

CINEMATIC

A magazine for young filmmakers, by a young
filmmaker

BY SAMSON KUBICEK

Inspired by: Clear Water Press's "Cover Story" Curriculum

CONTENTS

Up next: Review for, "Mary Poppins Returns"

Table of contents

- 1 - Review for Mary Poppins Returns.
- 2 - Oscars Poem
- 3 - Interview with a professional Youtuber: Aaron Wilhelm
- 4 - Dear George Letter
- 5 - Dear Stressed Filmmaker Letter
- 6 - The Audition, a Short Story
- 7 - How to: Setting up a Scrim
- 8 - Monkey Ballad
- 9 - Whale Shot, a Short Story
- 10 - My Youtube Journey

Photo of me, taken by my Dad.

MARY POPPINS

RETURNS

A Review



BY SAMSON

CINEMATOGRAPHY PHOTOGRAPHY WRITING DRAWING

REVIEW:

Mary Poppins Returns is a worthy sequel, having us hum and bop along to every beat.

54 years later, Mary Poppins is still as practically perfect as ever. "Mary Poppins Returns" has us humming and bopping along to original songs like, "Can You Imagine That?," "Nowhere to Go But Up," and my personal favorites, "Lovely London Sky," and "Trip a Little Light Fantastic." Compared to the original, "Mary Poppins Returns" lives up to the incredibly high standards set by the original film.

The soundtrack entralls children and adults alike, with lead actors such as Emily Blunt (playing Mary Poppins), and Lin Manuel Miranda (playing Jack). Mary Poppins is posh and effortless, as if she was not acting at all. Strangely the new Mary Poppins seemed a bit ill-mannered, (not that I'm complaining!) and I quite enjoyed this haughty version of her.

The first time Mary Poppins appears on screen, I got chills. In fact, the whole film is nostalgic, playing off of the themes of the original. And while it plays into the Mary Poppins aesthetic, I enjoyed that the directors don't force new material down the audiences' throats.

Overall, I enjoyed this fresh, clean take, that enthralled the world with its dazzling animations, stupendous score, and the fabulous Mrs Blunt. (Can you imagine that?)



Oscars, Oscars, who cares,

Bring a trophy to your lairs.

Shiny trophy, big lights,

Depressed people, long nights.

— Don't win, don't shake, —

Just icing, on cake.

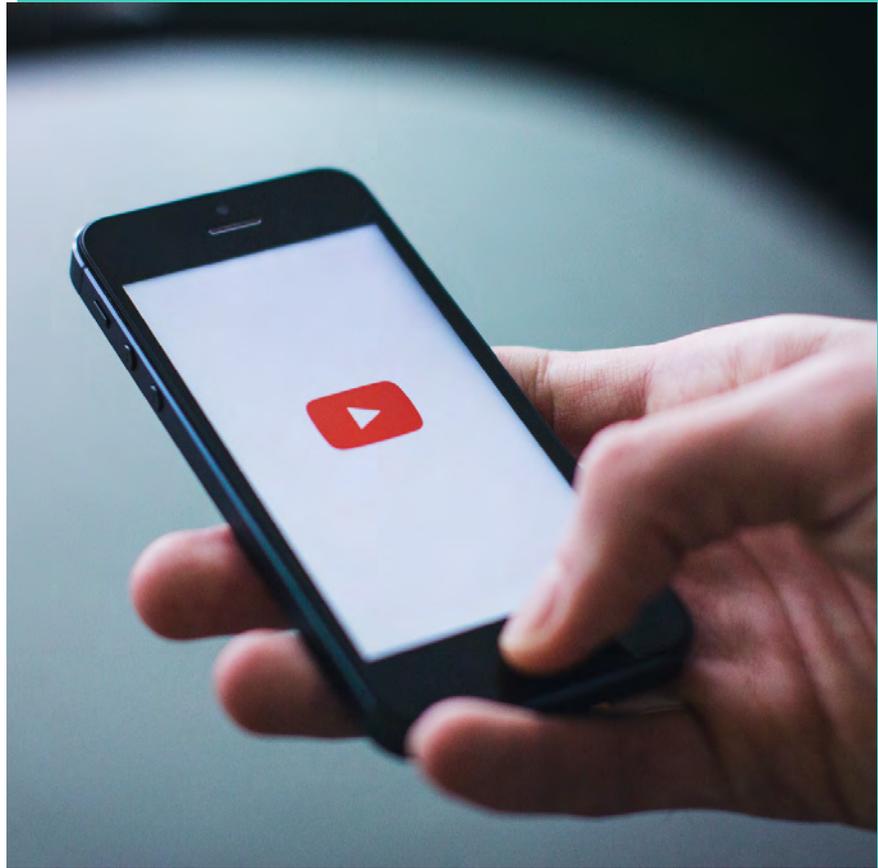
Golden men aren't necessity,

Vanity only fuels jealousy.

