with all sorts of things for sale, such as fresh fish, fruits, meat, and Asian vegetables. It was bustling with people, some trying to barter for a cheaper price, some just looking around. Grandpa told me to stay close and grabbed my hand for fear that he would lose sight of me in the crowd. The ground was filthy, and we had to walk around puddles of murky water and piles of trash.

There was a part of the market with live animals for sale, all crowded into a small area with rickety fences, and although we wouldn't be buying any, I still begged my grandpa to go take me there, just so I could catch a glimpse of them. There wasn't much variety, but there were chickens, ducks, and the occasional fish. I loved it, and I spent a long time in that section just watching the animals move around and make noises.

Eventually my grandpa dragged me away, having enough of standing around while I stared at them. I was reluctant at first but soon realised that there were more interesting things there than just the animals, such as a cute little flower shop near the exit, and stands of toys.

We spent the whole day at the market—looking around, buying different foods, snacks, and other random little things. It was one of those days that on the surface wasn't too eventful but now packs a lot of meaning for me.

A few months after I left China and flew back home, I overheard my mom talking over the phone. It sounded urgent, and she was pacing back and forth in the living room. I didn't hear what she was saying, as her voice was too low to be heard from where I was standing. I snuck away after a few seconds, I didn't want to get caught snooping around listening to her calls.

It turned out that my grandpa had been diagnosed with cancer. That grocery trip we had together was the last I ever saw him before he died.

# The Candy Castle of the Dead

by Cici

Gunshots in the distance, gunshots getting closer, gunshots right behind me. BOOM! My legs gave way as they hit the icy pavement, hard. My back burned, my ears rang, and my eyes slowly fell asleep. Everything faded away. My favorite t-shirt was stained with blood. That was the last thing I remember before everything went dark. Then I woke up dead.

My back still aches a bit from where the bullets entered. Standing up, I notice that the outline of my body is blurry and my skin is pale. Am I a ghost now?

I slowly bend and move my fingers around. They feel weird. Not the type of weird that you would get when you are alive. The solid things deep inside me have left, and now I am just an empty sack of nothing. I have only been dead for two minutes, and I am already missing everything I had. What happened that day on the road? I just have to find out.

Suddenly, people's voices are speaking behind me, interrupting my thoughts and internal questions. Who could they be? Are they someone I knew? I am curious, but just not brave enough to turn around. What will I see? Is it going to be the scary skeletons in the world of the dead? I have watched movies about them and I know for sure they are fake, but I still can't find the courage to turn around. Then, I feel a presence behind me, a someone or something standing very close to me. I can't help but twist to see what it is. As I am stiffly turning around, I barely make out a big, blurry shape. And when the mist slowly fades away, my heart pounds hard in my chest and my eyes open wide with awe.

There it is. Standing sturdily in front of me is a **CASTLE**.

A castle of infinite brightly colored layers.

A castle made out of candy.

The type of castle that surely contains and harbors fairies.

This sight made my day and even my life.

There is a queue of people going in the sugary candy door with a young lady standing next to it. I wander around towards the end of the line and join it absentmindedly. I am kind of excited to see what is behind the sugary door, but when I notice how long the line actually is, my excitement dies down 95 percent. Okay. Now, I just have to wait. Wait. Wait. Wait... Oh, come on! The line barely moves! It is like 100 years per millimeter! Okay, I really need to work on my growth mindset, but still! Then a dark thought comes to me.

Around me, people appear one by one, some are even with groups. After they die, they come to this world. Just like me. Human beings pass away all the time. Every minute, or maybe every second. That thought makes me nervous and I can feel that my legs are shaking, but I manage to keep calm and comfort my poor legs. Being dead is hard! There are still so many things to think and worry about. **(Cont.)**

**(Cont.)** Finally it comes to my turn after what feels like 100 billion years when my watch only says 20 minutes, it is my turn to enter the castle.

“Hello. What is your name?” a lady standing in front of the castle door comes to me and asks.

“Oh um, Sofia,” I murmur quietly. My voice sounds hoarse and dry. I can hardly remember the last time I spoke to someone when I was alive. The lady gently taps random things onto her iPad screen and types out my name on a document.

“Ok, you are welcome to go inside and explore the Candy Castle of the Dead!”

