



KENNEDY FULTON

This is Kennedy Fulton reporting live from this paper. I am rather bubbly, quiet, and too awesome for anyone to handle. I really love Marvel, especially Captain America. My parents, Tarsha and Anthony, had me naturally birthed from Earth 616 on September 16, 2003. My favorite quote is from April Ludgate: "Time is money, money is power, power is pizza, pizza is knowledge."

OLE' LINCONTON

The smell of burning gasoline stings my nose.

It is the smell from the old gas station, the one where the man who never speaks works at to sell his million crickets and roaches for bait to fishermen. I always expect it, but never get used to it. My mother's hometown lets me break free of city life, even though the wi-fi is better there.

But it's nice, I think. No one seems to bother anyone. They all look like humanoid sloths, trudging through life as if they're waiting for extinction. I like it though. Not caring or having any worries; gives real meaning to *Hakuna Matata*. Sometimes, you just want to let go.

The car slams forward, sending me back into the real world. I don't hit my head, but my back aches from being pulled backwards by the seatbelt. I rub it, trying to ease the pain. My mom apologizes, but I shake it off. As I look out the window, hundreds of forest trees whisk by. Time slowly unrolls itself in a list of long roads that never seem to end. She says we're a mile away from great-Grandma's house.

I'm anxious to get out of this cramped car with my mom's horrible Babyface music.

As we get out of the car. I see my great-aunt Johnnie May step-n-slide off the porch, so I rush to her. The skinny woman smiles, showing off that gold crown tooth that the sun always shines off of. Her warm hugs always welcome me. It's nice to feel home.

"Well, here's my big gran-baby." She smiles.

I love hearing her voice. It crackles like a sweet honeysuckle when you tear it apart.

"I've missed you!" I said, cheerfully.

"Come see what I've been up to lately. I'm sure you'll like it."

Inside, I smell the glorious scent of fresh baking, and I know exactly what it is. She's baked me delicious potato pie, and I have never been so grateful.

Grandma's house is like living in a huge shack except without the dirty tools. The paint on the house may look as old as rust, but when you're far away, it seems like a painter has already come to redo it.

Its brick, petite figure gives the house a 1700s look. It usually smells like good cooking because I mostly go there for holidays or special occasions when a bunch of rowdy people are trying to squeeze inside to get to the most amazing food on the planet. It also smells like a load of pet food for Great-Grandma's nine cats.

Her superb cooking made me think of the old woman herself. I made my way down the very small hallway to her room, full of old pictures of her many children and relatives.

Great-Grandma looks old and frail. She's also really skinny because when you get older you don't eat as much. She moves slowly, and I hate going behind her when I have to go to the bathroom really bad. She acts the same around everyone. Kind but a little weary of being alive too long. She calls me her Oldest Gran-Child of Goodness.

Ole' Linconton is the perfect place for her. Pretty easy-going, but not too slow. I swear phone reception is the worst out there. But you don't need technology. Technology may keep you up to date, but it never keeps you going like your family does.