“ Once Recorded you have to stand by it. You may have posted it to see whether you believed it or not. ”

YOUTUBE, A MARATHON, NOT A SPRINT

Over two years ago, in March 2017, Aaron Wilhelm, an up-and-coming Youtuber, lost all revenue for his (now over 1K subscriber) Youtube channel. But he was not the only small-time filmmaker to lose all revenue, thousands of others did too. Yet, he not only does not hold resentment against Youtube, but thinks this (Humorously dubbed) “Adpocalypse” is Good for the entire community. Why?



Well, I will get to that later, but for now, I will tell a little backstory. In April of 2014, Aaron Wilhelm started a part-time Youtube channel. When asked about his first videos, Aaron laughed and said, “Yeah, I had no idea what I was doing, I just had to figure out what to do, get comfortable in front of and behind the camera, and then do it”. Through a somewhat regular video upload schedule and determination, Aaron slowly started attracting subscribers. That’s when his channel started taking off, with some of his videos amassing over 35,000 views. Aaron was making money slowly, but surely. But that’s when the trouble came. He had heard rumors of big things happening up at the Youtube HQ, but like most people, he ignored it, that is, until he lost all revenue.

For those of you who don’t know about the Youtube ad fiasco, it started with advertisers pulling their ads from any potentially offensive material, and thousands of people losing money. At first, he was angry, and rightfully so, he worked hard for that small amount of cash flow. But now, looking back, Aaron realizes it was for the best. “At that time in my career, I was focused more on the figures I was making, than the content I was producing.”

When asked for advice for small-time creators, Aaron responded “ Yeah, don’t worry about the numbers, because there is no real shortcut, just try to be consistent and get out there and do it. Believe it or not, when I first started, I only had a cell phone and a little tripod.” Aaron believes that Youtube itself is a positive platform, but it has its downsides, as he states, “There’s a lot of junk, but it is generally a positive platform. However, many young kids are watching way too much, and I think that is affecting the entire next generation.”

Through his entire Youtube journey, the biggest thing that Aaron has learned is how creative it made him, “It helped me get out of my shell, and realize how creative I truly am. For example, before, if my church asked me to help out on a video project, I might turn it down, but now I have helped on several video projects in the past year.” The journey, and way of life Aaron has chosen has really helped him get out of his shell and face his fears, and that is the true purpose of starting a Youtube channel.

Dear George,

Recently, I’ve been taking more photos and videos, and it is something I’d love to do for my job (I’m sixteen, btw). So, how do you get clients for video and photography, if you don’t have a reputation yet?

Sincerely,

A stressed filmmaker

Dear stressed filmmaker,

Please don't be stressed, you will get clients. An important thing to remember when starting out is that you don't have to charge people for your work. Especially when you're working for friends or family, try to remember that until you have references and a big field of clients, the best thing you can do for yourself is to build up your portfolio and do work for free.

But don't let your free work get out of hand. When you are sure of your skills, DO NOT accept anymore free work. After some time, you need to start taking paying gigs. Because, what happens, is that people will think of you as the "free photographer" and will take advantage of your skills and hard work. One of the best feelings in the world is when you throw out a ridiculous number and the client responds with, "Sure." I know it seems crazy, but when you have a paying client, say an amazingly high number. It might just surprise you.

Sincerely,

George

THE AUDITION

INSIDE THIS STORY

Archimedes williams finds a poster for an audition to a life changing movie roll. but unfortunate problems arise in his journey to the roll. Will he get the roll? or will he be forced to accept his life in East St Louis?

Auditions are hard. Well, at least they are to me. They make me want to shrivel up into a ball and cry. But, hey, at least you can be in a movie. It all started when my grandma yelled from her seat at the TV “Hey Archimedes, go get some peanut butter, kiddo!”

I snapped out of my book, and threw on my coat. “Bye Mimi!” I yelled behind my back, and slammed the door shut, to hop down the stairs. When I fell outside, I scowled. The wind bit my face and hands, and whipped my dirty blonde hair into a frenzy. Annoyed, I jerked my thin jacket around me, and shouldered on. I risked a quick glance up at the street when WHAM! A piece of paper shot itself from a pole to my half frozen face. It stung like I got slapped. I shouted in surprise, and in response, the wind just blew even harder. Grumbling, and griping quietly, I ripped the paper off of my face. I was about to chuck it, when three words caught my eye, “Audition. Good Pay!”

I gasped, which turned out to be a bad idea, because a bug decided to fly into my throat at that exact moment. I proceeded to cough and choke for the next 30 seconds.

Fortunately, I bought the peanut butter and arrived home without a hitch. But as I walked home, something bugged me; I couldn't stop thinking about that paper I had put in my pocket. It burned at the back of my mind till I got home, as if the walk home wasn't nerve-wracking enough. The east side of St. Louis is not the best place for a twelve year old to be. Every time I passed by a police car, or a gang symbol, It was just another reminder that if I want something, I have to earn it.

