Final sprint writing HW wk 2

Interview

1. To me, being a good student means participating in class discussions, helping others, and understanding my mistakes. This is because by understanding my mistakes, I can help others not make the same mistake again, while also improving myself. I participate in class discussion because it shows that I am interested, and information isn’t going in one ear and out the other. I help others because it is good to help not yourself, but also others, so that others lives are easier for them.
2. When I see someone being treated unfairly, I try my best to help them, by being their friend or calling the teacher. For example, I once saw someone getting bullied, and I went to tell the bullies to stop. They didn’t listen, so I got the teacher, and she helped get rid of the bullies. The boy thanked me and the teacher, and I asked them if they wanted to play tip. They said yes, and we ran around with my others friends, laughing.
3. If I could meet any historical figure, it would be Srinivasa Ramanujan. He is often considered one of the greatest mathematicians, though interestingly, he had minimum formal training in pure mathematics. He was Indian, like me, and I often look up to him. I have heard of his movie; however, I have not had time to watch it, which I am sad about. Despite being Indian during a time of racism’s, he is sometimes known as the man who knew infinity, as he was the first person to discover infinity. If I got the chance to ask him a question, it would be how he managed to discover infinity while dealing with so much racism at the same time.

On the last day of summer, Lucas found a glass jar buried in the sand, and inside was a message written in a language he couldn’t understand. Confused, he put the message back in the jar, picked up the glass jar, and marched off, back to his home, where he wanted to look at it closer, and show his parents maybe. He had been at the beach, so maybe it was a message in a bottle, but was written by someone in another country. Still, it was pretty cool either way. He excitedly showed his parents, and they thought the exact same thing; message in a bottle. Lucas’ parents said he could keep it, but on one condition; he cleaned it and his room.

Lucas, thinking that cleaning the jar and his room was going to be easy, said, “Sure thing, Mom.” Excited, he ran off, cleaned the jar, and went into his room, where he stepped on Lego, tripped on action figures, and slipped on books.

“This is going to be a long day.” Lucas said, staring at the mess if a bedroom he had.

Then he said, “Why did I say yes?”

Every midnight, the stars seemed to flicker off for exactly one minute, but only Liam seemed to notice. When he told his parents, they called him crazy, when he told his friends, they laughed at him, and when he explained to cousins, they stared at him, confused. He just couldn’t understand it. It was like something only he could see, something only he noticed. But there was something sinister about it. Every night, when the stars disappeared, a rumbling noise could be heard, but like the stars, only Liam could hear it. It was like something was rising up from the ground. All his life Liam had stayed up to watch the stars, and he always noticed it. His village, content with ignorance, slept easy, but Liam couldn’t ignore the truth. His dad said he was chasing his imagination, but Liam wasn’t so sure.

One night, Liam snuck out, ten minutes before midnight. Bringing his soft toy, Mister Fuzzydum, he went outside, and was greeted by eerie silence and dim light. He waited, and when the stars flickered, he heard the rumbling. But this time, he heard something else too. A growl. Liam looked back, and saw something. Black eyes. red teeth. And an urge to kill. Liam bolted into the still darkness, silence echoing loudly through his ears. He turned and hit a stone wall. Liam stumbled closer to the wall, but the creature didn’t follow him. Liam leaned back, meaning to rest on the wall, but he stumbled through a doorway, and then the door shut.