

**CELEBRATING NATIONAL  
CHILDREN'S MENTAL HEALTH  
AWARENESS**



# **VIRTUAL STUDENT ART CONTEST**

**2020**



**Next**

This Year's Theme:

# SHARING FEELINGS AND HOPE

To celebrate the art, creativity, and resiliency of Fremont students, the City of Fremont Human Services Department, Youth and Family Services Division in partnership with Fremont Unified School District, is hosting the third annual Children Mental Health Awareness Virtual Art Competition.



Next

This exhibition would not be possible  
without our creative youth participants and  
dedicated staff and volunteers.



**Thank  
You!**

## **Special Thanks to City of Fremont Staff:**

**Mayor Lily Mei**

**Suzanne Shenfil**

**Paula Manczuk-Hannay**

**Annie Bailey**

**Happy Banga**

**Cheryl Golden**

**Maria Sotelo**

**Anna Guiles**

**Joyce Lim**

**Laurie Linscheid**

**Megan Cobel**

**Next**

# THANK YOU TO OUR JUDGES

## K-1

**Stacey Bamford**, FUSD Student Support Services Coordinator  
**Lydia Ferraro**, Milwaukee Art Therapist, LPC-IT, Curator

## 2nd - 3rd

**Mireya Sotelo**, Kennedy High Student  
**Angelica Tapia**, Kennedy High Student

## 4th - 6th

**Cheryl Golden**, City of Fremont Communications Manager  
**Ann Crosbie**, FUSD School Board Trustee  
**Irene Jordahl**, City of Fremont Recreation Manager

## Jr High

**Larry Ewings**, La Familia Counseling  
**Helen Hsu**, PsyD, Stanford University

## High School

**Amy Yancey**, Studio Art Teacher  
**Fernando Sotelo**, FUSD Washington H.S. Teacher

Next

# CURATOR

## LYDIA FERRARO

Lydia is an art therapist and counselor in the greater Milwaukee area. Her current role as a school-based art therapist has exposed her to a broad spectrum of mental health issues, strengthening her passion for student access to mental health services and community engagement in the arts.



This Way To



**VIRTUAL ART  
GALLERY**

**Welcome to the**

# **VIRTUAL ART GALLERY**

**Follow the links on top/bottom to move between rooms.  
Click on the artwork to learn more about it.**

**ENTER**



**K-1st Grade**

**2nd-3rd Grade**

**4th - 6th Grade**

**Winners-Finalists  
Honorable Mentions**

**Junior High**

**High School**

**SHARING FEELINGS AND HOPE**



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Mixed Media,  
Photography  
& Sculpture

Creative  
Writing

# K-1st Grade

Paintings

Drawings



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# 2nd - 3rd Grade

Paintings

Creative  
Writing

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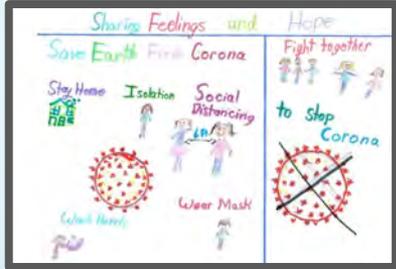
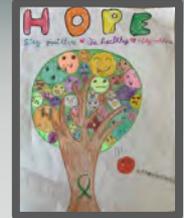
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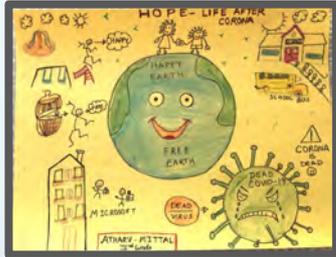
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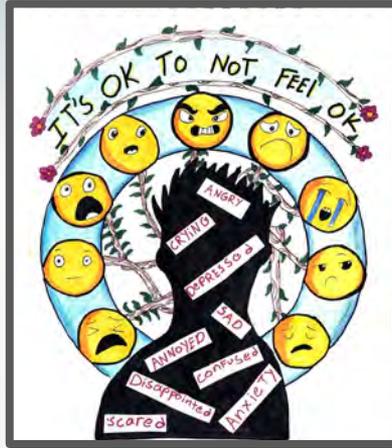
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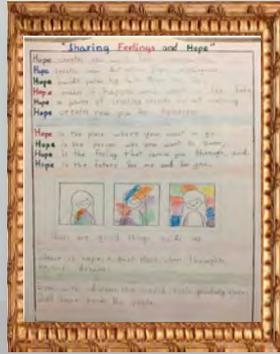
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## Sharing Feelings and Hope



## Kindness



## The Memory Flower



## Hope is Human



## CoVoid-Man



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# 4th-6th Grade

Mixed Media,  
Photography  
& Sculpture

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Writing

Paintings

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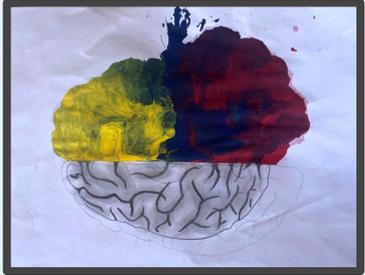


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### Hope



I look out the window, and see the trees moving, the wind blowing, and everything is silent, so I look out, as my gathering dust, calling for my understanding of this storm night and all the trees were blanketed with the rain. I hope none of this happens again. Some people believed this would last forever, while others didn't. The darkness came and the dark storm started. I started hoping this would end. The rain started pouring, as hard as possible, and as big as marbles. I got scared and desperate. The rain was really hard, so I thought this was hopeless. Suddenly, just as it came, it went on, and it was back to normal, even all the thunder and rain. Everything was fine now. The cars were carrying food, for the queen, the birds were out, everyone was happy, and smiled me. The butterflies were flying, with a variety of colors although the bees called louder, to make noise. They saw a horse, stuck in the house. Over the window I saw the green mountains, on top of the mountains, were lots of cows, birds, and horses. That had a lot of faces. I felt like they were all running free, for the first time, in the mountains. I looked at the trees, far, far away, they green trees, shine brightly in the sky, really bright that my eyes started hurting. The birds make sounds, as loud, as they could, so everyone could hear them, I look at the sky again, and see big, fat, puffy clouds, all around the sky. They were beautiful, I really didn't want to leave it, but, I ran, ran far away on the grass, there were tall grass and the last I saw flying with the birds, and soaring up in the sky, watching the clouds, and enjoying it all.

### S.I.P.



### The Path You Take

There are special people in your life  
 Friends, Family, Neighbors, Co-workers  
 You share your feelings and hope  
 They respect you and love  
 They will always be there for you  
 These are the people you share with  
 The most important  
 And the ones you love most  
 When in bad positions you go to them  
 When hurt you go to them  
 And most of all if you need someone to lean on you go to them.  
 These are your special people  
 Sometimes you hope and share by yourself  
 You feel sad and don't want to share with your special people  
 What you want is to share your feelings  
 By expressing yourself  
 Talking in the mirror  
 Or just talking to yourself  
 This is one other way when sharing and hoping  
 You choose your path  
 Do what you want to do

### Soaring Wings

A butterfly, emerging from its hard cocoon,  
 Spreading its elegant new wings.  
 Now, vivid colors burst out of gloom and darkness.

A newborn bird, pecking its head out of a speckled blue shell,  
 A life of discovery awaits.  
 Rising wings that take flight,  
 Slipping away from the protection of its first shelter.

A tree, withering, but bearing behind seeds,  
 They grow and create promising forests,  
 Nourishing and sustaining countless others.

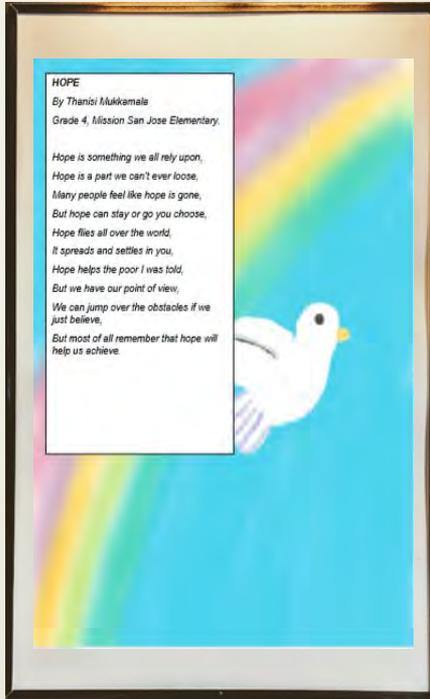
Hope can emerge out of sadness,  
 It can grow wings and fly,  
 Bouncing over fences,  
 Despite challenging times.

Positivity and purpose help us escape difficult times,  
 Like a cork, floating between that glides through the air,  
 Dancing to lift our minds.

A tiny star shines,  
 Against the darkness of night,  
 Little acts of kindness,  
 Heal our spirits from wounds.



Hope



Lost Hope (Haiku)



Hope for Humanity



Online





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# Junior High

Paintings

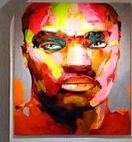
Drawings

Photography  
& Sculpture

Video &  
Podcast

Creative  
Writing

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Lobby

Director Info

Click to Watch



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to LISTEN



Narrator Info



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Nanu



Share

Benevolent  
Blackhole



Hope



A flame with Hope



Tape over my  
Mouth



What is  
Thy Love



We're Still  
Human



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## The Lens

## Heart

## Hope

## I'm Here for You

## Drowning

## Success in Failure Drawing: Never Give Up

## Our Biggest Mistake



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## Previous Room



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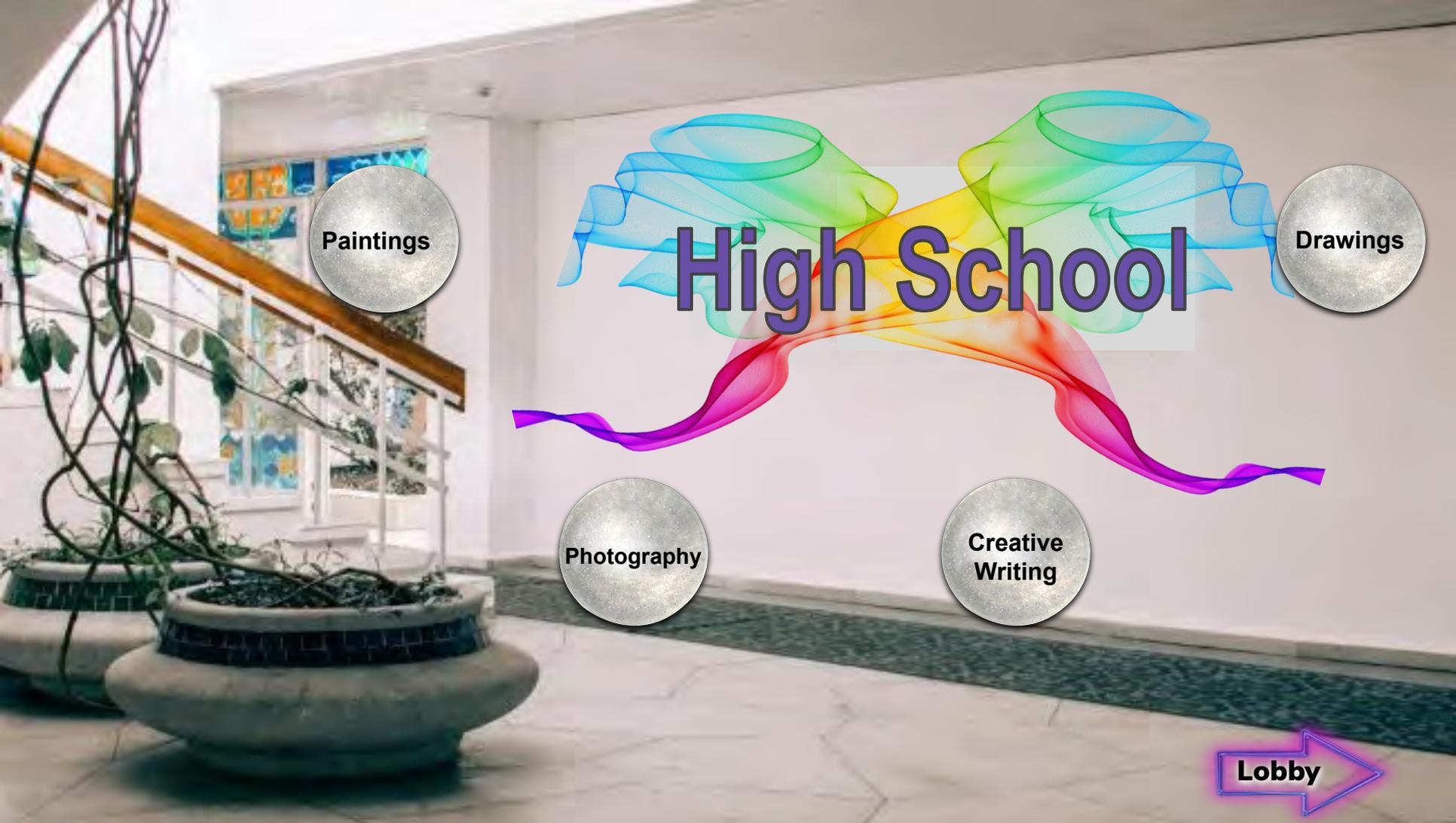


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**Paintings**

# High School

**Drawings**

**Photography**

**Creative  
Writing**

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## Previous Room



## Next Room



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ENTER

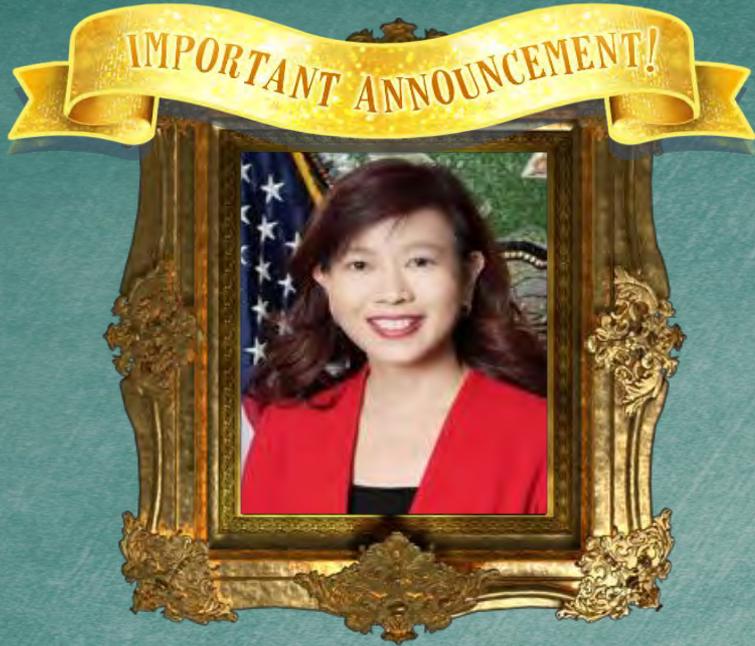


Lobby

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*Click to Watch* 



From Mayor Lily Mei



# Winners - Finalists - Honorable Mentions



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# Winners and Finalists

**K – 1<sup>st</sup> grade**



**2<sup>nd</sup> -3<sup>rd</sup> grade**

# Fine & Graphic Arts

**Winner: Ethan Alex**

Warwick Elementary School

*Our Love for You!*

**Finalist: Joey Gao**

Harvey Green Elementary School

*The Great Virus Killer*

**Winner: Ashley Sun**

Chadbourne Elementary School

*Saved by Hope*

**Finalist: Eva Zhang**

Prince of Peace Christian School

*Together Around the World*



# Winners and Finalists

4<sup>th</sup> – 6<sup>th</sup> grade

# Fine & Graphic Arts

**Winner: Angelina Sun**  
Chadbourne Elementary School  
*Sprouting with Knowledge*

**Finalist: Meera Anand**  
Gomes Elementary School  
*Hope for Cure*

Junior High

**Winner: Annette Lindley**  
Hopkins Junior High School  
*Together*

**Finalist: Akshaya Ramasrithram**  
Hopkins Junior High School  
*Smoke Screen*



# Winners and Finalists

# Fine & Graphic Arts

## High School



**Winner: Naveed Shakoor**

Mission San Jose High School

*Blossoming Hope*

**Finalist: Urmi Mandal**

Irvington High School

*Always There for You*

**Lobby**

# Winners and Finalists

## Creative Writing

### K – 1<sup>st</sup> grade

**Winner: Pranavi Pramod**

Mission San Jose Elementary School

*Things I Wish to Do*

**Finalist: Luis Kalikasan Javier**

Ardenwood Elementary School

*Delete the Virus*

### 2<sup>nd</sup> -3<sup>rd</sup> grade

**Winner: Isabella Zhou**

Mission Valley Elementary School

*The Memory Flower*

**Finalist: Gaurav Shreyas Peddimsetti**

Patterson Elementary School

*CoVoid - Man*



# Winners and Finalists

4<sup>th</sup> – 6<sup>th</sup> grade



Junior High

# Creative Writing

**Winner: Jiya Kohar**

Ardenwood Elementary School

*Online*

**Finalist: Naisha R. Koppurapu**

Mission San Jose Elementary School

*Hope of Humanity*

**Winner: Ritvikka Sureshkumar**

Hopkins Junior High School

*Benevolent Blackhole*

**Finalist: Shreya Athur**

Hopkins Junior High School

*Tape Over My Mouth*



# Winners and Finalists

# Creative Writing

## High School

**Winner: Nichelle Wong**

Irvington High School

*Broken but Healing*

**Finalist: Sashrika Pandey**

Irvington High School

*Bottled Up*



# Winners and Finalists

## Junior High School



## High School

# Digital Media

**Winner: Sriram Natarajan**

Thornton Junior High School

*Feeling and Hope (Podcast)*

**Finalist: Anushri Polamuri**

Hopkins Junior High School

*Mental Health Awareness (Video)*

**Winner: Helen Ngo**

Irvington High School

*I Am Here*

**Finalist: Airi Tisnadi**

Irvington High School

*Your Left Hand*



# Honorable Mentions    K – 1<sup>st</sup> grade

**Steffi Srivastava**

Weibel Elementary School

*My Feelings*

**Surya Kosuri**

Hirsch Elementary School

*Parrots in Love*

**Sarai Hannah**

Mission San Jose Elementary School

*Mother Dragon Uniting Kids Around the World*

**Guhan Venkatesh**

Mission San Jose Elementary School

*For Serenity: Nature – Share and Care*



# Honorable Mentions

## K – 1<sup>st</sup> grade



**Aabha Todkari**

Parkmont Elementary School

*Untitled*

**Tanay Mathur**

Vallejo Mill Elementary School

*Dragon*

**Samantha Cheung**

Vallejo Mill Elementary School

*Thank you to all the Frontliners*

**Vishwakarthish Prabhu**

Parkmont Elementary School

*Hoping for Sunshine*



**Honorable Mentions**      **K - 1<sup>st</sup> grade**

**Yogini Devakumar**  
Oliveira Elementary School  
*Sharing*

**Honorable Mentions**      **2<sup>nd</sup> - 3<sup>rd</sup> grade**

**Dhaanvi Jaipuriar**  
Niles Elementary School  
*Hope is Human*

**Niya S. Panchumarthi**  
Weibel Elementary School  
*Stay Strong Humankind*



# Honorable Mentions 2<sup>nd</sup> – 3<sup>rd</sup> grade



**Rhea Kolli**

Ardenwood Elementary School

*Journey Through Fear*

**Elyna Fahd**

Mission San Jose Elementary School

*The Tree of Kindness*

**Sophia Tang**

Ardenwood Elementary School

*Hope and Happiness Around the World*

**Kaylee Tan**

Azevada Elementary School

*Social Distancing*

**Lobby**

**Honorable Mentions**    **4<sup>th</sup> – 6<sup>th</sup> grade**

**Tatum Meador**

Patterson Elementary School

*Colorful Feelings*

**Aadya Joshi**

Parkmont Elementary School

*Dawn of Spring*

**Ramisha Ranjan**

Oliveira Elementary School

*Rays of Hope in Darkness*

**Hamsini Vegi**

Mission San Jose Elementary School

*Spring will Spring*



**Honorable Mentions**    **4<sup>th</sup> – 6<sup>th</sup> grade**



**Risha Rao**

Forest Park Elementary School

*Blossoming Hope*

**Jaylyn Wong**

Warm Springs Elementary School

*A Flowery Kiss*

**Tanvi Shrowty**

Ardenwood Elementary School

*Share For People Care*

**Naveshni Mogillapally**

Hirsh Elementary School

*The Happiness Earth Shares*



**Honorable Mentions**    4<sup>th</sup> – 6<sup>th</sup> grade

**Akshata Yadav**

Parkmont Elementary School

*The Bird of Hope*

**Saanvi Pradhan**

Weibel Elementary School

*Spring has Sprung with you*



## Honorable Mentions

## Junior High School



**Krithi Haresamudra**

Hopkins Junior High School

*Live Colorfully!*

**Neel S. Panchumarth**

Horner Junior High School

*My Inspiration and Hope*

**Shreya Prashantha**

Horner Junior High School

*We are One*

**Lobby**

## Honorable Mentions

## Junior High School

**Saahil Sumbly**

Hopkins Junior High School

*Reach Out*

**Bhavya Mehta**

Centerville Junior High School

*Hope is Life and Life is Hope*

**Hetanshi Vakharia**

Thornton Junior High School

*A Flame with Hope*



## Honorable Mentions

## High School



**Luke Adamson**

Irvington High School

*California Blues*

**Riya Rao**

American High School

*Growing Hope in the Eyes of Adversity*

**Ayush Patel**

Irvington High School

*Pandora's Jar*

**Soumya Rai**

Washington High School

*Light in the Darkness*

**Lobby**

## Honorable Mentions

## High School

**Amirah Mohamed Rafi**

Irvington High School

*Developing Our Powers*

**Edward Gao**

Irvington High School

*Toddler with a Stuffed Animal*

**Kerrine Tai**

Irvington High School

*Isolated Together*

**Anika Khuran**

Irvington High School

*News Pop*



## Honorable Mentions

## High School



**Ria Jain**

Irvington High School

*Hands of Hope*

**Meisuan Liu**

Irvington High School

*Acceptance*

**Devanshi Shah**

High School

*Have Faith in the Future*

**Lobby**

*Thanks for viewing our  
Children's Mental Health Awareness  
Student Art Exhibition*



