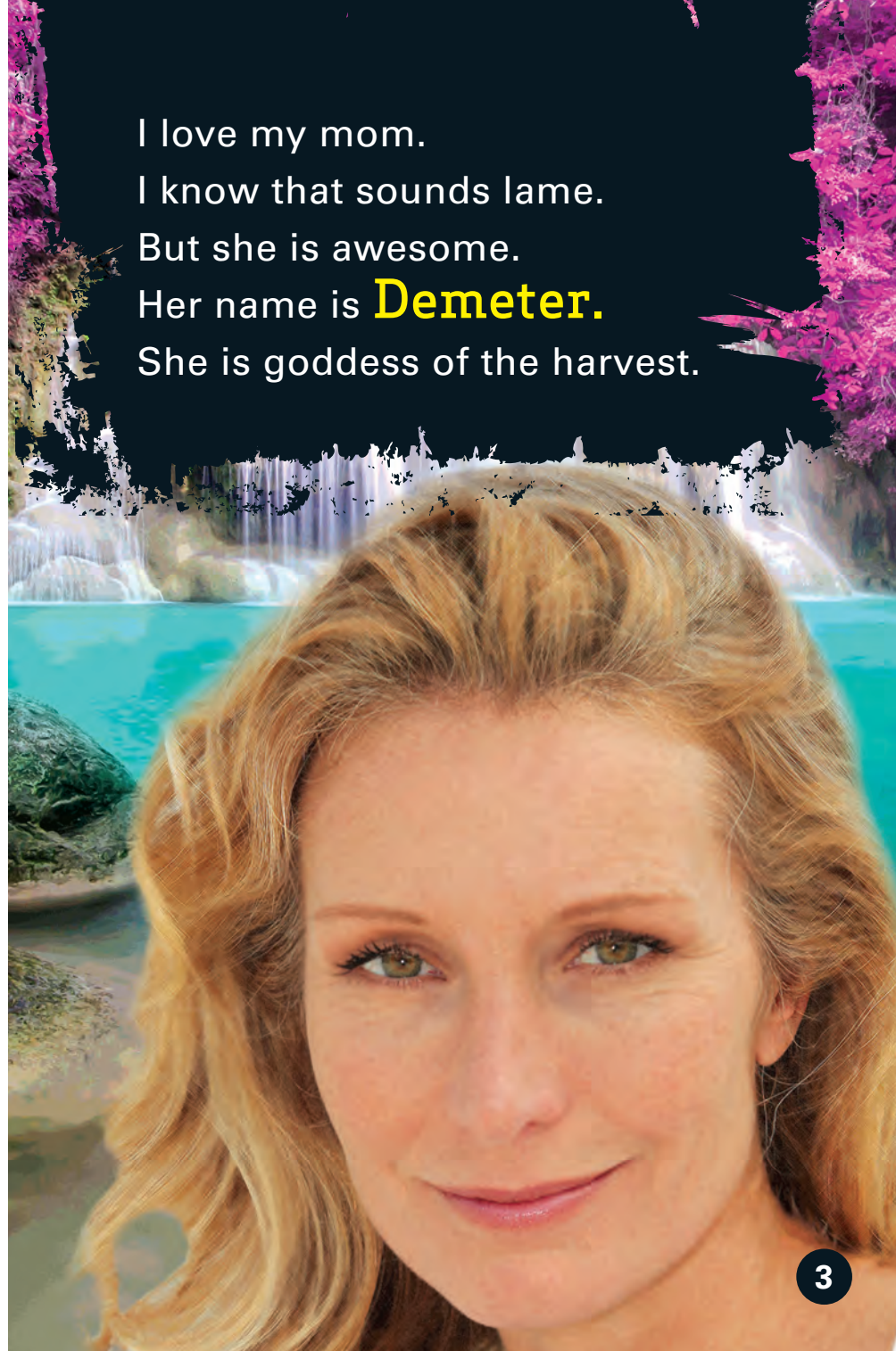


EXCEL [3] Mythology

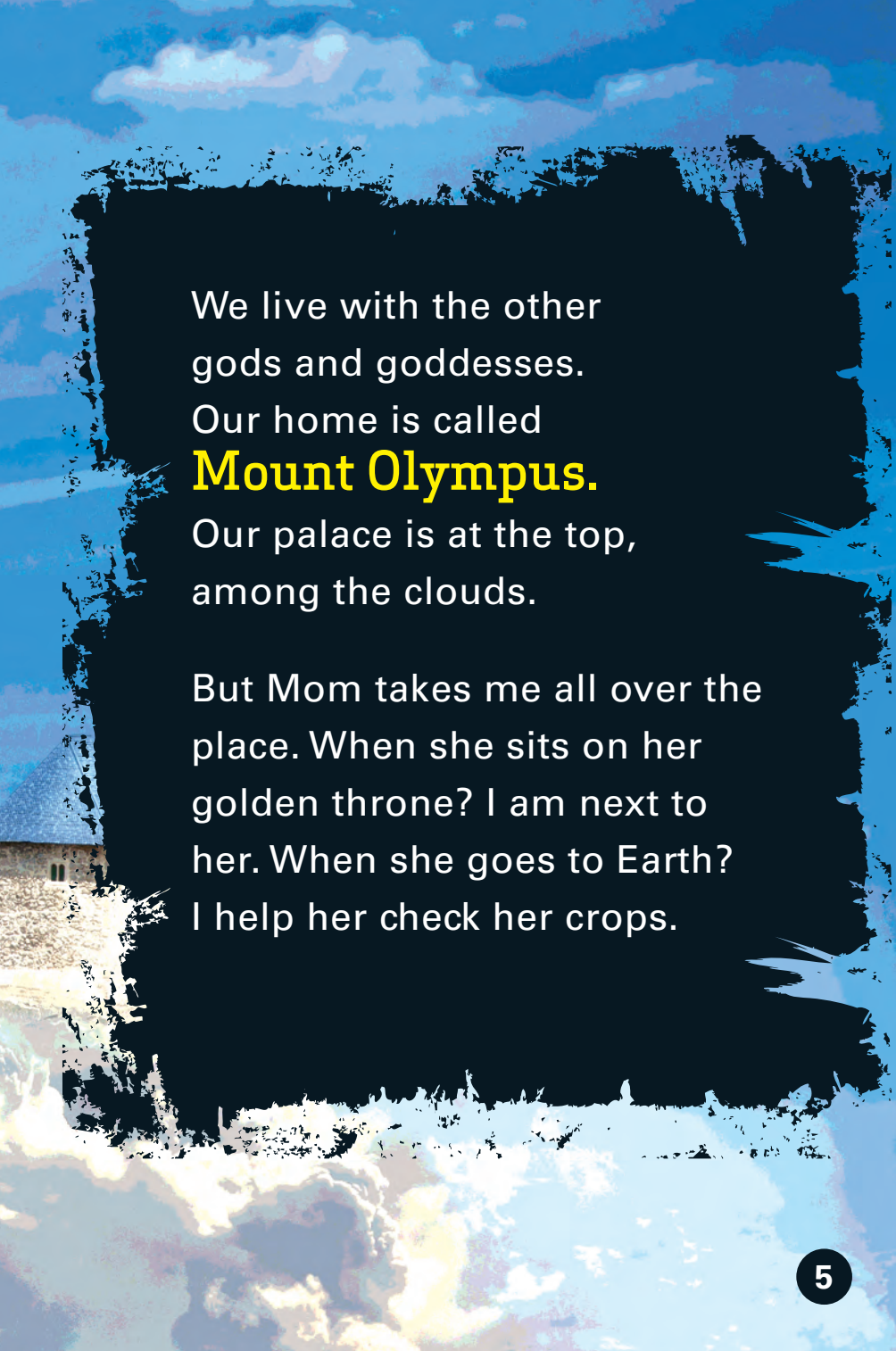
Queen of the Dead

by M.G. Higgins

A close-up portrait of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair and green eyes, smiling gently. The background is a vibrant, slightly blurred image of a waterfall cascading into a turquoise pool. The top portion of the image is a solid black rectangle containing white text. The word 'Demeter' is highlighted in yellow.

I love my mom.
I know that sounds lame.
But she is awesome.
Her name is **Demeter.**
She is goddess of the harvest.





We live with the other
gods and goddesses.

Our home is called
Mount Olympus.

Our palace is at the top,
among the clouds.

But Mom takes me all over the
place. When she sits on her
golden throne? I am next to
her. When she goes to Earth?
I help her check her crops.



My name is
Persephone.

I am a goddess too.

Most gods and goddesses are
grumps. They are way too stern.
Not me. I am always happy.



I love to **dance**. When I dance,
I feel as light as air. Flowers
spring up under my feet.



Mom smiles at me. "You are my
sun and my moon."

My cheeks warm. "Aw, Mom."



