

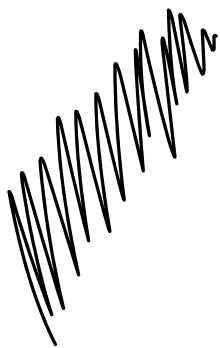
KIS
National
Novel
Writing
Month



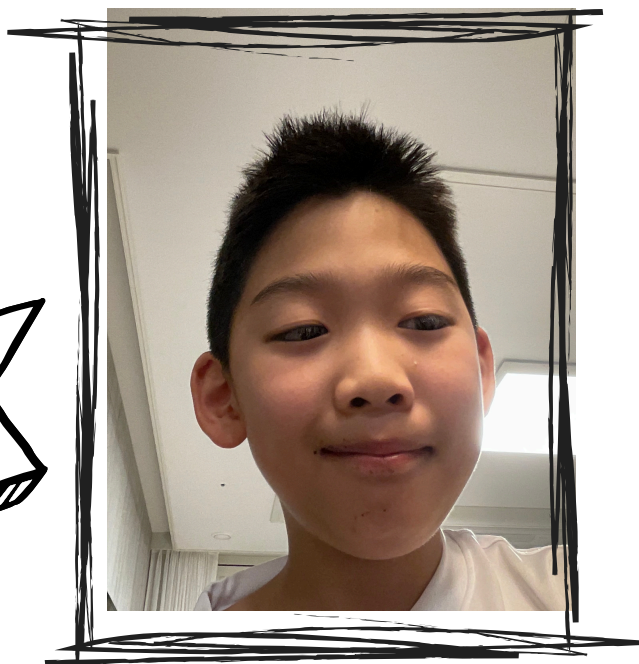
National Novel Writing Month (NaNoWriMo) is a fun, empowering approach to creative writing, where writers lock away their “inner editor” and draft an entire novel in one month! This year, for the first time, 49 brave KIS students from elementary, middle, and high school, signed up to the challenge. Here is a glimpse into some of their stories...



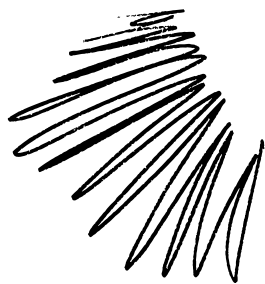
Elementary Writers



Ethan



Hi, my name is Ethan. I was born in Korea, but I traveled to many places since I was young. In school, my favourite subjects are reading and writing. That's how I specialize in them. I also kind of like poetry. It's so fun. Just writing old poems, relaxing chills. Also I can improve my 'rhyming' skills. Therefore, I'm very creative and come up with tons of ideas. I've been a writer for over 5 years. It's pretty fun. My favourite genres include fantasy and realistic fiction. Some advice I'd like to give is that be creative with your story and have perseverance.



The Volcano: The War Of The Crimson Leaves

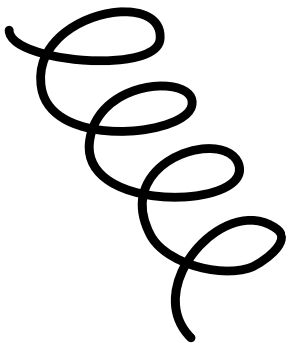
"Up in a cavern located in a volcano, an old wise man was reading his book of wisdom. The book contained everything; even the events of the past and future. He was reading the events of the late 1700's when a note hovered in the air. It said, "new events: the two kids Eric and Phoebe are in a forest. Please look." The old man stared at the hovering note for a second blank and confused. He quickly flipped the pages to the last page and his mouth gaped open. It was the children who had climbed mt. Everest! He ran to his trusty friend, a small wolf, the size of a dog, and said briskly in a clear voice, " go fetch the kids Eric and Phoebe and bring them to me." The wolf immediately ran out of the exit and head towards the direction of the forest. The old man continued his book, back to the 1700 events.

"Wow! Look at this!", shouted Eric Burn-hill. He was pointing in the direction of a tall tree in the forest where they had lived in for about 7 months. Since escaping mt. Everest's avalanche, their homes were nowhere near the forest they got stranded in. "What is it?" Phoebe Edrick Quire asked. "Look. There's a tall tree." Eric replied. "So what?" "It's that we haven't seen a tall tree in weeks. It's just quite strange having a tall tree at the middle of a forest with small bushes." Said Eric. Suddenly, Phoebe's expression became dark. "You know what? That tree is the one we saw weeks ago. Remember the marks we left there just to copy bears. Those are the exact same scars. We just went and came back for nothing. That's bad. We'll have to go to an another route. We won't take this one anymore," said Phoebe in a frustrated tone. "But there's only one dirt path. We can't go on the 'wild path'. It's too dangerous,"argued Eric. He liked simple and easy-going stuff, but he liked watching spooky movies. He wasn't going to take a chance risking his life just in a 'wild road'. Phoebe, on the other hand, liked to take risks and did dangerous stuff, but he also liked listening to peaceful music on the radio. So, his nickname was called D.A.P. (Danger And Peace). "Still, it's better than turning around a thousand times," said Phoebe sharply. Sometimes he used sharp tones in his voice and now he had used it. "Well, yeah, that's true, but..." Eric got cut off by Phoebe, who said proudly, "see? Even you agree to my conditions! Now, be excited, because I have a few announcements to share with you! Well first, you'd better be fast, because we're leaving tomorrow morning. There's only a small amount of time left. Lastly, Be prepared! Now go to our tents somewhere in this forest and be ready for our small trip on the 'wild road'! Be here by ten next morning. See you!" And off they went to their wooden tents in the forest.