“Thanks!”

“Candy Castle of the Dead,” I repeat the name in my head. “Wow! This is so cool!” I race into the massive building and see candy servers everywhere. Almost 98% of the people are holding circular plates full of various types of candies! The picture before my eyes is so stunning that I think it is all just a dream, but it’s not. Everything that I am experiencing is REAL. Things are so exciting and awesome in this candy castle, but I also find it obnoxiously crowded. People are jostling other people to get to places; sometimes, it actually seems pretty dangerous. I seek safety in a corner and stare at the crowd.

A candy server notices my concern and asks me if I need anything.

“Yes,” I answer. “Do you know if there is a quieter space upstairs or somewhere?”

“Oh yes, there are hotel rooms from the third floor on up. You are assigned two rooms in which to relax and settle in. I think they are both on the fourth floor. If you come with me, I can show you where they are.”

“That’s great, thanks.”

He put down his plate of candies as I follow him into the candy-made elevator and we arrive at the fourth floor almost instantly. He leads me into a section of the hotel where two rooms are next to each other. Both of them have my name written on them.

“Enjoy your time,” he says with a smile.

“Thanks a lot for the help,” I smile back. The elevator makes a satisfying click and then he is gone.

I open the creaking door, slam it shut with my feet and dive straight for the bed. It has been a long wait, and I am kind of nervous about tomorrow. I bury my face into the pillow and stay there for a long moment. I am really tired and need some rest before a whole new day begins.

# Flashlight

by Alisa

“Woah,” Lily squinted at the weird, unfamiliar shadow on her oak tree branch. She dropped her old shovel and slowly walked to the tree, wondering. The strong sunlight started to fade away as she walked closer and closer to it. “A squirrel? A bird? No, no no.”

“Woah!” Lily repeated, excitement sparking in her eyes. The rich colors stunned her. Carefully, she squatted down, observing big bluish yellow eyes and patterned green body.

“Dad! Dad?” Her father was already going inside.

“I’ll start making some food,” Lily’s dad said, not looking back. Lily nodded to herself, and tilted her head back, but the little creature disappeared into the trees behind.

“Uh,” she got up sadly and squished her “BIO notebook” back into her back pocket.

After an hour of running and playing under the hot, summer sun, Lily was exhausted. She sat down, nestling between clumps of tall yellow grass that surrounded her, listening to the dragonflies’ wings as they glided speedily above the little river.

“Dragonflies”, she wrote at the top of a new page. Then suddenly, she paused. The “dragon” part of the word “dragonfly” reminded her of the little lizard-looking creature she had seen earlier. Sadly, she kept on writing.

“Shhhhhhh! Sss, shhh!” Lily swooshed her body toward that sound. Between the yellow bushes, she saw a blue-yellow colored tip. Her eyes widened. She knew exactly what it was and where it was going.

“Rrrraarr,” The colorful little lizard hopped on Lily’s back like a NASA rocket, and from her back to her head like a baby monkey.

“You were looking for me?” Lily giggled as the little lizard clambered all over her skinny body.

“Lily? Time to eat!” Lily’s dad yelled through the kitchen window.

“Okay, Dad! I’ll be there in a sec,” Lily yelled back. She squatted down to the curious little lizard again. It stood tall, startled by the unfamiliar sound.

“Okay well, I guess I have to go,” she said as she ran her finger on the cute lizard’s back. The lizard wiggled, then hopped lightly on the blueberry bush, faster than your eyes can follow. “I’ll name you... Flash! No. Flashlight! Yes! Perfect name. See you la... Wait, I don’t have to see you later!”

“Grab on!” She hopped her way to her cozy house made from wood while Flashlight stretched its neck in a sort of sniffing position on Lily’s arm.

“This big thing is my house,” Lily explained patiently. “In there is where my dad and I live. And that sound you heard was my dad’s voice.” Flashlight looked over to the whole field of yellow grass.

**(Cont.)**

**(Cont.)**

“But don’t worry,” Lily pushed the squeaky door open with her foot. “I’ll take good care of you so you will be safe!”

“Take good care of what?” Lily’s dad asked with confusion. He tilted his head towards Lily’s shoulder as he tippy-toed down the old, creaky staircase.