For more information contact Youth and Family Services  
Phone: (510) 574-2100    Email: [yfs@fremont.gov](mailto:yfs@fremont.gov)

And follow us on Instagram  
[@fremontyouthwellness](https://www.instagram.com/fremontyouthwellness)





Ethan Alex  
Warwick Elementary  
*Our Love for You!*



Back



Swara Patne  
James Leitch School  
*Nature*



Sanvika Mukherjee  
Grimmer Elementary  
*Exquisite Corpse*

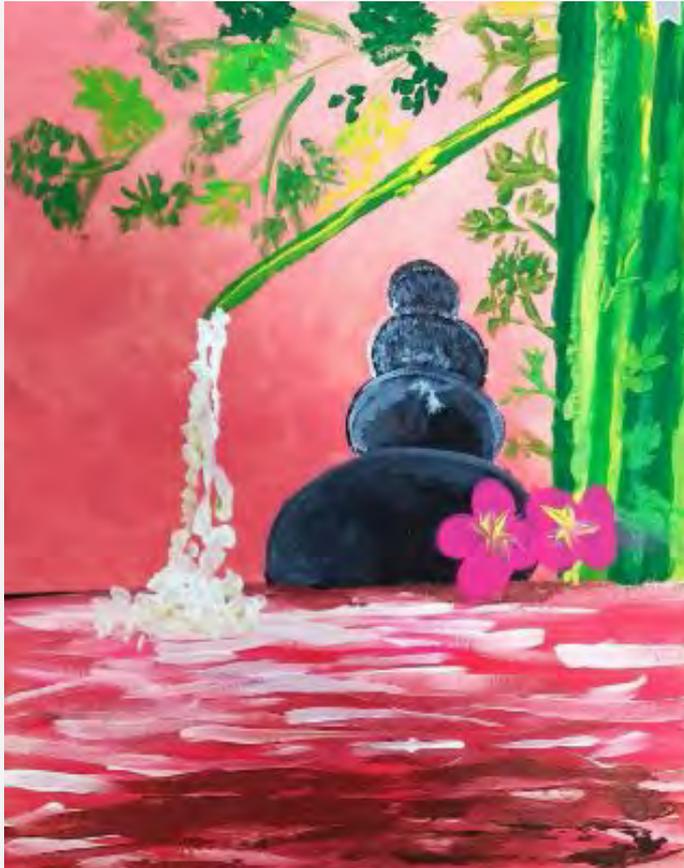


Elaine C. Zhou  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Brave Hearts (Fighting Virus)*



Manaswini  
Tom Maloney Elementary  
*Hope for the Best*

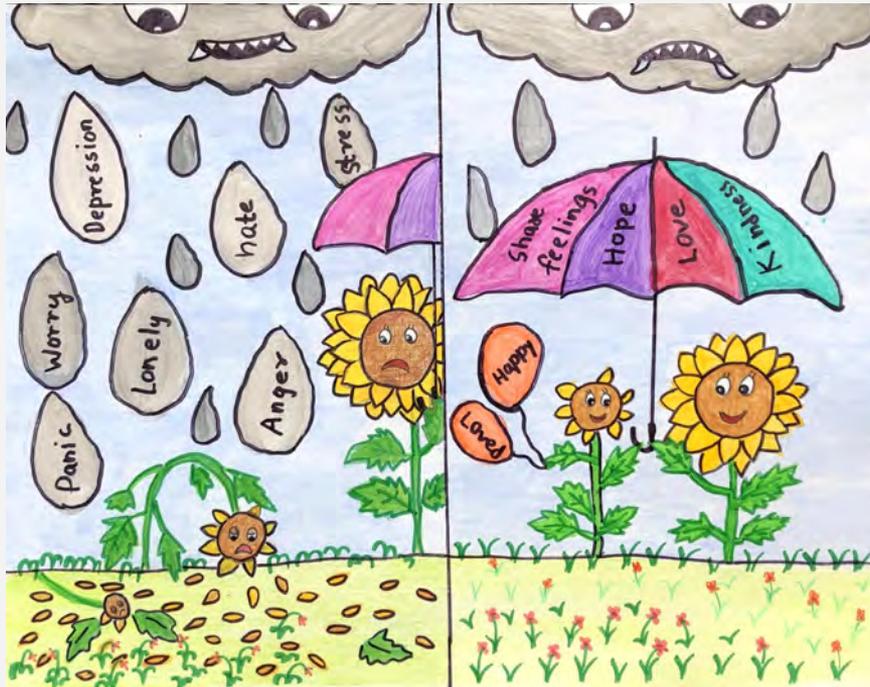
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Guhan Venkatesh  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*For Serenity: Nature - Share and Care*



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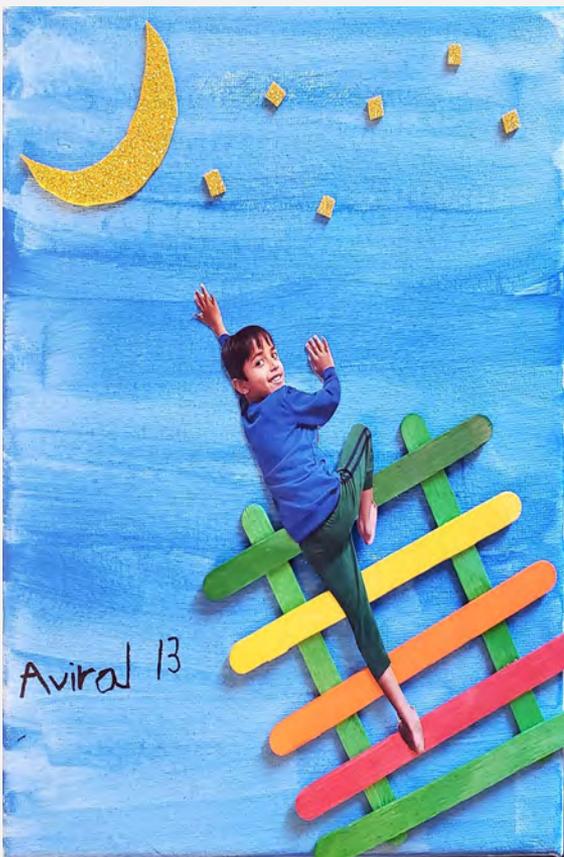


Gowry Deepesh  
Patterson Elementary  
*Be Happy and Make Happy*

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Isabella Jacqueline Ochoa  
Vallejo Mill Elementary  
*Isabella's Secret Garden*



Aviral Kansal  
Tom Maloney Elementary  
*Sky is the Limit!*



Aahan Bele  
Patterson Elementary  
*Happy Shark and Friends*



Aarush Dus  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Untitled*

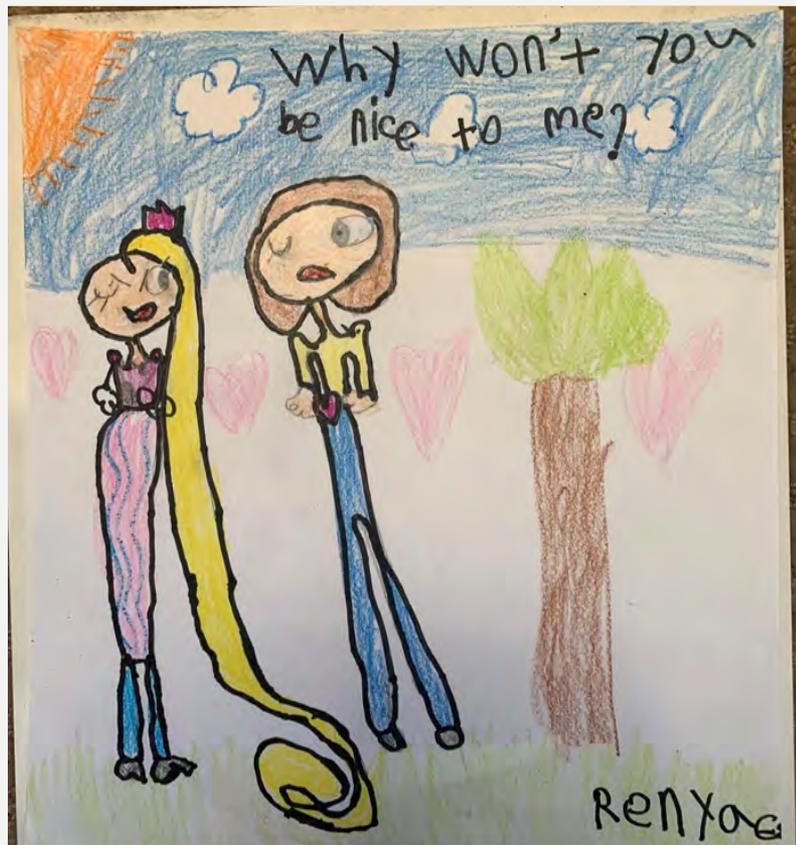


Kalash Vaish  
Warwick Elementary  
*Hope Outside my Window*

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Isabella Laquian  
Fremont Christian School  
*Home*



Renya Gummadam  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Why Won't You be Nice to me?*



Evan Liu  
Parkmont Elementary  
*That's What Friends Are For*

Mason Liu  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Two Friends, One Heart*





Sara Yong  
Brookvale Elementary  
*Love All Around*



Leah Morris  
Millard Elementary  
*Wishing to Play with Friends*



Steffi Srivastava  
Fred E. Weibel Elementary  
*My Feelings*



Back



Surya Kosuri  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Parrots in Love*



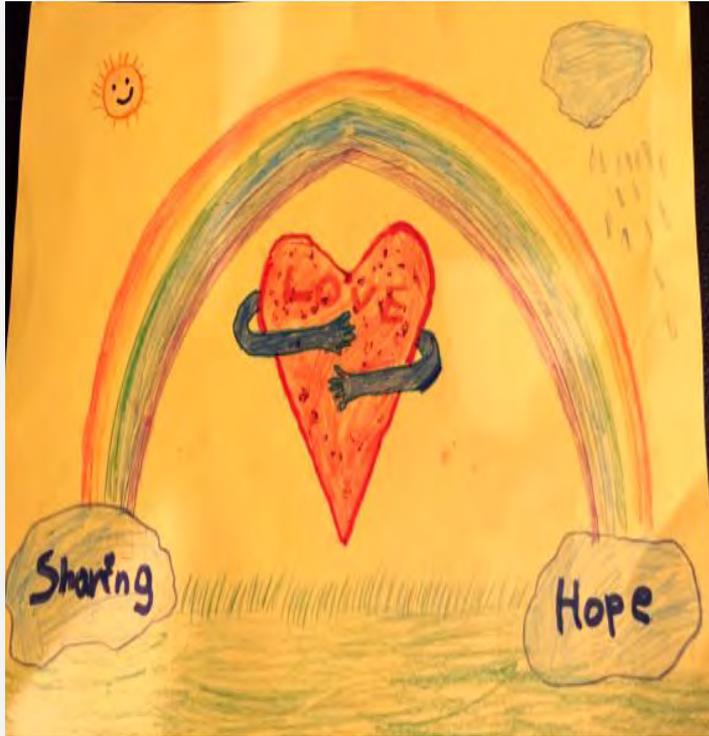


Aabha Todkari  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Untitled*





Abigail Strauss  
Parkmont Elementary  
*A Rainbow Concert*



Vivaan Jayakar  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Rainbow of Hope, Sharing and Love*



Joey Gao  
Harvey Green Elementary  
*The Great Virus Killer*



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Avyam Rao  
Tom Maloney Elementary  
*The Dragonfly - Hope and Love*



Satyajit Shil  
Oliveira Elementary  
*Hope Nurtures Life*

Back



Mihika Singh  
Forest Park Elementary  
*Everyone Has a Beautiful Heart*



Prisha Gandhi  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Smile Returns as School Reopens*



Kaylon Patel  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Enjoy the Outdoors*

Aria Joshi  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Sleepless Nights*





Sanaya Joshi  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Dyslexic Lily*



Pavithra Sankarji  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Back to School: It's Fun*



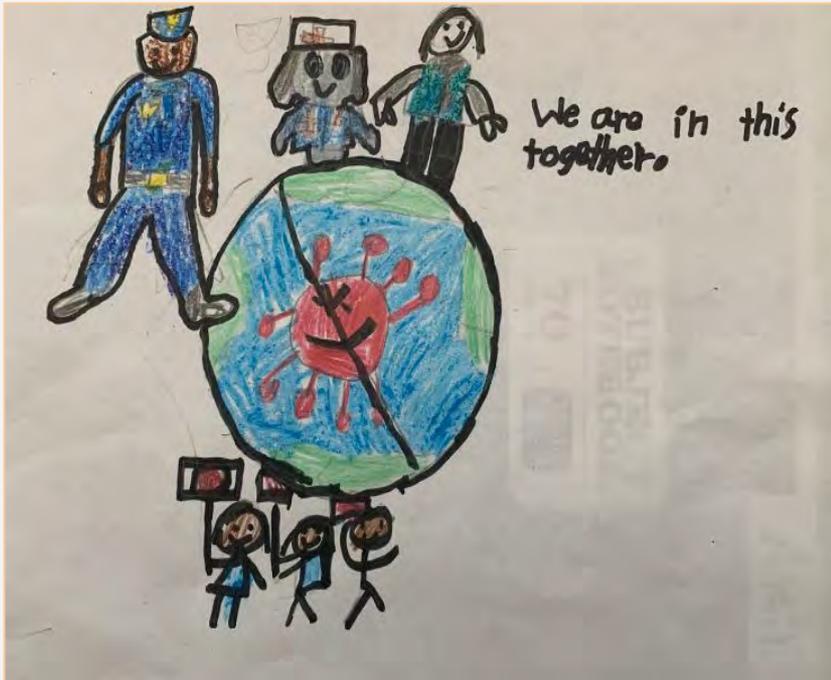
Sarai Hannah  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Mother Dragon Uniting Kids Around the World*



Back



Sai Thanishka Venkatesan  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Unicorn in Rainbow Land*



Akil Chakravathy  
Chadbourne Elementary  
*We are in this Together*



Vishwakarthik Prabhu  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Hoping for Sunshine*



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Lakshmi Yakkala  
Glenmoor Elementary  
*Thank You ART*



Tanay Mathur  
Vallejo Mill Elementary  
*Dragon*



Back



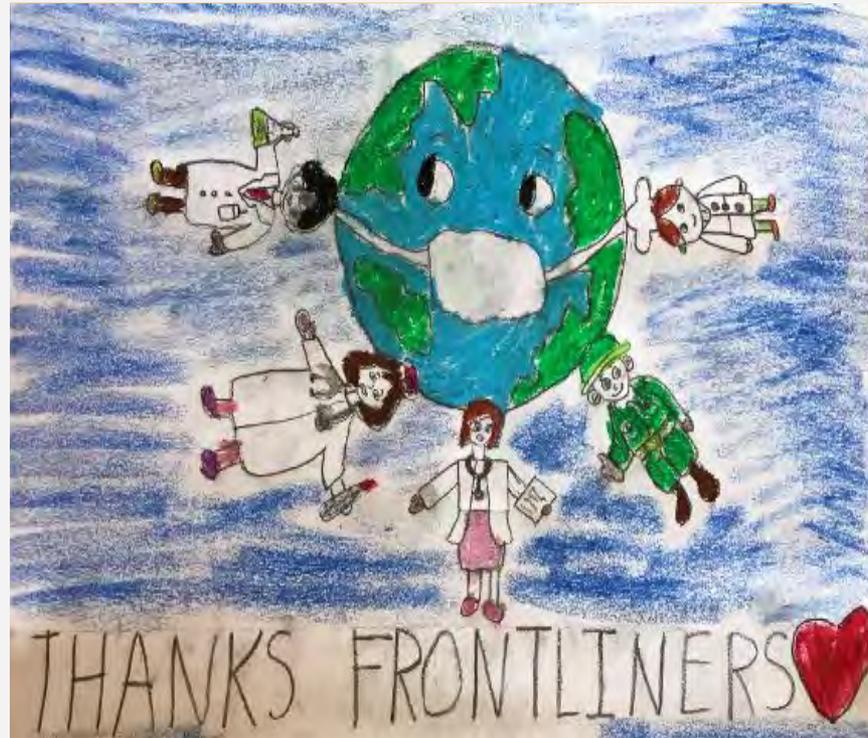
Naisha Agrawal  
James Leitch School  
*Happiness and Hope in Lockdown*



Piya Prardhana Peddimsetti  
Patterson Elementary  
*Thanks and Stay Safe*

Fariza Farhan  
Forest Park Elementary  
*My Feelings*

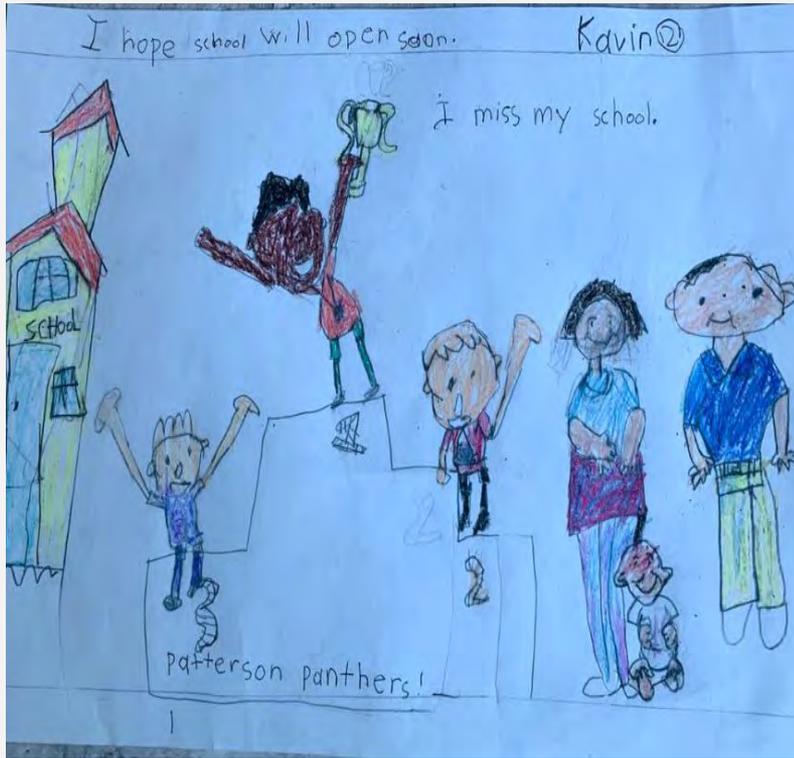




Samantha Cheung  
Vallejo Mill Elementary  
*Thank You to all the Frontliners*



Back



Kavin Venkatesan  
Patterson Elementary  
*Hope to go Back to School!*



Aadhya Bhagyanagar  
Chadbourne Elementary  
*Covid Lockdown*



Adiya Amarnath  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Loneliness - Miss Playing with my Friends*

Pranavi Gadiraju  
Maloney Elementary  
*Sunset at the Lake*





Neha Matam  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*The Tree of Hope!*

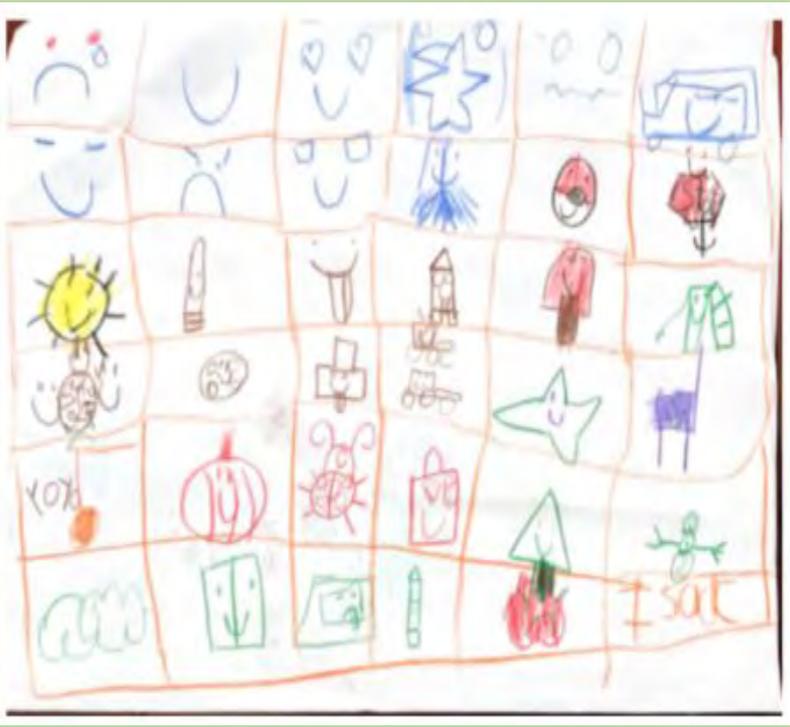
Jalani Mitchell  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Faces*





Sahasra Gattepally  
Glenmoor Elementary  
*Untitled*

Isaac Chen  
Patterson Elementary  
*Feelings*





Yogini Devakumar  
Oliveira Elementary  
*Sharing*



Back



Abeer Kilche  
Tom Maloney Elementary  
*Two Coconuts*



Yashi Tiwari  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Hope*

Reagan  
Grimmer Elementary  
*Tell me Your Feeling*



I have been at home all day I have so many things to say.

I wish I could go to school I wish I could swim in the pool.

I wish I could go to the park I wish I could go to the zoo and see a shark.

I wish I could learn some art I wish I could shop at a mart.

I wish I could go on a trip I wish I was on a cruise ship.

I wish I could go to a library I wish I could go to a farm and pick a strawberry

I wish I could go to the beach I wish I could go to school and see my teacher teach

I wish I could go out in the sun. I wish I could have some fun.

I wish I could play on a slide I wish I could go to the ocean to watch a tide.

I wish I could have play dates I wish I could meet my classmates.

I wish did not have to wear masks I wish I could do my regular tasks.

I hope and pray That the corona virus goes away.

Pranavi Pramod  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Things I Wish to Do*



**Back**

# Planets In Space

Space one big, hot and cold place.