Originally, Mimi and I didn't even live in the “nice” apartments, I had to work for it. So many long nights helping my uncle with his garage. I remember when Mimi and I finally moved out of the slums, we were so happy, we threw a party in our new house. So, that paper was for me, a golden ticket to a better life.

After I was safely back in my closet-room, I pulled out the paper, and fell back on my sleeping bag. This was the only place that gave me comfort, at home with Mimi, in my little room and the dreams it represented.

I breathed in, and let out a long sigh of relief. I shoved my hand into my pocket, struggled for a moment, then ripped the poster out, tearing it slightly. The weathered paper crinkled, and bent to the left and right, But, I eventually got it to unfold completely. A grin split my face, and I probably looked insane, but I was happy, happy for myself, happy for my grandma, and happy that I might be able to get out of this horrid city, once and for all.

I re-read the text over and over, and finally stopped and gave the poster a hug. I felt a bit childish after that, and I opened the door and tumbled out to the main room of our apartment. Mimi was watching some movie, and I watched with her. Something about a super-villain who lost his memory or something. It was really good, actually. Mimi and I love sad movies. There was a part in the movie where the guy's little brother died, and we had to pause the

died, and we had to pause the movie because we were both crying too much.

I turned my head and looked at Mimi. It was just me and her now. Mimi saw me looking at her, and she gave me a hug. "What are you doing tomorrow, kiddo?" she asked.

I replied, "Well... I'll probably go to the library tomorrow and eat lunch at that hot dog guy's place." It was a good excuse, as I went to the library all the time, and Mimi didn't need to know that I was auditioning for a movie.

"All right kiddo, goodnight, I always believe in you," Mimi tousled my hair, and gave me a quick hug, and kiss on the top of my head. Soon, she wouldn't be able to reach the top of my head, much less kiss it. I was getting tall. I always banged my head on things, and Mimi always said, "Archie, you must be seven foot," and then she would whisper, "I need to put some bricks on top of your head." Mimi doesn't say that much anymore, she is too busy watching TV, or checking her blood pressure to bother with me anymore. I slid off the couch, and crawled to my bed. I doubted I would get much sleep that night.

When I woke up, I groggily shoved myself off of my bed and slapped myself a couple of times. I didn't take a shower as I knew how much that costs on the water bill. Instead, I splashed my face with water a couple of times. When I made it out to the main room, I saw my poster lying on the couch. I groaned. Did Mimi see it? I snatched it up, and unfolded it carefully. On the corner of the paper, words in sharpie stared up at me. *"Knock em' dead kiddo, love, Mimi."*

I grinned, and put the paper in my pocket, next to my bus money. Once again, I found myself tumbling out of the door, and running out to the sidewalk. This time, with a happy heart, and a light footstep. As I turned the corner, the bus was just leaving. I started shouting for the driver not to go, and surprisingly, he listened to me. That was odd.

I just barely got on, when a gaggle of prep school kids jumped on yelling and making means jokes in tones nothing short of yelling.

They strolled past the passengers, and I heard snippets of their conversations, "Look at that kid, he looks like a bum" and, "He's probably from the East side." These were followed by snickers, sneers, and turned up noses. I was disgusted. These kids were the opposite of me and had probably never worked a day in their lives.

I scowled, then stretched, casually sticking out my foot to trip them. To my horror, not only did I trip one of them, I tripped the whole group! Collective shouts and cursing followed, as each tripped over the other. The passengers, to my embarrassment, started clapping.

But, the moment of confusion only lasted for, well, a moment. The group, lead by a kid with wild brown hair, and a perpetual sneer, formed a circle around me. The only thing that saved me was the bus driver stopping the bus and telling all the kids to sit down and be quiet.

As soon as the bus stopped at the address on the poster, I flew off. When I stepped out, the kids followed, but they were the least of my concerns. That was the nicest place I had ever been in. The gates were all gold, the lawns immaculate, and no trash was in sight. In a daze, I slowly walked to the address, and rang the gold doorbell. With a creak, the gates swung open, and I walked through, in a dream-like trance.

Inside, the mansion reeked with money, and the lawn looked like the Garden of Eden. I kept walking and accidentally slammed into the cut-out sign that read "AUDITIONS IN BACK." It surprised me, and I accidentally broke the sign when I tripped over it. Embarrassed, I shuffled to the back of the mansion. I had no doubt there were cameras watching.

In the back of the lawn, there was a sort of garage, except huge, and with no cars. There were about thirty boys, with black hair, and the others with dirty blonde hair, and brown eyes like me. To my disgust, there were some of the boys on the bus there, along with a couple of tired looking helpers.

It looked strangely boring. There was some smooth jazz playing in the background, but other than that, the loudest sounds were people calling the next audition, and some hushed tones of boys talking to each other.

