SHELTER
BEFORE NIGHTFALL

A COLLECTION OF WRITING BY AUTHORS AGES 9-11
FROM 826 VALENCIA'S MISSION CENTER ADVENTUROUS AUTHORS WORKSHOP
FALL 2020
MISSION CENTER
ADVENTUROUS AUTHORS WORKSHOP
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There once was a shooting star named Angelica. She was bright orange and left a trail of stardust everywhere she went. She liked to zap around, exploring different planets and galaxies.

One day she lost her shooting star powers and started to fall. She fell and fell and fell. When she woke up she found herself . . .

. . . in a volcano with lots of black lava rocks. Little did she know, there was a Mr. Volcanic living there.

Mr. Volcanic was a big, strong, red robotic dinosaur who wore a metal robot suit. He was swimming in the lava (without getting burned!) and taking care of his lava house.

On this very day, there was a tabby cat named Tom recruiting people to help him take over the world. Tom was a large grey cat with big green eyes that glared at anyone he didn’t like.

Suddenly, Tom noticed a bunch of lava dinosaurs.

“Hey! Do you want to join me in taking over the world?” he shouted into the abyss.

“Sure . . .” said Mr. Volcanic, “if you help me explode these volcanoes, I’ll join you.”

Tom agreed to the deal, and they shook on it.

Out of nowhere, Angelica appeared and tried to convince the team of two.

“Don’t destroy the world,” she said. “There’s so many planets and each one is special. I’ve traveled the galaxy and this is the only one with volcanoes!”

Mr. Volcanic still decided to power up his volcano and explode it. Tom still wanted them to take over the world first. They were stuck. Tom and Mr. Volcanic continued to argue.
“Stop! Don’t try to destroy the world,” exclaimed Angelica. Tom and Mr. Volcanic both shook their heads. “How about I help you destroy all the volcanoes? After that, we can take over the world,” said Tom. “This world is so special. You shouldn’t destroy it. But if you want, you can help me find my shooting star powers, and I will return the favor by helping you,” said Angelica. They agreed to delay taking over the world. After they found her shooting star powers, Angelica shot off. Even though Tom and Mr. Volcanic did not destroy the world this time, they made a plan. They didn’t know what was in store.

To be continued . . .

Chloe is ten years old and she lives in San Francisco, California. Her favorite game to play is Among Us. In Among Us, you try to find out who the impostor is. Chloe’s favorite food is spring rolls. She likes math the most in school because there are more ways to solve it. Chloe likes to watch movies. Her favorite movies are Dr. Strange and Venom. Her favorite holiday is Christmas. When she grows up, she wants to be an orthodontist.

Daniel is ten years old. He lives in California, and his favorite game is Plants vs. Zombies 2. He hopes to play Plants vs. Zombies Garden Warfare 2 because of the unlockables. His favorite foods are tacos and pineapple on his pizzas. He wants to be a scientist.
A TERRIBLE FATE

Anjali Ambati, age 10

PROLOGUE

You know about homework . . . right? I’m sure you have all forgotten your homework one time or another. It’s really not that big of a deal . . . well, except for getting your mom and dad mad at you, and your principal, and pretty much all the teachers . . . and . . . you get the point. Well, one day not unlike today, such a terrible fate happened because of forgetting my homework. Such. A. Terrible. Fate.

***

“Yes, what is it?”

I had forgotten my homework, again. Slowly I trudged from my messy but comfy room.

“Do you want me to drive you to school?”

“No, I can walk.”

I strolled over to Harrison Elementary School, taking my time and kicking a rock between my feet. Eventually I looked up, not paying much attention to which building I was entering. I started down a hall, taking turns over to the left then to the right. When I was certain I was there, I opened the door. I hit something, and the lights turned off. I was bumping around helplessly, until I saw something. Probably my teacher.

“Sorry, Mrs. Rubens, I left my homework.”

Once I saw what it really was, I stopped talking. I was frozen with fear. Sweat was pulsing down my arm, my eyes bulging. I stared in disbelief.