Hashimi is a ten year old boy who is currently living in South Korea, but travels around a lot. He likes dragons and reading, and granola. His school is KIS Pangyo campus, but he homeschooled for about four years. (He likes homeschooling better). He has been wanting to have a book published since he wrote his first book that wasn't. He also likes Jiu Jitsu, and martial arts in general. His dad likes it too, so they do it together. Hashimi is from Egypt, Sudan, and America.

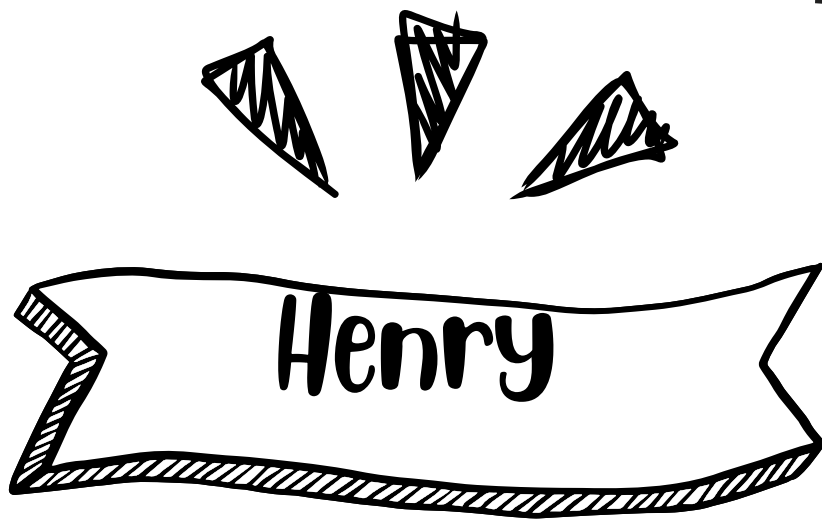




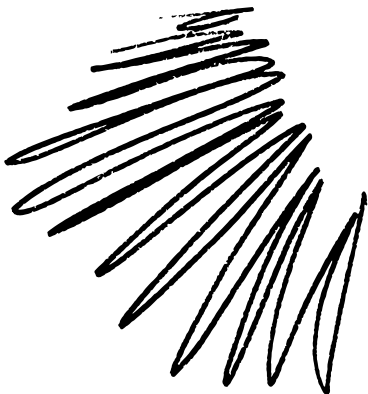
The Muhamadis: The Komodo Dragon of Doom

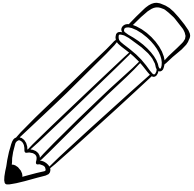
As they crested the dune, Ahmad and Jaaya gasped. The walls of Firelight had been razed to the ground, and half the houses had been destroyed. In the center, a huge lizard was standing. Facing it was the entire army of Firelight, all bearing the dancing fire outline. Firelight being the center of magic in the world, it had a huge Army of Magic. Multicolored streaks and balls of light and fire flew through the air. And in the middle, directly facing the Komodo Dragon, was Ahmad and Jaaya's parents, their mom currently summoning a ball of purple fire. Luna's eyes went rainbow. She seemed to be sensing auras. They settled on purple, and she squeaked. She recognized their parents. Jaaya and Ahmad looked at each other, sharing the same thought. Peregrine. They both muttered a word, and they became huge peregrine falcons. They soared above the battle, landing next to their parents, and returned to themselves. The two hugged their mom and dad, and then turned to face the Dragon.



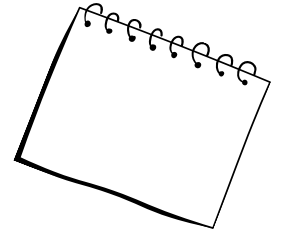


I enjoy writing realistic fiction, adventure, and mystery stories. I've been a writer for 1 month I wanted to try the NaNoWriMo because I like a challenge and the feeling of overcoming the challenge what I learned from doing the NaNoWriMo challenge is that when you haven't started your novel you will think that you have lots of time but when its about to end you find out that you still have a lot to write. Advice to others who want to write: start writing as soon as it starts DO NOT WASTE ANY TIME START WRITING AS SOON AS YOU CAN.





The Earthquake



It was an ordinary year until one day, all the birds flew away. The horses stomped their legs, and sometimes, the ground trembled. However, the people were unaware of what was happening and ignored the warnings. At 3:48, the ground cracked open. People ran out of their homes as houses collapsed. It was chaos; one brick fell from a roof and nearly hit a man! After the earthquake ended, the residents surveyed their houses—or what was left of them. Realizing they needed a leader, they held a vote and chose two people: Eric as the leader and Phoebe as the co-leader. They discussed plans for finding a new home but soon began to argue about what to do. Here are the ideas they proposed:

1. Go 1213258964 meters and start there.
2. Rebuild the houses.
3. Run away and go separate ways.

They voted.