The paperwork was quick, and I just took a seat next to a tall, quiet-looking boy, and a kid playing with a paperclip. It was excruciatingly boring. I shuffled in my seat a bit.

The kid playing with the paperclip started talking to me, "Where ya' from, mate?" The kid had an Australian accent. Weird.

Quickly, I whispered back, "St Louis, you?" I had a guess.

"Australia" he whispered.

Yep, I snorted. "Oi, what's wrong with us Aussies?" he whispered. Fortunately, I didn't have to answer, because, at that moment, a sloppily dressed janitor tripped, and spilled his refreshments all across the waxed cement floor.

The Aussie and I immediately jumped up, and rushed to help him up to see if he was okay. I noticed that none of the other boys came to help, they all just sat and averted their eyes. "Oh, don't all come at once," The Aussie grumbled. I snorted and the janitor laughed.

The Aussie and I helped him clean up, and when we pulled him up, the janitor had a twinkle in his eye, "Thank you boys," he said earnestly. We shook hands and walked back to our seats.

After I sat down, I asked the paperclip boy his name. "Oliver. Oliver Tomland," he replied.

I started to say, "My name is -" "Archimedes Williams!" the guy with the clipboard called.

I smiled, "Yeah, that."

Shaking, I hopped up from my seat, and stretched, "Yep, that's me," I said. The clipboard dude and I shuffled to the closed off side of the garage-place, and ducked through the door. It was different than I expected.

There were a couple of middle-aged guys, two of whom, I thought I recognized. They were sitting at this raised-up platform on bean bag chairs. The rest of the people were sitting off to the side somewhere. They all looked bored, tired even. There was what I guessed, the director, standing right in front of me, wearing sweatpants and a baby blue dress shirt. When I got a better look at him, I choked. This guy was the janitor that spilled the drinks! My head spun, and I could barely register what that meant.

"Hello, Archie, is it o.k. if I call you Archie?" he smiled.

"Y-yes, yes sir, that's fine, b-but, you...you, you were the janitor!" I exploded.



“Yes, yes, I was the janitor. That was a test, and let me say, you passed.”

“I--I... wow!” I shouted, beaming. The director clapped his hands,

“Alrighty then, let’s get started, Archie, my name is David, but you can call me Dave. Would you mind if these nice people over here asked you some questions?”

“No, sir,” I answered. I shuffled over to the spot he gestured at, a giant red circle on the ground. The guys I first saw when I came in, perked up and took more sips from their giant mugs of coffee. When the director walked over to an empty seat on the desk they were sitting at, he motioned for the camera guy to start recording, then asked the first question, “Alright, what books do you like?”

Yes, I thought, I know this one! “Well, I read pretty much anything I can get my hands on, but my favorites are adventure and science fiction,” I said.

“Okay, well, who are your

role models,” Dave asked. I knew this one as well.

“I liked Robin Williams before he died, and Jim Carrey before he got weird, but my favorites are Chris Farley and Tom Hanks,” I said.

David bounced in his chair, “I love Tom Hanks, he’s my absolute favorite.” David’s face turned serious again, “Alright, describe yourself with three adjectives.”

This was going to be harder. “Amiable, Ambitious, and Adaptable,” I bit my lip. David smiled, “Alright, now we need a performance, you are going to act out a scene where you just watched your friends die.”

I drew out a long breath, and gave him my best performance I has. David and the other judges seemed interested. “Perfect, we’ll be calling you back on Sunday, and I expect it will be good news.” I gave myself a mental high-five.

The rest of the time in the building was a blur, someone shook my hand, and I told Oliver to have fun. Other than that, I was on my way home in

record time.

On the bus, I was deep in thought, I even tried to lean my head against the bus window, and look peaceful, but I don't know how people do that in the movies. It feels like putting your cranium in a blender. My mind went around and around, I could not stop thinking about how fast everything went, from the poster, to the movie, to the interview.

Wait... the movie! That's how I recognized those two guys at the big desk. They were in the movie I saw last night! The more I thought about it, the more it made sense. That one guy played the lead role, and the other played the nervous dude.

I must have looked insane, because some of the people on the bus were glancing at me. I wanted to see if they were all looking at me, so, I yawned. Literally everyone on the bus yawned back. I shrank farther down in my seat.

Yeesh, some people. Thankfully, I didn't have to deal with that much longer. My stop was coming up

and I stretched, took big, heaving steps to the door of the bus, and jumped off. I landed like a superhero. No one noticed, but it looked pretty sweet.

I sighed and breathed in the cool air. Things were good. I casually strolled down to the street my house was on, and no one was out, which was surprising, considering that it was only around eight p.m..

A faint siren filled my ears, which wasn't uncommon, considering the neighborhood we lived in. Another siren. And the another siren. It must be a pretty big deal. But then another sounded, and one more. I was starting to get worried, as the sirens just got louder, the closer I got home, so I started jogging. Sprinting even.

