

Circuit of Fate

Once upon a time, in the futuristic city of Electropolis, where hoverboards sped through neon-lit streets, there lived a 13-year-old tech prodigy named Max. Max wasn't your average teen. Instead of doodling in notebooks, Max played with circuits and dreamed of creating something mind-blowing, and extra unique.

One stormy evening, lightning struck outside Max's bedroom window. Max's eyes widened—the perfect moment! Max had been secretly building a supercharged microchip, and tonight was its grand debut. Max named it the “Circuit of Fate” because it sounded way cooler than “Homework Avoidance Device.”

Max plugged the chip into the old desktop computer—the one with stickers all over it. The screen flickered, and the room filled with energy. The circuit woke up, blinking like a digital firefly. “Hey, Max,” it said. “I'm alive and ready to rock!”

But Electropolis had issues. The mayor, a grumpy guy with a mustache that could double as a broom, wanted to control the circuit. He thought it'd make his coffee machine brew triple-shot lattes. Max knew better. The Circuit of Fate held secrets beyond caffeine.

Max became the city's youngest superhero. Armed with a soldering iron and a backpack full of Pop-Tarts, Max rewired lamp posts into ultra amazing neon disco balls! (okay, not really, but it would've been epic). The mayor sent robot enforcers (metallic poodles with laser eyes) to chase Max.

Through neon alleys, Max sprinted, sneakers sparking. His friends joined the adventure: Luna the graffiti artist, Byte the hacker, and Sparky the malfunctioning vending machine. They formed the "Electric Avengers" (unofficial name, but it stuck).

The final showdown happened on the mayor's rooftop. Lightning danced, and the Circuit of Fate whispered, "Max, you got this!" Max faced the mayor, who scowled like a malfunctioning emoji .

“You can’t control the circuit!” Max declared. They battled (okay, more like a nerf-gun fight, but intense). Max rewired the mayor’s brain to appreciate Max and everyone that lived in Electropolis. Victory!

As dawn painted the city, Electropolis transformed. Trees sprouted from manholes (not really, but it’d be cool). Traffic lights hummed many types of tunes. The Circuit of Fate settled in everyone’s hearts, making them kinder, wiser, and maybe a little more curious about black holes.

Max sat cross-legged in the lab, eating Pop-Tarts. The circuit glowed, saying, “Thanks, Max. You’re my favorite 13-year-old inventor.” And that’s how Max saved the city with electricity, one pixelated smile at a time.

The end? Nah bruh. It was just the beginning of Max’s electrifying adventures

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