YOU RUN SO FAST THAT THE WORLD MOVES SLOWLY

a collection of writing by third, fourth, and fifth graders

FROM 826 VALENCIA’S AFTER-SCHOOL PROGRAM AT BUENA VISTA HORACE MANN

FALL 2020
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YOU RUN SO FAST
THAT THE WORLD MOVES SLOWLY
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THEY GREW UP TO THE SKY
ODE TO FLASH

Salvador Garcia Zavala, age 9

You are red and yellow.
Thank you for saving the world from villains.
You run so fast that the world moves slowly.

You are red and yellow.
I was happy when you met your sister for the first time.
You run so fast that you can go through anything.

You are red and yellow.
You can pass through tanks and planes.
It’s crazy that you survived when lightning hit you.

One day you were doing something in your lab.
You looked at the roof, and then you got hit by shiny lightning.
Thank you for saving the world from villains.
It feels cold,
and it looks windy.
It tastes weird,
and it sounds like ice.
It has glitter everywhere.
It is important to me because
it has snow in the word,
and I love snow,
even though,
I have only seen snow once.
And because it has globe in the word,
and our planet is a globe.
And because I live in the globe,
so I love it.
Also,
I just love snow globes.
There is a plane soaring through the sky.
It’s as white as the snow in the snow globe,
almost as white as white can be,
just like a polar bear walking through the snow.
One night, on October 31, 1996, in Alcatraz, where no one dared step foot inside, there were guards guarding the old prison. People said that there were still spirits roaming the prison.

The next day, everyone was reading the news. Suddenly, they heard a girl's scream coming from the prison. For the next few days at the same hour (7:00 p.m.), they kept hearing the same scream. No one was safe there.

The next day, there was a brave guy called Arel. He called the police and said that they had to investigate what was going on in the old, rusty prison.

The next day at 7:00 p.m., the time when everyone got a fright, Arel and the police investigated the area. Once they stepped inside, the door closed on them. They tried calling backup but there was no signal.

Suddenly, one of the prison doors moved on its own.

One, two, three, four, and five years passed, and the police and Arel didn't come out. It was like nobody cared.

Years passed, and people from all around the world turned on the news. It was already 2019. The news reported that Alcatraz was in flames. The firefighters immediately took down the fire on Alcatraz and put the fire out.

Two days later, they heard the noise—the same noise they heard in 1996 at 7:00 p.m. Another guy called Jason remembered that noise. He tried calling the police to investigate, but they didn't answer.

The next day, the police called back and Jason answered. They went to investigate. He found skeletons with bugs on them.

To be continued...
AN ODE TO BTS

Keiry Perez Donis, age 9

BTS, you are the best.
Thank you, BTS
because when I am bored,
I watch you, BTS.

BTS, you are the best.
BTS, you make me happy when I am sad
because you make me laugh a lot.

BTS, you are the best.
My life would be empty and lonely,
I would have no soul without you, BTS.
SUPER PUG’S PLAN

Julian Lagunas Atwood, age 10

One day, a pug got superpowers for some reason. You’d think that he would use those powers for good, but Super Pug was a pug, so he used those powers for dog food and bones.

One day, he got the idea to have everyone worship him. He devised a plan. First, he would take over the banks by having Thanos snap all the people working in the banks so he could replace them with his pug friends. Then they would decide who got the most money. He would then collect all the deposits and not give them back.

Now the world was in chaos, which overthrew the government. Super Pug then gave the money to people, making him the new leader, for he had all the money. He now had an empire of Puggy Banks. He mind-controlled all influencers to tell the people to give him offerings to get more money. Since he was Super Pug, he could live forever. So twenty million years later, it became a religion.

Boom!

The world was his. Now to execute his plan . . .

Of course, he was a pug so he could not do all that stuff. He didn’t even have arms! Well, one can dream.
It all started when T-Rex was hungry. T-Rex said, “Me hungry!” Then I said, “I’ll ask my mom if she could take us to Costco and get us some ice cream, Coke, and a slice of pizza.”

When we got there, we ordered pizza, Coke, and ice cream. Then we ate.
AN ODE TO PUPPIES

Yajahira Bonilla, age 10

I love puppies!
Puppies look like babies
because it is like they are babies—
puppies are cute!