My mind was running with the possibilities. A murder? A terrorist? What if something happened to Mimi? My breathing was getting faster and faster, I was sprinting, tearing down alleyways and cutting through trash cans. I finally peeled around the corner, and immediately saw the source of the sirens and

flashing lights.

A bolt of fear went through my entire body. I wanted to move, but I couldn't. All of the ambulances, fire trucks, and police cars were centered around our apartment building. I shook myself out of my daze and flew to the steps where somebody told me to stay back, but I shoved them aside and flew past them. I was in a daze as more people held me back, but I ran through them all.

I was panicking, and I knew that, but I didn't care. After what seemed like hours, I finally made it to the stretcher they were carrying down the stairs. Mimi looked deathly pale. She had one of those oxygen masks on, and she seemed lethargic.

She raised one hand and made a "give me" gesture. I froze, and with tears streaming down my face, I gave her the only thing I had, the poster for the audition, and the pen for filling out the forms.

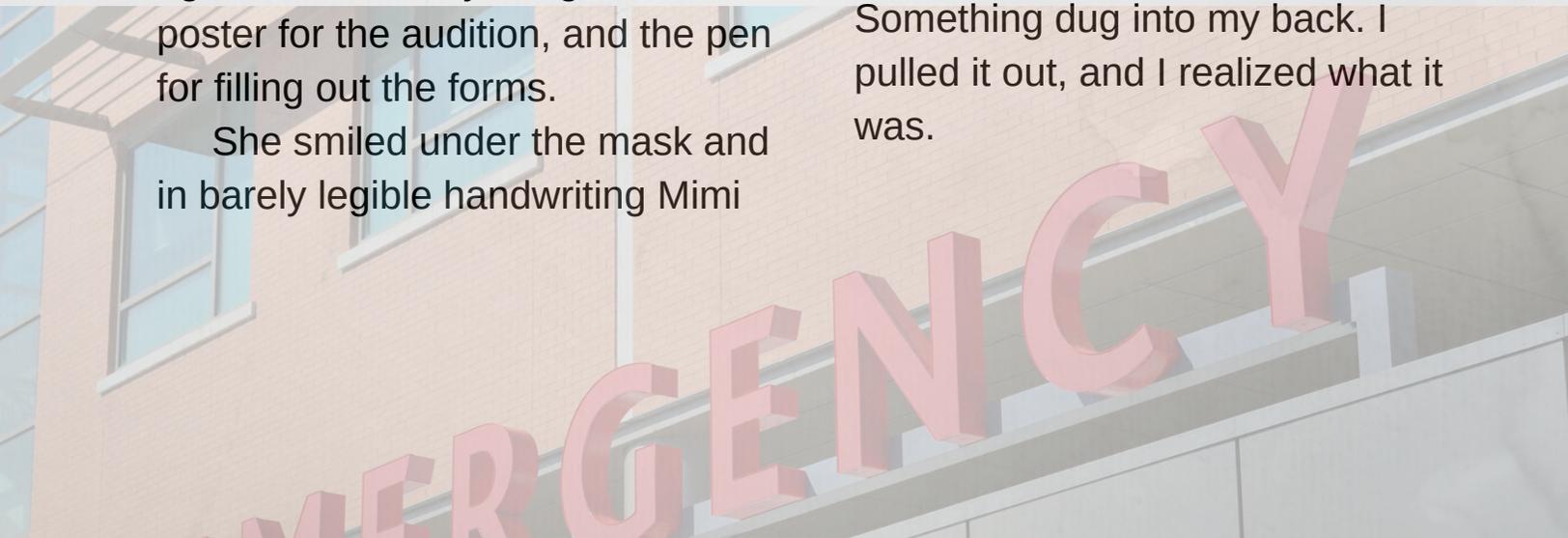
She smiled under the mask and in barely legible handwriting Mimi

scrawled on the paper, "I love you kiddo." My eyes watered as tears collected into drops and continued to roll down my face. My shoulders shook with little hiccups as I fell to the side.

Someone wrapped a blanket around my shoulders, and I climbed into a police car. Continuing to cry, I knew that it was over, that this was the last time I would ever see Mimi on this earth. Numbing pain filled me, as I was walked into the hospital.

A nurse rushed me into the waiting room, and I wasn't really listening to what she said to me. After some time, someone gave me a blanket, and I eventually cried myself to sleep.

When I awoke, I slapped myself a couple of times and suddenly realized what had happened. I shot up with a shock. Something dug into my back. I pulled it out, and I realized what it was.



It was the poster with Mimi's last words, right next to the first thing she wrote, "Knock em' dead kiddo, love, Mimi." I smiled sadly. Mimi always believed in me, and I needed to believe in myself, no matter what the future may hold, whether starring in a movie, or working at a gas station.

I was trying to have a somber moment, when my phone rang. That never happens in movies,

but as I'm coming to find out, nothing works out like in the movies. The call was from an unknown number, and I answered quickly, "Hello, who is this?"