A scientist with a lab coat was approaching me; blood was spilling on his face, and his head had a knife top sticking out of it.
A green foul-smelling ooze was climbing down his nose. Was that poison?

“I probably took a wrong turn,” I said, running back to the door, lost.

He had a potion that turned everything it touched to ashes. Desks and chairs behind me disintegrated into nothing. He was coming faster now, lifting off the ground, his eyes red with evil. Creek-creek, I hit the doorknob, I swung open the door, running at full speed now. I didn’t have to look to know that the scientist was behind me. Did I go left? No, that was right. As much as I wanted to not believe it, I was lost. The scientist sped up, closer, closer, red eyes, evil eyes.

Anjali is from San Francisco. She was raised with Hindu cultures and beliefs, which influence her writing along with her family and friends. She visits India regularly, and what you will see her eating is street food from India and some warm tea. Anjali really enjoys reading, making crafts, writing poetry, cross-stitching, and swimming. She’s currently a fifth grader at Ohlone Elementary School, and in ten to fifteen years she hopes to become an engineer/teacher and impact her community.
A FIERY DEATH

Nora Fleming, age 11

I was walking through the woods when suddenly, nothing looked familiar. I looked around and just saw trees and the path I was following. I turned around and headed back along the path when suddenly, something moved to my left. I turned toward where I saw the movement and checked around. Nothing was there. I retreated from the forest and started down the path again. Then something crossed the path. It was quick, so I didn’t get a good look at it. It looked like it was a snake the size of me. I ran the opposite direction of my house and soon stumbled across a graveyard. I sat down and rested on a tombstone. Soon, I fell asleep.

Not too long after I fell asleep, I was awoken by something tapping on my shoulder. I jumped up and saw who had woken me. It looked like a skeleton, but I knew those didn’t exist. Was it Halloween already? The skeleton tilted its head and asked, “What were you doing lying on my tombstone?” I was incredibly confused.

“I was running from this gigantic snake thing,” I replied.
“You mean Flame, the dragon?” the skeleton asked.
“Maybe,” I said.
“I can’t let you live with this information.”
“What do you—” I was cut off by the sound of flapping wings. I looked up and saw a large red snake about four feet tall with wings.
“I’m sorry, but it’s what must be done.”
The next second I was turned into KFC (or incinerated).

Nora is an owl-loving human who enjoys making fictional stories and playing with her friends. She has a sister who likes chickens. She likes reading and birdwatching. Nora usually writes about dragons and other mythical creatures. Nora’s favorite color is gold.
My friends and I went to the dark forest. We could barely see the lights in the forest. It was dark. My friends and I were just walking, but we never noticed the white cloud behind us. We kept walking and a person passed, but we never recognized it. The white cloud who was behind us went after the person who passed us. We followed the white cloud, but we tried not to be seen. The cloud turned into a ghost, and the person was in front of the ghost. The ghost covered the person’s head, and it started bleeding. The ghost had hurt him, leaving the plants all full of blood.

One of my friends said, “I think he is heading this way.”

Suddenly the ghost turned into a cloud again. We were about to take a step when suddenly, my friend stepped on a stick. The ghost turned his head, and then he was heading the way we were hiding. I got really scared. I ran with fear. The last thing I saw was the ghost turning one of my friends’ heads, and the last thing I heard was a crack. The ghost chased us, but everyone was hurt in different ways. The ghost stopped, but we kept running. We never knew what he was up to. Something grabbed me by the leg, and then I came face-to-face with the ghost. He had every single skull, eyes, and soul of every person he had hurt. This time, he wanted to hurt me differently than the others. He poured something into my hand. I asked myself, “What did he do to my hands?”

Then he told me to hug one of my friends. I did what he said because I was scared he might hurt me. And when I hugged my friend, nothing happened, and I thought the ghost might have tricked me. But then she started bleeding from her mouth, and I got scared.
I screamed at the ghost, “What have you done to my hands?” But he never responded to me. And I never knew what had happened to my friend.