Mercury is hot, small and has no life. Venus has hot gases that makes people die. Earth has oxygen that's why there is life, and Earth has a Moon. Moon is a place where you could get nice good rocks. Mars is the hottest planet. The Asteroid belt is a group of meteoroids. Jupiter's red spot is very stormy and it doesn't stop. Saturn's ring is made of ice and rock. Uranus <sup>and has 20 moons</sup> has a ring too but it's slanted. Neptune is the farthest planet. Dwarf planets are the smallest planets. Sun is the hottest, shiniest and biggest star! The black hole has so much gravity that you will die!

Arham Vora  
Vallejo Mill Elementary  
*Planets in Space*

Back

The Covid-19 is also known as the Corona Virus and the corona virus is VERY DEADLY watch out! Let's delete it from earth!

I feel hopeful that the Coronavirus will finally disappear. I hope people learn how to make an ~~antidote~~. We will use the antidote to cure patients and to delete the virus so we can go to school once again.

The government should tell scientists to try to invent antidote. The government also should ask if they can give the doctors the antidote for the sick people. Also, this would make the USA more protected by coronavirus.

I feel still normal. Thing is, lockdown/quarantine feels quite ~weird~. Also, when I go outside so few people go outside. Hmmm that's weird. I would tell people it is OK and so they cheer up a bit. Also, it might encourage them to be stronger and tell people the same thing! Would you encourage people to do that?

I miss my friends because I can't play with them. I feel weird because the next time I go to school I'm in 2nd grade! Weird huh? So, like I skipped something big? Super strange... Well, I just have to deal with it.

I miss school the most. I miss school because school helps you learn and make friends. I miss learning. I miss my friends. Do you like school? Well I do!

I would like to thank teachers because they tell/teach us things we need to know in our lifetime even when we're far away. I'd tell them that I like learning so they're happy. I feel happy that we still learn and see each other in Zoom.

I would like to thank our parents because like the teacher they teach us. Also, I'll thank them for taking care of us and having fun with us during the quarantine. I have fun when I play with them, like for example when we laugh when we tell jokes.

I would like to thank the doctors because they take care of us when we're sick and they work to stop the virus. Also, the doctors check if we're fine or not. So they are such helpful people.

I think people should stay at home and wash their hands. They should wash their hands to get the virus off it. They should stay at home so they don't get the virus outside. If they do go outside, they should do the other thing--WASH YOUR HANDS!

Also here are some things you can do if you're bored: draw, dance, do yoga, meditate, sing, play with toys, make blanket forts, paint, play music, hum songs, beat box etc.

SEE YOU WHEN THE VIRUS IS DELETED!

Luis Kalikasan Javier  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Delete the Virus*



**Back**

Pandemic situations have created stress and depression while staying at home for a long time.

As a good citizen, you should stay home to protect yourself and others. While staying home how do you care for yourself and for others?

1. You can call friends or relatives.
2. Play games to distract your minds.
3. Listen to music.
4. There are kid fitness classes and even on youtube, there are lots of fitness classes.
5. You can make face masks if you have old clothes.
6. The best you can do is make a vegetable garden from seeds.

Last but not the least, pray to God every night to heal those who are in the hospital and pray for all to be saved and protected.

The end.

- Jitheshram Vanjikumran,  
Grade 1 (Room 204),  
Forest Park Elementary.

Jitheshram Vanjikumaran  
Forest Park Elementary  
*Sharing and Caring During COVID-19*

Back

Girls' club is a club that is invented by me and my friends. I am the leader of the Girls' club. In Girls' club, we do new things every day and we mostly work together. Sometimes we fight but the next day we become friends again. That is the funny thing about Girls' club and I love Girls' club. Sometimes we have to build the wall because there are some boys that attack us. We try to protect us from them. They sometimes become mean to us and take away our stuffs.

We all come up with the ideas there should be more than 1 club under Girls' club. So we made basket club, dance club, nature club and others. We like all of the activities in Girl's club. Sometimes I bring my camera to the school which gets printed out instantly and take pictures of my friends. They could choose their backgrounds. I let them keep the pictures and they said 'Thank you'. I was very warm and happy inside to see my friends although the weather was chilly.

I also like to draw with my friends. We all draw different things such as cake, ice cream, unicorns and alicorns. I like to draw other things like super spy girls and pop stars because I just like them. I feel happy when I draw with my friends and my little sisters, too. My friends' drawings are pretty good. It makes me feel happy, too.

In Girls' club, we like to read. Some of my friends read easy books while I and one my friend read chapter books and harder books like 'Diary of a Wimpy Kids', 'My Weird School' and 'Rainbow Magic Books'. I borrow them from the library. I read in my mind. My friend that read same books as me also read in her mind. Sometimes she asks to me to read in my mind and I ask her to read in her mind because reading loud is kind of annoying. I feel happy when I read with my friends anyway.

When School open again, I'll reopen Girls' club again. We'll build the wall with Legos, draw, read, play and do monkey bars. For the boys, I think they will be mean to us again. But I don't know for now. I hope they won't be mean and I wish they never be mean to us again.

Claire J. Kim  
Steven Millard Elementary School  
*Sharing Feelings and Hope in Girls Club*

**Back**



Vedanshi Tiwari  
Azevada Elementary  
*Hope*



Ashley Sun  
Chadbourne Elementary  
*Saved by Hope*





Jeevika Lingala  
Grimmer Elementary  
*Blossom in Countryside*

[Back](#)

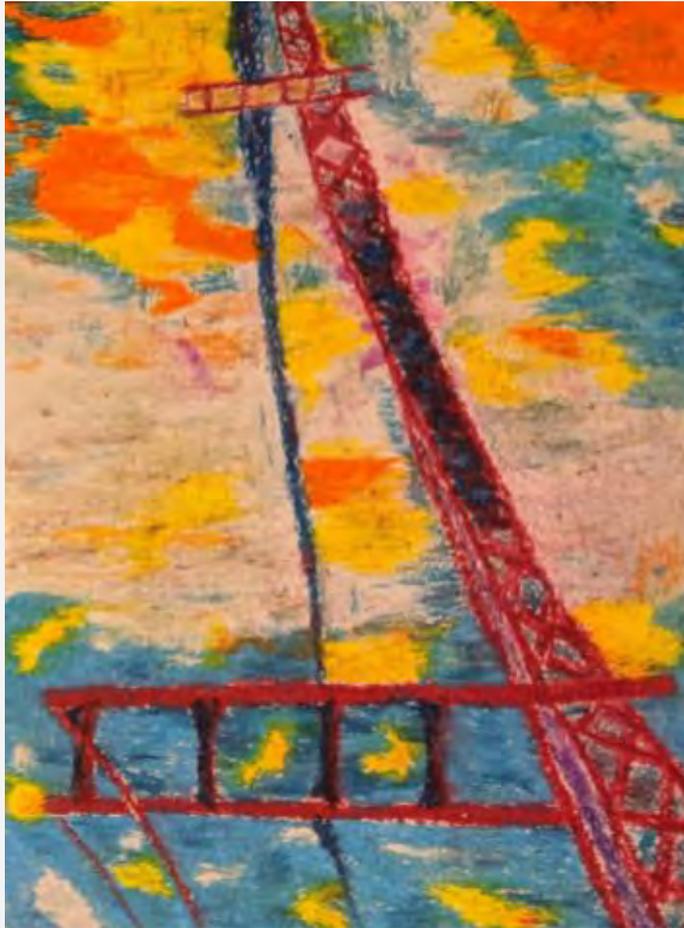


Eva Zhang  
Prince of Peace Christian School  
*Together Around the World*





Meera Amarnath  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Emptiness- Hope to Fill the Void*



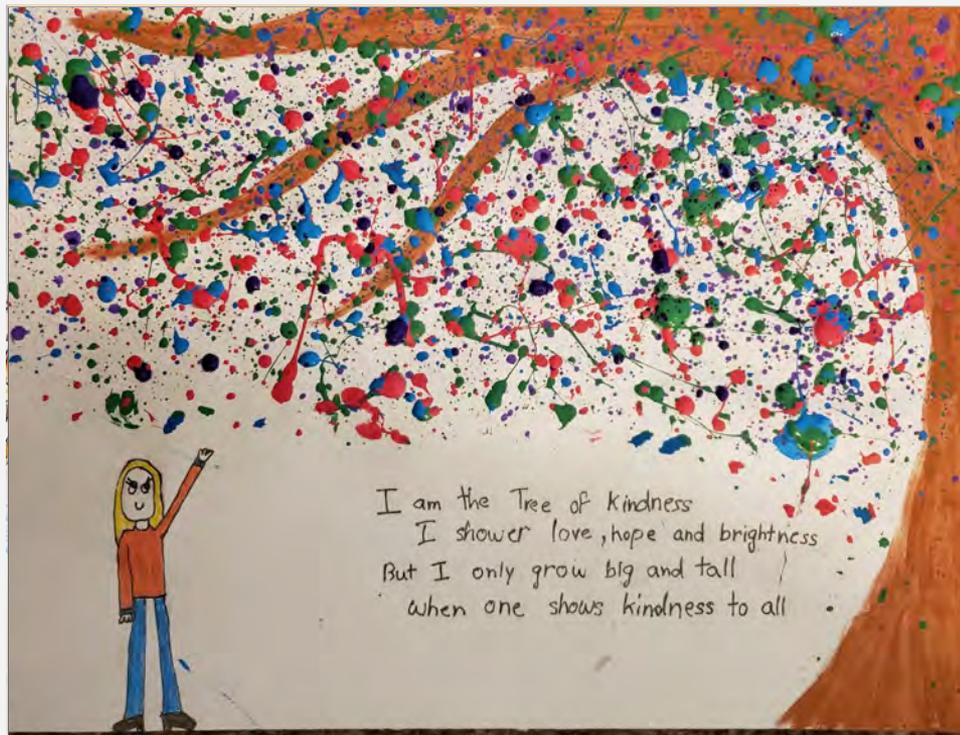
Maanya Kumar  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*San Francisco Strong*



Sara Dash  
Durham Elementary  
*Hope: Express Emotions*



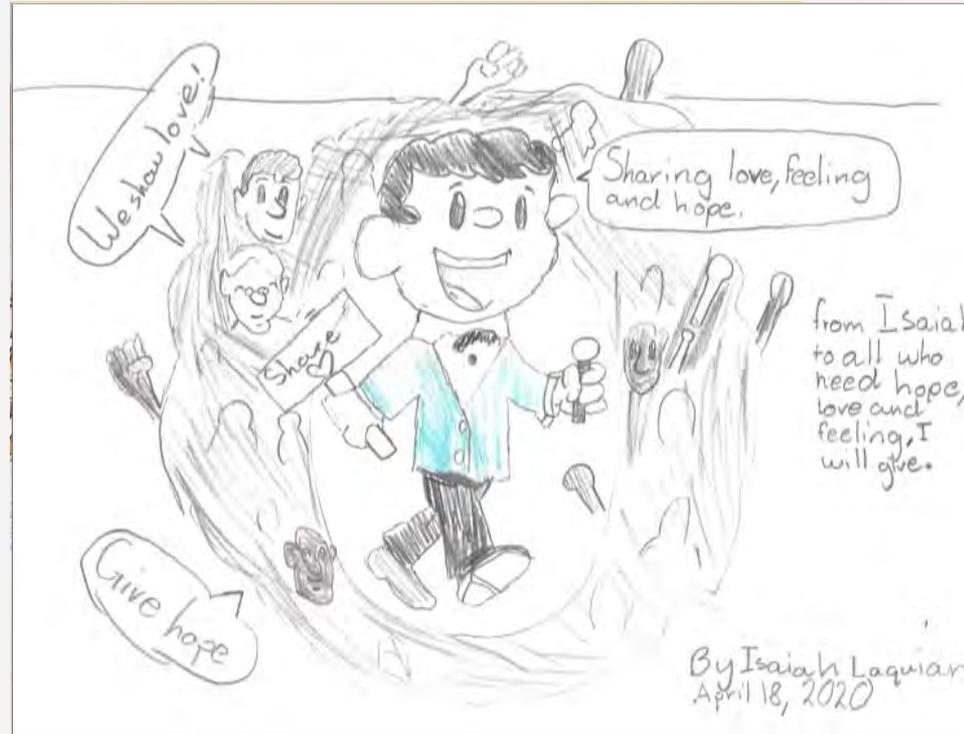
Samar Sonalkar  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Wish Granting Tree*



I am the Tree of kindness  
I shower love, hope and brightness  
But I only grow big and tall  
when one shows kindness to all

Elyna Fahd  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
The Tree of Kindness



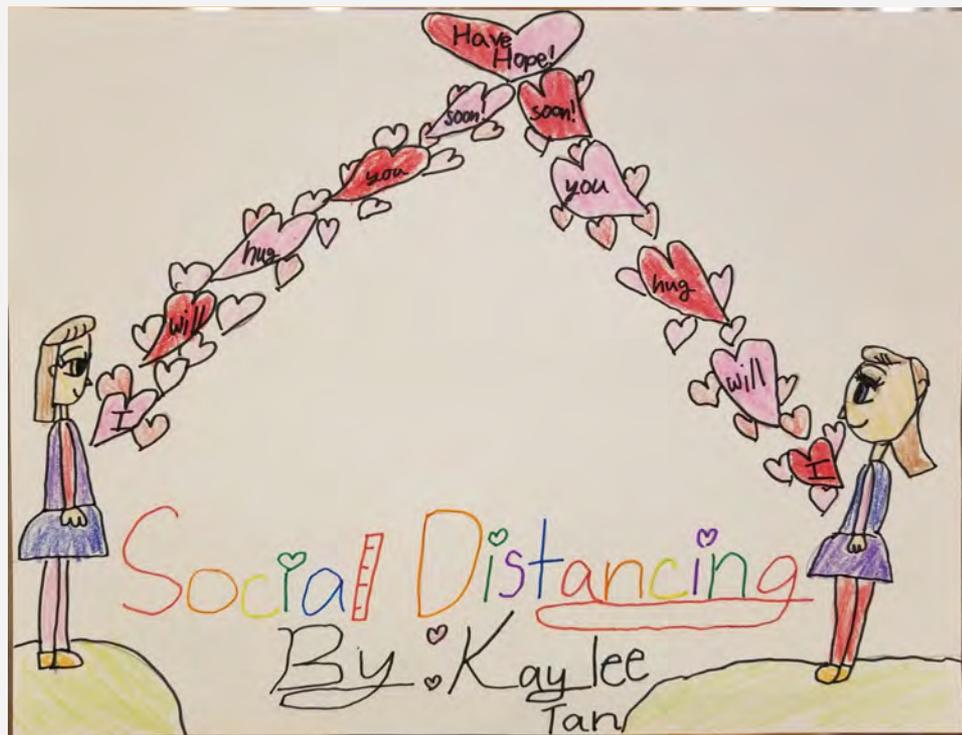


Isaiah Laquian  
Fremont Christian School  
*Showing Love, Feeling and Hope*



Marquelle Edmondsor  
Maloney Elementary  
*For the Love of Art*

Back



Kaylee Tan  
Azevada Elementary  
*Social Distancing*





Lara Gaston  
Millard Elementary  
*Hopeland*



Lawrence Lin  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Easter Egg Hunt*



Aanya Vora  
Tom Maloney Elementary  
*We Shall Overcome*



Kathleen Tjowandi  
Vallejo Mill Elementary  
*There is Rainbow Among Us*



Muktha Amuru  
Brier Elementary  
*Hope On Earth*



I hope  
everybody wears  
a mask; I hope  
everybody washes  
their hands; I hope  
everybody maintains  
social distancing; We  
can get over this  
pandemic together if  
we keep hope in  
ourselves.

Saachi Singh  
Patterson Elementary  
*Sharing Feelings and Hope*

Back



Amira Patel  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Friendship Around the Globe*



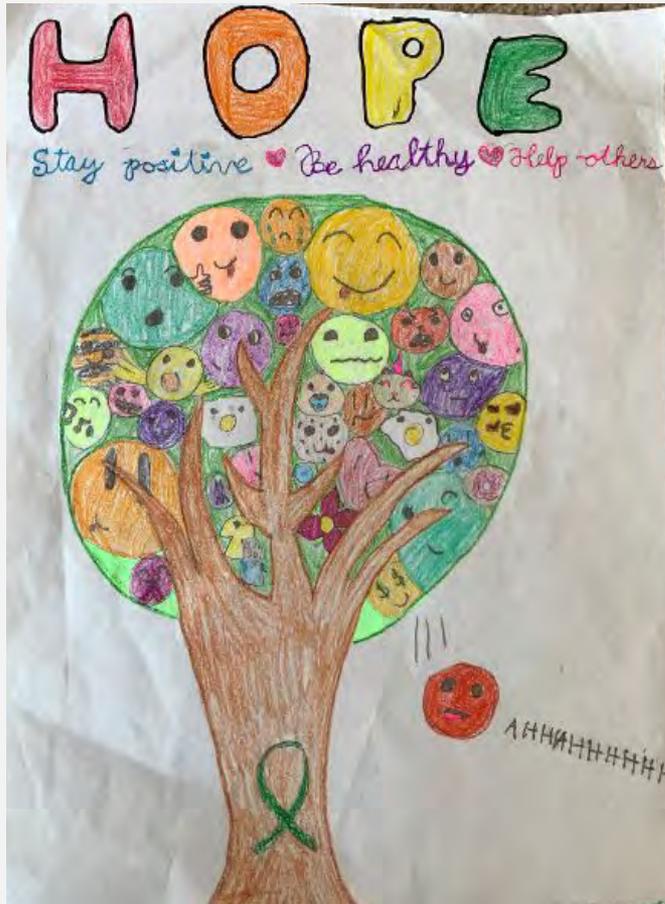
Sharon Miranda Moreno  
Grimmer Elementary  
*Making Friends*



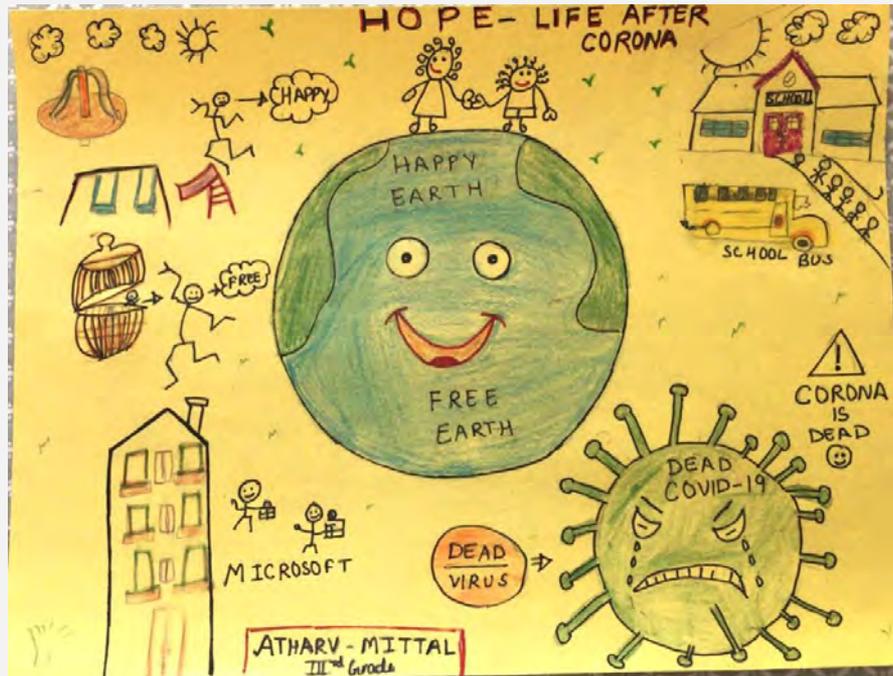
Aahana Narang  
Patterson Elementary  
*Sharing Feelings and Hope*

Amishi Dwivedi  
Brier Elementary  
*Colorful Hopes and Feelings*





Ariana Patel  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*The Tree of Hope and Feelings*



Atharv Mittal  
Oliveira Elementary  
*Hope- Life After*



Sophia Tang  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Hope and Happiness Around the World*



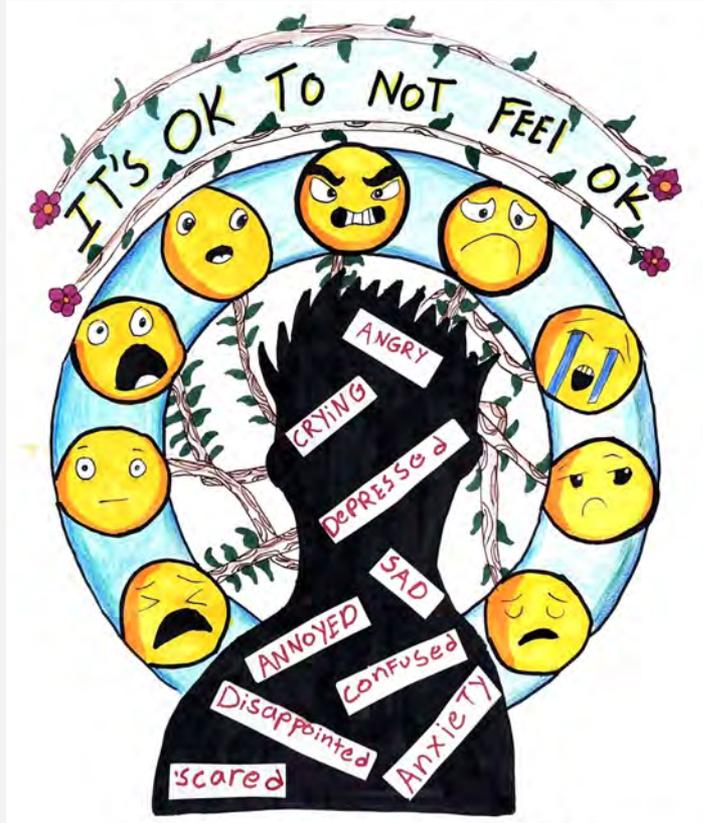
Shriya Sanjay  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Home Sweet Home*



