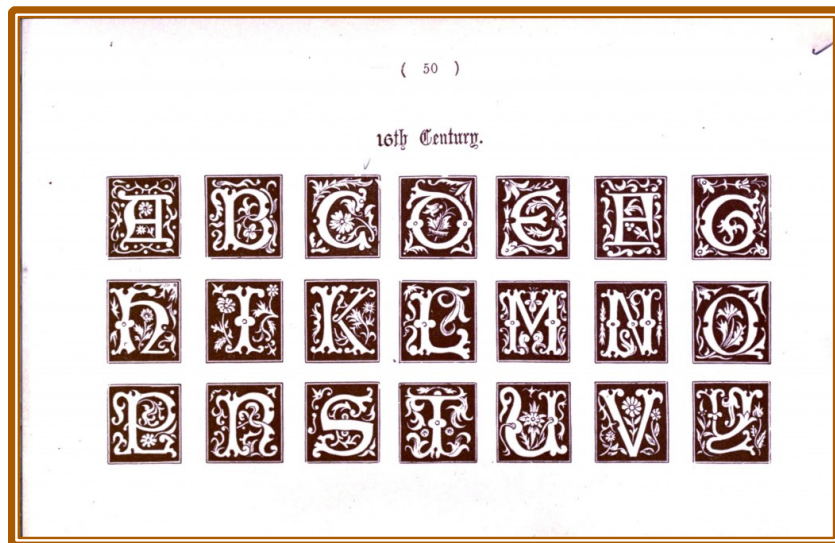




Proudly Presents:
How Things Began



March 22, 2014

Do you ever wonder how a certain thing got its start? Like the number 6? Where did he— or *she*—come from? And what about all those squiggly punctuation marks? The relaxing period, clever comma, ecstatic exclamation point, sleepy question mark—where did *they* sprout from? (Inspired by Karen Benke’s book *Rip the Page! Adventures in Creative Writing* (2010))

Well, these are questions our talented writers have answered. With the help of wonderful volunteers, our writers have created some of the most inspired stories about where these symbols came from. We combined different shapes—jagged, rectangular, curved—with movements—plummeting, bending, staggering—to create images and stories about the symbols we use every day as writers. Enjoy!

MDPL would like to thank our fabulous volunteers: Tina B., Cara H., Lesa S. & Laura L. **And thanks to** Kathryn C. & Dave L. for their publishing skills!



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X

By Kolin T.

"I found it! I found it!" Lied X, "I found X on a map. It showed X on a spot not far from here." So X walked over to where x was and dug up the spot. A few hours later, X found a paper covered in dirt. X looked on the paper and it showed an equation: $y=3x$. But X didn't know what the "y" in the equation meant.

So X asked his neighbor Y, and yelled, "Yo, Y! What does this mean?" And he shoved the paper into Y's face. "Well," Y said, "it is an equation."

"Is it treasure?" X asked.

"Well no and yes. It's quite excellent you found it!"

"Don't waste my time." Now X felt bad and noticed himself and Y. Y was taller than X but, X was wider than Y. X then stormed off taking the paper.

"There are so many Xs in the paper and I wonder y?" X said to himself. He went home and found out that he did really belong at home. Suddenly, there was a letter on X's desk. It was from A. The letter said that there is a race to see who is the better letter. The only way you could enter the race is if you have an equation. X hopped around. He was waiting for this moment and dashed to the race. At the race the guard named K growled at X. X showed him the paper and was allowed in. He was too late. The race started already so with a heavy start X ran as fast as he could. He noticed that he was way too slow and waddled like a penguin.

Soon after the race X huffed and puffed, but sadly was almost dead last with his neighbors Y and Z. All the letters stood proudly at the place they were in. All except X proudly stood. They continued to stand there forever.

Q

By Ri W.

The mountains surge into the sky, puncturing the horizon. Between two of the peaks, the plummet is softened by a wide curve. It is a circle, propped up by the two mountainsides, with a long plank cutting through the loop, close to the bottom. Every day the sun sets, and the shadow of the shape is cast on the hamlet in the valley. The people do not know where it came from, what strange material it is carved of. They call it *kew*, for the soft whistling of the wind blowing through the valley.

