Chloe Evans Evans 1

Humanities-1/2

26 Aug 2013

**Traveling**

One dream I’ve always had is to travel the U.S. on a road trip. I finally started planning the trip, with a friend, about a year and a half ago. We want to take a year off between high school and college and just travel. We will have a truck with a camper shell. Inside the shell will be a comfortable, old mattress for us to sleep on. We will also have a tent for when the weather is nice and we can sleep outside.

We’ll travel around the outside of the country first; family in Houston, New Orleans in Louisiana. We’ll go to the Capitol Building in Washington, D.C. We’ll dine on succulent lobster in Maine, with family friends from Vermont. Well walk around Times Square and the towering Statue of Liberty. Then we will make our way inland, we will listen to music at The Grand Ole Opry and home of The King: Graceland in Tennessee. We’ll take the tiny bullet shaped elevator up inside the Gateway Arch in St. Louis Missouri, and will take a picture with the president at Mount Rushmore in Nebraska.

When I told my parents my plans, my mother said, “You only need a summer,”

I replied: “I know, but we *want* to take a while and live.”

And I know, we *could* do this in the summer instead of taking a gap year, but we really want to be able to spend time in the places. We don’t want to just be there for a few days and then take off again. Some of the places we want to visit is because some of our favorite books are placed there -*Percy Jackson and the Olympians* by Rick Riordan takes place in New York- some of the places we’ll visit because they are famous sites that we’ve always wanted to visit. If we plan everything right, we should be able to spend a good amount of time in the places we have more reasons to stay and visit.

Evans 2

By traveling like this, we hope to be able to really learn more about how people live in states other than our own. We hope to be able to be immersed in the communities that are there. My dream is to travel like a free bird.

Chloe Evans Evans 1

Humanities - 1/2

14 Oct 2013

**Not Just One**

She starts with short blond hair and clear blue grey eyes. Blue like the sky above the sea. She went through a fedora phase, she might as well still be in it. Pianos are her thing as well as soundtrack music. She likes to read, her name is Liz. Then there's brown hair and brown eyes. Her eyes tends to change color, almost like a daughter of Aphrodite, she would hate that comparison. She's a reader too. Her name is Sara. They were my first friends. The next few come all at once and very fast.

Gracie has long brown hair, her eyes can't decide what color they want to be. Green or brown. Green or brown. She's the kind of skinny people strive to be, she achieved it easily. Her style is different, simple and bright. Pattern with pattern, but it still somehow managed to match. I had known Morgan for long before, zoo camp is a great way to meet friends. Especially if that friend's mother also works at the zoo. Her hair was long and curly like a mermaid's. It was always up in a bun; she never left it down, much to our disappointment. Her eyes were brown.

The Julias are the same, but different. Brown eyes and brown eyes. Black hair and brown hair. Skinny and skinny. They both play volleyball.

Julia R. says, " We look like retarded frogs,"

I could only laugh.

Julia L. doesn't seem to care. Julia R. is obsessed with cats, obsessed enough to have her own photo folder on my iPod. Her fashion choices were different as well. She had lots of random thrift shop clothes that fit together like a broken puzzle piece. Julia L. is quiet at first, but in the end she's as enthusiast as the rest of us.

Evans 2

Long blond weave. Is the only way to describe Mandalyn. She has a thing with her hair, she doesn't actually have a weave, but she says she does in a joking way. She is also very quiet and thinks she talks about herself too much. Which she doesn't, but I tease her about it a lot. Ashley's hair is blond brown and wavy. She seems like the average teenage girl until you get her started on her plays. She loves to act and sing, she's also a pretty good dancer. I think she really does have the chance as an actor in the future. She hates her brother and sister, but in a sibling way. My friends started out few, but now there are many. I could not chose just one to write about, so I chose them all.

Chloe Evans Evans 1

Humanities-1/2

14 Sep 2013

**Just Fiction**

The first time I met him I was thirteen.

It was a bad time,

His best friend didn’t remember him

But then again, he’d never actually been there.