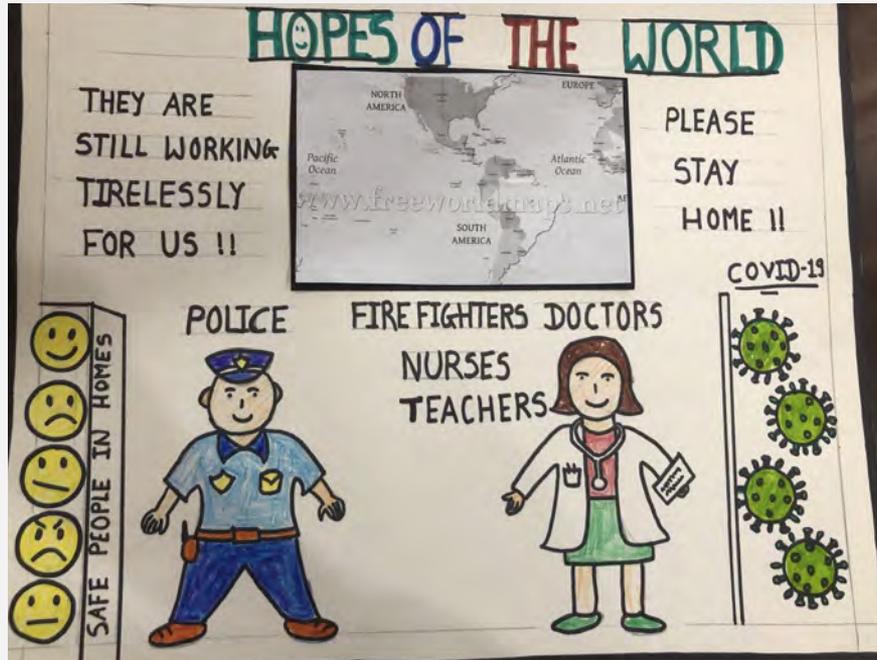


Niya S Panchumarthi  
Fred E. Weibel Elementary  
*Stay Strong, Humankind*





Takshpreet Singh  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Sharing Feelings and Hope*



Aarma Patel  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Hopes of the World*



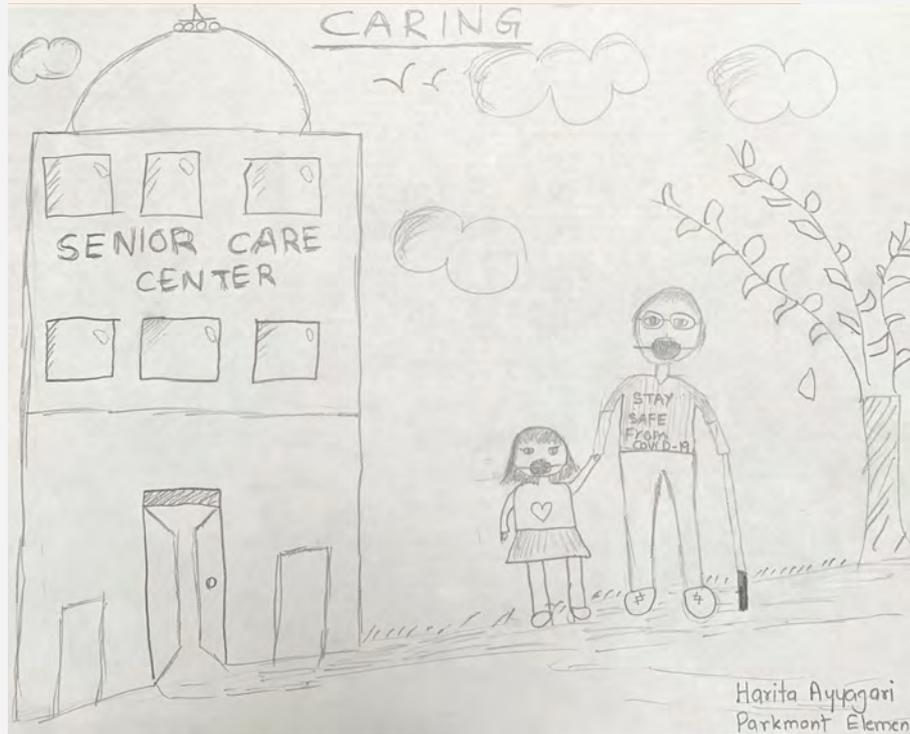
Danhua Daniel Dong  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Stay Together*



Josalie Kaufman  
Patterson Elementary  
*Doctors Bring Peace*



Maneesh Gollapudi  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Shelling' Feelings*



Harita Ayyagari  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Caring*



Richa Banoor  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Hope*



Vedanshi Tiwari  
Azevada Elementary  
*Hope*

Back

Once there was an ant sitting under a tree and crying loud. A Group of ants came and asked why he was crying. When the ant explained the reason, they all started crying. Later a group of birds came and started crying after knowing the reason. Like that by the end of the day all the animals in the forest gathered there and crying. After a while an elephant said, “there is no use of crying like this. We need to go to God again and request for help”.

All animals followed ant and reached the waterfall where the ant met God before. They all sat on their knees and did prayers. God smiled gently and asked the reason for their visit. The ant said, “My Lord, once I had a wish and you granted it. But when an ant stings a man, he is not dying, except he is killing us very easily. Man is killing all animals. Please punish him”. Then God hold the ant gently and put on his lap and said, “My Son, what was your wish?”. Ant said, “My wish was WHEN AN ANT STINGS A MAN, HE HAS TO DIE RIGHT AWAY”. God said, “you didn’t say that the man has to die. Do you think it’s kind asking like that? He is your family too. I gave you all some special senses of your own to find your basic needs and for survival. But poor man, I didn’t give him anything like that except a kind heart, and a hard working brain. He is struggling for his basic survival only. He is only killing animals and using the nature for his basic needs. He is very kind. He will lead and take care of you well. Support him and help him”. Then all animals said, “Yes, my Lord. We will follow your order.”

From then all animals and nature started supporting and helping man. Man was also kind and taking care of them. He was using the nature with respect for his needs and growth. Days, months and years passed; man grew very well from inventing fire to a machine that can travel to other planets. Things started changing, people were dying because of disasters and strange diseases. Man was working hard to save his fellow people. He was very sad, sitting under a tree crying and begging God for help. Then God came and said, “My Son, what happened”. Man said, “All my family and buddies are dying. Please save people”. Then God said, “you are only worrying about people. But did you ever think about the feelings of poor animals that were killing and eating by you? Once in the beginning days you ate them for survival as there was no other option in some weather conditions. But now you have all sorts of food and you don’t need to eat them. You are even eating babies. If any animal kills your babies, you feel it’s cruel. Don’t you think you are cruel too?” God showed how animals and nature feeling and suffering because of man’s cruel actions. God said, “you forgot that you are part of nature and animals are also your family. You started thinking like all of them were for you to use however you want. God also explained Ant’s Wish and said, “I don’t think you want the ant’s wish become true”. Man felt very shameful for his behavior and said sorry. From then man stopped killing animals for fun and eating them, instead he took care of them and respected nature. Man started growing again very well, but now he respects nature and took care of all animals and lead them in a good way and lived very happily.

## Vajra Vanukuri Challenger School *Ant's Wish*

If you share your feelings,  
you will get help.  
Be confident and proud you have people who love you.  
You will get things right,  
so be ready to fight  
Your fears will go away.  
Don't feel gloomy, Be bright.  
People will tease, don't be afraid.  
Today your scared, but tomorrow you will  
be strong.  
Don't let the gloominess carry you away,  
One day you will shine like a star

Gureet Kaur  
Niles Elementary  
*Sharing Feelings*

**Back**

Sheltering-in-place to prevent the spread of the Coronavirus epidemic has made a lot of people feel alone, stuck, and stressed. I felt the same way too, for the first two weeks.

A bare, leafless tree outside my bedroom window made me feel even more upset with the situation because it reminded me of unhappy things such as not being able to meet my friends and having to cancel my spring break trip to Oregon. One morning, as I drew the curtains, I saw a few leaves had begun to grow on the branches near my window.

That sight made me feel happy that winter was over and spring was here at last. It made me realize that the little things we haven't paid attention to and thought about before could make me happy. With each new leaf that came, a new happy thought came to my mind. A sunny, warm day, a hot lunch, a new art project and ice-cream arriving at my door with the weekly groceries made me feel joyful, and grateful. I started feeling happy and decided to share my happy feelings with friends, neighbors, and essential workers. I sent notes folded into paper airplanes over the fence so that I could share my feelings with my neighbors. I stuck posters on my front door to thank the mail carrier and delivery people for bringing us our daily supplies.

With each passing day, I began to value the little things that actually bring me great joy. A bird, for instance, stopped for dinner at my yard, something I would have taken for granted before, but now it actually made my life happier. Although I had been to Sunol several times, but when I rode with my mom recently, I observed lush green trees, deer trampling at the edge of the woods, and birds flitting among the trees in a way I had never seen them before. It made me feel happy.

This is the feeling that I would like to share with everyone. We can find joy in even the simple things of life when we look with a different perspective. Being aware of little things can bring great joy. With our own eyes we can find happiness when we are on the look for it.

Sidhant Khurana  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Little Things of Great Joy*

**Back**

Coronavirus is a dangerous germ, I  
hope with this people are firm. There  
are no hand sanitizers in stores, We  
can only think of germs on floors.  
People get sick all day, For this  
germ, everyone has to pay. Even  
serious than the flu, What can the  
people do?

Kids stay home until September, further how long  
there is no number. No baby wipes to wipe baby  
butts, It's like two mixed mutts. After China, Italy and  
United states are getting it too, So think twice  
touching a dirty shoe.

Coronavirus is a haywire on us, and the kids  
start to fuss. Hospital costs more than 10,000  
dollars, "Coronavirus is terrible" A person  
hollers. Everything seems to come to an end,  
Hold your breath my dear friend. I know know  
we can do it together, staying home will make  
everyone's life better.

Hargun Singh  
Oliveira Elementary  
*Coronavirus*

**Back**

As I walked onto the stage, my palms sweating,  
I saw a thousand eyes staring back at me  
As the song played a beat, I picked up my feet,  
started doing my dance routine

My foot quivered,  
as I took a step  
I started with a passé  
And moved into an arabesque

My heart skipped a beat, as I took a leap  
And came to the hardest part of my routine  
My hands shook, as I put them to the ground,  
kicked over and ended with a rebound

As the crowd cheered, my fears disappeared  
I smiled a smile of hope  
I took a seat, for my turn was complete  
And it was somebody else's turn to compete

Rhea Kolli  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Journey Through Fear*



[Back](#)

## "Sharing Feelings and Hope"

Hope creates new world for tomorrow.

Hope creates new destination from challenges.

Hope builds paths by faith from the sky.

Hope makes it happen which wasn't in the fate.

Hope a power of creating worlds out of nothing.

Hope creates new you for tomorrow.

Hope is the place where you want to go.

Hope is the person who you want to know.

Hope is the feeling that carries you through, and

Hope is the future for me and for you.



there are good things inside us.

Silence is hope, a quiet place where thoughts become dreams.

Even with distance, the world feels painfully close.  
But hope turns the page.

Vaishnavi Kanjarla  
Millard Elementary  
*Sharing Feelings and Hope*



Vaishnavi Kanjarla  
Millard Elementary  
*Sharing Feelings and Hope*

We share the sun,  
We share the sea,  
We share the magic breeze,  
Painting the beautiful scenes.

Under the same sky,  
We ran and jumped high.  
Under the same moon,  
We saw the diamond light.

The gray will pass,  
The blue will fade,  
We grow the memory flowers,  
No darkness to be afraid.

I believe one day,  
We all come out play.  
The school dance in May,  
We can do it any day and any way.

Isabella Zhou  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*The Memory Flower*



Back



Isabella Zhou  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*The Memory Flower*

Hope is the way we thrive.  
Sharing our feelings and to express ourselves is important.  
Hope is the way we can live through dangerous times.

With hope, we stand strong together as family, friends and one world.  
To let things get better and tough times pass faster.  
Together we are able to get through difficult times.

It is nice to talk to your parents and friends to express your feelings.  
It is good to stand and pray in front of the God.  
It helps you stand tall and confident that tomorrow will be a better day.

It is also important to open your heart and welcome in people in trouble.  
Be kind and understand what others are going through.  
This too, shall pass.

Hope for a better day makes our world a happier place.  
As they say in Sanskrit “**Asha naam manushyanam**” which means “**HOPE IS HUMAN**”

Dhaanvi Jaipurkar  
Niles Elementary  
*Hope is Human*



Back

Hugs, cuddly teddy bear arms, wrapped around;  
Big blue eyes with happiness, love, and friendship  
Smell of cotton candy, peppermint and cupcakes,  
    Skipping with happy look on her face,  
    Is it like child with bag of candies?  
        Soft like petals of the rose,  
Remember, mom carrying newborn?  
    Sweet happy singing in the wind,  
        And flies over the rainbow,  
reminds everyone to be kind.

Aarohi Shah  
Niles Elementary  
*Kindness*

**Back**

**CoVoid-Man** is a superhero who has amazing superpowers. His sharp eyes have power to scan the COVID-19 across the world in one or more people. When he senses COVID-19, a hard shield activates from his forehead that protects him from any infection. When he stomps his right foot, his shoes get the power to make him fly. His arms can lift heavy weights. It is clear that he can stop the spread of COVID-19 with his superpowers.

**Covid-19** is a pandemic that spreads when large groups of people gather with few of them having this infection. CoVoid-Man quarantines the infected people. With his sharp eyes he identifies the infected before they reach any gathering. After identifying the infected and before picking them, his shield gets activated from his forehead. To stop the spread of Covid-19, he stomps his right foot to reach to the location as quickly as possible. He then carries and flies the diseased people to the quarantine facility. Finally, the powers of CoVoid-Man helped him to prove that the healthy people can be protected from Covid-19.

When looking around we could see a lot of CoVoid-Men and CoVoid-Women with the kind heart, for example, Our President, Governors, Police, Doctors, Nurses and Many more. Our leaders have stopped people getting together. Our Doctors who are testing, and nurses are helping cure the infected by regularly giving medicines. The Police who are making sure people follow the shelter-in-place. People who are donating for the noble cause. Organizations & volunteers who are providing shelter & food for the needy. The cleaning labor who are keeping the community safe and hygiene. The online delivery guys who are helping to deliver the necessary things home.

All these lovely and kind hearted people around me in this beautiful world are my CoVoid-Men and CoVoid-Women helping the unhealthy to recover and keep the healthy people shielded from Covid-19.

Gaurav Shreyas Peddimsetti  
Patterson Elementary  
*CoVoid-Man*



Back



Gaurav Shreyas Peddimsetti  
Patterson Elementary  
*CoVoid-Man*



Aarohi Verma  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Sharing Kindness*



Mimansa Patne  
Warm Springs Elementary  
*Lord Ganesha*



Advit Arora  
Tom Maloney Elementary  
*Rainbow Tree*



Naveshni Mogillapally  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*The Happiness EARTH Shares*



Back



Stuti Kashyap  
Tom Maloney Elementary  
*Nature Speaks in Colors*



Jiyaa Solanki  
Tom Maloney Elementary  
*Meditation on Peace, Joy and Hope*

Back



Shreya Rai  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Reaching out For Others*





Akshata Yadav  
Parkmont Elementary  
*The Bird of Hope*





Prisha Narang  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Sharing Feelings and Hope*

Back



Aadya Joshi  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Dawn of Spring*



Back



Misato Asahina  
Vallejo Mill Elementary  
*Dolphin*



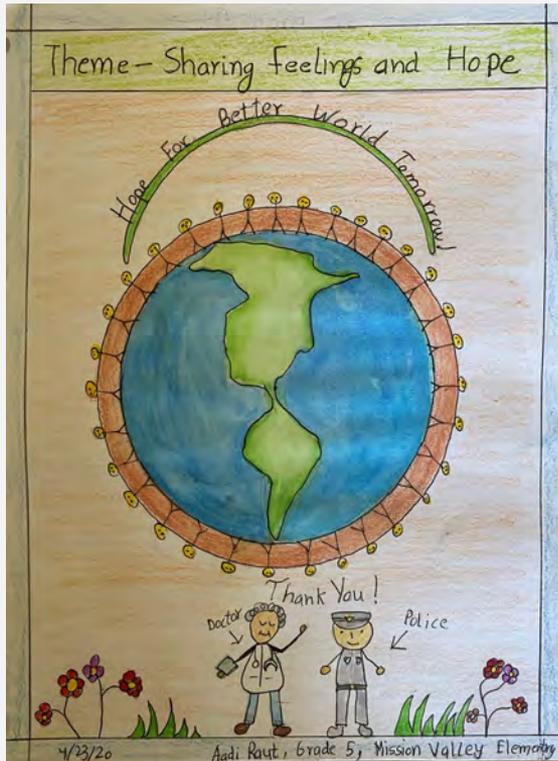
Pankii Patel  
Glenmoor Elementary  
*Lord Buddha*



Ramisha Ranjan  
Oliveira Elementary  
*Rays of Hope in Darkness*



Back



Aadi Raut  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Hope for Better World Tomorrow*



Emily Lee  
Azevada Elementary  
*Tree of Life*



Ava Yang  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Trapped in the Mirror*



Jessica Chen  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*The Love Around the World*

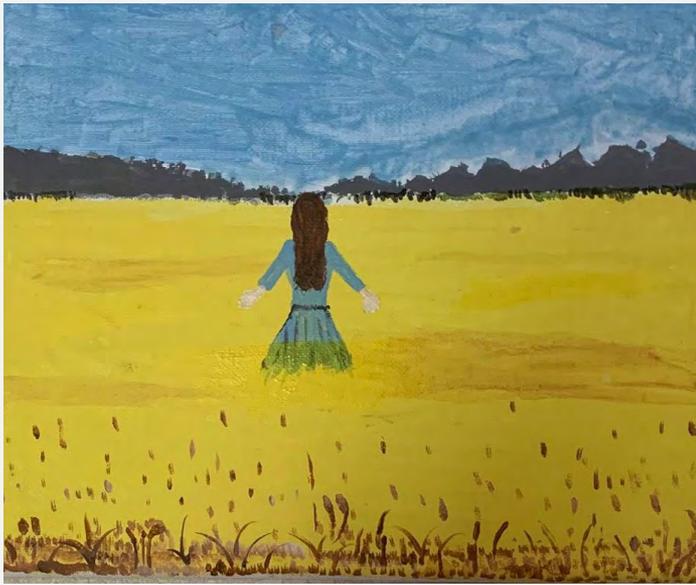
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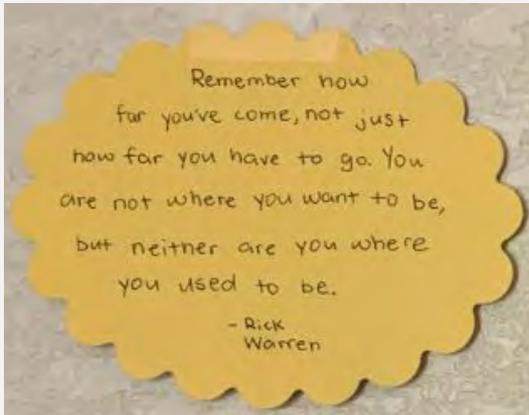
Saanvi Pradhan  
Weibel Elementary  
*Spring has Sprung with You*



Back



Arielle Wang  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Untitled*





Ananya Yarlagadda  
Chadbourne Elementary  
*My Feelings*



Irene Kathiri  
Tom Maloney Elementary  
*Explosions of Feelings*



Hassna Afzadi  
Parkmont Elementary  
*A Cabin in the Woods*



Risha Rao  
Forest Park Elementary  
*Blossoming Hope*





Arushi Maheshwari  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*The Birds*



Ryan Lim  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Charcoal Falcon*



Vincent Lin  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Hirsch Project Quarantine*

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Aarika Balivada  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Animus: Heart, Affection and Bravery*

Back



Meera Anand  
Gomes Elementary  
*Hope for Cure*





Jaylyn Wong  
Warm Springs Elementary  
*A Flowery Kiss*





Nora Lindley  
Azevada Elementary  
*Every-Thing will be Alright*

Back



Angelina Sun  
Chadbourne Elementary  
*Sprouting with Knowledge*



Back



Diya Vanjara  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Sharing Hope*



Natalie Gonzalez  
Oliveira Elementary  
*Angel of Hope*



Ananya Garg  
Warm Springs Elementary  
*Human Victory over Corona*



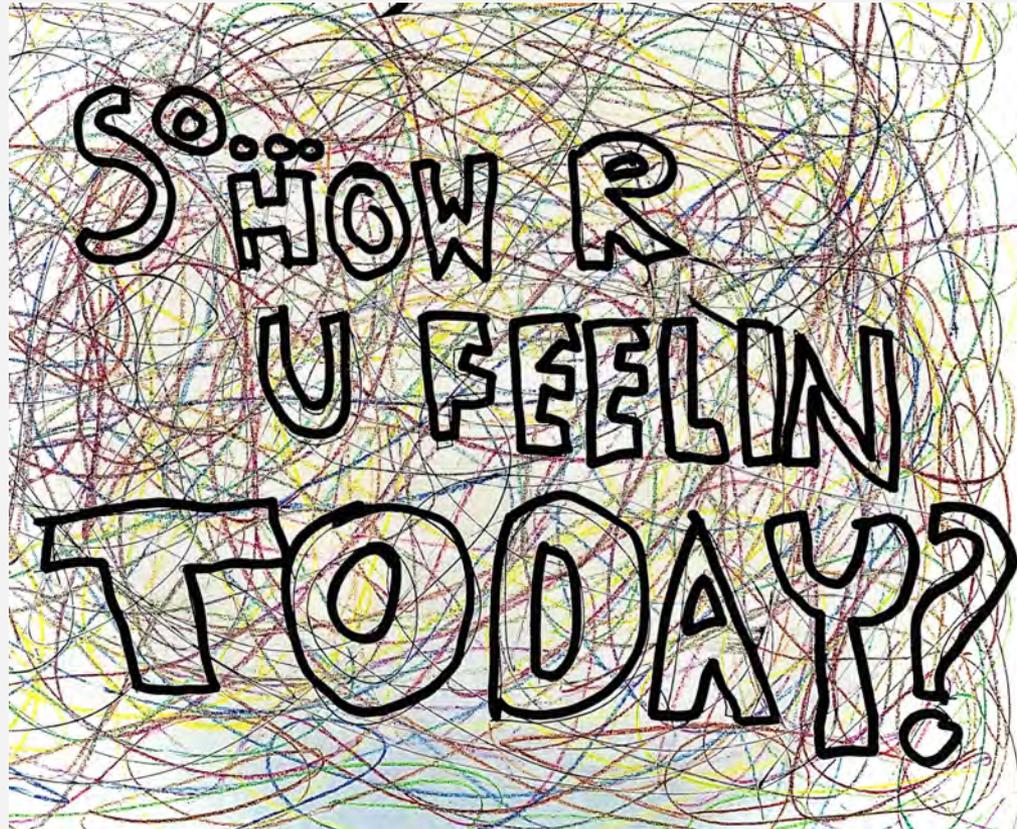
Manya Patel  
Patterson Elementary  
*Blue Bird*