Option 3 won.

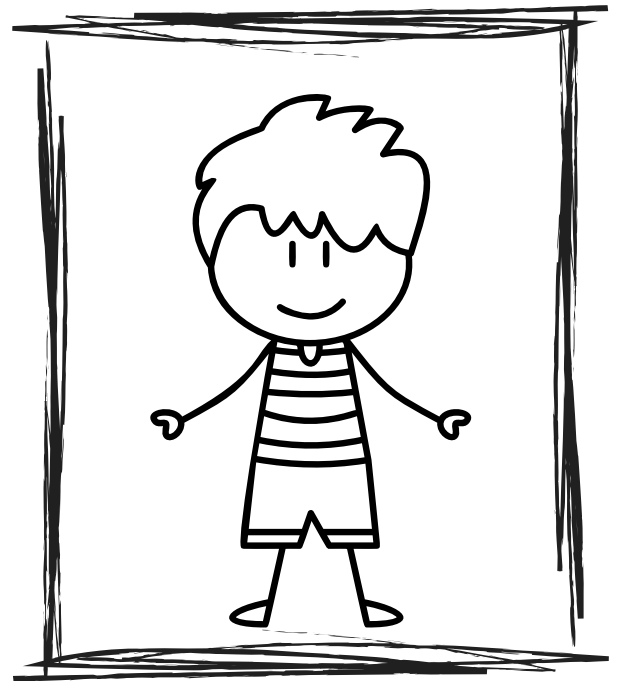
The leader addressed the people, saying, "If you want to follow me, you can."

Only 2,342 people chose to follow the leaders. They guided the group around the cracks in the ground until suddenly, they heard a noise. The ground shifted, and the cracks disappeared. At that moment, a bird flew by and dropped a rolled-up note onto the ground. The leader picked up the letter, which was lengthy and addressed to him.

The people listened intently as Eric read the letter, considering their next steps. After reading the letter, they were left feeling confused.

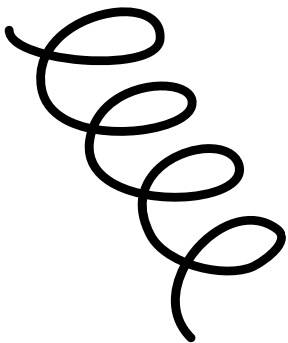
“What is electricity?”

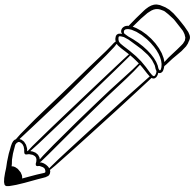
“What is an elevator?”



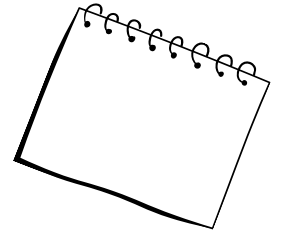
I like writing realistic fiction because it is very grounded and helps with my limited imagination.

I've been a writer ever since the middle of 1st grade when I joined KIS. I decided to try NaNoWriMo to change things up because I wanted to change my average boring daily routine. I learnt a lot from NaNoWriMo, but one lesson I learnt is that you should be consistent with anything you do. My advice to others who want to write good stories is to read lots of books because books are shown to improve your linguistic skills, speaking from a personal and scientific standpoint.





The School Year

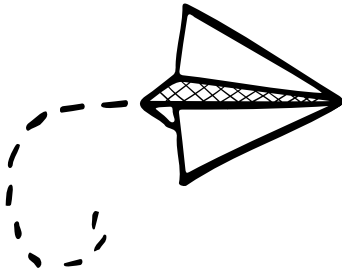


""Nooo!"" Carter cried. He was going to school for the first day in his life since he was homeschooled ever since he was three years old. Before he took his first step inside, he remembered the events leading up to this event.

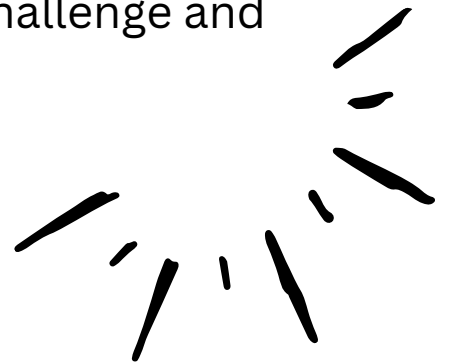
""Carter, mom and dad have booked your admissions test for Riverdale Elementary School on August 10th. If you pass the test, you will attend the Orientation on August 15th, and then you will attend your first day of school on August 16th. Got it?""