Alondra is from San Francisco. Her favorite food is tacos. Her parents are from Mexico. She has been to the Ferris wheel in Golden Gate Park, and she really loved it. She loves hanging out and playing with her friends. She really likes to play Roblox. Alondra wants to be a writing teacher when she grows up. She likes to eat ice cream and has three brothers. She has traveled to North Carolina and would love to go to Paris in the future. She loves playing with her little brother because he is really funny. She loves to swim.
Once upon a time, there were two friends, a ghost named Goozy and a drone named Spize. They claimed that they had never been afraid of anything in their lives. The two friends set out to prove their bravery by visiting the scariest haunted house in the universe. When they arrived at The House of Doom, they were surprised to see an ordinary mansion with only a big, plump pumpkin blocking the doorway. They thought that this challenge would be a piece of cake. As Spize moved the pumpkin to the side, a skeleton popped out of the pumpkin and quickly ran away. It was in such a hurry that it slammed into an old oak tree next to the house. Its head flew against the window and shattered the glass. Immediately, Goozy carefully climbed through the broken window. As Spize followed, he lost his balance because a bit of pumpkin got into his propellers, and he smashed into the glass. He broke a back propeller from the accident and smoke started gushing out of him. Now he needed to rely on the three propellers he had left.

Inside, the house was very dark with only a small orange lantern flickering on and off. There was a tch-tch sound echoing like the sound of claws scraping the walls. They followed the sound, which led them to a room filled with red, bubbly liquid. While Goozy was carefully examining the pool, a white hand reached to grab Goozy from inside the pool. It stood up and sunk its fangs into Goozy’s body. The vampire was confused because it wasn’t able to get any blood. Luckily, Goozy was a ghost and didn’t have blood! Spize immediately went for the foe. He smashed the vampire against the wall. The vampire sank back into the pool in defeat. That is when they realized that the pool was made of blood and sprinted out of the room in disgust.
They ended up in the next room which was filled with sticky, flaky threads that were criss-crossed. As they were crossing the room, they got tangled in the threads. A huge, neon green spider the size of a pig appeared and crept toward them. Goozy was terrified because he knew the spider was poisonous. As the spider was coming closer, Goozy tried to bite the webs to free himself and noticed they were actually made of cotton candy! He desperately ate the cotton candy without chewing. Just when the spider was a few inches away, Goozy freed himself and escaped to the next room. Spize noticed what Goozy did and did the same.

The third room was filled with jack o’lanterns of all sizes and shapes. As they were exploring the room and observing all the carvings, they bumped into a pumpkin, and it rolled onto a pressure plate hidden under the carpet. They saw a long green flash right before their eyes. The creature sneaked up behind them and wrapped itself tightly around Spize. Goozy bravely took some huge pumpkins and threw them at the viper’s head, being careful not to hit his friend. The snake hissed with pain as it slithered away.

The friends opened the last door and found themselves outside the building surrounded by a crowd clapping and cheering at their bravery. They were the first to successfully complete the haunted house challenge. Among the crowd was a skeleton, a vampire, a spider, and a snake that they saw at the house. Goozy and Spize were surprised when the foes removed their costumes and underneath were humans of all ages. Some were covered in bruises from the fight. Goozy and Spize felt thrilled and proud to be done with the mission. It inspired them to create their own haunted house because it was so much fun to do and they could make it even scarier.

Brandon is eleven years old. He lives with his parents and his little brother. He likes to play Roblox and spends his free time building Legos and free drawing. His favorite animals are orcas and giraffes. His favorite food is soup dumplings and he wants to meet YouTubers in games.
HOW DO STORMS HAPPEN?

Sebastian Rosillo, age 10

Storms began to happen because there was trash in the ocean. Then when the water evaporated, it made the clouds dirty and grey. These clouds, mad that they were dirty and grey, were angry at the people for making them grey. The grey clouds swirled with anger and poured rain down to wash away the trash. More grey clouds formed and joined the original cloud. Since there was a lot of trash, the rain lasted for weeks. The people had to stay inside for all that time, so they wouldn’t get taken by the rain. When the rain stopped, the clouds thought the people had learned their lesson and stopped polluting. But then three weeks later, someone threw their trash in the ocean and discovered that throwing trash in the ocean caused the storms. After that, they never threw trash in the ocean ever again.