"This is David, you got the job."

I screamed. Not a manly scream, or a whimper, but a full-out, childish, girly, scream. So, as I said before, nothing works out like in the movies, except that.



19

How to Set up a Cheap Scrim

1: Use any lamp or cheap light source you have available.

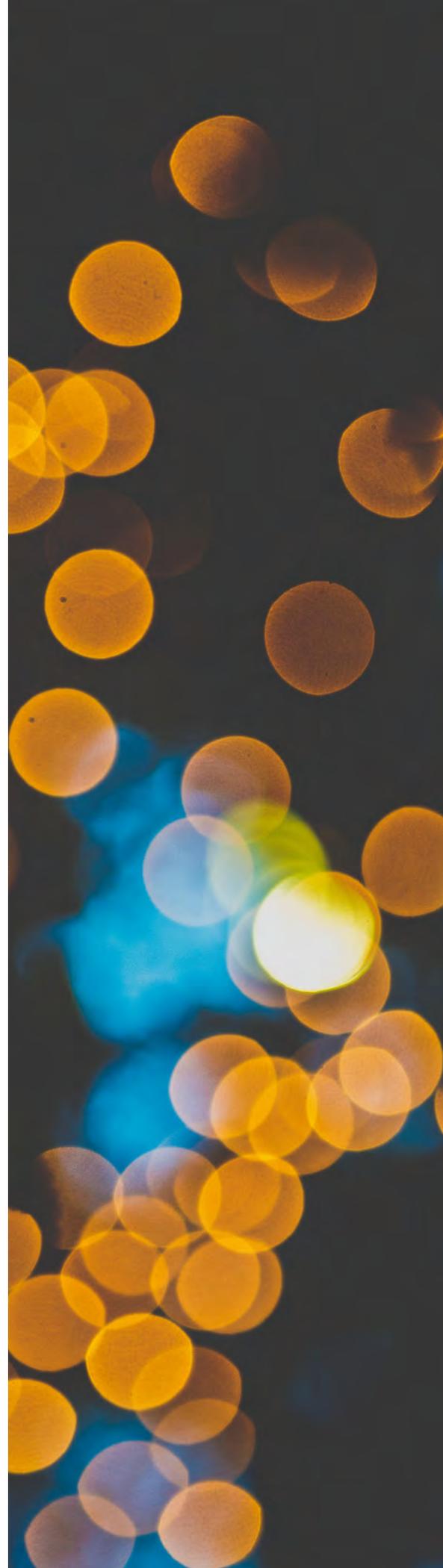
2: Buy a big roll of paper from your nearest art store (Walmart will usually have one).

3: Set up a sheet of paper, secure with a tape that will not leave marks or rip wallpaper.

4: Place light source behind paper, adjust as needed.

5: (Optional) Use markers, or other coloring utensils to color the paper, giving it an interesting tint.

With this type of lighting, you are sure to have a quality shot for any video. Make sure that no one trips over chords, or knocks down the paper. It's also good to have a friend helping if you are shooting in a place with a lot of people nearby.**



The Monkey Ballad

It was a far journey to the land that I see'd.
A trip in a ranger, a noble, majestic steed.
Danny, my driver, a friend to all, warned me
of the monkeys, sneaky they may be.

A warning I shrugged off, not unlike my camera strap,
I held in my hands. In the wind my hair flaps.
A sputter, A cough, the engine on fire.
Danny and I tumble, our curses a choir.

We were shook, but, no, we did not balk.
With a defiant shrug, and a shake of our fists, we yell:
"EXPLORERS WALK!"
(What a mistake!) first come the scrapes,
then the sweat. and soon we were stopped, "Here come the apes."

I slip out my camera, my hands drenched in sweat,
leave it on a tripod, but lay down to rest.
Little did I know, if I had not slept,
the monkeys would not come and take the things we had prepped.

With a screech and holler, the monkeys go swing;
Me and short Danny, on our feet we upspring.
O'er the grasses, and into the trees,
The monkeys a'screeching, for them, a breeze.

"They're looking for mangoes, they get them from the locals!"
Danny yells, his plight quite vocal.
I snatch a mango from my bag, thrown into the air, a mango in flight,
the monkey leaps, and snatches mid-flight.

**Always the smart one, the camera is traded.
Monkeys throw hard, and my camera is brocaded.
Flying through the air, I make the big snatch.
Danny elated, he cries: "What a catch!"**

Into the Trees the monkeys stole.
The adventure is over, but wait, what is that on the camera roll?
Why, it is a picture, off color, but clear.
It looks great, and at this time of year!

Over the next year, the picture won awards, many, I hear.
And my friend the monkey's home has disappeared.
He's in a zoo, and I go to visit.
I whisper through the prison: "Hello, My old friend, you sneaky primate.

