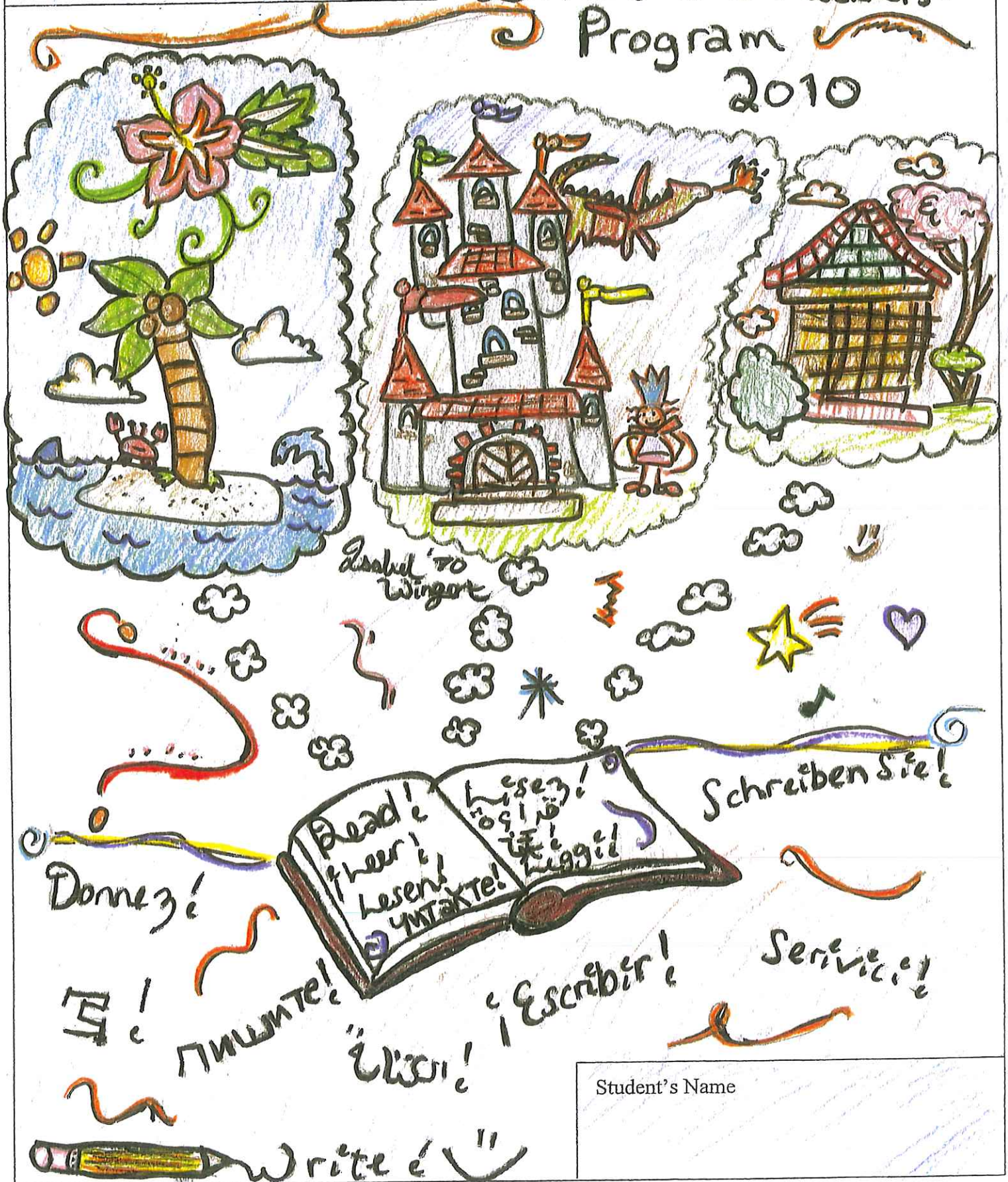


# 26<sup>th</sup> Annual Young Writers and Readers Program 2010





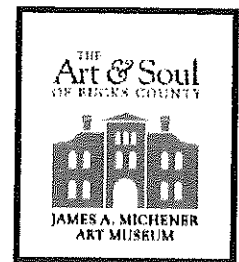
*What do you see when you look at a work of art? We saw details, color, angles, shadows, and beauty.  
But we also saw messages about the world we live in. Messages about  
Poverty and Hope,  
Conservation and Dystopia,  
Freedom and History,  
Wonder and Believing in Yourself.  
These were the stories that we saw lurking behind the artists' hands.*

# And In These Values

<b>James Henrich</b>	<b>1</b>
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**Creative Writing and the Arts  
at the James A. Michener Art Museum  
Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project  
July 5-9, 2010**



*Kate Amate, Writing Instructor  
Adrienne Romano, Curator of Education, Michener Museum  
Ruth Anderson, Assistant Curator of Education, Michener Museum*



## *Upper Delaware*

I'm standing there staring at the snow white trees  
where the lake is cold and bitter  
The trees are missing something very important  
the leaves in which barely exist

Chunks of ice scattered in the lake  
where the ice is making pentagon shapes  
The lake is not good for swimming nor for diving  
because the winter cold keeps the water freezing

The house behind the lake looks warm and comfy  
with its nice and excited colors, red and orange  
The people are having a bonfire inside  
because of the wintery breeze outside

The trees in the woods are as tall as towers  
while they are nonexistent of flowers  
This landscape is as beautiful as nature can get  
so why mess with it? It will only make you upset

*—James Henrich*



*The Upper Delaware.*  
Edward W. Redfield.  
ca. 1918. Oil on canvas.