EXCEL [3] Careers

A person in a dark suit is performing on a stage, holding a knife high in the air. The scene is lit with vibrant blue and red lights, creating a dramatic atmosphere. The person's face is partially obscured by the lighting. The background shows a stage with various equipment and a bright light source at the top right.

The Dream

by M.G. Higgins

The diner is full. People scarf their food. They are in a **hurry**.

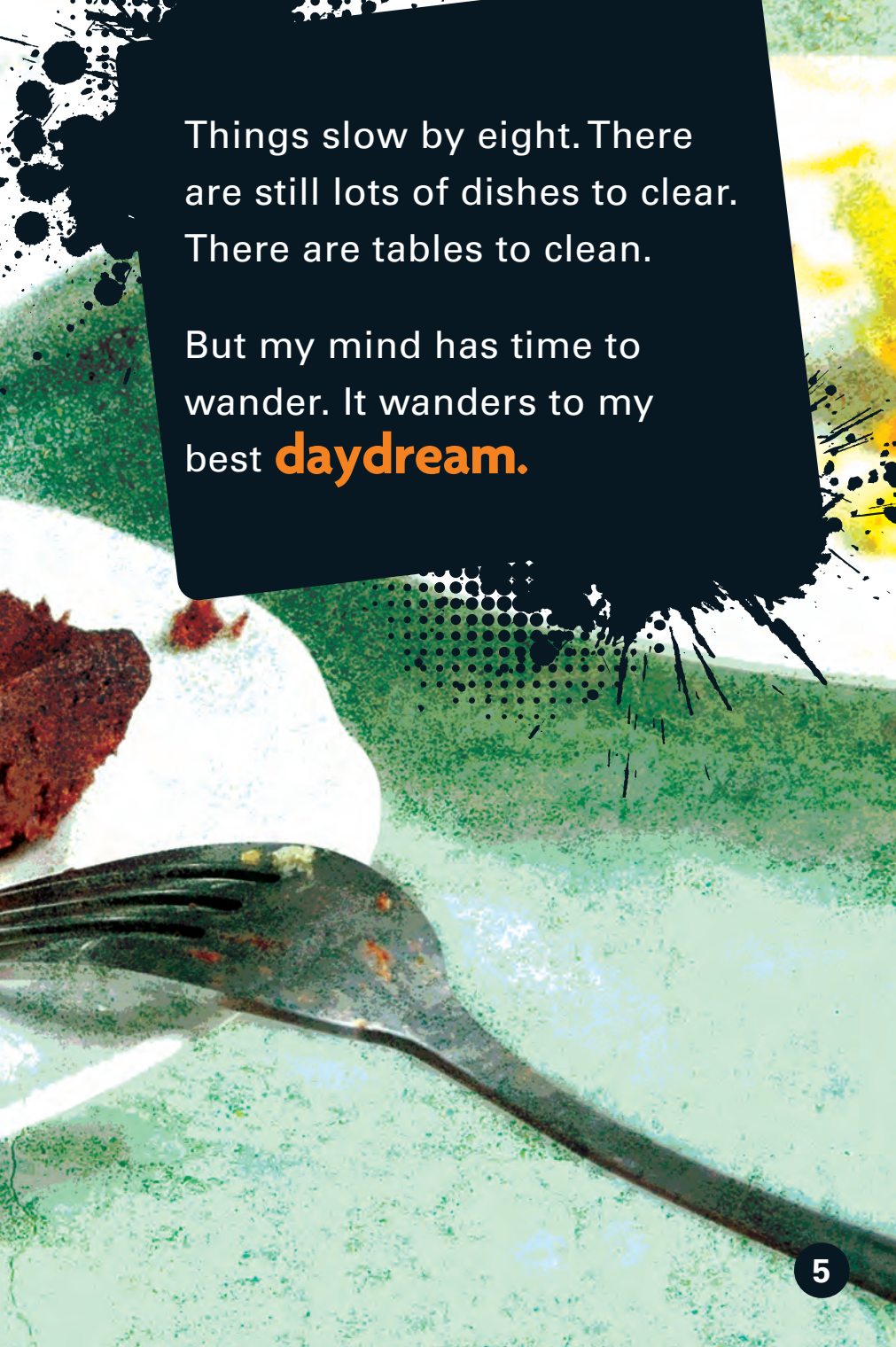
“Rico!” my boss calls.

“Table six needs water!”

Great. He just told me to clean table two. But I nod. I don’t want him mad. I need this job.