""Got it,"" Carter said, masking the sad expression on his face. The truth was, Carter had no plans to go to school, he only wanted to get homeschooled. After Carter's mother left his room, he started to weep. He weeped and weeped from when his mother came and broke the news to him at 9:10 to lunch time at 12pm. During lunch, Carter realized the date now was August 8th, and the interview was August 10th, so he only had 2 days to prepare. After he and his family finished eating lunch, Carter went to his room to sleep, or that was the excuse he had given. Truth is, Carter only wanted to think of a plan to avoid going to school. It was a whole new experience with different people for him, and he didn't like new experiences, especially with different people. The last time he tried out something with different people was to join the local baseball team, in which he got bullied by older kids for being too fat. As soon as Carter remembered that incident, he took an invisible ink pen and some paper and started writing down ideas. He needed an invisible ink pen and paper because his parents were very strict. If he failed a test in his homeschool syllabus or got caught doing something even a little naughty like spending too much time in the bathroom or wasting fine paper by drawing on it, he would be punished severely, and by severely, they MEAN severely. Wasting fine paper and getting caught by his parents would, in the best case scenario, get his video game time taken away from him, and, in the WORST case scenario, he would have all his screen time taken away from him for a week. Carter tried to think of a plan all afternoon, but all effort was to no avail. Carter just decided to give up and slept peacefully that night.

Jayden



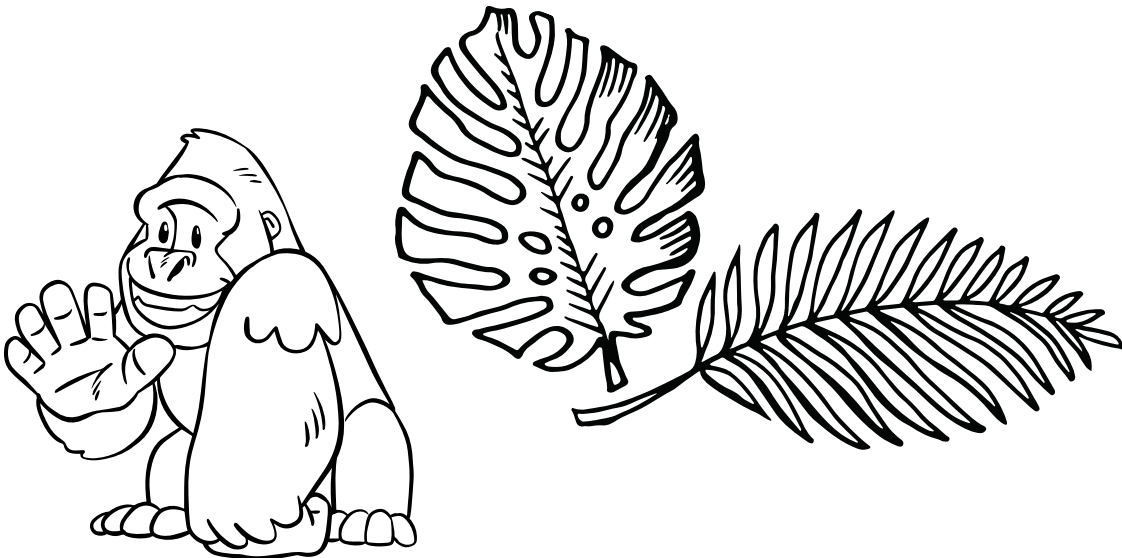
I've taken on many challenges and thought it would be a challenge mostly the same but it was a challenge that got me to do more things to do and move my fingers and NaNoWriMo got me more focused and ignored more unhealthy stuff. I enjoyed the challenge and definitely learned a lot.

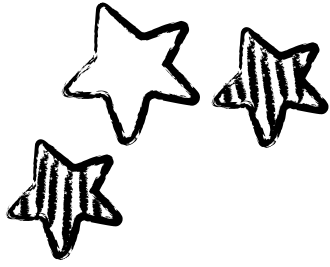


Rumble Jungle Start of the Life Form

This is the start here's Rilly. She's a rumbling adventure gorilla and here's the second friend you meet Sky. He doesn't like fighting and spends most of his time in the water but wait it's gonna get cranky.

As Rilly thought it was gonna be a great day because it was Sunday in a blink of an eye she spot fire at the beach? She went there and mentioned the sky. He told everything he saw he whispered he saw a black tiger as the name of longclaw he heard someone say the chosen one is here and he would burn the whole island if he had too. He had burned many islands and cities so he could burn this one too. He had fought him before and he had to run away in one attack and that's why he came to this island and why he didn't fight.





I have been writing from 1st grade when we first had a block about writing in school. I had enjoyed writing since 3rd grade when I got inspired by Jeff Kinney, the author of the Diary Of The Wimpy Kid series. My teacher in my hagwon also said that I am very good at writing essays. I liked graphic novels or humorous books so I decided to write a fiction book. Well that made me write the Alien Encounter book with a lot of mysteries and adventures with some humor.

Dear Diary

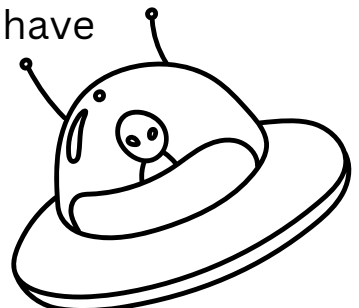


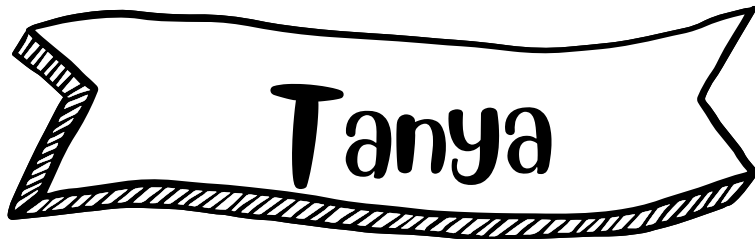
Alien Encounter

My mom woke me up early in the morning but I heard sounds coming from the window. When I looked out I saw a UFO! I had butterflies in my stomach again! I called my mom to come over and see it. My mom said not to panic and just go to school. I did as my mom said. My mom said she couldn't drive me to school because she had to take care of this alien invasion thing. While I walked to school the words kept repeating in my head. "Don't panic and just go to school."