Sebastian is ten years old and has two older brothers. One of his brothers is in seventh grade and another one is in ninth grade. He lives in a home that has two floors. He also lives near a park. He has a phone which he uses for having fun and if he needs help on homework.
One scary, rainy night, you wake up in a mysterious place. The doors are locked, but you manage to break out. You hear kid laughter, and you notice you’re in a school. You see bloody footprints and handprints. Then you follow the footprints and they lead to a hallway, and you see a kid. You yell, “Hello, I am not going to hurt you!” The kid runs away. You chase him. You go around the corner, and the kid is gone. And you see a clown. The clown has white makeup on, and around his eyes are green and blue makeup, and he is wearing a jester costume. Next to the clown, there is a small car. Then you see a bunch of clowns pop out. The other clowns look the same. Then you go toward it, and they start running at you. You run so fast. They are still chasing you. You budge through the door, and you slip on the wet grass. They knock you out, and you wake up in a mysterious place. The same hand marks, the same kid, the same clowns. You run out the doors, and you avoid slipping. But then the kid pops up above you and pops in front of you. You get scared and slip again. The next time, you don’t wake up in a mysterious bed. You wake up in your own bed, and you notice it was a dream. But it wasn’t a dream, you were just dreaming about it being a dream. You wake up in the scary place again. You do the same thing, but you don’t get frightened by the kid, and you run out and get in the car and go home.

Kaedo is nine years old. He likes to play Fortnite and lives in California. Kaedo likes to play on XBox and has one brother and one sister. Kaedo lives with his mom, brother, and sister. Kaedo’s dream is to become an astronaut. Kaedo was born in 2011 in Louisiana.
Once there was a woman and a man. A woman fell in the cement and she became a house.

There were three kids that found the house, and they went inside. And they made it out safely.

But then the owner came back.

The old man was trying to set the house on fire because the house was getting out of control. He found a heart in the chimney (the house’s weakness).

During this time, the kid was climbing on a crane, and his friend was distracting him. When they went on the crane and found the perfect spot, the other kid threw the dynamite down into the chimney and it blew up.

The old man survived the explosion because he was far away at the time. In the end, he gave back the toys the monster house ate.

Blake is a fourth grader at Starr King Elementary.
Scratch. Scratch. Scratch. A glowing hot stick of metal groaned against the metal bars of a prison. When Tricia put it down, there was a red marking on her arm where the knife had been. Whatever, she thought. *It will go away soon.* Tensing the muscles of her inner wrist and concentrating hard, a new, shiny knife of searing hot metal solidified in her hand. Luckily the scientists had given her *that.*

She adjusted her stance to continue cutting through the metal bar. This was the last one. She had been working on them for a long time, and she was finally going to be free soon.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps coming down the dark metal hallway. She quickly cracked her still-warm (and therefore weak) knife in half and scurried to the corner of her prison cell. A tall figure stood just outside the bars, watching her. After a moment it spoke with a deep voice.

“In a few hours, the scientists want to perform another operation on you,” the man grunted. “I suggest you prepare.”

Tricia said nothing.

The guard walked away, back down the passage. Tricia grinned in the darkness. She would be free within less than “a few hours.”

*CLANK!* The metal bar hit the ground. Tricia slipped her arm through the opening and grabbed the metal rods. With a squeeze, she slipped through the bars, out of her cell. *No time to lose,* she thought with a smile. She only had an hour left to escape, and chances were a guard had heard that metal bar fall onto the ground.

Tricia ran down the right side of the passageway—that was where she thought the exit was, judging by the number of guards that walked down there every day. Blond hair waving in the air, she raced ahead.
Eventually, she saw a light up ahead and slowed down in case it was a guard. But a closer look revealed it was a sort of window. Thin metal bars—thinner than the ones in her cell—ran through an opening that produced an orange glow. Through the opening, Tricia could see the operation room, the room where these cruel scientists had weaponized her.