Nanako Otaki  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Tree of Hope*



Manit Trivedi  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Flying with Hope*



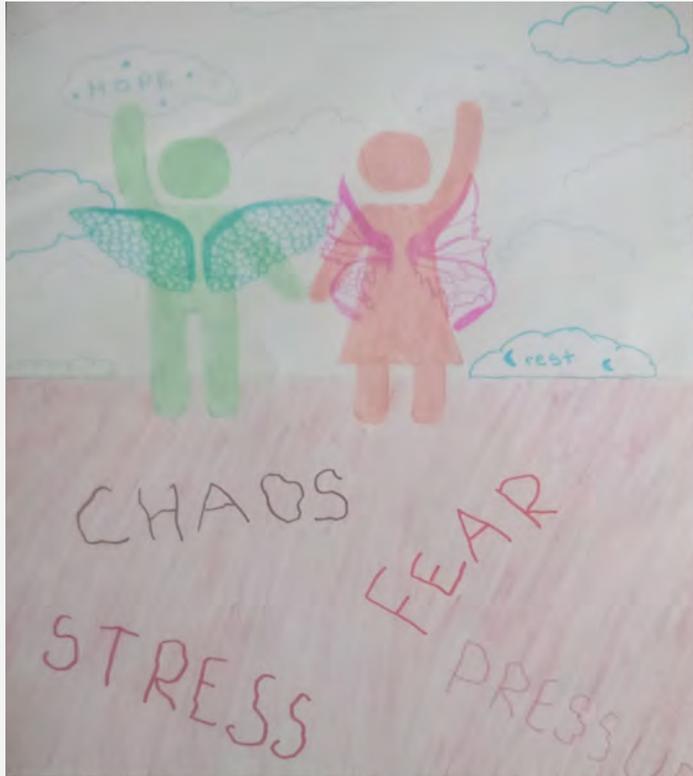
Aditi Gupta  
Warwick Elementary  
*So...How are you feeling?*



Mina Chiu  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Love is always Free!*



Eesha Buduri  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Don't Lose Faith*



Sanjana Lyer  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Sharing Hope with Others Who Need It*



Sherya Baronia  
Warm Springs Elementary  
*Real Superheroes*



Aadya Vaish  
Warwick Elementary  
*A Ray of Hope*



Vivian Lee  
Glenmoor Elementary  
*Untitled*



Sophia Wang  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Hope*



Bhavya Gondra  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Love and Hope*



Benjamin W Luk  
Warm Springs Elementary  
*Fighting the Coronavirus*



Max Kaufman  
Patterson Elementary  
*Running Wild*



Suhani Kumar  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Ballerina*



Chase Balanza  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Call for Hope*

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Aditi Malgunde  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
A New Hope



Arisha Mehta  
Mission Valley Elementary  
*Reflection*



Abigail  
Warm Springs Elementary  
*Shielded Earth*

Back

I look out the window, and I see the trees moving, the wind is blowing, and everything is silent, no birds out, no ants gathering food, nothing. Everyone's wondering if this storm might end. All the trees were blended with the rain. I hope none of this happens again. Some people believed this would last forever, while, others didn't. The darkness came and the dark storm started. I started hoping this would end. The rain started pouring, as hard as pebbles, and as big as marbles. I got scared and desperate. The rain was really hard, so I thought this was helpless. Suddenly, just as it came, it went on, and all was back to normal, even all the thunder and rain. Everything was fine now. The ants were carrying food, for their queen, the birds were out, everyone was happy, and relaxed now. The butterflies were flying, with a variety of colors altogether, the bees collected pollen, to make honey. Then I saw a bunny, stuck in the honeys. Over the window I saw the green mountains, on top of the mountains, were lots of cows, birds, and horses. That had a lot of forces. I felt like they were all running free, for the first time, in the summertime. I looked at the trees, far, far away, they green trees, shine brightly in the sky, really bright that my eyes started hurting. The birds make sounds, as loud, as they could, so everyone could hear them, I look at the sky again, and see big, fat, puffy clouds, all around the sky. They were beautiful, I really didn't want to leave it, but, I ran, ran far away on the grass, there were tall grasses and I felt like I was flying with the birds, and soaring up in the sky, watching the city, and enjoying it all.

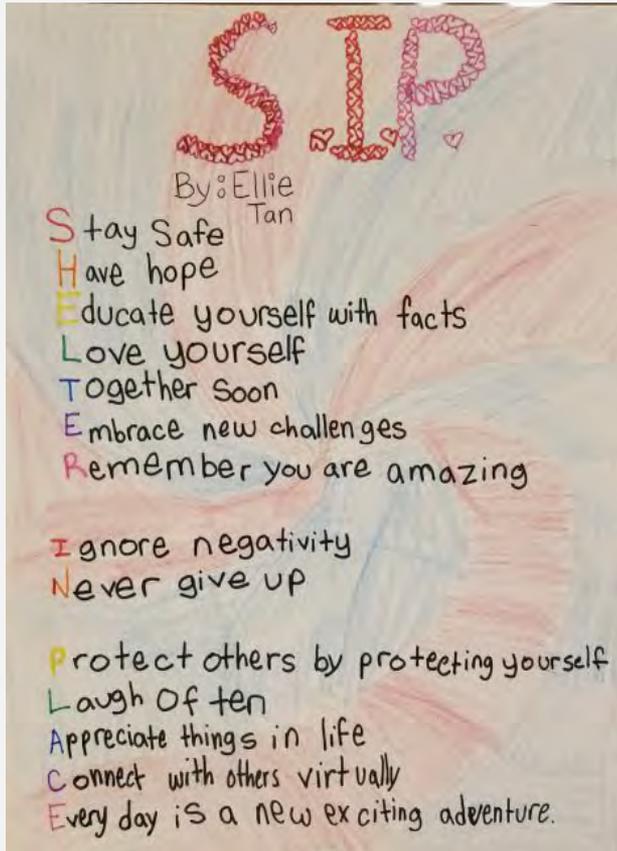
Atrisa Forouhar  
Vallejo Mill  
*Hope*

[Back](#)



Atrisa Forouhar  
Vallejo Mill  
*Hope*

Back



Ellie Tan  
Azevada Elementary  
S.I.P

A butterfly, emerging from its hazel cocoon,  
Spreading its elegant new wings,  
New, vivid colors born out of patience and darkness.

A newborn bird, peeking its head out of a speckled blue shell,  
A life of discovery awaits,  
Rising wings that take flight,  
Stepping away from the protection of its first shelter.

A tree, withering, but leaving behind seeds,  
They sprout and create promising forests,  
Nourishing and sustaining countless others.

Hope can emerge out of sadness,  
It can grow wings and fly,  
Enriching our futures,  
Despite challenging times.

Positivity and purpose help us escape difficult times,  
Like a cool, fluttering breeze that glides through the air,  
Dancing to lift our moods.

A tiny star shines,  
Against the darkest of nights.  
Little acts of kindness,  
Heal our spirits from wounds.

Cara Wang  
Gomes Elementary  
*Soaring Wings*

**Back**

There are special people in your life  
Friends, Family, Neighbors, Co-workers  
You share your feelings and hope  
They respect you and love  
They will always be there for you  
These are the people you share with  
The most important  
And the ones you love most  
When in bad positions you go to them  
When hurt you go to them  
And most of all if you need someone to lean on you go to them.  
These are your special people  
Sometimes you hope and share by yourself  
You feel sad and don't want to share with your special people  
What you want is to share your feelings  
By expressing yourself  
Talking in the mirror  
Or just talking to yourself  
This is one other way when sharing and hoping  
You choose your path  
Do what you want to do

Edmund Saroufim  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*The Path You Take*

Back

Everyone is sad  
People don't know what to do  
Mistakes have happened

One girl is trying  
Hope has been stretched very thin  
There are mixed feelings

The girl gives her heart  
The heart shines up in the sky  
The people rejoice

The people are now  
As happy as they can be  
Thanking their savior

The one and only  
Goes back into her domain  
Watching everyone

Anagha Ashok  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Lost Hope* (Haiku)

**Back**

Ishaan Ashok  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Hope*

It was a boring day because he had tax to pay  
he still had hope  
if you got a job at a company called Nope  
he would get a lot of money  
then he could finally eat honey  
he always had mixed feelings  
sometimes he dreamed of banana peelings  
she typed the password in the computer, which was knob  
to see if he got the job I got the job he said  
He said this was a long day and went to bed.

**Back**

Hope is something we all rely upon,  
Hope is a part we can't ever lose,  
Many people feel like hope is gone,  
But hope can stay or go you choose,  
Hope flies all over the world,  
It spreads and settles in you,  
Hope helps the poor I was told,  
But we have our point of view,  
We can jump over the obstacles if we  
just believe,  
But most of all remember that hope  
will help us achieve.



Thanisi Mukkamala  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Hope*

[Back](#)

Online, online, A to Z everything is online!  
When I get up, my room turns into 'learning online'.  
My presence in my classroom is online.  
Smart Dragon travels online.  
And I hear plea of all nations online.  
All celebrations and birthday greetings are online.  
Not humans but robots rule online.  
Why is our voice is not heard online?  
Will God also have to now come online?  
Bless me with company of nears and dears – NO MORE ONLINE!!

Jiya Kohar  
Ardenwood Elementary  
*Online*



**Back**

(NOT) Doctor Seuss actually Aaron Kaufman  
Patterson Elementary  
*Feelings Poem*

You probably think homeschooling is boring and you want to be snoring.  
Yes, corona is annoying and something  
That no one is enjoying.  
Especially small businesses that it is destroying. You are probably sad  
that you can't see your friends, and Mad because it is so bad and  
you hope that it will get Better if only a tad. So hang on to hope because  
we will cope.



(NOT) Doctor Seuss actually Aaron Kaufman  
Patterson Elementary  
*Feelings Poem Sculpture*

Back

A helping hand in times of need, A choice one must make to not believe, in change, the world must change you see, and kindness is our only key. Our world is full of differences, lengthening our distances, but we must choose, what must we lose, don't make your choice humanity.

Children suffer day to day, living with your choice, thinking deep within their hearts, that they don't have a voice.

Let's prove them wrong, just show them they will rise. Let's make a great and big old change, for let's look without our eyes. Radiating with this feeling, a feeling unknown to most, they shower these feelings over our heads, a feeling they call hope.

Naisha R. Koppurapu  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Hope For Humanity*



**Back**

Hi, whoever is reading this might want to know who I am, so let me introduce myself. My name is Shreyas and I live in Fremont, California, I go to the school, Glenmoor Elementary and I am 10 years old in 5th grade. My parents were born in India and I was born in the United States, so I am basically half indian and half american. So, let me start off with some of my favorite things.

Oh hi there again, were you waiting for me, yes or no. Okay I will take that as a no, I mean a yes! So where was I, oh yeah I remember, I was talking about my favorite things. So please let me continue. My 1st favorite food is organic chicken curry or any other thing that includes chicken. And I can only eat chicken and no other meat. My 2nd favorite food is ice cream! Okay now I will tell you what my favorite movie is. My favorite movie is Onward. It is a pretty good movie and I am sure you will like it when you get a chance to see it. My favorite video game to play is NBA 2k19, it is all about basketball. In the game you can pick any basketball team you want and you can also pick another team to go against, for example, the Golden State Warriors against the Portland Trail Blazers. You can also play fake games that never end and where people are not there to watch, and you can also play on the blacktop like one versus one and two versus two. So those are a few of my favorite things. I will see you later!

Hi again! I will continue to tell you about my favorite things. My favorite board game to play is indian monopoly. It takes a very long time to finish, but it is an awesome game to play and you should check it out! So now I will tell you what my favorite thing to play is. My favorite thing to play is basketball! It is very fun and cool, but we will need to do a lot of training, but still overall it is very fun to play! These are all the things I love to do, eat, and play!

So those are what I love to do in my life! And you should really try all of these things when you get a good chance too! Oh I almost forgot, I hope whoever is reading this will stay safe and healthy in this challenging time which is coronavirus! I am very hopeful we will see each other in the future.

Shreyas Gattepally  
Glenmoor Elementary  
*This is For You!*

Back

If you are sad,  
And feeling quite bad,  
Go and share,  
For people are there who care.  
If you're feeling terrible,  
And life is unbearable,  
Go and share,  
For people are there who care.  
Your father and mother,  
Your sister and brother,  
They all care,  
So go and share.  
They all make you,  
Stop feeling so blue,  
As they love you.  
Your friends and cats  
And dogs and rats,  
All love you so much,  
So there is no rush,  
To go and share,  
For people are there who care.

Tanvi Shrowty  
Ardenwood Elementary  
Share, For People Care



[Back](#)

As we plant the seeds  
They start to grow  
As we pull the weeds  
They start to grow  
As spring arrives  
We feel the breeze  
As spring arrives  
We plant new trees  
They start to sprout  
Flowers come out  
We enjoy the pretty colors  
Filled with loads of joy  
We love all the colors  
The ones we enjoy  
With green and blossoms returning  
Bright colors of flowers are churning  
The beauty of nature, so outstanding  
Spring has brought a brand new beginning  
Covid-19 what have you done  
You made us lose this spring of fun  
Internally we are getting stung  
Because spring has not completely sprung  
After the virus is over  
I will call my friends over  
We can plant lots of seeds  
Pull the weeds, feel the breeze  
And hopefully even see our plants  
The plants grown into trees

Hamsini Vegi  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*Spring Will Spring*

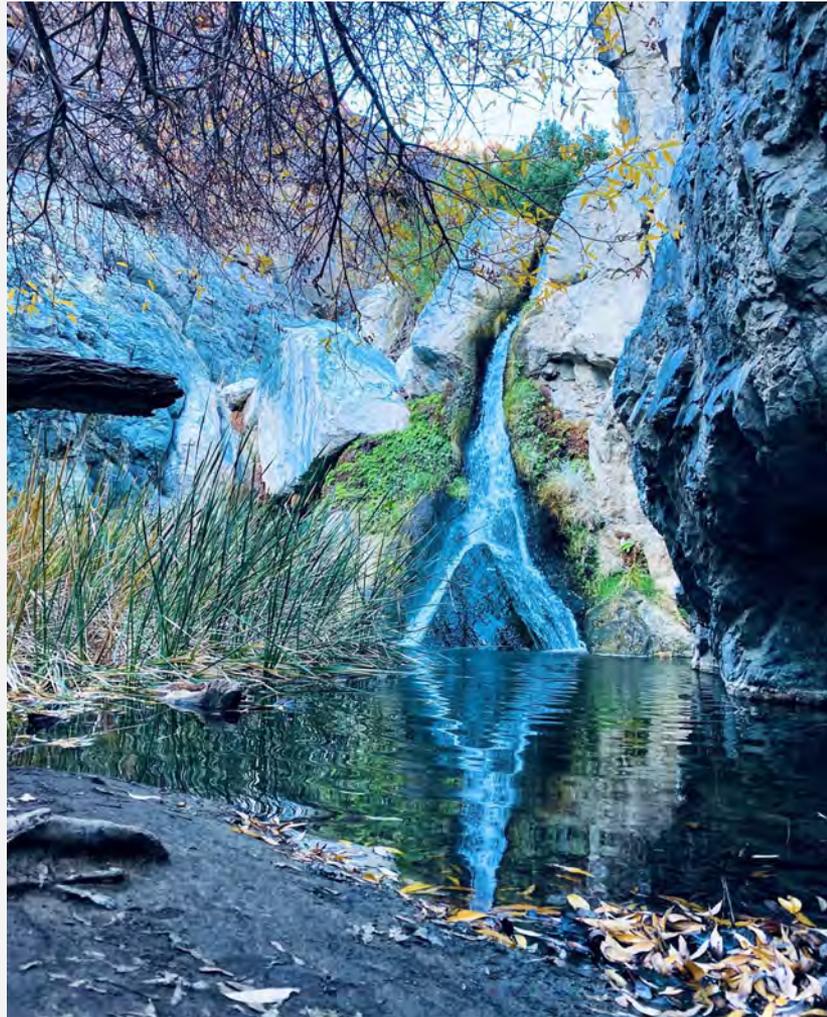


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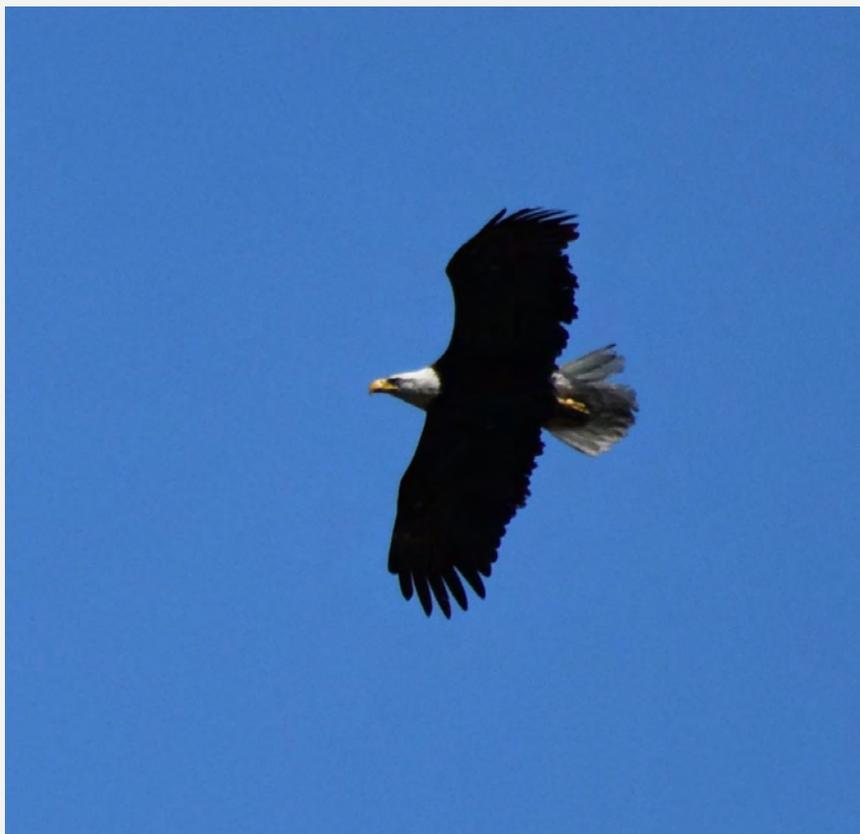


Annabell Sze  
Mission Valley Elementary  
Growing Together

Diya Kavasseri  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Darwin Falls*



Back



Jack Mckinstry  
Niles Elementary  
*Eagle of the Creek*

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Aarav Agarwal  
O.N. Hirsch Elementary  
*Bloomer*

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Jaclyn Meadows  
Patterson Elementary  
*My Special Pics*

Back

Divya A.  
Parkmont Elementary  
*Positivity*





Neel S Panchumarth  
Horner Jr. High  
*My Inspiration and Hope*



Back

Anushri Polamuri  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Mental Health Awareness*



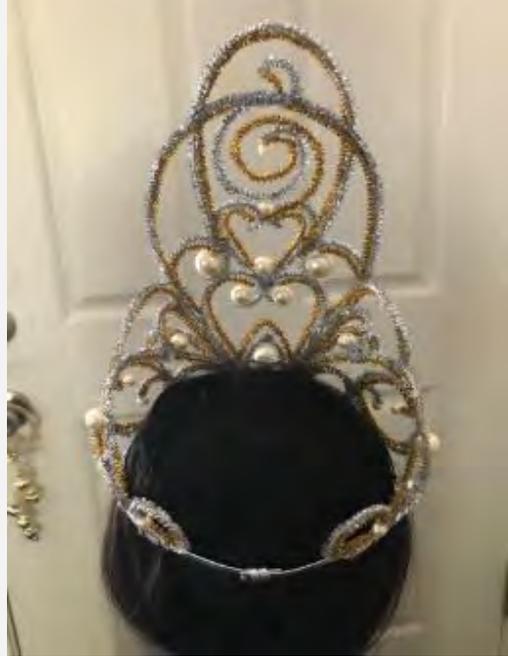
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Sriram Natarajan  
Thornton Jr. High  
*Sharing Feelings and Hope*

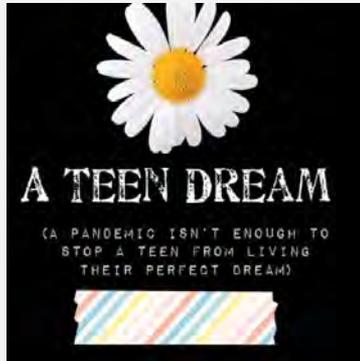


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Caitlin Bautista  
Walters Middle School  
*I am the Queen of my Fate*

Back



Agrima Gupta  
Thornton Jr. High  
*A Teen Dream*

Back



Saanri Pemmarajv  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Take A Stand*

**Back**



Akshaya Ramasrishram  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Smoke Screen*



[Back](#)

My brother used to crack sometimes, break down completely. I would hear him crying through the door of the bathroom, and hear his head clash on the side of the door. When I was little, I shook at these thoughts, letting his tears into my brain. I let them wash away the goodness of me, and I would cry outside the bathroom with him, holding my knees and screaming for help.

My brother entered high school three years ago, when I was barely seven years old. The pressure got to him—he would just go inside his room and pretend I didn't exist. And, after a while, everything in his life kind of...stopped.

He didn't feel like studying, my parents argued about his grades more often, and he gave up all of his favorite sports. He stopped his whole life, including mine, so he could sit and cry. I didn't get it when this happened, why he would cry, why I would just sit and cry with him, listening to his shouts and screams.