I've brought you some mangoes, not fake,
for the pictures you take.
I hand him the mangoes, and I've never rethink'd,
he gave me a smile, then threw a wink.

CINEMATIC JUNE 2019

WHALE SHOT



In Hawaii, summers are raging, boiling devils, intent on the suffering of thousands. And I'm mad. Due to my unfortunate circumstances, I'm stuck in this horrendous heat. The more I think about it, the more I seeth. If I hadn't broken that ridiculous display, none of this would have happened. I wouldn't have to take this horrid summer job. I wouldn't have to deal with tourists twenty-four-seven. I wouldn't have to dwale about in this horrible summer job. And I wouldn't have to be stuck with these impossible work standards.

"Owen, try to smile!" my boss called. He was swaddled in a baby blue towel, sunglasses in his hand, and quite happy.

I gave a harsh laugh, "I'll try." The next couple of hours flew by, (surprisingly) and soon, I was out of the aquarium and on my skateboard. The wind whipped at my shaggy brown hair, and cooled off my sticky skin. The sun crested the golden waters at sunset, and despite my natural pessimism, I was feeling pretty good. I paused, and heard the distant wail of an ice cream truck. "Game on," I whispered; my eyes narrowed.

I spun that direction on my skateboard, and took off. Flying through glass, concrete, sidewalk, and asphalt, nothing could stop me. I hopped over a curb, and went onto a main road, still going dangerously fast. I grabbed onto the tail end of a bus, and held fast. A couple of passengers waved and smiled. I threw a wink.

With a couple of breaks in traffic, the bus kept that pace for a couple of minutes, and I saw the ice cream truck. But unfortunately, a cop car was about three streets down, watching the traffic. With a snap, I let go of the bus, and popped the curb. A taxi cab blocked the cop's view momentarily; and I slid past the opposite side of the cab. I was home free, baby.

I got closer, and heard the gentle hubbub of money changing hands. The board got kicked from the ground to my hands. A soft air of satisfaction hung in the air, lifting the spirits of those with sweet delights in their hands. "Hey, What do you want?"

"Me?" I asked, and pointed at my chest.

"Ya, you, in the yellow shirt." I glanced at the menu, a formality,

as I already knew what I wanted.

“I’ll take a Spiderman Pop,” I called. The middle aged woman barely glanced at me.

“Alrighty, here ya go.” I snatched the pop, and threw a couple of bucks onto the counter. Probably too much, but eh, I don’t want to be bothered with change. I held the pop in my mouth, and jumped onto the skateboard again.

No hijinks ensued on the way home, but by then, it was past rush hour. And as the patio stepped into view, my foster parents’ car pulled up to the drive. I bounced inside, as I was a bit later than was expected. My foster mom, Sharon, is pretty chill (well at least compared to my last one), but I still didn’t have time for a lengthy talk, so I took the stairs on hands and knees.

Quickly, I threw the board into the closet, and jumped onto my duvet. The radio was by the side of my bed, and I turned it on to the news.

“Yet another murdered in the mystery whale case,” it recited. I shook my head. Why would such a gentle creature kill? I’ve

been diving and taking photos my whole life, and I’ve never seen a whale get anywhere close to killing a person.

The radio continued: “The mystery whale continues it’s spree. If it continues, this whale will be put to sleep. In response, Tuna-star.co has released a statement: ‘We love animals, and all whales, but while we will try not to kill this majestic creature, we will, if the situation calls for it. Thank you.’”

I snorted sarcastically. Tuna-star is not known for its “ethical practices.” Just last week, they tried to stop me from getting a shot of their workers, because they, “didn’t want to violate their privacies.” I saw what those workers were doing; every little bit of trash, they just tossed in the ocean! And if Tuna-star wants to “preserve this majestic animal” they would stop fishing so close to the stinkin’ whale hunting grounds! I was screaming this last bit in my head, so I was too distracted to notice the knock at the door. But it came to my attention as the knock got more persistent.

Sharon was on the phone, so I took the knock. “Hello?”

“Owen, I’ve found it!”

“What in the world Howard, you are wearing only boxers!”

“That is no matter, however, what is the matter, is the fact that I have finally triangulated a signal for the whale tracker!” Howard was livid.

“Dude, you’re insane, but tell me more.”

“Okay, so you know how whales sing underwater? Well I figured out a way to track that, and I need your camera to take a picture. It’s of the utmost importance.”

I exhaled, blowing through my nose, “Of course you need my camera.”

Howard is a skinny kid, about the same age as me. We met when we both got thrown off a dock for the same thing, trying to take pictures of the illegal business practices. We got to talking, and we eventually teamed up. It was a weird team outside the door; he had on his yellow boxers, and then there was me, with my purple t-shirt, and ripped jeans.

“So, are you going to let me in?” Howard asked.

Sharon called from the other room; “You going out Owen?”

I grabbed a jacket from the hook, and threw my camera strap around my shoulder, “Come on Howard, let’s go.”