Over time, when words are ushered in by traders, and letters are shapes carved into pages, with dark ink, the people call their town Q. Foreigners wonder why they carved their town name into a mountain, what spirit possessed them to spend such money on what could have been a simple sign. Those asked always smile, shrug, and cast their eyes toward the mountain. The sun sets, like it does every day, and a shadow falls upon the town.

The Exclamation Point

By Sadie M.

The exclamation point is always showing excitement. Changing a boring sentence into an exciting statement!

The History of the Letter A

By Sadie M.

The letter A was the first greatest invention, after the invention of earth. It may be surprising, but the human body was created centuries after the letter A. Although humans found A, they were not the first ones. A was first found by creatures that are un-named and long forgotten. A was found in the Amazon rainforest.

The letter A is never forgotten. It will live longer than the earth. The beautiful A.

7

By Sadie M.

Seven is always working. Making rainbows,
doing addition and multiplication. Seven never

gives up.

She swoops

through the

air and

plummets

down on Earth.

Seven,

A platinum

number,

A jagged

number,

Always doing its job.

Bouncing Question Mark

By Naomi J.

Before the question mark was a thing we use for questions, it was a bouncing, springing question mark. Its best friend was the ampersand. The reading hunched backed ampersand. They played together every day, bouncing springing reading. They liked to eat oranges, orange citrusy oranges. And now they have a meaning, a big, big meaning.



The Seven

By Julia T.

The jutting pointy seven. A pearl. A dainty figure when the line isn't crossed. One extra mark can change the whole demeanor. A hard, soft figure. Always unique. It will never be 8, it was never 6. Perfect in the middle.

The Ellipses...

By Julia T.

Three twinkling stars in the sky. A gateway to something more. Once snatched, never returned. Now it's forever concealed, in the pencil, waiting to be something more. Waiting to once again be a gateway to another world. Ellipses stars are now ours to use and treasure.



The Z

By Julia T.

I crouch at the starting line, coiled and ready to fly. Like a signal for my legs to spring, the shot rings out clear. I zip around the curves and zag through the others. All eyes on me. I'm flying, my feet barely on the ground. This is the power of Z.

Pi

By Julia T.

An infinite number of that I know only 21.
3.14159265358979323846. Roped in a circle.
The diameter times pi equals the way all around.
A number that brings me real, delicious pie!