Sometimes, my brother would teach me his hardships. He would explain to me why I needed to be a leader, and not a follower like he was. I needed to keep my head up into the game, and never take too much stress. Because really, my life was more important than taking things to the heart. Other times, it was just me studying and him in the bathroom. Crying and shouting.

When I was eight, my brother used to explain to me about sharing my feelings. He would say the same thing everyday, as if it was a routine. He'd say it was important for me to express as much as possible, because if I kept hidden, my feelings of hatred and sorrow would build. Higher and higher.

"And then," he would say, "You will pop!" and tickle me until I was on the floor laughing. After five minutes, he would get serious, his eyebrows bunching. "Share your feelings with others. I didn't, and Mom and Dad still don't understand me and what I am dealing with. You know, maybe if I told others how I'd feel I wouldn't have had so much pressure."

Then he'd shrug me off as I'd try to hug him, laughing, saying I'd do whatever he would say. I loved my brother. He was the smartest person I knew. He just wasn't smart enough to understand that I was little when he taught me all this. That I couldn't have got it at just eight years old.

But now, I get it. Because today, after my brother left, I have finally realized what my brother held in for all these years. And now I wish instead of a laugh, I would have given him a smile. A smile that said, "You can share your feelings with me."

Suhana Shrivastava  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Share*

[Back](#)

My mind is a benevolent ray of sunshine  
An order of several faculties that concede my thoughts  
A network of my darkest secrets and most paralyzing fears  
My perpetual safe place where expression is boundless  
The very factory where creativity is nurtured in all colors

When the whole world is otherwise occupied, I go to my mind  
Whenever someone dares to diminish my confidence, my mind is there  
It restrains me from using despicable methods to hurt them the sameway  
If there isn't one soul that appreciates my humor, I go to my mind  
When my brain resorts to negativity, my mind emphasizes the better parts of life

While this is all very incredible, certain aspects remain disguised  
Like all the times where the tuneful light is consumed by a whirling blackhole  
A ghastly thing that is a danger to all jollity, painting the walls of my mind an acrid gray  
A spectacle that roots a sense of self-loathing, questioning the efficacy of said factory  
My very own safe place is now warping all my insecurities against me

Negativity- this ten letter term that encompasses different feelings and cycles  
Some of which are constantly making me feel unloved and unworthy  
Others that make me regret past actions and feel apprehensive about the future  
Most of the time I find myself stressing excessively as I wait for the worst to come  
Why does my mind vivify insults and traumatic events rather than praises and joyful memories?

Sometimes I feel the need to honestly share these pesky flaws of mine  
Maybe telling someone I trust instead of bottling up all these negative emotions  
Taking on each new day with the weight of my thoughts dragging me down  
Believing that wearing an act of happiness will veil myself and others from the wretched truth  
My emotions are always changing and sometimes problematic, admitting to them is what proves arduous

However dangerous this blackhole has become, no damage is irreversible  
By opening up and accepting the help of others, I will be one step closer to attaining hope  
Hope that in time I will control the negativity and shove this blackhole back into oblivion  
Hope that a day will come where my mind is revived with a lovely splash of color  
After all, my mind is a benevolent ray of sunshine

Ritvikka Sureshkumar  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Benevolent Blackhole*



[Back](#)

Hope; Our final refuge,  
When our being is threatened,  
Even when we dangle by a thread-  
Under the precipice.

In this time of darkness,  
We stumble blindly,  
With fear, without sight.

But, through our trial in the dark,  
Our saving light; Hope-  
Our inner compass,  
Will come-

And take us to a realm  
Without masks.  
Without gloves.  
Without anxiety.  
To a land of dreams!

A realm of triumph,  
Laughter and joy.  
With countrymen flouting  
The six-foot barrier;  
Without deterrent.

For we mustn't  
Desert hope.  
For without hope  
We are finished;  
So do not  
Surrender;  
Hope.

David Iglesias  
COIL  
*Hope*

**Back**

Through these dark times  
Light has risen  
A chance, a chance  
To reflect, to love, to see  
The bright side

Discovering hidden strengths  
Finding weaknesses deep inside  
Living our best life at home  
For ourselves, for our loved ones  
A safe world will come again

A chance to change  
To rise stronger  
A repetition of history  
Of the sickness that caused  
Caused the fall of the world

And this time, this time  
We will arise from the flames  
We will come back just as we had before  
Many of us gifted with intelligence  
With talents, we had never sought out

This opportunity that has been given  
Will be a blessing  
To reflect on our actions  
To love ourselves  
To see the better side of this dark time

With every minute, every second  
One stays home  
Once more you are reminded  
Of the care, of the love that was hidden  
In this chaotic world  
A world in which people are scared  
But there is always hope  
Hope for this world and for you

Hetanshi Vakharia  
Thornton Jr. High  
*A Flame with Hope*



**Back**

There is tape covering my mouth,  
I can't get rid of it.  
I pull on it, tug on it, until I can't anymore.  
When I try to open my mouth,  
silence comes out.  
I turn the other way when someone glances at me,  
for I am fearful they will see the tape over my mouth.  
I sit alone on the benches outside my classroom,  
no one notices me,  
except when a girl in the 2nd grade comes up to me.  
She has a loose tooth that sticks out,  
and dark hair in a mess,  
stains on her shirt,  
and marker on her hands.  
I look down.  
"What's your name?" she says in a childish voice.  
She gestures for me to bend down to her,  
She moves her small hands close to my face and says,  
"You don't have to wear that tape over your mouth."  
She pulls the invisible tape off.  
"There," she says, "I can finally see your smile."  
I smile at her.  
She smiles back with her bunny rabbit teeth.  
"My name is Sophia," I tell her.  
"Ruthie," she says, "That's mine."  
That little girl is the reason I have the strength to share my feelings,  
And that little girl is the reason I can smile today.  
I hope everyone who feels like they have tape over their mouths,  
Has someone like Ruthie.

Shreya Athur  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Tape Over My Mouth*



Back

Oh, what is thy love,  
Is it when you yearn to spend every single moment with the person,

And when they're gone,  
you can't help but wonder--  
what is the meaning of living life without them,

Is it when you have over-affection for someone,  
sacrificed everything you can for that person,

Or is love merely just a feeling released by our hormones stimulating attraction between  
2 people,  
For after you have sacrificed everything for that person,  
And they let you down--  
Break your heart,  
Trampel Over You, Isn't love then all a waste of time, energy, and resources?

For after the heartbreak, and the tears, life goes back to normal,  
Except a broken piece in your heart is chipped away,  
Why is romantic love favored more than unconditional love between family & friends  
then?

Perhaps love,  
Is all a dream,  
And when we come to our senses,  
Not blinded by Cupids' arrow and the glories of lust,  
Do we truly see the qualities of the person whom we claim to have faithfully loved...

What is Thy Love  
Centerville Jr. High  
*Olivia Jia Xuan Mou*

[Back](#)

“We’ve confirmed that it’s ADHD,” the doctor said.

My mother nodded unsurprised. Honestly, I had no idea what I was doing here. I mean, I knew I was here for my health but what did I care? It’s not like anyone could help me at this point. I just wanted to go home and play on my PS4 while eating ice cream. Instead, I was here, in the doctor’s office, talking about ADHD, and just making me feel like I’m even more of a loser.

I sighed remembering what my best friend, now my ex-best friend, had told all the kids in school today. “Lily’s so weird,” Margeret whispered to her table when she didn’t see me in front of the classroom door, “I was at her house once doing homework and she had to take this medicine to stay focused.”

“She must be pretty dumb then,” another kid snickered. Margeret continued to talk about me and I could tell that nothing she was saying was good.

“Mom, am I weird?” I asked when we got in the car.

“Of course not, honey. You’re just different and that makes you all the more special.”

Sometimes I wonder why I even try to ask for my mom’s opinion. I get the same answer every time: a lie. I wasn’t just weird, I was insane. Every time, the teacher gave us a class lecture, I had the urge to scream, to move, to do something other than sitting still. That was just me. Nobody else felt the way I did because they were normal.

I could never control my emotions. When I got excited, I would jump around until people told me to stop acting like a psychopath. When I cried, it was like I was constructing a river because my tears would never stop flowing. Usually, I had a whirlpool of feelings that I could never untwist. I was different. I thought I was weird.

This was 10 years ago. I was 13 and a moody teenager with no self esteem. Nobody believed I could do anything with my ADHD. I didn’t believe in myself either, but here I am: happy, successful, and following my dreams. Our mental illnesses don’t handicap us. With a little help, we’re capable of anything. Having a mental health illness makes us different but we’re still human.

Anvika Renuprasad  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*We're Still Human*

[Back](#)

The lens goofs, the lens charms,  
The lens helps, the lens hinders,  
The lens coaxes, the lens gloats,  
The lens patches my life.

The lens people film me is varied,  
The lens I film people is varied,  
People and I lack the perfect lens,  
The lens that could focus only strengths.

The lens captures happy moments zooming out,  
The lens captures tragic moments zooming in,  
The picture produced lacks clarity,  
The picture produced lacks truth.

The lens can distort correct images,  
The lens can also correct distorted images,  
People can interpret the good as bad,  
People can also interpret the bad as good.

The lens matches the patchy images,  
To the patchy perceptions about the world,  
The lens matches the corrected images,  
To charming perceptions about the world.

The lens people possess has to change,  
Focussing on the light amidst darkness,  
Rather than the darkness amidst light,  
The light apparently will drown the darkness.

Anikta Balaji  
COIL  
*The Lens*

**Back**

Heart longs                    for happiness  
Heart always longs to let many more hearts happy  
Heart handles lightened moments with enigmatic ease  
Heart handles troubled moments with unfathomable aches  
Heart loses hope letting low spirits ruthlessly rule  
Heart foils the mind into manic madness  
Heart lingers in agony till another  
Heart instills a ray of hope  
Heart leans on hopes  
Heartily

Anikta Balaji  
COIL  
*Heart*

**Back**

When the isolation period started, we all screamed with joy.  
“No more school!” shouted every girl and boy.  
And although excitement filled our minds at that time,  
We now know the situation is worse and elation seems like a crime.

But that’s not right! It can’t be right...  
Living in such fear for so long is a fright!  
But what can we do to make light of the circumstance?  
Well, perhaps you can give spreading hope a chance...

What’s there to lose in being positive.  
While everyone around you is negative?  
There’s nothing to lose, that’s the answer...  
In fact, you could bring hope to others!

Hope that everything will go very well  
Hope that love and positivity will be spelled,  
Hope that this will all soon be over,  
And hope for those affected will all be cured!

Miraya Jain  
Thornton Jr. High  
*Hope*

**Back**

A brand new day. A brand new life. Only ten cars were zooming on the streets, which was the only noise left in the city of Fremont. At least, outside. Inside of hospitals and clinics, the only sound that could be heard was the moaning and groaning of suffering patients, and the soothing voices of the nurses and doctors that worked hard to cure the sick. Everyone noticed this change. Everyone knew. But not everyone cared. The rich were just taking this as a chance to relax.

Coronavirus was taking over people's lives. And taking them away. And no one could be more affected by this than 15-year old Lily. She wanted some way to help the underprivileged people who couldn't provide for themselves, the ones without a job because of the lockdown, because they are the ones who need help the most. Lily watched out of her window as she observed a man stuffing his trunk to its maximum capacity with cans of food.

*Food, she thought, there will never be enough. For the the higher class with a lavishly decorated home, and the ones with a plain blanket and hard, cement bed. I need to make it enough, especially now.*

And watching the man with his cans, Lily knew exactly how to help...

An hour later, Lily had persuaded her sister and had gathered a few friends with her to help other people during this time of distress and were walking around the streets carrying large trash bags. Filled with food and supplies in it that they had pooled out of their own homes. It wasn't much, but it was worth it. And everyone around the world knew that.

They walked down Thornton Avenue, where they saw an old lady sitting at the edge of a gas station, who was watching them nervously. Her eyes said it all. But as they approached, the woman's gaze fell to the sidewalk, but Lily knew what the lady's heart wanted.

Lily kneeled in front of her, and tried to ignore the deadly smell circling the woman. Trying not to scrunch her nose and be rude, Lily said benignly, "How are you doing, Ms....?"

The old woman seemed to trust the teenagers who were silently watching, and said in a croaky voice, "Gibson. Ms. Gibson. What are you doing here? And why are you outside?"

Lily pulled out six large cans of beans, tomatoes, vegetables, and chicken that her mom had saved up. She lined them up in front of the woman. "For you," she said, and took the old woman's hand and squeezed it. "We'll get through this. Coronavirus will be kicked away by vaccines that our doctors will discover. Stay strong. You're not alone. We're here for you. I'm here for you."

Ms. Gibson was speechless. "You're here for me," she repeated. "You're here for me."

For two hours Lily and the other teenagers walked around Fremont passing out food to homeless and needy people. Other residents noticed the group with large bags as they passed out food. Soon, almost everyone in Lily's community had joined in the heroic act, and were chanting, "We're here for you. I'm here for you" to everyone they provided supplies.

Lily looked back at the size of her group and grinned. It took one small act of kindness to prove that the coronavirus could not kill off the kindness people felt for each other, despite the lockdown. All people had to do to prove that was to say four simple words: "I'm here for you."

Nandini Dharwadkar  
Thornton Jr. High  
*I'm Here For You*

Back

Every breath is a marathon.

Four walls push  
down on my minuscule body  
I'm shaking  
the heart struggles to pump blood  
to my head

A pressure rises to my chest  
as my hands tremble  
The noises are eating me alive as  
the words become blurry

The ground is falling underneath  
my feet  
As I try to find the last piece to  
stand on

I am slipping.  
I am falling.  
Where is the off button?

Everything is crumbling.

Why?  
Why is it crumbling?  
Why are my eyes an ocean?  
Why won't it stop?  
Why can't I stand up?  
Why can't I breathe?  
Why am I out of control?

Take control.

I can't.

I can't handle it.

I am all alone in this dangerous  
sea

Trying to hold my head above the  
water  
With waves crashing over me

When will it stop?  
When will I be free?

"Esha?"

"Are you there?"

"Are you okay?"

"Do you wanna talk about it?"

I snap back to reality

"No. I'm fine"

Stop drowning.  
I am fine.

I can handle it.

Esha Bansiya  
BASIS Independent Fremont  
*Drowning*

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A second To close  
a book To end a  
chapter To end your  
chapter  
The pain Is like no other  
The hole Is like no other  
The sorrow Is like no  
other The way you hated  
death Was like no other  
The way it took you Was  
like no other

We let the memories  
Flow in Then out  
Drive us insane  
Everyday

We all knew that day would  
come When we cry together And  
talk about all the memories  
But why now? Why leave now?  
When there is so much more.

When will they stop When will this  
pain stop When will this hole close  
When will this feeling of sorrow  
stop

Never.

Shreya Sadhwani  
BASIS Independent Fremont  
*Nanu*

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If you fail, don't worry

Just try again

Each mistake creates a new opportunity to succeed

These are moments when you feel good things



These are moments when you feel sad and want to cry



These are moments when you feel like you want to give up



But don't give up and you'll find a solution



Akaash Kalita  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Success in Failure Drawing: Never Give up*

Back

Everybody has secrets. There's always something a person doesn't tell you about them. It is to be expected. After all, it's in our nature to hide things that make us seem weaker or less perfect. As human evolution has progressed, society has twisted our natural behavior to its advantage, keeping people absorbed in their own insecurities. The definition of society, when performing an online search, is "the aggregate of people living together in a more or less ordered community". In other words, every human being is part of a society, or forms a society, or leads a society. We are society. So, it's quite a daunting idea that we are controlling ourselves, worsening ourselves in the process of trying to make others perceive us in a better light.

The first thing, the most important thing, to note is that everyone has multiple masks, which can be shown by comparing humans to computers. We all have a body, the physical computer, and we all have our "websites" and "computer features", the aspects that make up our day-to-day lives. Of course, all of that is recorded on our chip, our brain. But in computers, you have two different types of browsers: the browser you see when you open a search engine like Safari, our public persona, and then there is the private browsers, made for the things we don't want people to see, like our insecurities, our fears, our deepest, darkest fantasies. Everything we want to keep hidden is located on our private browser. No one ever shows somebody the complete search history of their private browser, because those feelings are not how we are supposed to be, not how we are supposed to feel.

Society looks down on those that look and behave a certain way and scorns them, while raising those who fit their "perfect ideology" on a golden platform. That is where the concept of popularity comes from. For example, if we focus on how a person looks, we should focus on supermodels. After all, they are given that title because they fit in a certain category. All supermodels are tall and skinny; not a single one of them has excess fat anywhere. This tells us girls who are short and fat don't meet the requirements of being considered beautiful. The majority of supermodels today are Caucasian. This tells us that most Caucasian girls are considered to be prettier than girls of color. Every supermodel we see looks flawless, with perfect skin and perfect facial features. One thing we know for sure is that no one is perfect, so it's impossible for all of them to have completely perfect faces. The only way this would be possible is if there's makeup involved, a literal mask people wear on their face.

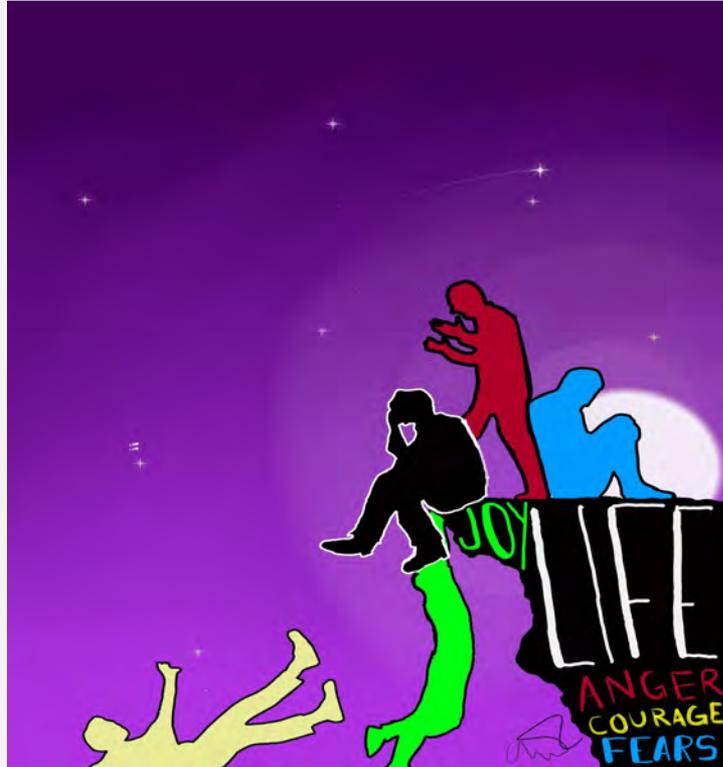
We tell ourselves that we must wear makeup to make ourselves beautiful, that we must always act a certain way, that we must do everything a certain way. We have masks for every part of our lives, to cover up anything and everything that makes us unique beings. So at this point, none of the choices we make are our own because everything is influenced by the impossible standards of society. And yet they are still our own because we accept these ridiculous standards and push them on others to follow as well. I do believe some behaviors need to be controlled, that we can't have everyone do whatever they like, because then we would risk the world falling into even more chaos than it already is in. But some things do need to change, because everyday society becomes crueler to its people, raising the already impossible bar even higher. Every year suicide rates go up, because every little fault of someone is picked at. Those who don't fit in that tight box of standards we deem acceptable, are forced to constantly try and conform themselves to fit in it, until they finally snap. This is how people become insecure about themselves, and this must change. We must learn to accept who we are. After all, it's our faults that make us special, different from the rest.

Yamini Jain  
Centerville Jr. High  
*Our Biggest Mistake*

**Back**

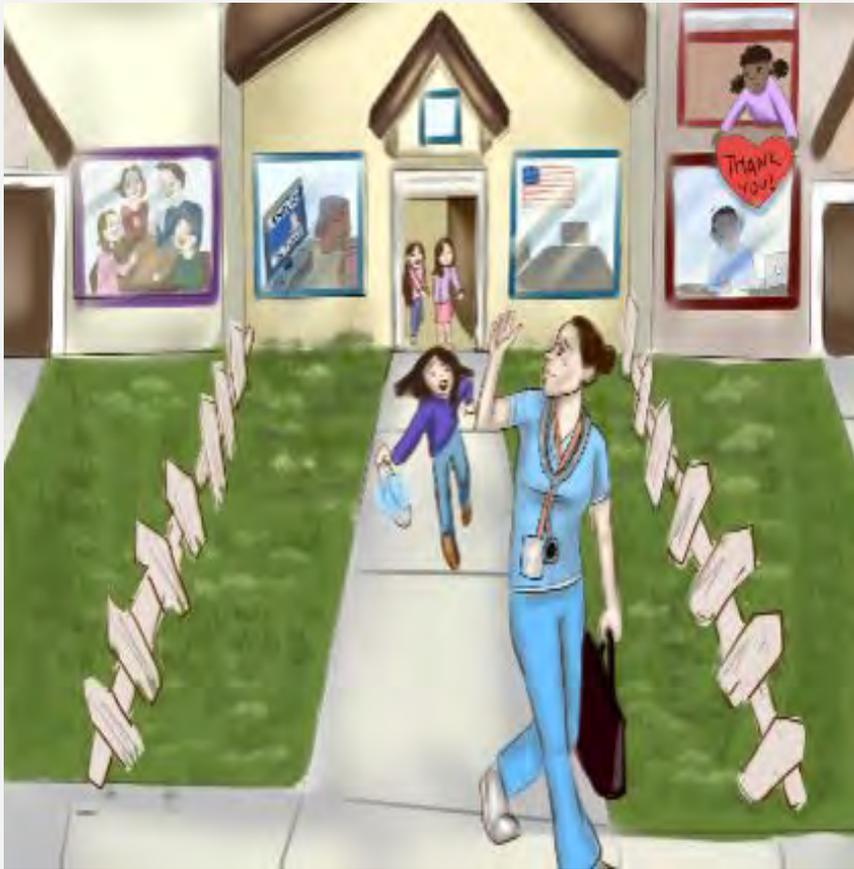


Grace Xiao  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Another Dimension*



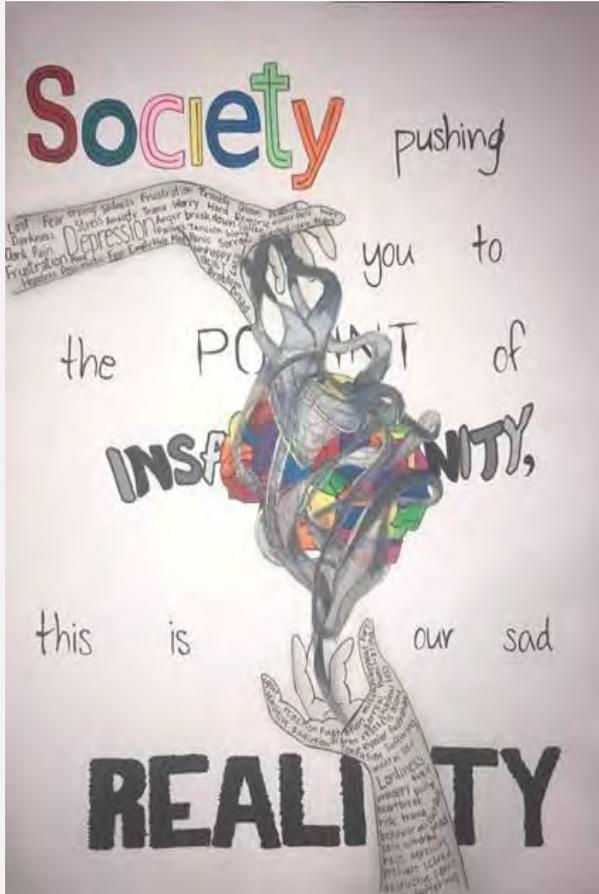
Aman Rampure  
Horner Jr. High  
*Life, Present and Future*

Back



Katie Chen  
Thornton Jr. High  
*Because of you, we are Safe!*

Back



Catherine Wan  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Insanity*

Back



Annette Lindley  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Together*



Back

# TOGETHER WE WILL SURVIVE

There are many forms of mental illness.