“Where?” he questioned.

“The Docks,” I said.

Sharon called again, “If you go out, take a jacket, it’s almost night.”

I leaned into the door as I closed it, “ Okay, I’ll be back at eight.”

Howard turned once the door was closed, “ Do we take your bike?”

“Yeah, just don’t drop the tracker,” I said. We turned to the garage, and pulled the bike out. I grabbed the handlebars, and Howard hopped on the back. Soon, we had gotten past the gate and out to the main street.

The wind whipped at our hair and almost creepily, the skies darkened on the street down to the dock. I grimaced as the water was grey and the lightning flashed in the distance. My camera bag bumped against the sides of my back.

Howard hopped off the bike as I slowed down, and we both slowly approached the end of the pier.

“All right Howard, do you have a signal yet?” I asked.

“Um, no, you have to put the thing in the water first.”

“Heh, right,” I said, feeling dumb. Howard bent down, and stuck the metal part in the water. Pushing myself into the water, I bit down on my lip to prevent screaming from the cold.

“Alright Owen, put the little sound clip into the water,” he ordered. I did as he said, and unhooked the metal bit sticking out of the machine. The camera bag was sitting on the dock, alone and untouched. Howard was frowning at something on the monitor, and I snatched the underwater camera from the case.

“Hey Owen?”

“Yeah?”

“Would you look at this?”

“Why, is there something wrong?” I asked.

“Well, kind of. Look, the tracker is picking up the whale, but it’s moving way too fast to be believable. So either it’s a glitch, or this whale is getting chased by

something, and it’s going to be here in about thirty seconds,” said Howard.

“Wow,” I responded. I heard faint humming in the distance, and Howard looked at me expectantly. “I guess I should get my camera ready,” I told him. Howard did not have time to reply, as the humming grew louder, and we heard popping sounds.

Just then a boat flew by, shooting the water, and circling back for another shot. I yelled, and tackled Howard as bullets whizzed by. The water stung, and I realized I had a death grip on my camera. With my lungs burning, I gasped for air, and pulled Howard up with me. He was not responding. “Howard!” “HOWARD!” The water around him was tinged with crimson. I was in hysterics. I threw him onto the dock, then climbed up myself. The boat hummed past, still popping the water full of bullets and I screamed, “STAY AWAY! Or I’ll call the POLICE!”

The boat slowed. It circled around, and the man on the top leveled his gun at me. His finger tightened. Suddenly, the water

erupted and a behemoth figure rose above the surf and dawned over the man like a reckoning from above.

I stared in awe, as it only lasted a second. But as it rose above, I saw the man diving onto the other side of the boat, screaming. The whale twisted and hung in the air for only a second, then sank down to the depths of where it came from. I stared on, wonderstruck, holding my camera in my shaking hands.

I glanced down and realized the camera had taken a picture when I was in the water. I put my hands on my face and whispered, " We did it Howard, we got the shot!"



My Youtube Journey

The things I've learned

When I started this filmmaking and Youtube journey, I completely underestimated how hard some things would be, and how easy others were. After I got my camera, one of the first things I ever did while recording is talk. Now, this might seem easy, and granted, it is, but talking to a camera while people stare at you is so ridiculously hard, I almost quit. Talking to your friends, that's easy; but add a camera, and everyone freezes up. Asking a question, that's easy; but add a camera, and no matter what you say or do, it looks cheesy!

The first video I ever recorded I learned two more things, one being that getting the shot is so much more important than the settings you use. This has ruined a good video countless times, and I eventually stopped caring (not that I'm saying adjusting settings is bad). The second lesson I've learned along the way is that editing is like a second job. When I've filmed the whole video, and finally sit down to edit, I sometimes have literally no idea where I'm going, and after I'm done, I feel like I went completely in the wrong direction. The longer it takes to edit a video, the more I end up hating how I walk and talk, laugh, and even smile. There have been plenty of times where I get to a point where I pretty much hate myself on camera.

Have you ever drawn something you thought was good, but you stared and stared at it until you hated the drawing? For editing, that is what happens to me most of the time. So don't be too hard on yourself, get a friend to watch the video before you decide it's worthless. I would even suggest to have someone edit for you if you really just don't enjoy it. I have noticed that most people on the platform are solo, but it still helps to have people behind you that are helping and cheering you on. Youtube can be a really lonely place without friends supporting you as back-up. So stay safe everybody and find your support system.



Written, researched, and designed by me, Samson Kubicek.

I would like to thank: Creators of canva inc., my mom, my dad, my older brother, Mr. and Mrs S, my grandma, clones of me, my pet t-rex, all my favorite authors, my bed, Samwise Gamgee, that one blue jelly-bean that helped me in my creative fervor, and most importantly, Jesus.

No rights reserved.

All photos are free of use, from either [canva.com](https://www.canva.com) , or [pixabay.com](https://www.pixabay.com).