Things slow by eight. There
are still lots of dishes to clear.
There are tables to clean.

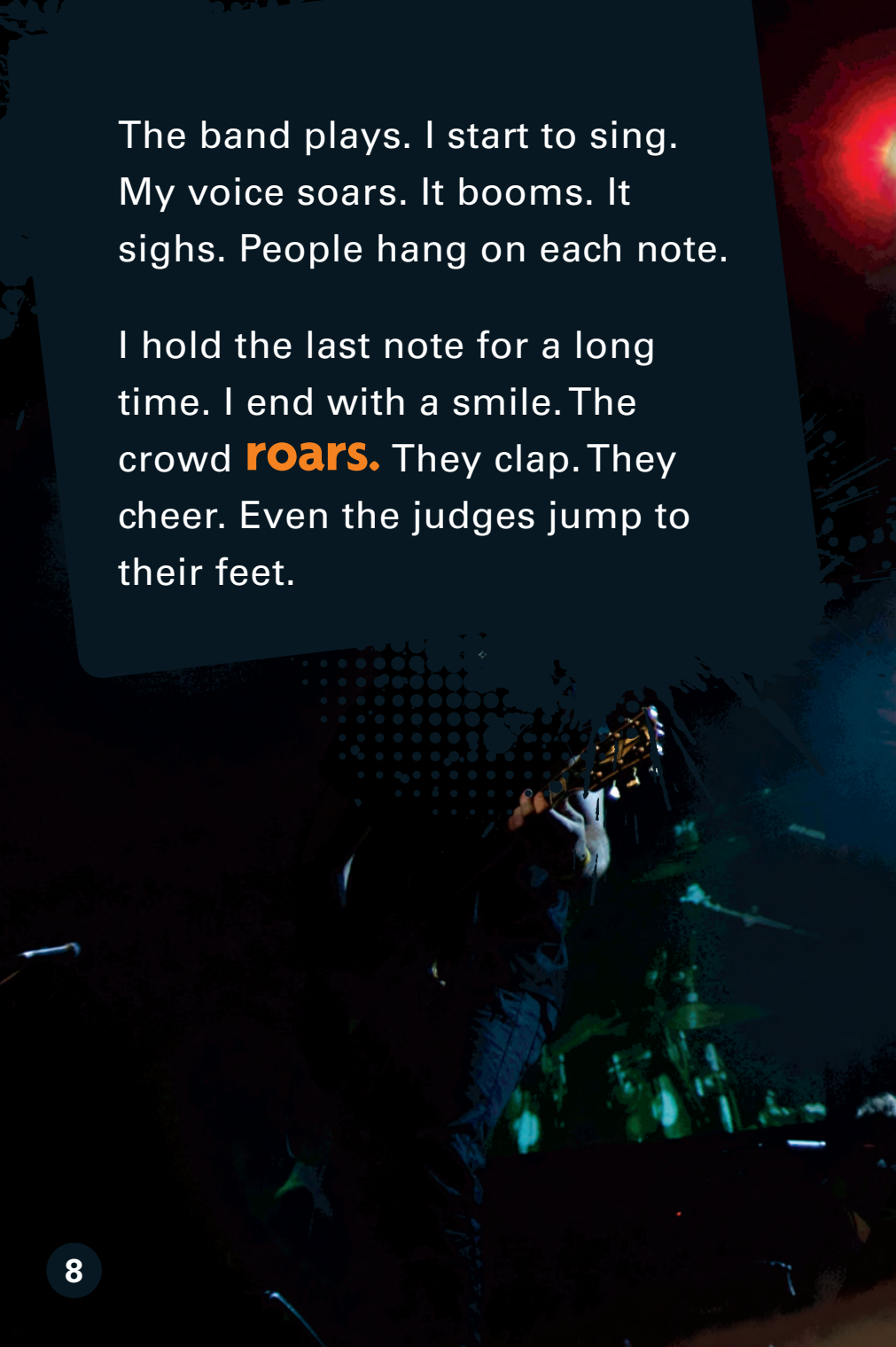
But my mind has time to
wander. It wanders to my
best **daydream.**





I am on ***Star Maker***, the TV music contest. I am up against 19 other singers.

I walk onto the stage. My hair is styled. My clothes are awesome. Girls scream when they see me.



The band plays. I start to sing.
My voice soars. It booms. It
sighs. People hang on each note.

I hold the last note for a long
time. I end with a smile. The
crowd **roars**. They clap. They
cheer. Even the judges jump to
their feet.