She didn’t want to look there, it brought back too many disturbing images. She remembered her wrists getting sliced open, the scientists inserting strange devices. When she had gotten back to her cell, she had discovered that she could produce objects of metal from small slits in her hands, though she didn’t know where the metal came from.

Across the passageway from her was a huge metal door. She shook the handle. Locked. No problem for her. She quickly produced a small stick of metal and twisted it around inside the keyhole. Click. YES! she thought as she shoved the door open.

I AM FINALLY FREE! She ran into the green forest.

***

Augustus licked his shoulder. It was starting to hurt. Bruised, probably. He got up from the forest floor and scanned the horizon for any sign of a cave. Nothing. Just trees. Looks like I’ll have to dig, he thought grumpily. Digging was his least favorite thing to do, especially with an injured shoulder.

After a few hours of searching, he found a small clearing where the dirt was soft. Reluctantly, he raised his paw forward and tore some dirt off the ground.

“Aargh!” he growled. That sure hurt. But he needed shelter before nightfall. This sure was easier with my wolf pack, he thought. To add to his misery, he was about twice the size of a normal wolf, so he had to dig twice as much!

He raised his other paw, but before he could dig some more, he heard a rustle behind him. Not anywhere close, no. But it was there, all right. He turned around and saw about a hundred yards away from him a creature stumbling through the leaves. His jaw
dropped. *No, it can’t be,* he thought. Humans never ventured into this area. But there it was, walking cluelessly through the land that Augustus had planned to make his own.

He guessed that it was a female, judging by the descriptions his pack had provided him with. It had blond hair on its head that hung down to its lower back. This was Augustus’s first time seeing a human up close. Sure, he had seen cars speeding down a road across the cliff from his pack, but never an actual human.

He was scared, but also fascinated. His instincts told him to run, but he knew he would never get a chance like this again. He slowly crept behind the dark green ferns and brushes toward the human.

It appeared to not have noticed him. *Odd,* he thought. His pack had said humans were dumb, but he hadn’t realized they were *this* dumb. He studied the human. He wondered if it was edible. Best not to take the risk of getting poisoned.

“AAH!” the creature yelled and swiveled around to face him. He saw a shining piece of metal in its hand, raised high up in the air, whooshing down on Augustus.

***

The creature ran to the side. Tricia cursed. How was she ever going to get food without killing this creature, whatever it was? She wished she had lived a normal childhood so that she could have learned these basic things. Oh well.

She lunged at it but ended up tumbling to the ground, losing her knife. Before she knew it, she felt claws on her back. The creature had her pinned.

“Why do you venture here, human?” the creature said. She shoved herself around and looked at its face. The creature looked worried. “Uh, I mean, *rawr, growl, grrrr.*” It blinked.

“I’m just looking for a way to survive,” Tricia said. “I’ve got no clue how the outside world works.” It was true. Tricia had no idea how anything worked in real life. “But I do know that you were supposed to be my lunch!”

The creature paused. “You’re not surprised that I spoke to you?”
Tricia snorted. “Why should I be? Speaking isn’t such a tremendous feat.” She felt like she was missing something. Something she should know.

“I’m a wolf,” the creature said with a grin. “As far as you humans are concerned, we don’t talk.”

“Why wouldn’t a creature talk?” Tricia asked. She didn’t have time for this.

“You’re not from around here, are you?” the . . . wolf asked.

“Well . . . not exactly,” she replied.

“Tell me everything.”

***

Augustus sat in the cave, baffled. He had taken the human with him in search of shelter, even though it had tried to eat him. They had found a cave at last when the human’s story was finished.

“So not even humans can respect their own people!” he gasped.

“Just like my wolf pack!”

“What do you mean?” the human asked.

Augustus sighed. “I am really big for a wolf,” he said, looking out at the moon. “And you would think that would make me good at combat,” he continued. “But I was the worst at combat in my pack, like most other things.” He sighed. “They could’ve done a better job training me.”