I love puppies!
Thank you for being fun to play with—
I never get bored!
You help me wake up in the morning because you lick my face!

I love puppies!
I like how you like to be pet and your fluffy hair.
Without them, no dogs would be chasing me at Dolores Park.
I would miss that!

I love puppies!
When you take a shower, you smell like roses,
or shampoo and conditioner.
If you don’t take a shower, you smell like outside mud.

I love puppies!
You are cute and sometimes aggressive . . . which I love!
My dream is a yorkie-puppy-girl!
I want a puppy!

On Christmas, December 24, I will be getting a puppy!
I am feeling so excited that I could eat a whole bag of Hot Cheetos
at once!
(Which I will do one day, when I am an adult!)
I can’t wait to meet you, puppy!
They built a casino in Reno because everyone was bored. The dragons outside the casino could fly as high as the moon. They sold pizza at the casino, and it gave us superpowers. One day I went to the casino and found a vending machine. I tried it and got the stuffed animals.

Now I can play with them when I’m almost asleep. I like to play with my stuffed animals. I love to take my toys everywhere! Mickey is happy and funny. Mickey is happy like the sun. Mickey laughs like the water when it moves around!
THE PARK TO PLAY IN

Alaysa Yoc Bamaca, age 10

I like to go to the park.
The kids go to the park.
The man went to the park and put water on the flowers.
The flowers grew big, they grew up to the sky.
The park has a tree.
The park has swings!
My mom goes with me to the park.
SLEEP WELL,
TACO
AN ODE TO TACOS

Jonathan Rivera Navarro, age 9

Oh, shiny, blue taco eyes,
I lick the eyeballs like a lollipop.
Blue taco eyes, like blue Airheads,
you taste like my dream.
My special ingredients,
Valentina and special salt,
I’ll dress you as my bodyguard or agent.

I’ll take you anywhere.
I love to go to the beach with you.
Taco, I’ll see you get wet.
You go in the water, then clean up with a towel.
I’ll bring you to get ice cream,
even though you can't eat.

So it gets to be night, or should I say late.
A robber got hungry, so he ate the taco.
And now I’m lonely, but blue.
Hope you sleep well, taco.
Great time, for nothing.

R.I.P. Taco: Thursday, October 1, 2020 to
Thursday, October 1, 2020.
Dear Ozuna,

I like your music. I like your song, “Caramelo.” You make me feel happy. I like that you sing in Spanish.

I like the song “Enemigos Ocultos.” I am your biggest fan! When I hear your music, I am ready to dance and I feel happy. Bye!

Love,
Diana
Once there were superheroes and supervillains, and they were always different. Some supervillains could transform into different people. Some supervillains had magical, cray-cray brains.

Then one day, all the superheroes got together and all the supervillains got together. Superheroes and supervillains wanted to have a war. Superheroes always won. The supervillains wanted the war because they wanted to end this.

So they had the war. The superheroes won, but the Joker escaped with Harley Quinn. They were never seen again, but the superheroes did not stop looking. Every week, the Joker and Harley broke out a lot of villains. They would rob the bank and steal jewelry.

And then the superheroes found the criminals and put them in Iron Heights.
OH, BLACK UNICORN MASK

Nyella Urizar-Manriquez, age 10

Oh, black unicorn mask,
I love you, because you keep me safe from germs.

Oh, black unicorn mask,
I love that your unicorn is sparkly,
like when the sun hits the ocean!
I love sparkles!
You protect me from germs, like my dogs protect us from raccoons!

Oh, black unicorn mask,
I appreciate you because you can take me anywhere, like a car.
Without the mask, I would be giving other people germs,
like I give my friends candy.

Oh, black unicorn mask,
sometimes you smell like candy,
because we go to the candy shop at the pier sometimes!

Oh, black unicorn mask,
I will go to the moon and back for you!
Dear Angel,

Thanks for being a friend.
Thanks for playing with me.
Thanks for playing Roblox with me!
You are funny.
You are good at Roblox.

From,
Enzo
Once upon a time, there was a store called Party City. There was a rumor that Party City had cockroaches and rats, and only one customer named Ruby went there. She had lollipop pants, a gummy bear shirt, and Skittles in her hair. She had candy perfume and she lived in a candy mansion. She loved Party City so much that every single day she went to Party City to get her lunch, breakfast, and dinner.