When I went to school I sat down next to Terry who was waiting for me. I was already late for school. So when I sat next to Terry I sat down while Ms. Williams was not looking. He said hi to me which was pretty nice. When Ms. Williams saw me, she also said hi to me. Our first block was math. We solved problems and learned about angles. Next, it was show and tell. I didn't have anything to share but I remembered that I took a photo about the UFO. I shared it with the class and people were amused by this amazing sight.

When school ended, my mom picked me up and went to my brother's middle school building. We were waiting for a long time. Finally, my brother stormed out of the door with a frowning face. When he slammed the door of our car, my mom asked, "What is wrong?" My brother answered, "You were wrong! It wasn't a better day! They bullied me more than yesterday because I was wearing the same clothes." My mom said that she was sorry for that and as soon as she said that she remembered about the UFO thing. She said that she called the police and they said they would have further inspection.





I love writing. In the fiction category, I enjoy horror and fantasy books combined, and in nonfiction about my favorite animals. I have been a writer for 4 years. I had decided on the NaNoWriMo challenge, because I think it is fun to write long stories, because

I find it easier to write long details rather than drawing pictures. I like writing novels better than picture books, and most novels don't have pictures.

In NaNoWriMo I wrote about witches who hate Halloween. During the challenge I learned that you can be creative and free with the story. I was glad that one can change the word goal anytime. The initial word goal of two-thousand was too little for me. Some advice for others if they want to be writers is that you can choose anything you want. Be creative with your story however you want. Not only stories, but I also like writing songs. I want to be an author and a K-pop idol.



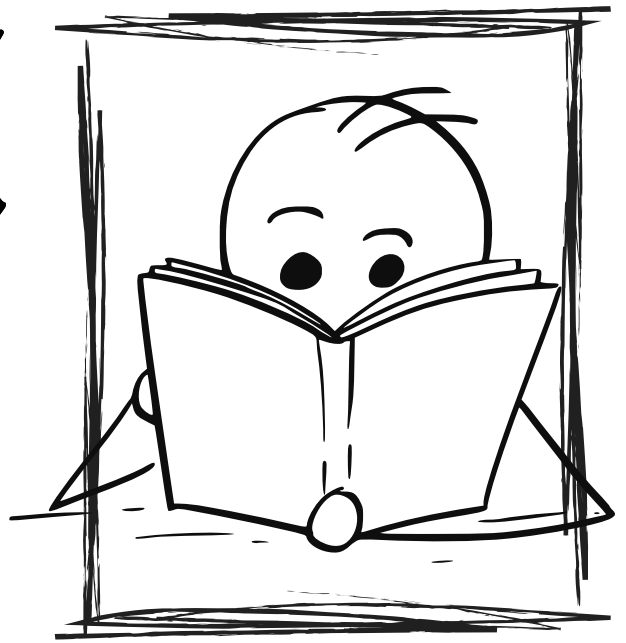
The Wicked Witch's Worst Halloween!

One day, Minnie was sitting all alone in a dark and spooky room. The mintish-white curtains swayed in wind like ghosts. Minnie would freak out the second she would see a ghost. There were cobwebs high and low, big and small on each corner on the walls. The window frame was small, up high on the wall. It was tilted and had some cracks. The window frame was dark brown, and looked like it would break. The bed was hard with some cracks, and it was brown too. The mattress, pillow and blanket were all white. The floorboard squeaked and creaked every time it got stepped on. There were cobwebs on the corner of each wall, high and low, big and small. There was no light switch, so it was always dark. The walls were the same color as the curtains, but the darkness made it kind of grey. Minnie could become a wicked witch. Shhhhh! Don't tell or ELSE! Witch Minnie had been locked up in this room by something mysterious. She was in there for more than 2 years. She had thinking about a spell for as long as she was stuck indoors. At that moment, a ghost flew in through her window!



Middle School Writers





Ever since I was young, my mom taught me the importance of reading. Since then, I have become an avid reader and enjoy reading books during my free time. However, out of all the different types of books I read, I especially enjoy reading dystopian novels because they help me visualize myself as if I am living inside their world. For example, one book that stood out to me the most was *Brave New World*, written by Aldous Huxley. One of my friends who also enjoyed reading initially recommended it to me. The message of the book was, in my opinion, that it's easy to be controlled and not even know it because of societal norms. This central idea resonated with me because I was at the age where I started to feel more independent and the themes of being controlled by social norms helped inspire me to try to express my ideas more often. Some other books that were also interesting to me were the *Hunger Games* series, the *Unwind* series and *Animal farm*.