“Oh,” Lily started. She leaned on the wall so her dad couldn’t see Flashlight. “Um. I found this little... thing. And I named it Flashlight! Can I keep him?” Lily asked slowly, scratching her annoying mosquito bites.

“Ahh. Well,”

“It will be very fun to have a little family pet!” Lily interrupted.

“That sounds okay to me. But, what in the world is Flashlight?” Lily’s dad asked, smiling with his arms crossed.

“Flashlight is my new friend!” Lily exclaimed. “Just answer my question. Yes? Or no to keep him.” Flashlight peeked his colorful head out.

“Um, fine. Don’t kill him!” Dad warned.

The next morning, the sun still shone bright in the clear sky. The humid air surrounded Lily’s house and her farm, shaking the new baby seeds awake. A new newspaper came flying in from the front door. Dad gently picked it up, shaking the little bugs off of the tiny words on the corners..

*UNBELIEVABLE DISCOVERY! A SCIENTIST FINALLY FOUND THE LAST LIZARD-LOOKING DINOSAUR AFTER 408 YEARS OF WORK AND RESEARCH. WE BELIEVE THAT IT’S THE ONLY ONE THAT’S ALIVE IN THE MILKY WAY GALAXY, AND IT WILL LIVE TO 7,000 YEARS OR MORE. BUT VERY VERY UNFORTUNATELY, IT BROKE THROUGH ITS TANK AND ESCAPED FROM OUR LAB. IF YOU SEE IT, PLEASE CALL 887-689-0034 AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. THANKS. PS: IT MOVES REALLY FAST. AS FAST AS A FLASHLIGHT...*

“Lily? Li... Lily!!!”

# Christmas to Come

by Alisa

*Not snowing,*

*Not yet.*

*Looking out the window knowing*

*A bit past Thanksgiving,*

*It's Christmas time!*

*Decorations?*

*All set!*

*Start putting them on?*

*You bet!*

*Candles and ornaments,*

*A sign of*

*Bright luck and happiness.*

*Throw on some origami,*

*A bit of craftiness!*

*Listening to the music*

*as you fall asleep.*

*This is when the famous old man comes by.*

*Beep! Beep! Beep!*

*He drops the presents,*

*and sneaks out the window.*

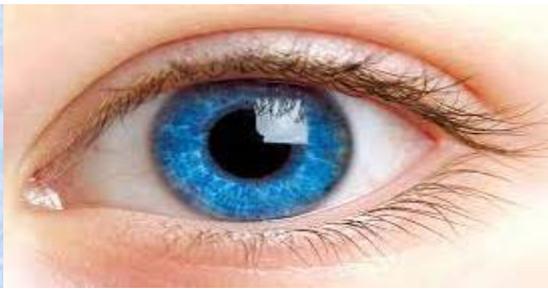
*He even visit the presidents,*

*Maybe give them a Kindle.*

*Christmas is the best!*

# Her Eyes

by Vevina



***Her eyes are my eyes  
As bright as the moon  
The wolf cries  
As the sun sets soon***

***The stars twinkle in the dark night sky  
The trees murmur among them  
Owls take flight, flying high  
The moon glowing dim***

***Her eyes are my eyes  
As bright as the moon  
She holds tight and smiles***

# Limerick

by Jocelyn

*There once was a woman of France.*

*Who wanted to learn how to dance.*

*But there wasn't a coach.*

*Which killed all her hopes*

*So she never had even a chance.*

# *Little Library*

*By Arianna*

A pole holding  
a tiny library of just  
a few books stands  
here.

A little library  
comes to life.

Waiting, watching  
as books are  
taken and  
exchanged.

It still stands,  
It still stands  
strong, it stands,  
undefeated.

It stands strong  
during storms,  
during rain,  
during shine.

The little library  
is there, when no  
one notices it's there.

When it's gone,  
no one notices  
it's gone.

# *The Moon*

*By Arianna*

*A dim silver light  
from far, far away  
shines and lights up  
the tranquil black night.*

*A close but far  
ball hangs on  
an invisible hook.*

*A closer view will  
let you see,  
a grey ball,  
great big holes,  
and hills  
of dust.*

# Six Word Stories

by Jason

“Forever Missed” carved into my memorial.

Hope faded as time went on.

REAL flashbacks are not as interesting.