Ruby’s house was mostly all made out of candy. Her pool had candy floaties, and on the outside of her house she had a bunch of balloons.

No, like, I am telling you, a bunch of balloons! They were the colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and even purple! And then she had gold, silver, and bronze balloons.

One day, Ruby went to Party City to get her Halloween supplies and her candy. She took her candy car, still dressed the same. But when she walked into Party City, everything was gone! Ruby was shocked. She could not believe it.

She asked the manager named Rio, “What happened? Was there a robbery or something?”

He said, “No, Ruby, you bought the whole store. I am sorry to say it!”

“OMG I am so sorry, Rio. I did not notice.”

“Well, okay,” Rio said, “I am retiring from Party City. I am going to go to the Bahamas and swim in the ocean, so I am selling Party City.”

“But who are you selling it to?” Ruby asked.

“I am going to sell it to you, Ruby, because you were the only customer here. I think you can fix this old place because I never did.”


The next day when Ruby woke up, she immediately got to work. She dusted the walls, cleaned the shelves, and swept the floor.
She put out some mouse traps because there were a lot of mice and rats coming to Party City to get some candy. After Ruby was all done, she had a break and had some Coca Cola and some lollipops.

Ruby had a lot of followers on Instagram, and she posted that she owned Party City and had cleaned it up. So then, in like one hour, one hundred people were lined up to come to Party City to get everything, just like Ruby had done. She lived happily ever after with Party City.
When I was in third grade, I met Augusto at lunch. First, we weren’t friends, but after ten days, we were best friends. Then we created a band of friends with eight people. We used to play tag, and now we play video games, like *Fortnite*. I felt happy with them.
I like you, lamp post, for your beautiful light. 
Your light is made of the nose of a dragon.

I like you, lamp post, for your cute bugs. 
They are so fast, they can fly across the world in one second, 
but they also ride on a plane!

I like you, lamp post, for your warm fire. 
It keeps me warm on cold winter days. 
My heart heats up until it bursts into fire. 
Your fire looks like a heart with more than one curve.
ALL BECAUSE
I MADE FRIENDS ON
MY FIRST DAY

Max Guadron, age 9

On my first day of BVHM, I didn’t have any friends. My cousin went to Cesar Chavez, so I was alone at BVHM.

I used to have black hair and styled it in different ways. Then I met Alex, my friend. We were playing together, and now we both have more friends who play together, including our friend, Leo.

We called ourselves “The Gang.” Leo loved Sonic the Hedgehog, and it’s all he talked about. One time we had a race between the three of us: Leo, Alex, and me. I was in first place, Leo was in second place, and my boy Alex was in last place. It was hard to play Roblox with Alex and Leo because we couldn’t call at the same time.

Then we met our other friend, Julian. As we progressed in grades, we were still able to stay friends. We recently celebrated Leo’s birthday at Chuck E. Cheese. He had a chocolate Sonic the Hedgehog cake, and we even found a broken machine that gave us free prize tickets. We got over 100,000 of them!

For my birthday, we all celebrated together, and this is all because I made friends on my first day of BVHM. Now I am able to do some soccer practice and tell my friends all about it. In quarantine we have been able to stay in touch, even though Alex left for a new school because his rent was too high at the place he used to live.

It feels really good to see how big our gang has grown.
ELECTROGIRL
AND THE DILEMMA

Hyonia Kottas, age 9

Disaster had struck. People were missing, but they didn’t let her help.

Nia was an eleven-year-old girl and she could control most elements. She didn’t have huge plans, but would still help the world.

Then one day she was showing off what she could do to her friends. She was playing with fire, swimming in the air, and floating, and then her mom told her that there was a big fire. She was nervous, but said, “Then I would like to help! Water comes when I say this: water!”

There was a rush of water coming toward them.

“No, you’re just a girl. The firefighters and helpers will put out the fire. I just wanted to tell you that you had to leave and go. Since you can summon air, bring your friends with you,” her mom said.

“Hmmf,” Nia said. She brought herself and her friends to a nearby lake that wasn’t affected by the fire.

“You know, it would’ve been cool if you could have used your water ability,” one of her friends said.

