



# ABC CLARION

For 2016 Summer Writing Competition please visit <http://abcclarioncomp.weebly.com/>

## Great Websites to Waste Time On

by Victoria Tian

When schoolwork becomes too stressful and extracurricular activities become overwhelming, students often turn to the internet for moments of solace. After all, breaks are healthy and essential for productivity! Many websites provide extremely entertaining diversions and do not require very much time on the student's part to view. Here are my recommendations for some of the best places to go on the World Wide Web. They come in handy for curing boredom, aiding in procrastination, and expanding the mind somewhat.

\* **Buzzfeed:** This is the ground zero time-killer—if you aren't that experienced with using the internet for recreation, start here. With troves of articles on topics within pop culture and the news, as well as how-to's for cooking and DIY activities (and new ones being written daily), you'll be

hooked in no time.

\* **Letters of Note:** You can find lots of famous historical letters here that involve celebrities such as Albert Einstein and F. Scott Fitzgerald. They shed light on the more personal aspects of their lives; you'll be surprised at what you can learn from reading them. Lists of Note takes the same concept but applies it to lists.

\* **Online Etymology Dictionary:** Even those of you out there who aren't logophiles can appreciate this site. Type in almost any word, and the dictionary will give you a thorough explanation of its history and derivation as well as provide insight on related words. You walk away with an enhanced appreciation of Greek and Latin.

\* **Know Your Meme:** High-quality internet education here. Type in the name of any meme (or find the picture) and the site will

provide information about its origin and how it spread and give you a comprehensive list of examples. For anyone out there who isn't too familiar with memes or wants to explore them more, this is the best place to go!

\* **TED:** Learn something new or just get inspired by watching a video here. Look under TED studies if you want to explore a specific academic subject. This is one website you will not regret expanding your horizons at.

\* **Wait But Why:** Tim Urban's articles on various topics require a longer time to read but are well worth it. They are in-depth, humorous, insightful, and accompanied by pretty awesome illustrations. Urban's post, Why Procrastinators Procrastinate, actually became the subject of a TED talk he gave.

\* **UnPlug The TV:** This website

gives you a short, random educational video to watch (instead of TV, presumably). You can make each video one study break and go back to whatever you were just

working on right after you finish watching one.

\* **The Oatmeal:** Go here for some of the most hilarious and relatable comics/graphics you will ever read. Many of them are even worth re-reading at a later date.

## Hello, My Name Is by Audrey Zhou

**Hello, my name is**  
and seven times out of ten,  
I am sad.

The burning sensation in your nose before you cry,  
the concave cardboard piece  
that seems to block your stomach from your heart.  
This same heart feels tied to my chest, as an anchor -  
while my head is in the sky.  
Devoid of any color, or any emotion.  
and with all of this, I am also the hole in my bed,  
that is deep and black -  
and craving for me to return.  
Deep.Black.Angry.

**Hello, my name is**  
and nine times out of ten,  
I am angry.  
My hands are shaking.  
They tell me to punch my pillow.  
I do not want to listen.  
They tell me it'll help.

I definitely do not want to listen.  
What do they know about my anger?  
My anger is defined with every ugly adjective.  
It is the constant desire to cry.  
It is an ache.  
A longing.  
A need.  
It is fire that prickles my skin,  
Making my head itch.  
It is constantly needed to be controlled,  
It is a constant stress.

**Hello, my name is**  
And four times out of ten,  
I am stressed.  
Worried.  
Feeling in the pit of my stomach.  
A whisper:  
Disappointment.  
Fret. Fret. Fret.  
Constantly fretting over grades,  
Over anger,  
Over sadness,  
Over money.  
Do not fret they say,  
It is not in your control they say.  
You laugh,  
I laugh -  
I am still stressed.  
I am at a constant edge,  
That sense of fear drags me around  
From class to class.

**Hello, my name is**  
And one out of every ten times  
I am happy.  
And in the grand scheme of things,  
I suppose it is a tolerable amount  
But it doesn't make up for the other times,  
which add up to over ten.

## The Reds (Part 2)

by Thomas Lynch

It was every boy's dream to be a runner; you could walk around when you wanted to, you could have as much powder and fat packets as you liked, you got to live in the upper parts of the factory. Only two or three from every batch the Boss brought in could become runners, as most were already marked to be Gone Boys by the time they arrived at the factory. There was a simple test they gave. They cut a little mark onto the back of your hand. You passed if the wound healed itself within a day or two by itself, and Boss would take you to the upper floors of the factory to train. Most of the boys needed to be patched up, though, and they ended up on streets like these with a gun, a new name, and a number tattooed into their arm.

The runner whistled with a hearty twang as he broke forward, his red bandanna trailing in the summer heat. He raced past them, shouting "Three!" as he retreated. The Boys cocked their guns in anticipation. Three was rare; the blue runners usually worked in pairs. They were fast approaching, firing their weapons at random as they broke towards this territory.

Silently, the boys waited behind cover until the runners were within a block away before they opened

returning fire. The runners turned and ran backwards in zigzags before crouching behind a wall. The runners spotted the barely conscious Mica, and shot him. His body slumped forward, staining the blue ball in crimson. Cal reached into his pocket and sniffed some of his energy powder out and felt his heartbeat increase. Alert now, he began firing into the wall, where some of the rounds ricocheted off of and pushed the blue runners back. The blues waited half a moment before popping out again, and Steve landed a glancing shot in one runner's leg before being taken out in a hail of fire. The runner screamed as Kev and Cal finished him off. Cal warbled at the top of his lungs before whistling a high-pitched call two times, alerting the boys to their east to prepare. The street fell quiet again as Steve and Mica lay lifeless. In the distance, more shots were heard, but the boys took a rest. The runners wouldn't be around again until the next day.

The sun set over the city, and the gunshots pittered into the distance as night fell upon the boys. Listening closely, Cal heard the familiar rumble of the Boss' truck. His stomach growled in knots as he sat in anticipation of the fat

packets.

The truck parked at the corner, and the Boss, who looked to be in his mid thirties, stepped out. He whistled at the sight of the blue runner before scanning the street to see who else had died. He had the three boys he didn't need to station that night collect and bag the bodies of the blue runner and Steve and Mica. He rummaged into the rusted truck's glove compartment and tossed a fat packet to each of the boys, who greedily grabbed theirs before ripping the lids open and swallowing the fatty goop inside.

The Boss stepped out of the van and into the ruined block. Taking the blue rock from next to Mica's body bag, he handed it to one of the two remaining boys in his truck. He pat their backs and handed each of them a baggie of energy powder, before them to take the spots of Steve-223 and Mica-223. The Boss told them all to sleep, before collecting the three other boys and driving off again. Steve-224 and Mica-224 glanced at the other boys, and the other boys nodded slowly, their skeletal cheekbones chattering as the night settled in. Across the street from Cal, Kev cut a fresh tally mark into his shoulder, another day finished.

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