It's never too late to ask for help, to break the cycle of pain.  
It's okay to live everyday as if it's your first.



Don't be afraid to share your feelings and hope.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be "JY".

Grace Yan  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Together We Will Survive*

Back



Emylia Catoc  
Centerville Jr. High  
*Nothing Can Separate Us*

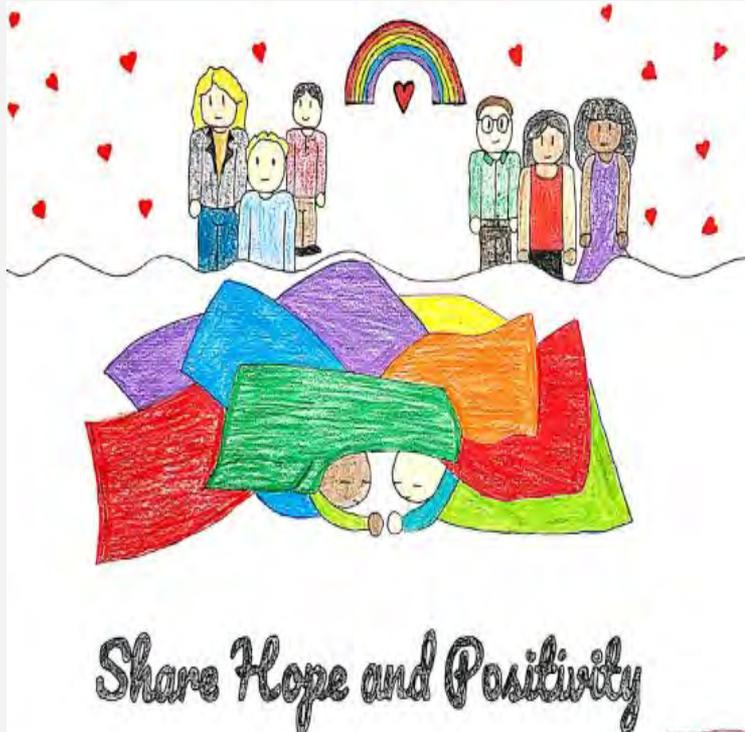
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Evan Shoulders  
Walters Middle School  
*Thinking of Friends*



Katysari Kondragunta  
Centerville Jr. High  
*Hope is Happiness*



Rewa Bathula  
Centerville Jr. High  
*Hope and Positivity*



Nimrit Thind  
Walters Jr. High  
*Warning Coronavirus*



Lucienne Sotelo  
Walters Middle School  
*The Beauty of Happiness*



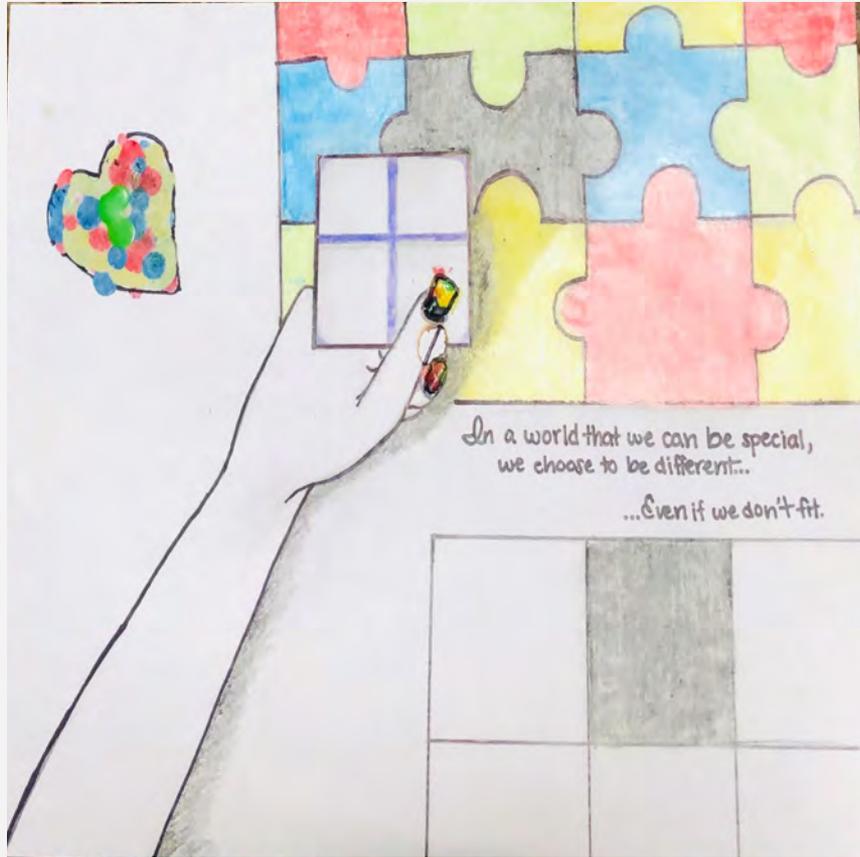
Avery Pemberton  
Thornton Jr. High  
*Little in Darkness*



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Danicey Reeder  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Hope is Near*



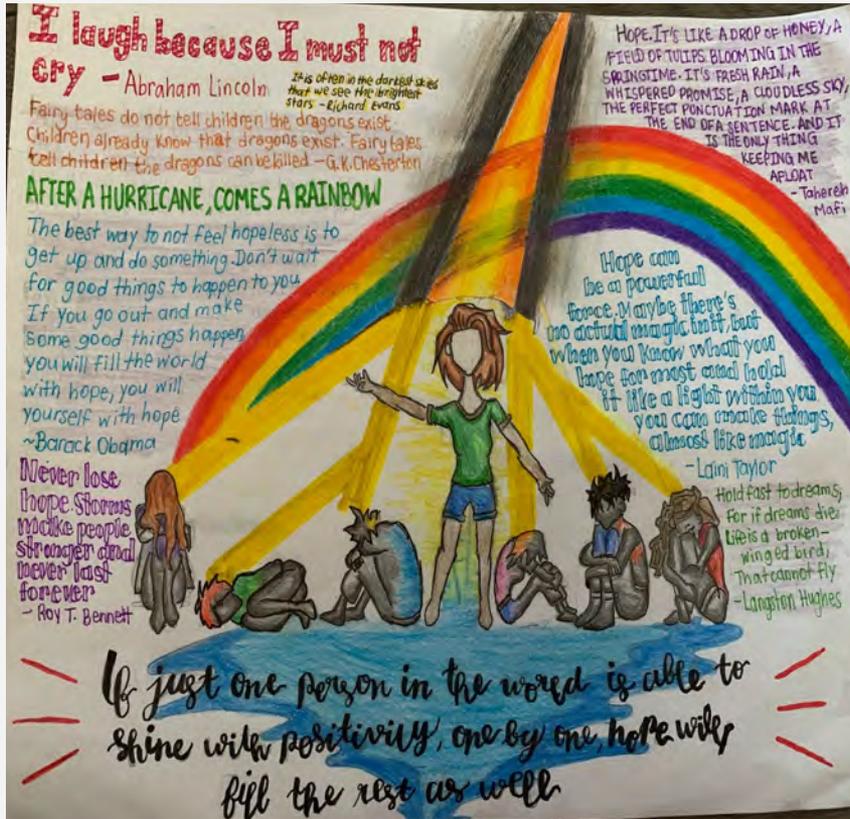
In a world that we can be special,  
we choose to be different...  
...Even if we don't fit.

Shristi Bandyopandhyay  
Centerville Jr. High  
*Fitting In*

Back



Kavya Kondragunta  
Centerville Jr. High  
*Expression Through Music*



Bhavya Mehta  
Centerville Jr. High  
*Hope is Life and Life is Hope*





Tvishi Medathana  
Centerville Jr. High  
*Together We are Unbreakable*

**Back**



Shreya Prashantha  
Horner Jr. High  
*We are One*





Anirudhsai Akuthota  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Sharing, Hope and Feelings*



Saahil Sumbly  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Reach Out*



Back



Rishitha A  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Broken Faces*



Maitri Kurane  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Hope On my Mind*



Sharvi Verma  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Extinguish The Fire Before it's Too Late*



Sristi Bhattacharjee  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Friends*



Chelsea Zhang  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Hope Through the Glass*

Sukha Yang  
Thornton Jr. High  
*You are Not Alone!*



Back



Krithi Haresamudra  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Live Colorfully!*



Back



Naomi Harkey  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*I love Fremont*



Veda Jadaprolu  
Hopkins Jr. High  
*Make Home Your Happiest Place On Earth*

**Back**

Joli is an artist.  
He envisions  
The woods  
The ocean  
Time  
Space  
The universe  
All captured on  
A piece of paper.

Give him a day  
A week  
A year  
And that is what  
He will create.

But the aides  
In the special ed  
Classroom don't have  
A day  
A week  
A year.  
Oh, they'll let him  
Draw a picture  
With his hand  
While they guide it.

"A kitten.  
Another brilliant  
masterpiece!  
Let's put it  
On  
The fridge  
With the others."  
A dog.  
An owl.  
A birthday cake.  
All Joli wants  
To draw is  
The universe.

But his arm  
is as limp as  
A dishrag.

One day,  
Tired of being handled  
Tired of having his hand  
Dragged around  
On the paper  
Joli rebels.  
In one swift move,  
He scatters his paper  
Off his tray.  
As the aide  
Bends down to get it  
He kicks the tray down.  
He still bending down,  
She feels the tray  
Come crashing down  
On her bottom.

Then Joli rises  
From his wheelchair  
His mouth opens for the  
first time.  
"I  
Am getting  
Out of this dump."

He  
Walks out  
On his  
Own two feet.  
Joli opens the door  
With his arm  
That's not  
Limp as a dishrag.  
And down the hall he goes.  
He leaves the special ed  
Class behind.

In the hallway,  
Normal kids  
High five  
Fistbump  
Elbow-knock  
All the lit things  
That normal kids do.  
They cheer him.

They hail Joli  
For taking a stand  
For setting himself  
Free.

Joli  
Paints such a spectacular  
picture  
So awesome  
So magnificent  
It becomes world-famous.  
The painting is sent to Paris  
And Joli goes on the  
Ellen Show  
And America's Got Talent.  
He paints  
The most beautiful picture

In the world  
Before their very eyes.  
And another  
And another  
And another.  
Every blank page  
A world  
For his imagination  
To come  
To life.

And people recognize his  
talent  
He never has to worry  
About sheets getting  
wasted  
By marring cats  
And puppies  
And birthday cakes.

"How'd he do it?"  
They wonder.  
"How'd a kid  
In a wheelchair  
Who couldn't talk  
Or move  
Or walk  
Become a legend?"  
Just kidding.

Nobody wondered that.  
Not even one.  
Because Joli did not become  
a legend.  
He didn't even get past  
His classroom.  
He didn't even  
Step out of his chair.

As soon  
As his aide  
Picked up his mess  
Set the tray  
Back on his wheelchair  
She wheeled him right out.  
She called his mom.  
He waited in  
The principal's office.  
Talk about anticlimactic.  
Joli lost.  
He will have to go  
Back  
To his special ed classroom  
Again  
Tomorrow  
And every day after that.  
But did he really lose?

Right now  
This moment  
Joli is out of his classroom.  
And he is in trouble  
In the principal's office  
Just like  
A normal  
Kid.

## Ellianna Shapiro American High School *The Legend*

As tears and worry filled my eyes And grievous thoughts flooded my head, Only you of all the passersby came to help and ask what was wrong.

You said that life will go on and get better, And with your smile and lone, kind approach, I could tell that you could be trusted, And that you could be someone like me.

We sat on the bench together, Talking about our problems, Discussing what we could do, And sharing our feelings and hope.

You gave me your number, Telling me to freely call or text, And thanked me for the chat When it was me who was forever inspired.

A few seasons later, While walking down where I had met you, Another person was sitting on the bench Exactly where I had been sitting.

I thought of your compassion, And now whenever I see someone like me from long ago, Suffering and feeling all alone, I try to help them like how you helped me:

By sharing our feelings and hope.

Kaylee Wei  
Mission San Jose High School  
*Compassion*

**Back**

"Welcome, welcome!" The door to the peculiar cottage swung open, admitting thirteen nobles clothed in opulent robes studded with gemstones. "Potions, elixirs, spells – I trade in all!" The nobles' whispers and titters accompanied the trader's lofty voice as their hungry eyes swept over the display cases that occupied every corner of the cottage. Lanterns lit up on command, illuminating a kaleidoscopic array of bottles, each encasing a different hue and mystery.

"Joy, Cheer, Delight, Hope, Comfort, Confidence – I have them all!" The trader pulled out a potion from her robe, evoking a series of exclamations from the nobles. "Who would like to try a dose of Glee?"

As a dozen hands reached for the bottle, the trader reached forward, allowing the young man at the front of the crowd to swallow a single drop. He shuddered for a moment as the potion diffused through him. His eyes flew open, and pure warmth appeared to emanate from his soul. "I feel it! It's glee! It's-" His voice was drowned out by the chatter of the remaining nobles who grasped for the remnants of the bottle or scurried throughout the shop for the taste of another emotion.

The trader smirked to herself, satisfied, then noticed a single hooded figure who remained alone in the corner of the room. His robes were neat but unadorned, unlike the gemstone-heavy garments of the other dozen nobles. He remained hooded while his counterparts had swept aside their hoods after entering the cottage to take refuge from the storm.

"Young man," the trader said, sweeping forward. "Which emotion do you seek?" The boy – for the trader could now see the marks of youth in his mannerisms – jumped in surprise.

"This one," he gestured hesitantly towards an opaque solution. "You didn't mention it."

"You wouldn't be familiar with it." The trader picked up the bottle, swirling it and shaking off the coating of dust. "This is Sadness."

The boy frowned, trying to sound out the word. "I've never heard of it." The trader nodded, unsurprised. "Well, what do your people do during the storms?" "Dance." The boy looked at his feet. "That's when we throw the balls." "But have you ever stood outside during a storm?" the trader inquired. "Allowed the rain to fall on your face and let the shouts of the storm reach your ears? Have you ever taken off your hood?" From the boy's tight clasp on his hood, she could already tell. She unstopped the bottle, revealing its untouched contents, and poured out a single drop. The boy hesitantly sipped the liquid. Rather than staggering back as she had expected, he let out a quiet sigh.

"I remember. I remember escaping a ball as a child. I remember standing outside during the storm. I remember feeling confused and lost and scared and – sad. And I remember seeing patches of blue in the sky and the hope that came because I knew the storm would end." His eyes fluttered open, and he stared at the trader in awe. "But why don't you show the others this one?" The trader swept the potion into the folds of her robes. "Because they don't want it. They would prefer Glee, Joy, Hope – and why would they seek warmth tampered by cold?"

The boy frowned. "How would you know?" "I've seen it, child. Ever since the storms started – your people resort to balls and dances and glitz and glamor. They don't like the rain. They shun the cold. And why wouldn't they?"

The boy held out a hand. "Maybe they forgot the taste of it. Wouldn't you allow them to remember?" The trader hesitated. She gripped the bottle, afraid to let it go, afraid to hold on. Afraid to be the only one in the world who remembered the Sadness that came with the storms. And she reached out, handing him the bottle. He smiled at her, the lingering Sadness in his eyes replaced by the effects of the Hope potion that she had once sought to replicate. He turned and hurried to his people, eager to share this new feeling. And the trader smiled.

## Sashrika Pandey Irvington High School *Bottled Up*



**Back**

Harnoor Nagra  
Irrington High School  
*The Ghost*

Upon occasion, I am possessed by a particularly evil and unempathetic ghost. She pains me so deeply when she takes over my body, that I do not dare tell another soul of her existence. And so for months at a time, she becomes me. I get yelled at for actions that I did not take and bare the consequences of decisions that I did not make. She wants to stay inside most days, she says the sunlight makes her sick. So I skip birthday parties and school dances to lay in bed instead. She despises all the things that I love, so she rips up pages from my sketchbook without adding any more and she burns pages upon pages of my written word. She makes certain that I know that all of my friends hate me, so she can have me all to herself. And on especially bad days she makes my body so heavy that I cannot even bear to lift my own bedsheets. She makes me retreat from the world because she does not know how to speak and she clogs up my ears with the sound of my own heartbeat. And when I bear her burden, she is my only companion, she puts my friends and family in places where I can no longer see them.

And then one day you sit next to me. You do not want something from me that I can not provide. All you want is my company and to listen to me speak. And I like to speak, I want to share the parts of me that aren't defined by the ghost. The parts of me that love writing and terrible movies. The parts of me that she had hidden in unreachable corners. And when I speak to you the ghost goes still for a moment. It is a lovely lightness upon my soul when she is gone. I think that you may like the parts of myself that I have shared. But she returns. We are a wildfire, the ghost and I, you can't touch us without getting hurt. She reminds me of all the people that I have scared away and all many ways I have ruined everything I touch. She crawls so deeply into my heart that it destroys the small spark of joy you gave me. But when I go silent, you don't ask me to speak. You just keep sitting by my side until I am certain that you won't leave.

I cut through the silence with a knife. I tell you about my secret poltergeist and I brace for you to leave. But you continue to sit and you tell me that I am going to be fine. You stumble over your words as I stumble over mine, but it is reassuring to know that you are there. You are made of a material that she cannot break. You let me do the thing that I swore not to do, I tell you what it's like being part ghost and part girl. What it is like to not really be where I am, instead trapped in a whirlpool made by a ghost that no one else can see. And as I tell you these things, it seems as if you are taking the ghost from me. You take my burden from me, word by word until I start to feel that I am not her. The ghost, she becomes harder to see. She is so thin and translucent, it is strange that I was ever afraid of her. And so by staying by my side and lending me an ear, you made the ghost into a small and frail thing. A ghost I can manage, a faceable fear.

It's hard to keep it all in  
The unspoken words and actions  
Moments of doubt, pangs of guilt  
An endless void that can't be filled

It's hard to force a smile  
When sanity has been gone awhile  
The only familiar emotion is sadness  
An endless journey filled with madness

It's hard to tell the truth  
To a senior or a youth  
Always constrained by my emotions  
This endless soul now has new notions

I will share my journey  
With those around me  
Because it's a blessing  
To have found me

I will raise my voice  
And make some noise  
And voice my words  
I will not go unheard

I will share hope with others  
So they can learn my story  
Learn from my mistakes  
And earn their rightful glory

You cannot stop me  
This is my life to live  
All the scars and tears  
Have been long forgotten

I am stronger now  
Not a new  
person, just wise  
Don't think that you can break me  
Because trust me, people have tried :)

Shivangi Gupta  
Irvington High School  
*Intrinsic Values*

**Back**

Wearing a mask,  
But it's full of cracks  
If I seem to be fine  
Can I still break inside?  
Lost and confused  
In the feeling of blue  
Stumbled off on my own  
Not sure which way to roam  
Shadow and sound  
Wish someone was around  
Yet if I ask a voice  
Is it really my choice?  
I can see my own light  
Trusting fate and what's right  
If I go my own way  
Will I step into day?  
Searching for meaning  
Touching the ceiling  
Reaching for feelings  
Broken but healing

Nichelle Wong  
Irvington High School  
*Broken But Healing*

[Back](#)

They ask me how I'm doing, they ask if I'm ok, But there's  
only one thing that I'm conditioned to say:

I'm fine.

I'm fine if fine feels Like the days blend together, everything in a blur Like the dread of waking up, without  
anything to look forward to Like holding on To my regrets and insecurities Willing the hurt to go away, If I just  
close my eyes.

If only fine feels like I'm crumbling piece by piece Bearing the  
weight of others' expectations on my shoulders To hide the void  
within my heart When every action isn't good enough No, never,  
compared to -- her

If only fine feels like I'm too scared to  
open up, Like being vulnerable is being  
weak And getting help is a thing of  
shame. By only caring what other people  
think, I have lost myself

I am not ok but I will get better When I  
remember that progress is made step

by  
step

When I remember there are  
people who support me  
unconditionally So that I am not  
alone.

Selina Song  
Irvington High School  
*I'm Fine*



**Back**

When someone is struggling through mental health issues, their once superhuman strength transforms into exhaustion. Super-hearing turns into overstimulation, demonstrated by students distracted by the grating sounds of the air conditioning, side conversations, and footsteps in the hallway overwhelming their senses. Rather than developing super strength and decoding the top secret information their teachers are presenting, it seems that students with mental health issues have the very opposite of superpowers.