Then Nia saw people running, running from the fire! She used her air ability and saved them. Since she had already done that, she stopped the fire at once. It was done.

Then Nia’s mom and a few firefighters came rushing over. They said together, “You shouldn’t have used your powers to help!”

The people who were saved by Nia were furious. “So?! She’s a tween, but she saved all our lives!”

Her mom and a few others just stood there, thinking. “Hmmf . . . fine!” Nia’s mom said, “But be careful when you use your abilities!”

“Oh, alright!” Nia said. Ever since the fire, she has helped people and used her abilities to entertain people.
THE BAGEL FOUND HER PRINCE
One day there was a lonely bagel. She was busy on her phone so she almost fell, but the cream cheese saved her!

After they got married, they were parents. They had a bagel son, and the son wanted a cream-cheese girlfriend. They lived happily ever after.
Do you like sea creatures?
   Then this is the book for you!
This story is about two purple jellyfish and an angry whale. The jellyfish were in the whale’s territory by mistake. The whale was so angry, he turned red. He chased them across the ocean. The jellyfish were worried, but confident that they could escape.
At that moment, the jellyfish were swimming as fast as they could, until they found a hole. The hole was small, so the whale couldn’t fit. He got his mouth stuck, so the whale was worried. The jellyfish started to sting him.
Then the jellyfish escaped by squeezing out of the hole. They learned how to watch out for whales.
Hi, I am Wolfie. I like foxes! They are cool, but they eat bunnies. Bunnies do not like foxes. But deer! But deer, they are okay.

Okay, I am a wolf. I like to play in the snow.

The End.

Signed, Wolfie.
Oh no! The jewelry store was robbed. There goes the alarm. That was my great-great-grandpa. But he robbed it for a reason: he was going to propose to my great-great-grandma.

Oh no! The police came to our house. They took my great-great-grandpa. But he killed both cops and then . . .

*BAM!*

He went to Alcatraz. But what the cops didn’t know was that he had a magical potion that could make anyone fall asleep. He ran to the exit, threw the magic potion at the guards, and they all fell asleep. He got an emergency boat and was going to San Francisco. Where was San Francisco?

Oh no! The guards were coming after him!

Oh no! He saw the Angel Island monster, one of the worst monsters in the sea.

“Wow!” He did a backflip on the cop boat. My great-great-grandpa became friends with the Angel Island monster. He offered to take him to his house if the Angel Island monster took him to San Francisco. They were happy.

But my great-great-grandpa had the magic powder in his pocket. It fell out and fell on the Angel Island monster. They started to sink, and suddenly a mysterious boat saved him. It was the three worst criminals! They arrived on land, but sadly, my great-great-grandpa died.

But I mean, he deserved it. He was a criminal.
Oh, raccoons,
you look like skunks because you have white and black tails.

Oh, raccoons,
you can protect yourself like a lion.
Thank you for eating my garbage.

Oh, raccoons,
your mask protects your eyes and helps you see in the dark.
You can see in the dark like a cat.

Oh, raccoons,
you are walking in the street with white and black clothes.
You will be in somebody’s house, and that person will not know
you are there.

Oh, raccoons,
you will memorize his routine, and then you will enter his house.
You will scare him and then you are going to live in his house.
A COMPLETELY NORMAL DAY/NIGHT/BEAR

Zein Anderson, age 11

“I is a bear.”
“What?”
“I is a bear.”
“Oh, hi, my name is Cocue, and you are a bea—”
“I is a bear.”
I finally decided to get out of my knife bed™ so I could open my hair pin door™ and see what this so-called bear was.

“I is a bear.”
“Stop,” I yell into my hand-fan-sidewalk-megaphone™

The bear flew above me and ate my brush-bike™.
(Did I mention that it has wings and a single horn?)
“Stop,” I yell into my hand fan-sidewalk-megaphone™ (again),
but the bear slammed me into my Scotch Tape-garage™ and started poking me with its fork-horn™ as it screamed, “I is a bear!”
The bear blew up, and the only thing left of it was a tiny note. I bent down to read it and to this day I’m still confused about it. It said, “Hello, my name is Cocue from the future. I was turned into a bear and sent to the past. Please don’t blow me up.”
Dear Nacho,

You are so fluffy and soft that when I pet you, it makes me feel happy inside. Nacho, you are really light, which means I can pick you up (and I thank you for that). Nacho, your fur is gray like a cloudy day and black like the cover of my computer.

