

**Benjamin Eder, 3E**

### **What it is like to be young today**

As a teenager who lives today my life is much more comfortable than it would have been 1000 years ago. Trains go everywhere, busses go even more places and cars, well, even more than that. Today we have computers, phones and the internet so it isn't necessary to yodel to your neighbor that your pet is sick. The internet is one of the most important inventions for today's world and fixes many problems. Even at school you can search for answers, like "Is the dragonfly a dragon or a fly?"

Speaking about electronic things I also have to mention that dishwashers, hoovers, electric ovens and other similar things are helpful and make life easier.

Regarding food, today you just have to go to a store and buy a banana but some time ago you needed to go to Asia, try to survive the trip, find a banana tree and survive the banana spider to have the healthy, yellow snack. But if you want to eat your banana in your own country you needed a block of ice to keep it edible. Today we have an invention called a fridge, which keeps everything good for a long time.

So I am very happy to live today.

**Alec Dion Gutierrez, 3C**

### **The day the music died**

At the end of the dusty road between ruins and rubble sat an old man in the shade of a big tree. Long ago this used to be a courtyard filled with kids running around, that would laugh, and play beautiful music. For many hours the old man would sit and listen. The tunes, sometimes loud or soft would fill the air and a big audience would gather. The teachers and students would come from near and far to play the many instruments. Long ago, before airplanes appeared on the horizon and tanks started rolling in, destroying everything in their path. Long ago, before everyone that could, left the small town. Now the air was filled with pain and grief. No children were seen again. The instruments were buried under the debris of destroyed buildings. The old man would still sit under the old tree every day. He would close his eyes and in his ears he could still hear the children laughing, he could hear the melodies they used to play and the crowd cheering. It was his favorite place and he knew, someday, the children would return, and with them the magic of music.