The Party

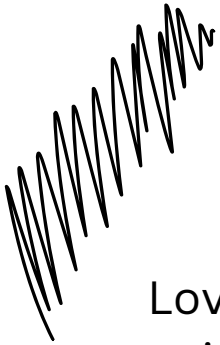
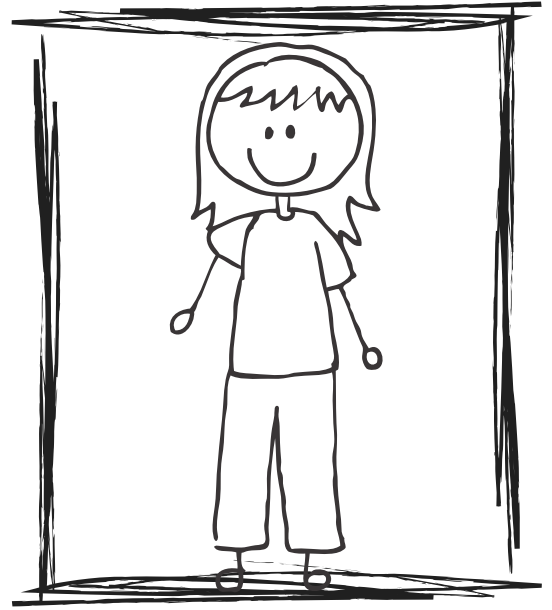
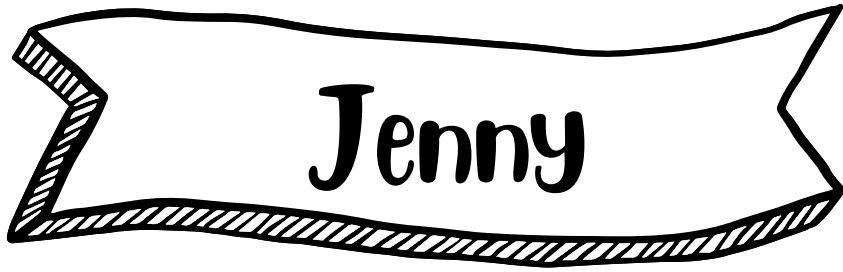


"Tyler looked across his swimming pool, the gentle waves refracting the sunlight into shards of rainbow. His tan arm rubbed against the pristine wooden deck. The air was warm, with a soft breeze brushing against the grove of palm trees by the pool, but his thoughts drifted into the party he would be hosting the next day. However, the party didn't excite him the way it used to. Years of partying with other celebrities in Hollywood desensitised him to it; the harsh lights, the endless bottles of liquor, the yes men - it now felt like nothing more than distractions from really enjoying his life.

The next day, all the guests started arriving. They clamoured into his mansion, which was filled to the brim with drinks, drugs and decorations. He even had a giant fountain that spewed Jack Daniels. The fountain must have sprung a leak because it kept on overflowing onto the marble tiles. It couldn't be stopped. Tyler strolled around his party with a bottle of champagne in his hand, chugging bottles until he could barely understand what was going on around him.

"Hey, aren't you that guy from Crime and Order?" a voice called after him, gruff and unfamiliar.

Tyler turned slowly, only to face the towering figure of a man. The man's skin was a patchwork of blotchy, uneven pieces and his suit strained against his figure.



Loves to write as a hobby and in a real book too. I am a writer in many different ways. I love to write different stories about different topics such as romance, poverty, school life, and much more. I've been a writer my whole life. I started when I was about two and started making stories in my head. I tried NaNoWriMo because I thought it was a fun idea to try and make a story and see other cool stuff as well. I think the best way to write is to be open minded and have a clear idea of what you try to make into a story.



The Summer We Broke Up



Winter had thought of the break up moment now and thought to be more independent and have more peace in yourself.

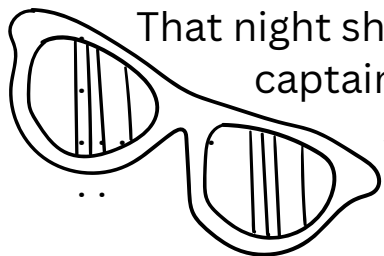
The ocean is blue, the grass is green, when the flowers bloom as pink as ever.

Pink was the red in Winter's life. It was going to be a good color for everyone.

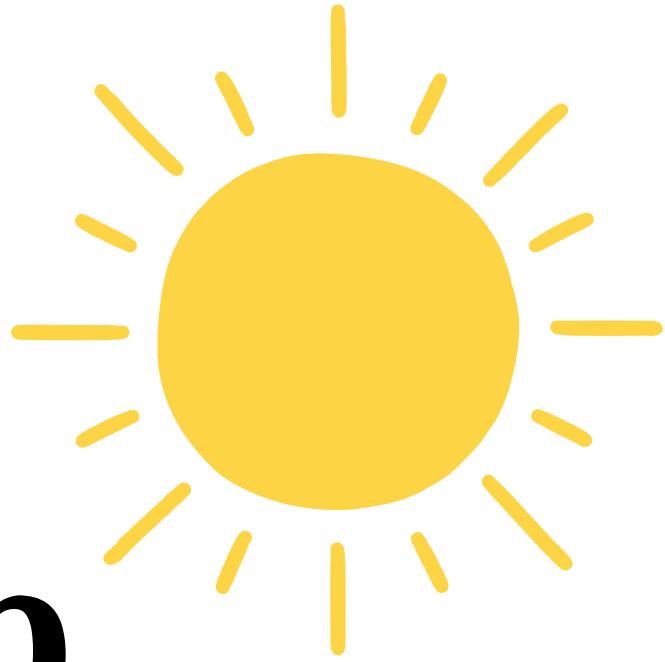
But the school that was huge, the red of her pain in Jake as he was "cheating" on her.