Our lives at school are slowly becoming games of virtual reality. We all see the same things around us, and our surroundings seem realistic. And yet, none of virtual reality is the hard truth. Likewise, what we see in society does not reflect what so many individuals deny; mental health issues are at its peak. Measures — not just raising awareness, inciting hope in youth, or providing meditation programs — must be taken to preserve the mental health of future generations. We must tangibly supply adequate psychological resources, such as access to mental health assessments, different types of therapy, and psychiatric groups, for all.

The only superhuman ability analogous to mental health issues is the power of invisibility. At a casual glance in the classroom, you will see students fiddling with their pen, bouncing their legs, rubbing their hands against their calves, and repeating countless subtle unconscious movements in distress. So many students display signs of poor mental health, and the United State’s Department of Education’s California Student Mental Health Scorecard from 2015-2017 clearly states that 40% of California’s high schoolers display moderate to severe mental health issues. And yet, mental health services are grossly insufficient and inadequate.

The toxic mindset that mental health issues are less valid than physical health ones perpetuates stigma and misinformation about psychological disorders, only making our vision a bit more blurry and our minds a bit more closed off. Instead of encouraging teenagers to look after their mental health, adults disregard students with psychological issues as not sick enough, refusing to accept the truth that mental illnesses are serious illnesses.

I have stared in shock as teachers try to deny students their legal rights because “mental illnesses are not serious.” I have sat astonished as band teachers used psychiatric hospitals as a spooky Halloween theme — as if to encourage the stigma that patients are to be feared. Some of our virtual reality headsets have been there so long that we refuse to take them off and face what is right in front of us. A superhero is someone who is dedicated to fighting off evil and protecting the public. To me, that seems like a mental health activist. Even when our deteriorating mental health is draining our powers, we can all fight prejudice and protect the people around us.

Amirah Mohamed Rafi  
Irvington High School  
*Developing Our Powers*



You say life can roll down hill? Ha, I guess I'll see you at the bottom. I'm losing control of my emotions, that's a problem. What I feel is so wrong, that it keeps me up at night. There's so much anger and resentment I hold against you, and then I remember I love you, too.

You and I grew up together, but I lived in your shadow. Its sounds stupid, trust me I know. But I saw you change Right before my eyes, and you were once on a pedestal, so high. And as you came down I started to cry.

We grew older, along with the anger. And all of a sudden I became a hater. We'd argue and argue all night, and the pain in my chest got tight. I blame you for how we fell apart, but it's also my fault, I know it in my heart.

Please don't repeat what so many have said before, cause I'll just scream and storm out that door. The happy moments are now few, but I get hope to start anew. You were once a friend, and we'd fight for each other and play pretend.

You might never read this, but I'll say it anyway. I'm so sorry that things turned out this way. God, how more cheesy can I get? I guess writing a heartfelt poem is all I have left. So, my dearest sister, forgive me and let's heal. I don't want to be the only one at the bottom of the hill.

Anneliese Letona  
COIL  
*Rolling Downhill*

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\*RING\* the school bell goes off. I quickly put my pencil case and my notebooks into my bag, and pulled the hood of my sweatshirt to cover my face, exposing my rather plump lips. I walked out of my class, and as I was going down my school hallway, I could feel the eyes of the students staring at me. I sunk into my oversized hoodie, as I saw some girls point and laugh at me. Suddenly, a few boys ran behind me and jabbed me on my back and started singing, “there was a girl with a big fat belly, everywhere she would go her belly jiggled.” I ran away from them as quickly as I could trying to hold back my tears from spilling. I get bullied a lot in school because I have this rare thyroid disorder which causes me to gain weight quicker, as a result I am rather stout looking, and to cover my big belly i wear an oversized sweatshirt. The warning bell rang, and I quickly ran down to my math class. I took a seat and set my things down, “I am going to pass out your grade for your math class this semester” my teacher said. When the teacher turned around, the boy behind me stabbed me in the back and whispered to my ear and said, “how do you fit through your car door?” I hate it when people would tease me about my weight, every mean comment felt like a stab in my heart. “Shut up!” I yelled back at him, the teacher started passing out our semester grades, and when I received my grade, I was shocked. I am not a smart person and don't really get straight A's, but I was hoping for at least a passing grade, but when I read 60% my heart sank. I thought to myself, I am fat, I am ugly, but now I am stupid, how worse can I get. And suddenly tears started to spill from my eyes, I started sobbing. The whole class heard me crying, and turned to look at me. The teacher also came up to me and asked me what happened. I told her I felt sick and ran into the office, later that day my dad picked me up from school. “What happened?” He asked, “Nothing” I replied, ignoring him because I was not really in the mood to talk. Once I reached home, I ran from the car and rushed into my room. I fell down on the ground and started bawling, why am i so stupid and ugly? I asked myself, no one will ever want to be friends with me and I will never be successful in my life. I cried. “Honey”, my dad said as he was knocking on the door, “is, everything alright ?” he asked. “It's fine, go away!” I yelled back. “You can share your feelings with me, I will be there for you” he said. I slowly opened the door, and all the words spilled out of me like a waterfall, “I am fat and ugly, I get bullied, I am dumb and will get nowhere in life and I have no friends,” I told him sobbing. “Honey, you are a very brilliant girl, and are so beautiful. Love yourself, and forget about what others say, because you are amazing. My dad said to me. “Thanks dad.” I replied back. “Okay now stop crying now my little princess”, my dad joked. “Hey, I am not a princess” and I replied laughing at him. “I love you dad”, “I love you too my little princess” he replied back.

Netra Yadav  
Irvington High School  
*Sharing Feelings and Hope*

**Back**

The world rotates every second, But gravity is not the only force that pulls me down, The tensions and fears circulating my mind, The rejections that snowball into self-doubt, Creating ripples of angst, hesitation, and hopelessness Force me to wake up feeling lost, and pursue half-hearted actions, Force me to embody the pain and bottle up emotions, Force me to carry the weight of the world on my shoulders,

But Alas, there is a light shining at the end of the tunnel, This light is one that drives my every motion, Drives my reason being, and fuels my existence, Drives my purpose to wake up and achieve greater, Drives my purpose to fall asleep and envision dreams beyond, Beyond myself and this fictional world encircling me

This light is called Hope, But nevertheless, Hope is a treacherous belief, Hope is a burden that teaches us to believe in second chances, To believe in fresh starts and brighter futures, To believe in happily ever afters and heroes, But Hope helps us measure how far we've come, Hope is the reason why we chase our dreams, Hope is a dual-edged sword, and one we cannot underestimate

The power of Hope, is to empower, To provide us with an avenue to dream big, To make us tolerant to pain and life's adversities, To condition us to search for the silver lining, And to simply find one reason out of a thousand, To persevere and fight for a better tomorrow.

Listening to the stories of other heroes, Who have battled their enemies of doubt, anger, heartbreak, and failure, Who have relied on Hope to rebuild themselves, Eventually learn how to fly, without being afraid to fall.

Riya Parekh  
Irvington High School  
*Fear of Falling*



Anika Khurana  
Irvington High School  
*News Pop*



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Tammy Lee  
Irvington High School  
*A New Bloom*



Kerrine Tai  
Irvington High School  
*Isolated Together*



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Luke Adamson  
Irvington High School  
*California Blues*



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Naveed Shakoor  
Mission San Jose High School  
*The Blossoming Of Hope*



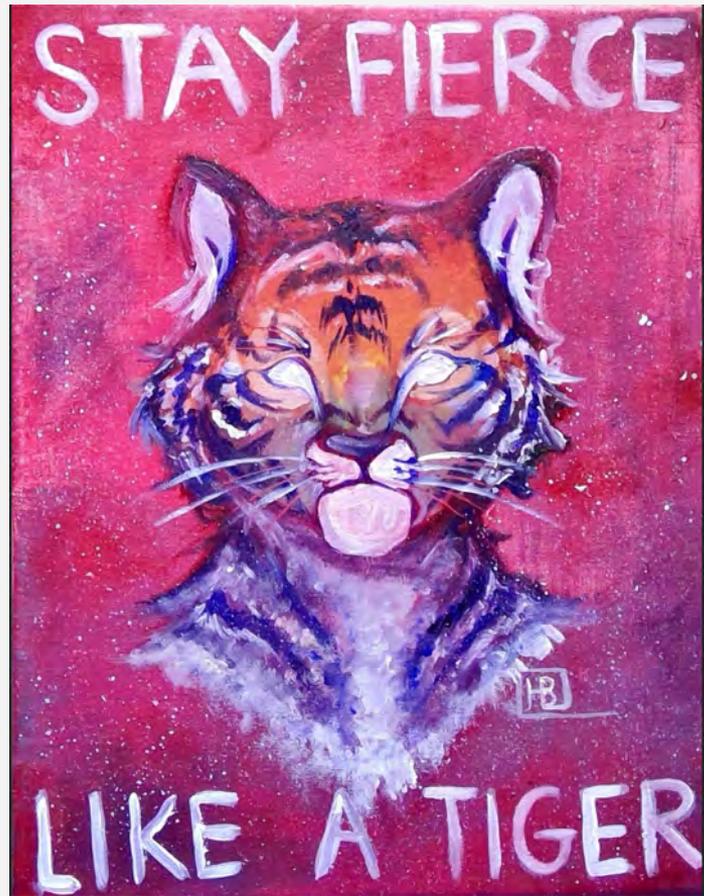
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Riya Rao  
American High School  
*Growing Hope in the eyes of Adversity*



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Harmony D. Brown  
Fremont Christian School  
*Stay Fierce Like a Tiger*



Urmi Mandal  
Irvington High School  
*Always There For you*



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Sena Kim  
Irvington High School  
*No Mistakes*



Shriya Bhutani  
Irvington High School  
*Reins Of Color*



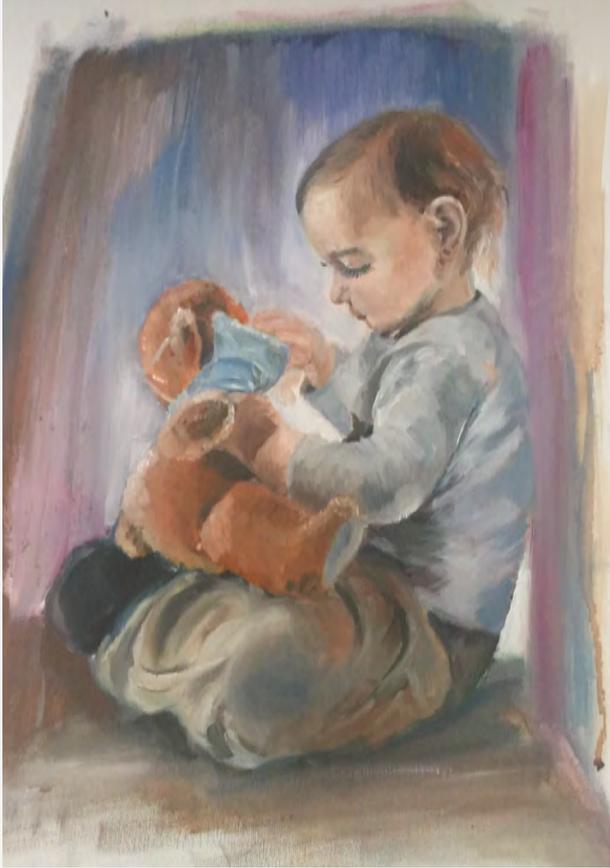
Poornima Godavarthy  
Irvington High School  
*Dreamy Fox*

THE SUN WILL RISE  
AND WE WILL SHINE AGAIN



Aboli Thosar  
Irvington High School  
*Sunshine*

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Edward Gao  
Irvington High School  
*Toddler with a Stuffed Animal*



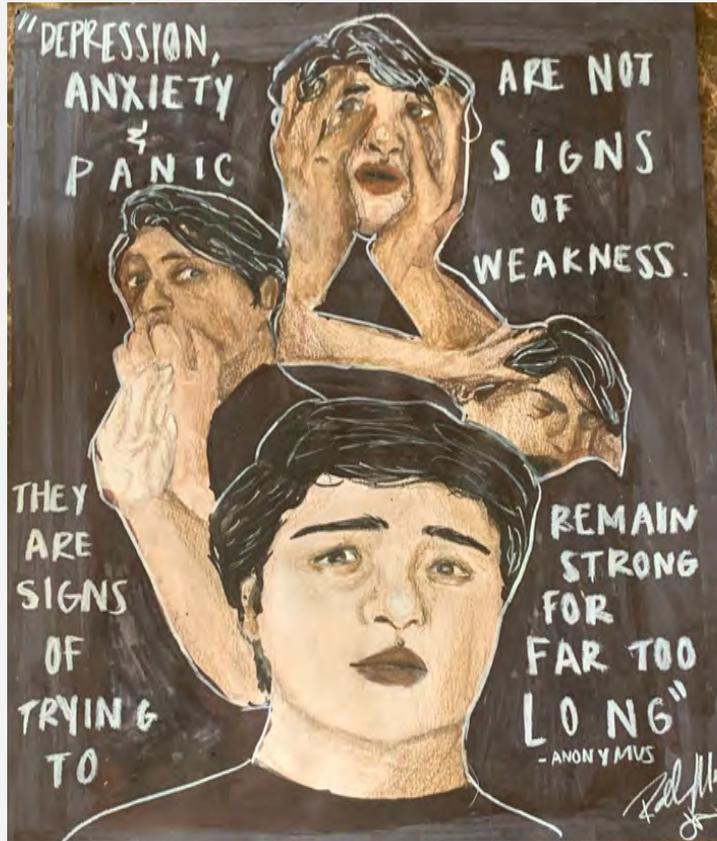
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Devanshi Shah  
Hopkins Jr. High - Junior High  
*Have Faith in the Future*



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Rohan Mahavni  
Irvington High School  
*The Me Inside of Me*



Meixuan Liu  
Irvington High School  
*Acceptance*

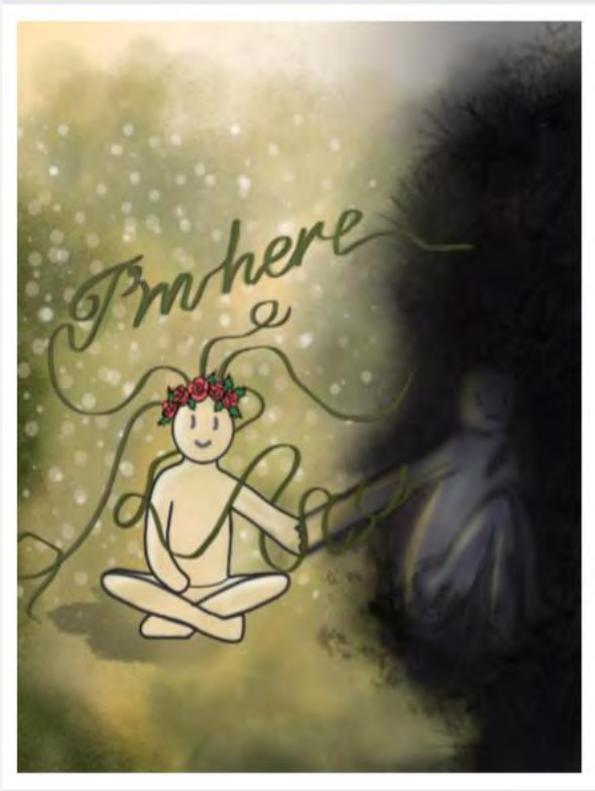


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Queen Pinaire  
Irvington High School  
*Reaching For Hope*

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Teresa Joseph  
Irvington High School  
*Simply Here*

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Ayush Patel  
Irvington High School  
*Pandora's Jar*



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Jose Castillo  
Bridgepoint High School  
*On My Own*



Soumya Rai  
Washington High School  
*On My Own*



Ananya Setty  
Irvington High School  
*Healing a Heart*



Airi Trisnadi  
Irvington High School  
*Your Left Hand*



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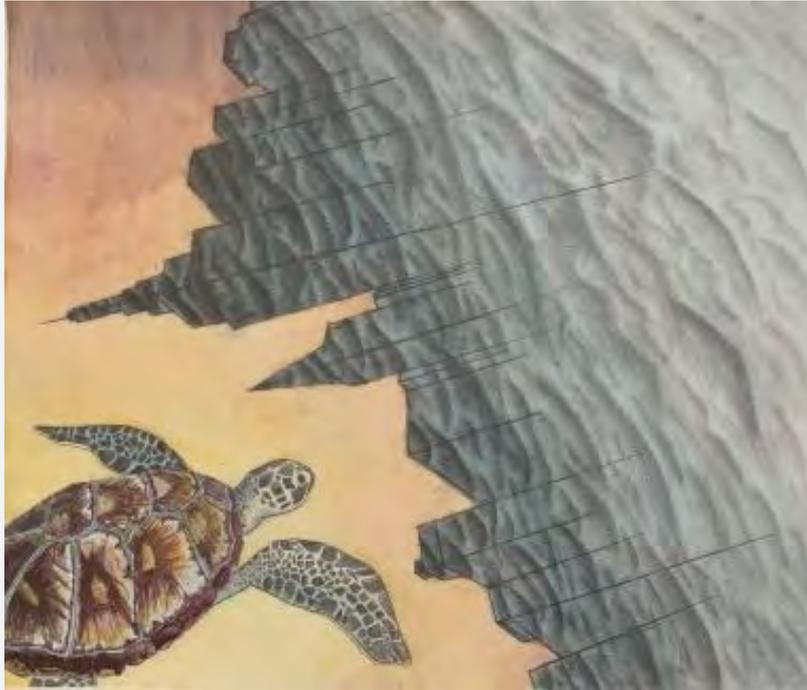


Keya Thota  
Irvington High School  
*Through the Glass*



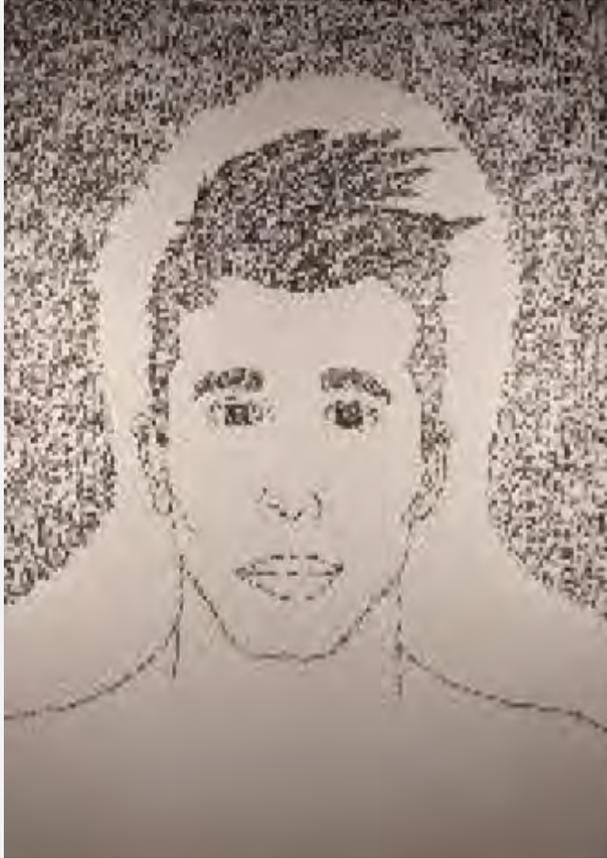
Ruby Huynh  
Irvington High School  
*Sharing the First Few Moments of Tomorrow*

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Rudra Hariharan  
Irvington High School  
*The Bond Broken*

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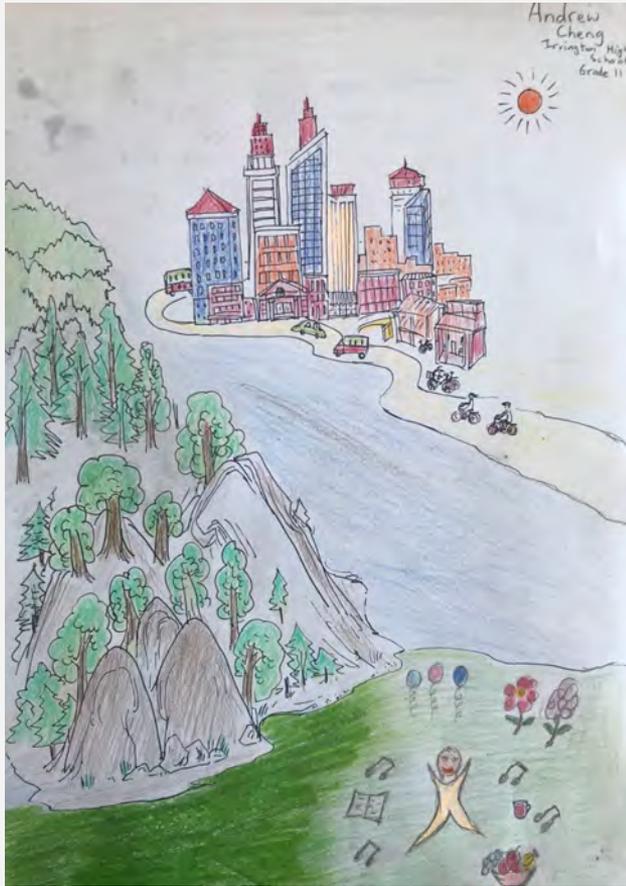


Siddharth Ramshankar  
Irvington High School  
*Hope*

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Muvafika Khanam  
Kennedy High School  
*Deal or No Deal*



Andrew Cheng  
Irvington High School  
*Healthy Mindset for Covid-19*



Helen Ngo  
Irvington High School  
*I Am Here*



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Daksh Kohar  
American High School  
*This Too Shall Pass*

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Kirat Randhawa  
Irvington High School  
*Hope and Feelings In Nature*

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Aditi Agarwal  
Irvington High School  
*Nirvana*

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Ria Jain  
Irvington High School  
*Hands Of Hope*



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Shraesht Chitkara  
Mission San Jose Elementary  
*In Times of Crisis*

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Zaory Valdez  
Irvington High School  
*You are Not Alone*

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