Nacho, you are so brave. You stand up to your brother, Chico, when you guys fight. I think the reason why you are so light is because you never hoard the cat food, when, on the other hand, your brother does.

Hahaha.

I think that you don’t start the fights when you and Chico fight. Nacho, if you were a person, you would be smart and funny, and you would be an employee at Petco.

(Get it?)

All my love,

Azeeza

P.S. Nacho, you are the best cat in the world! You deserve more exclamation marks, but they would look weird, so sorry. No, actually, I am going to put more exclamation marks!!!! You're welcome.
The daughter said, “La la la! Dad, let’s go to the park. Yay!”
“Okay, but do you want ice cream?”
“Dad? What’s that, Dad?”
“Help me!” Then her dad’s face got eaten in Dolores Park.
“Ahhhhhhh!”
Then a boy was in Dolores Park. The girl saw the boy in the park. There were five mutant snakes that wanted to eat the little boy. The girl saved the boy. Then the boy’s mom came and said, “Thank you for saving my boy.”
But little did she know that the snake bit her. She used technology on the snake venom. But then she realized that the snake was a toxic-waste snake.
One hundred years later, there were robots. Then one of the robots got eaten. Then one of the snakes turned to a robot snake.
Two hundred years later, the snakes moved to the girl’s house.
Unicorns are so cute.
Unicorns have wings and can fly.
Unicorns have to be with their moms.
Unicorns always eat with their moms and always stay with their moms.
People can climb on top of unicorns.
Dear Sebastian,

Thanks for being nice to me, being a good friend, and giving me good pets and a lot of games. Thank you for giving me pets, *Ninja Legends*, and *Saber Simulator*. You are one of the best friends in the universe.

You’re awesome and cool because you help me a lot in some games. If you were an animal, you would be a dog because you have one. He doesn’t bark a lot, right? I mean, he’s pretty loud to me.

*Con todo cariño,*

A friend
OTHER PIRATES’ MESSSES
A long time ago, in 1816, there was a pirate named John Swan. John was a respected man on the ship. He was Chief Engineer after all. He fixed up all the ships that they had punched holes in with cannonballs before stealing. “Finally back at land,” the captain said. The crew all cheered.

“This calls for a dance,” said John.

“Did I hear someone say party?” Someone jeered.

Finally back at home, after a long hard day of cleaning up the other pirates' messes, he thought to himself, “What can I do to move away from these brutish scalawags?” After thinking for a solid minute, he came to a conclusion. “Of course! Why didn’t I think of it sooner? If I provide my own source of income rather than helping these delinquents steal, I’ll become independent!”

Wow, what a great idea John.

So a week later (ship-making/repairing is hard work), John got to work. A house was what he was building. It was perfect. He’d sell it and be well off. It’d kickstart his new career as a non-pirate.

Oh, and would you look at that? He’s done already! It’s decorating time.

“A sign there. A couch there. Oh, and a cabinet here. And a stove would do nicely there . . .” Finally he got to a vase. This one was very important. It was given to him by his pirate mates, but nonetheless, it was nice. They had said it contained an evil spirit that didn’t like being disrupted.

Of course, he didn’t believe in spirits. It was silly.

Silly indeed . . .

Oh no!

He dropped it! No matter; he could just replace it, right?

Spooooky!
“Ah! Ah!” The ghost chased him around. “Go away, spirit!” The spirit went to sleep, not knowing the reaches of the human lifespan. “Hehe, he doesn’t know I’m still here.” And he took a nap.

*To be continued . . .*
AN ODE TO FLOPPY BACON

Marvin Castro Mendoza, age 11

Oh, floppy bacon,
you are so warm and steamy.

Oh, floppy bacon,
my mouth waters when I see you.
You make my tummy full.

Oh, floppy bacon,
if you were a person, you would eat yourself.
Without you, I wouldn’t be able to function properly.

Oh, floppy bacon,
you are chewy like candy,
and you taste greasy.