The bird's eye view of the school inside and outside the glass cage for the green houses.

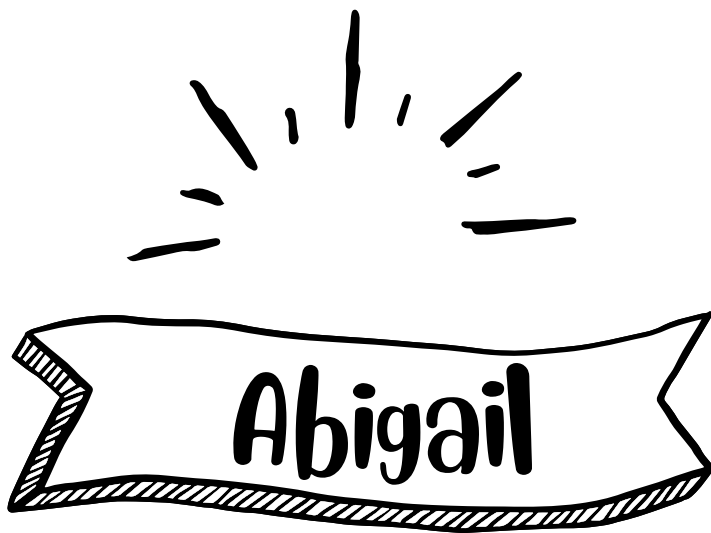
The following day, Winter had a bad day. First, at science she got a C on her test because she apparently didn't follow the school's method of teaching. Then, Winter ran to the field for practice after lunch because she was "messing with Katy's locks." When Katy asked her to braid her hair, Katy tried to explain to Ms. Jessica that she asked for her hair to be in braids. Ms. Jessica disagreed with Katy and made Winter go do 20 laps around the whole upper gym which felt like 200 laps around the gym. Then Winter quickly changed into her normal school outfit but as she went down the last stair down to B1 she remembered that she left her phone in the second stall of the bathroom in the upper gym. So she eventually was late to cheer practice, and worst of all her place was replaced as Amber, her enemy. Another problem...



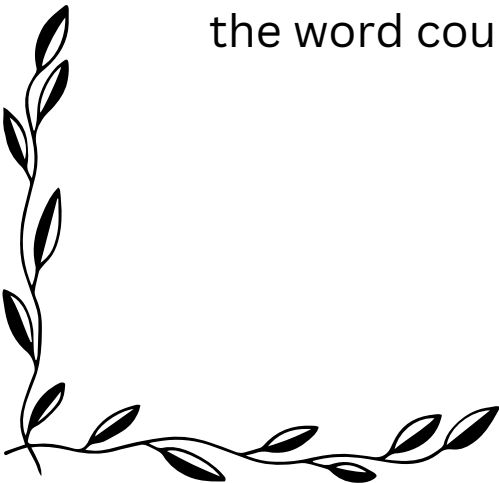
That night she wondered and wondered if Amber should be cheer captain, but Winter had so many thoughts in her head like is Jake the real love of her life or is someone else going to replace Jake?



High School Writers



I've been writing recreationally since I was seven years old, but this was my first NaNoWriMo. Tied as my favorite genres are domestic thrillers and young adult fantasy. While I don't feel qualified to give . advice, one thing that helped me succeed during NaNoWriMo was focusing less on the word count and more on the story I wanted to tell.



Reverie

*"A winsome valley made woesome by one family,
Whose misfortun'd past many a ballad has told.
Of their four members, three live on unhappily,
As tales of the final Dorrance's vanishing grows old.*

One—A father, whose mind teems with acuity and insanity,

Two—A mother, whose nocturnal tears cannot be consoled,

Three—A son, whose hatred borne from a childhood of uncertainty,

Four, and here no more—A daughter, whose bed has for ten years remained cold.

Here, in Inmoore, low hills roll

Over unkind secrets and a stolen soul,

Surfaces of lake shine in the sunlight,

Hide what's been lost in the water last night.

"What's that?" Rose asked.

For the first time in their conversation, a flash of disarm crossed Hetty's face. Then she smiled softly. "Mrs. Bailey said you're clever and inquisitive." She leaned in, her voice growing lower with each word. "She might even say you're impossible."

"Don't think you're distracting anyone," Rose warned.

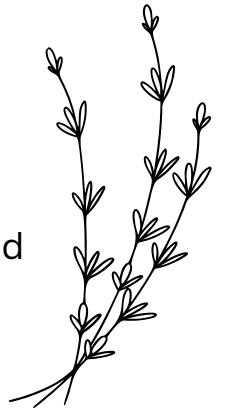
Hetty seemed satisfied with her answer. "Good. You're perfect."