“It would seem logical that a large animal would be better at fighting things,” the human replied. “What is your name, wolf?”

“Augustus, and yours?”

“Tricia.” She scowled.

***

As Augustus sat in the cave, he felt happy for the first time in a long while. He didn’t know why he had bonded with the human so easily, but he had a friend, and that was all he needed. Although, he noted, Tricia seemed to be a little angry still. Maybe it had been his story, he thought. While he was telling her the story of the abandonment from his pack, Tricia had gotten angrier and angrier.
Admittedly, he was happy that she agreed the abandonment was totally unjustified. But since her anger served no purpose other than to wind her up, he tried to downplay her.

He told her about the one wolf who had been nice to him in the pack, named Gideon. He said that Gideon had always stood up for him when the other wolves chased him around. As Augustus told Tricia this, a decidedly crafty look came over her face. She quickly smothered it, and Augustus did not notice it, but inside her brain her thoughts were racing like the wind.

Augustus had not told her where the pack was, for fear that she would hurt them. But she doubted that the other wolves had such reservations. If she could get Gideon to tell her where the pack lived without Augustus noticing, maybe she could give them a little revenge. So she asked Augustus if he would take her to meet the Gideon. He agreed, happy that she seemed less angry.

***

After a few minutes of searching the wilderness, Augustus led Tricia over to the clearing where Gideon lived. He liked Gideon, and wanted to know what Tricia thought of him. He cleared his throat when he reached the entrance of Gideon’s cave. The wolf promptly trotted around the corner to them. When he saw Augustus, he was surprised. But when he saw Tricia, he was doubly surprised.

“Augustus!” he exclaimed, “What are you doing here with a human?”

“Gideon, this is Tricia,” Augustus said, “I met her in the forest. She’s awesome.”

Tricia faked a smile.

“Nice to meet you, Gideon.”

“Please, please. Come on in,” he said, “We can’t have you standing out here in the cold.”

Gideon led the duo inside, and immediately started talking to Augustus. “The wolves regret it, you know,” he said solemnly, clearly avoiding Augustus’s gaze. “Banishing you.”

“Don’t humor me, Gideon,” Augustus replied.
Tricia was vaguely aware of the two creatures talking, but was taking the chance to look out the entrance of Gideon’s cave. She knew that she could see the route to the main wolf caves from paw prints in the grass. Augustus would be so thankful once these wolves were dead.

To be continued...

Sai Ray is a happy sixth grader born in San Francisco, California. In his free time, he reads sci-fi and fantasy books, practices trumpet and tabla drums, and plays Minecraft. Some interesting things about Sai are that he can solve a Rubik’s cube in twenty seconds and enjoys the original Marvel comics from the 1960s.

Marlena Zuercher is an avid reader and Minecrafter. She can read Hebrew but not speak it, and she loves fantasy books (in English). She is a middle child with an older brother and a younger dog sister. Some of Marlena’s hobbies include walking around her city, San Francisco, and petting her dog Hazel.
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 Valencia’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 826michigan
826national.org 826michigan.org

826 Boston 826 MSP
826boston.org 826msp.org

826CHI 826 New Orleans
826chi.org 826neworleans.org

826DC 826 NYC
826dc.org 826nyc.org

826LA 826 Valencia
826la.org 826valencia.org
Shooting stars, mad scientists, and spooky houses will captivate your imagination in this collection of stories by the writers of Adventurous Authors, a six-week, multi-genre workshop for students in grades 4–6. From collaborative narratives to creative myths to scary stories that will rattle your bones, these authors have adventured far and wide to bring you characters and settings far beyond the ordinary.

**AUTHORS**

Chloe Chow  
Anjali Ambati  
Nora Fleming  
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**826 Valencia** is a nonprofit organization dedicated to supporting under-resourced students with their writing skills. Since 2008, we have offered a variety of workshops at our **Mission Center**, where students are taught everything from running a mock trial to stop-motion animation.

Get involved at 826valencia.org