Oh, floppy bacon,
I appreciate you because I can toss you at my friends and eat you.
Dear Kennedy,

You’re the best person! Without you, I would be sad (and I hate when I am sad). I really don’t want you to leave me. You’re the best person. You’re kind, amazing, and wonderful. You help me to not give up! When people bully me online you defend me, even though you have Robux and I do not have Robux.

(And some people with Robux bully noobs, but noobs are amazing.)

Thank you for being with me every time. You’re like a mother to me (even though you’re eleven). You remind me of a tree because you are super tall! And you’re lucky because you sometimes eat my most favorite food (pizza). The pizza smells like macaroni and cheese (yum!) and feels like a toe.

Thank you for being my best friend. When I’m busy I can FaceTime you, and we play Roblox. But when you’re busy, I wait for you so we can play. Thanks for everything.

Sincerely,

Iliana Aguilar Castro
Dear Loud Neighbor,

Today was a hard day for me because it was too noisy, like my little brother. It sounded like screaming and playing games. Can you please stop the noise?! When you cut trees, it sounds like a dog screaming. Why are you cutting trees? I am trying to focus on my writing class. And the noise is making me feel uncomfortable.

Sincerely,

Your Quiet Neighbor

Alonso Perez Flores, age 10
THE ADDICTION OF BURRITOS

Helen Pacheco, age 10

Oh, King Burritos,
I like your soft rice inside a tortilla blanket.

Oh, King Burritos,
I like the soft beans inside with the soft rice.  
The beans are as soft as chocolate donuts.  
You take the hunger away and give me flavor in my mouth.

Oh, King Burritos, 
Thank you, El Farolito,  
for making the best and goodest burritos in the whole world!  
If I didn’t have burritos in this life, I would just eat Takis and pizza.  
And I would feel bad and probably a little sick.

Oh, King Burritos,  
burritos taste like happiness,  
but also they give you sadness  
because they might not exist in the future, too bad.  
Maybe new people are going to taste them.

Oh, King Burrito,  
you are chewy like Chinese spaghetti!
THE SPY IN THE RED VENOM SUIT

Walter Linares, age 11

PART ONE

One day, it was a full moon and I was in the park. I saw a guy that was suspicious because he went into a trash can. No one saw him. But no one knew that I was a spy because I was in my house.

I had a secret room. I went into the secret room and got my suit. Then I went into the trash can. I saw a button used in the trash can. I opened the trash can and went in. The suspicious guy was Bad Venom because he had a black suit. I had a Red Venom suit because everybody knows that Red Venom is a good person and Black Venom is a bad person.

I had powers. The first power was that I could be invisible. The second power was that I could be a ghost and go through walls.

I saw the guy’s name was . . .

To be continued . . .

(Make sure to read Part Two. In Part Two, I will say the guy’s name . . .)
One day a boy named Tommy wanted a park where you could make wishes, you could play, and you could have parties. So the mom of the boy told the President to make the park into life. The President sent some people to go make the playground, and the boy told his mom that he wanted a carousel. And then the President added a movie theater to the park.

The President went on vacation. He went to the park and called it “Yerba Buena” because it is fun and it is good: Yerba Buena. He went to see if the construction managers did a good job. He had a lot of fun. He spent his whole vacation there, and after, he was too chubby because he ate all the food.

Back to Tommy.

The boy was having a great time. So the President and Tommy met and Tommy said, “Thank you!” to the President for making Yerba Buena. There was a water fountain where you could make wishes, and everyone in the city—big kids, small kids, and even grown-ups—could go there and have fun. And Tommy had a great time with his mom. Thankfully, Tommy, his mom, and all the families get to spend all their vacation there.
Dear Daddy and Mommy,

I just want you to know that I love you very much, and I want to thank you for taking care of me these eleven years of your lives. I love you with all my heart, and I thank you for giving me life. I wish you luck wherever you go.

With love,

Andres

Translated by Andres for his parents:

Papi y Mami,

Solo quiero decirles que les quiero mucho y darles las gracias por cuidarme estos once años de sus vidas.
Los amo con todo mi carazon. Les doy las gracias por darme la vida. Les deseo suerte a donde desean que estén.

Con cariño,

Andres
ABOUT 826 VALENCIA

WHO WE ARE AND WHAT WE DO

826 Valencia is a nonprofit organization dedicated to supporting under-resourced students ages six to eighteen with their creative and expository writing skills and to helping teachers inspire their students to write. Our services are structured around the understanding that great leaps in learning can happen with one-on-one attention and that strong writing skills are fundamental to future success.