"For what?"

"For," Hetty said carefully, "for where I'd like to take you. For Home."

Rose's heart skipped at the single word, a strange mixture of suspicion and apprehension blooming within her.

"Home?" she echoed. "I don't have a home."



A twinge of sadness flickered in Hetty's amber eyes. "Oh, Rose, that isn't true at all," she said. "You do have a home, it's maybe six hours away, and all your parents have been doing in it for the past decade and a half was waiting. For you."

"My parents died in the Great War." The words spilled from Rose's mouth before she could stop them. She had accepted this truth long ago, but saying it aloud still felt like a stone lodged in her throat.

Hetty's smile faded into sympathy. "I understand that's what you've been told," she said softly, "but what if I told you that you were mistaken? That there are things in this world that can't be explained by simple, recycled facts?"

The lavender scent wafting in the air grew foul.



There's a lot of different words you could use to describe me. I'm an artist, a writer, and a Greek mythology fanatic. You could also say I'm incredibly charming, witty, and clever. I'm a lot of things. But in the end, I'm a creative. Writing is an art, therefore it's something I also enjoy. It's something I've done since elementary school, but frankly I really got into it around middle school (thanks to a beloved friend). Since then I don't think I've ever really stopped. And I think that's the thing, you just don't stop. Don't put down that pen, or pencil, or stop typing.



Deathless Days



"“No one can escape death, everyone is to die. My empire is unconfined, extends to mortals of every kind. You are no different, you will be no different,” Thanatos hissed at the king. Yet his threats were ignored and fell on deaf ears, his words held no weight now. Incapacitated, trapped, and tricked. Tricked by some mortal whose hubris clearly knew no bounds.

The King of Ephyra’s laughter continued to ring throughout the halls of his palace. Ringing in Death’s ears still, even as the guards dragged him away. Dragged him away like he was some human with no class. Not only was he humiliated once, they just added more salt to the wound by treating him like nothing? By the Gods, it’s already bad enough no one ever gives him offerings for his tedious and never ending work. Now the people dare to treat him like he was nothing. Nothing. Death Incarnate, the literal Death Incarnate, that’s who he is. Now he’s being treated as though he were nothing but some peasant, a plebian, someone worthless.

He will pay the price for this, he will. He ought to be thrown into the deepest depths of Tartarus. Down in some deep pit where he’ll never escape. Trap him there where he’ll have to toil away for some never ending punishment. Keep him down for all of eternity, maybe that ought to quell the man’s pride and arrogance. And damn him if it doesn’t, but it better."



I have loved writing my whole life, from short stories to poetry, but when school gets busy I tend to write less, so I thought I would challenge myself and write something new. I love to read -even if I don't have as much free time to do so- and my favorite genres are dystopian, romance, and sometimes a good fantasy book as well. I think writing can be anything you want it to be; there are no contracts, and that's why I love it so much. Hopefully, I can write more stories in the future, but my dream is to publish my own book of poetry.



My Name Is Not Jane Doe



I suddenly bump into a tall, muscular boy—the size of a full-grown man.

“Move it, JD,” he says.

I roll my eyes so hard they nearly fall out of my head. He and his buddies trek off to the football field. The irony hits me like steel bars.

High school.

JD isn’t my name.

JD stands for Jane Doe, which everyone seems to think is my name. I’m not sure how it started.

Some kid claimed I’d randomly transferred, and since no one knew my name, they started calling me Jane Doe. I’m pretty sure the nickname came from some smug, bleach-blonde, short-skirt-wearing, shopping-obsessed popular girl. It didn’t help that my English teacher, Mr. Ranger, overheard and decided to call me Jane Doe during roll call. He looked me straight in the eye when he said it, and reluctantly, I answered, “Here.”

From then on, JD was born—for the sports jocks, at least. Jane for my classmates. And if people were feeling extra creative that day, “Jane Doe” came paired with an overused, “How’s the weather down there?”

To answer your question: yes, they mean I’m metaphorically buried six feet under.

“Jane?” I hear a voice behind me. I turn around, deliberately adding extra spice to my step.

“My name is not Jane, you imbis—” It’s Kit Loom. Freaking Kit Loom. Suddenly, I wish I were buried underground.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to interrupt whatever—” He looks me up and down. I glance at my perfectly ironed shirt tucked into blue khakis and my too-white shoes (even though I’ve had them for two years).

But I know what he’s really looking at: my hair. Despite my obsessive ironing, I haven’t owned a hairbrush in years. My short, messy bob is what I go with. I think I pull it off, but as a sleep-deprived teenage girl with no makeup in sight, my aesthetics tend to clash.

“—Anyway, I just wanted to ask if you had notes for the book we’re reading in English. I was on a trip this weekend and didn’t have time to read the last chapter...”

The book he’s referring to is Jane Austen’s *Persuasion*, my favorite.

“Yeah, so I’d love to help, but we both know you just mooch off people’s notes and never actually read the book. I mean, *Persuasion* is such a beautifully crafted piece about love and —”

He cuts me off. “I just wanted your notes, not a debate.”

He stares at me like he knows something I don’t.