The Exclamation Point

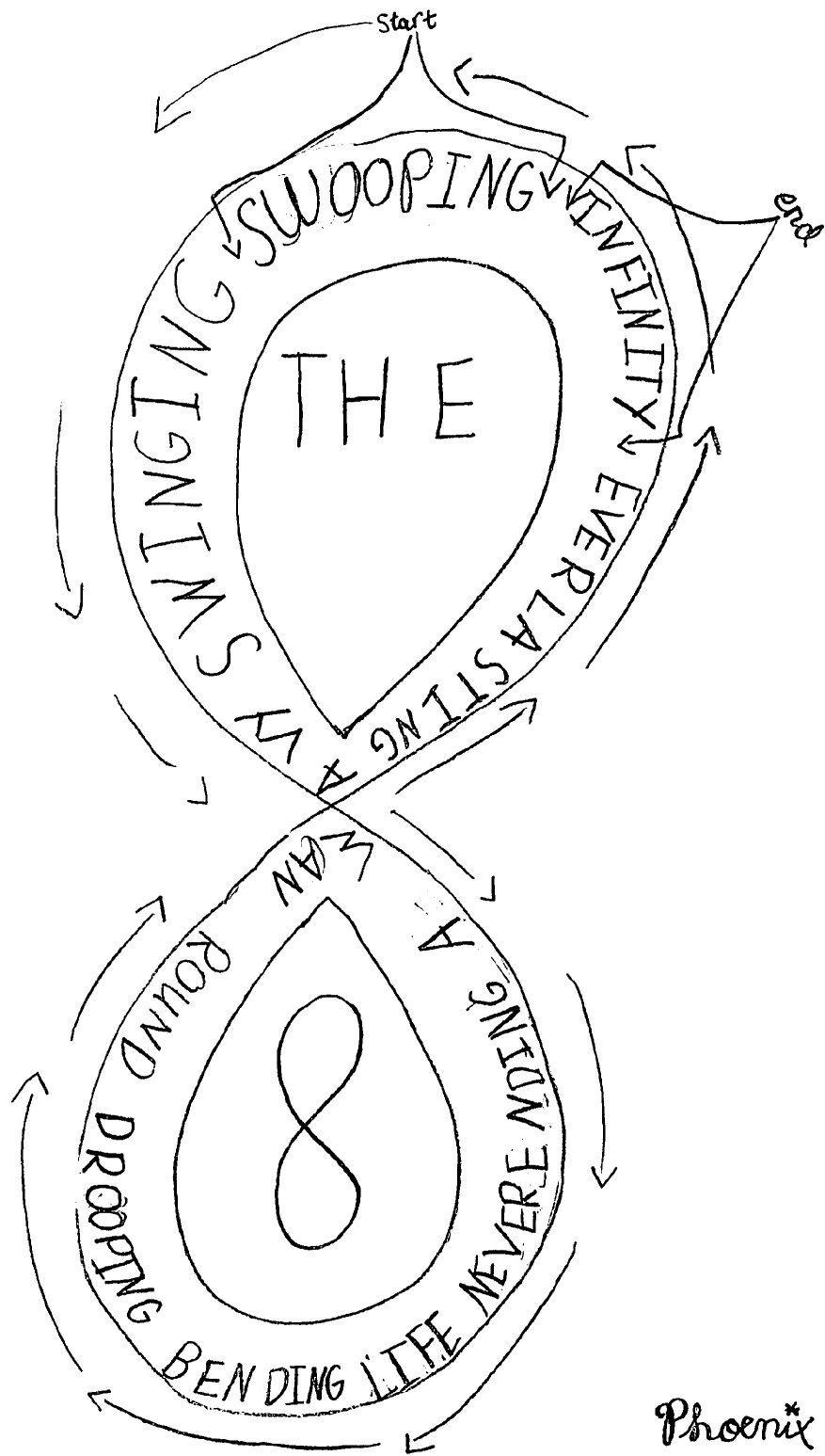
By Julia T.

A plain dull statement... suddenly a point full of life rains down upon it. The sentence is now lively, excited and fun! The exclamation point is built for being the one to make things fun.

The Number Zilch

By Ely T.

The number 0: the beginning and the end of everything. It's stubborn face makes you want to itch for a change, yet you can't change time. The wavy way makes things smooth and quiet. Its mint clear spark make everyone know it's special, but so special no one can be near or close to even laying one prickly finger on it. Its wiskey-chubby-peach like area says it's fruitful and tasty with wonder and amazement. Although it's hard like a rock and painfully un-movable. This is the end and the beginning of zilch.



Clary

PERFECT* PLEAD*
SNOOTING*
PINK PEACH* PEARL

RED

PRIDE* OPEN*
LUCK

You are my little girl
I will love you forever

You are my treasure
I live with you

Spirit in the Sky

Soaring of the Sea

Sun under the Sun

You
one a
page
turner

A
Suspense
about to
happen

Another way to stop a sentence





Would you like to give it a try?
Choose your favorite letter, number, or punctuation
mark.

Write it on a page.

Stare at it, imagine what it looks like, what or who it
used to be, where it likes to hide, fly, build sandcastles.
Include what it never was, or isn't, or never will be.
Create poems, short stories, sarcastic encyclopedia
entries, interviews, etc.

Be creative and have fun!



Check out our 2014 calendar!

SUMMER WRITING CAMPS!

Adventure Tales & Survival Stories, 9am-5pm

At Back Space and all over Denver

June 16-20 (ages 8-11) & July 14-18 (ages 12-15)

WORKSHOPS!

All workshops are from 10am-1pm at Back Space, unless otherwise noted.

August 9: Golden Details

September 13: Two Thumbs Up

October 11: Scary Stories Celebration
*3pm-6:30pm at the Denver Museum of
Miniatures, Dolls & Toys*

November 8: Finding the Poetry in an Atom

December 13: Writing as a Gift



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AND COMMUNITY
COME TOGETHER
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