826 Valencia comprises three writing centers—located in San Francisco’s Mission District, Tenderloin neighborhood, and Mission Bay—and three satellite classrooms at nearby schools. All of our centers are fronted by kid-friendly, weird, and whimsical stores, which serve as portals to learning and gateways for the community. All of our programs are offered free of charge. Since we first opened our doors in 2002, thousands of volunteers have dedicated their time to working with tens of thousands of students.
PROGRAMS

FIELD TRIPS
Classes from public schools around San Francisco visit our writing centers for a morning of high-energy learning about the craft of story-telling. Four days a week, our Field Trips produce bound, illustrated books and professional-quality podcasts, infusing creativity, collaboration, and the arts into students’ regular school day.

IN-SCHOOLS PROGRAMS
We bring teams of volunteers into high-need schools around the city to support teachers and provide one-on-one assistance to students as they tackle various writing projects, including newspapers, research papers, oral histories, and more. We have a special presence at Buena Vista Horace Mann K–8, Everett Middle School, and Mission High School, where we staff dedicated Writers’ Rooms throughout the school year.

AFTER-SCHOOL TUTORING
During the school year, 826 Valencia’s centers are packed five days a week with neighborhood students who come in after school and in the evenings for tutoring in all subject areas, with a special emphasis on creative writing and publishing. During the summer, these students participate in our Exploring Words Summer Camp, where we explore science and writing through projects, outings, and activities in a super fun, educational environment.

WORKSHOPS
826 Valencia offers workshops designed to foster creativity and strengthen writing skills in a wide variety of areas, from play-writing to personal essays to starting a zine. All workshops, from the playful to the practical, are project-based and are taught by experienced, accomplished professionals. Over the summer, our Young Authors’ Workshop provides an intensive writing experience for high-school-age students.
COLLEGE AND CAREER READINESS
We offer a roster of programs designed to help students get into college and be successful there. Every year, we grant several $20,000 scholarships to college-bound seniors, provide one-on-one support to two hundred students via the Great San Francisco Personal Statement Weekend, and partner with ScholarMatch to offer college access workshops to the middle- and high-school students in our tutoring programs. We also offer internships, peer tutoring stipends, and career workshops to our youth leaders.

PUBLISHING
Students in all of 826 Valencia’s programs have the ability to explore, experience, and celebrate themselves as writers in part because of our professional-quality publishing. In addition to the book you’re holding, 826 Valencia publishes newspapers, magazines, chapbooks, podcasts, and blogs—all written by students.

TEACHER OF THE MONTH
From the beginning, 826 Valencia’s goal has been to support teachers. We aim to both provide the classroom support that helps our hardworking teachers meet the needs of all our students and to celebrate their important work. Every month, we receive letters from students, parents, and educators nominating outstanding teachers for our Teacher of the Month award, which comes with a $1,500 honorarium. Know an SFUSD teacher you want to nominate? Guidelines can be found at 826valencia.org.
826 National’s success has spread across the country. Under the umbrella of 826 National, writing and tutoring centers have opened up in eight more cities. If you would like to learn more about other 826 programs, please visit the following websites.

826 National
826national.org

826michigan
826michigan.org

826 Boston
826boston.org

826 MSP
826msp.org

826CHI
826chi.org

826 New Orleans
826neworleans.org

826DC
826dc.org

826NYC
826nyc.org

826LA
826la.org

826 Valencia
826valencia.org
This chapbook is the product of a collaboration between 826 Valencia and Buena Vista Horace Mann, a bilingual K-8 school in San Francisco’s Mission District. Throughout the fall semester, tutors, interns, and staff worked virtually with groups of third, fourth, and fifth graders to explain San Francisco landmarks, appreciate people and objects around them, and invent fantastical new superheroes. These stories of wonder, adventure, and friendship, are straight from the imaginations of our young writers.

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826 Valencia is a nonprofit organization dedicated to supporting under-resourced students with their writing skills. Since 2014, we have partnered with Buena Vista Horace Mann K-8 School, a dual-language Spanish Immersion Community School in the Mission District.

Get involved at 826valencia.org