They were all fake memories,

Given away like free lemonade.

The wars we fought together

They were madness

Destruction rained down like ash after a fire.

He thought he loved others, but that was short lived.

For they always turned him down

He didn’t know I loved him.

He could create fire, so easily

In his hands

Like a beacon in the fog,

The fire stood for hope.

But it was hope,

That he couldn’t see.

He thought he was worthless

Something left over on the sidewalk.

The one out of seven, that didn’t fit.

The losing number

But in fact he was the million dollars.

He is Leo Valdez.

Evans 1

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Chloe Evans Evans 1

Humanities - 1/2

18 Sep 2013

**I'm From Me**

I am from bookshelves crammed with books.

From The Fault in our Stars at four AM and *The Lightning Thief* all the way to *House of Hades*.

I am from ADHD and messy rooms.

I am from Doctor Who.

From Supernatural and Percy Jackson.

I am from Fandoms.

I am from Tumblr at midnight.

From reading and writing all night long.

I am from Christmahanakwanza and Dinner on the Door.

I am from home grown chickens.

From movies with my dad and Friday night pizza.

I am from my brother vacuuming and the annoying cat meow.

They all sit together on my bookshelf crammed with memories.

Chloe EvansEvans 1

Humanities - 1/2

24 Sep 2013

**Little Yellow House**

Outside, a dull yellow with sad green trim. Yellow like scrambled eggs. Ugly. Dry grass covered half of the front yard, ivy covered the other half. We could never kill it, it would always grow back. Four small cement steps went up to the door. Inside, one bright red wall in the living room. The small living room, cozy like a fire in winter, held a red recliner, soft with use, and a stained TARDIS blue couch. Directly across from the couch, a small TV talked me to sleep. At first it looked like nothing special, but don’t forget the bookshelves crammed with books. Kitchen to the right, small like an office, but it always smelled good, like baking bread. The kitchen floor was uneven and yellow, there was lots of yellow in the house. The hallway to the bedrooms was straight ahead from the front door. The first door on the left was mine. It opened to reveal a small and messy space that was sacred to me. Yellow maybe? Probably. I can’t remember. There was a wall of closets, the first for clothes, the second held a desk, cluttered and unused. The third spewing drawer, after drawer, after drawer, it seemed. Eight I think, red, blue, yellow, purple, red, blue, yellow, purple. They were full of random things, long forgotten until found again, rocks, puzzles, leaves, and art. I had a loft bed too, I never slept up there though, too hot. I slept in my brother’s bed below, he slept in my parent’s bed.

My parent's room was also small it had bed, desk, dresser, that’s all that fit. That door to the back yard was also in my parent’s room. That backyard was small and dry, like a miniature savana, except for a long strip of green left over from the slip ‘n’ slide. A few feet of patio, a huge everbearing pomegranate tree. It produced the biggest, juiciest fruits, red as blood, bigger

Evans 2

than grapefruits. Underneath the tree, a small headstone for a long dead rabbit. There was a small hill on the left of the yard. I used to drag my little red wagon to the top and roll down it, lots of scrapes emanated from those disasters. A big purple wisteria tree connected a ratty hammock to the fence. Just beyond the fence, white as stone, loomed a big old, cut-back oak. I remember looking out the window to see an owl, looking back with the wisdom of the world in its eyes. In my little yellow house.

Chloe Evans Evans 1

Humanities-1/2

1 Sep 13

**Character Shield**

If my name were an animal, it would be a peacock because my personality is bright and cheerful.

If my name was a plant, it would be a grafted apple tree because it has so much to offer.

If my name was a season, it would be spring because everything is alive.

If my name was a time of day, it would be 3:30 AM because the sky just starts to get light.

If my name was a word, it would be supercalifragilisticexpialidocious be quad when you don't know what to say, say supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

If my name was a musical instrument, it would be a guitar because my dad plays.

If my name were an object, it would be a book because amuse reading opens new worlds.

If my name was a song, it would be Royals by Lorde because its my favorite song.

If my name were an emotion, it would be hyper because I have ADHD.