## *Countermeasure*

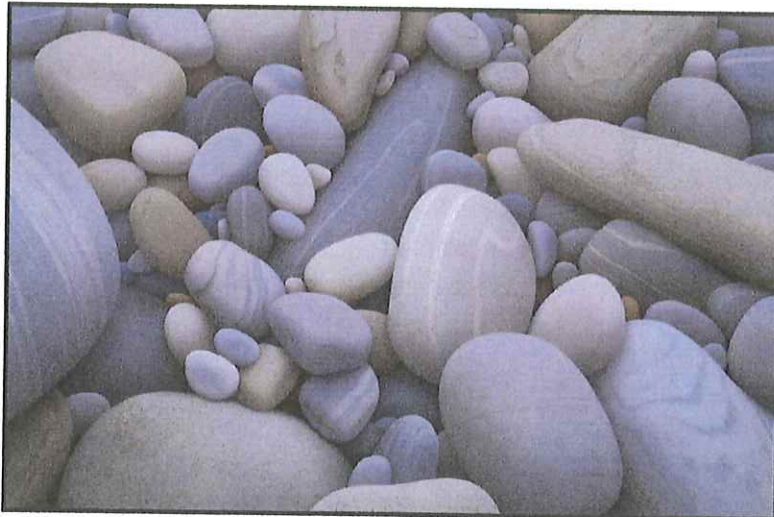
John Wrimba hated nature the most  
It got trashed and messed up by him  
He had many tantrums and kicked the trees in his yard  
While he tore out the bushes and littered on the ground

Nature was getting furious that John was trashing the earth  
So they made a plan, a very good plan,  
To teach Johnny a lesson  
Of not messing with nature's beauty

Even though he was two, nature didn't care  
They shrunk him small and showed him it wasn't fair  
"See?" said that rock, but John didn't respond  
"See how it feels to be one of us?"  
said the rock to John.

John squirmed and wiggled his way through the rocks  
Laughing and giggling all the way  
The rocks were beautiful with stripes and colors  
What wonderful sea rocks, I have to say

John slipped and got stuck under a rock  
He screamed and squealed, trying to get away  
Nature taught him his lesson not to mess with them  
So they made him big and told him not to mess with them again



—James Henrich

### *About the Author*

My name is James Henrich. I'm 12 and attending 7<sup>th</sup> grade at Lenape Middle School next year. I play football and basketball, which I'm currently playing in a summer league. I have 5 people in my family, two brothers which are older than me and my mom and dad.

*Countermeasure*. Alan Magee. 2004. Acrylic on canvas.





*Of Days Long Past.* Harry Leith-Ross. 1959. Oil on canvas.

## *How I Remember the Days Long Past*

Of what I remember of days long past, I recall a somewhat dreary time. For at this time I do not remember ever having a penny to my name. I was fired from work, suffered foreclosure, and my car was towed away. I remember sitting on the driveway that was once mine, crying, when I saw a familiar car stop in front of me. The door closest to me was pushed open and a soothing, yet annoyed voice called, "Get in Jane, you're better than this." So I stood and joined him.

He found me a job at his work and found an inexpensive house for rent. When I complained about my car, he told me walking was good for my heart. Then he said he would drive me to my new house the next day.

Once we arrived, he stepped out of the car and pulled something out of the trunk. "What is that?" I said, interested.

"It's for you."

It was an old wagon, the wood was a strange orange color and it was empty. "What is it for?" I finally asked him.

He looked at me strangely. "For your belongings!" I opened my mouth in order to remind him I was poor, but he interrupted the thought. "You have more than you believe, Jane," he told me. And he left.

Finally, I looked up and saw the house. It looked condemned and a dead tree stood next to it. The wood was a sickly greenish color and the color of the door matched the color of my wagon. The house was surrounded by beautiful new building and dozens of happy, green trees, but the old house looked the friendliest out of all of them. I noticed there was a tent in the back of the house and the inside was dark. It was raining as I walked up to the steps, but the house was standing in a patch of light and was completely dry.

I remember thinking as I walked up the steps with my wagon, "I really do have a lot." Because now, as I gazed at the once empty wagon, I could see. There were suitcases filled with love, a basket overflowing with concern, and a purse bursting with hope. And reaching down to see the contents better I found a darling, little book. Looking inside the book I saw a painting of myself, walking up to a dull, little house, dragging a beat-up wagon. And next to the painting was the most perfect little story of a woman who was helped by a very special friend.

*-Noel Nina Langan*



## *Hope for the Future*

One night, a successful business man had the most peculiar dream. He was walking in wheat fields, looking up at the sky. It was a pleasant blue and the sun hung high in the air. After a while, he found a narrow dirt path and chose to follow it. As he waked he saw his whole life laid across the road. He saw his old farm he lived at, his mother and father; he saw all the schools he had ever attended, all the women he had ever dated. Then, he regretfully watched the events that came after college. He watched himself find a job, but it wasn't the kind he preferred. He wanted to be an artist, but he was told that this job would not support him. He became a business man, though he was not happy with the job.

He shook his head as he watched himself meet and lose the woman he had loved over his business. This made his heart wrench, but he continued down the path. He had the sense that something more important was down the road.

He finally walked along the last turn and came to a stop; he was at a dead end. At the end of the path he saw a woman, very tall and thin, with long swaying hair. She was beautiful and he loved her, for she was the woman he had lost so long ago. The woman's name was Hope.

"Hope?" he asked. She just looked at him with somber eyes and he understood. "If you are not Hope, who are you?"

She spoke in a soft but strong voice. "I am your dreams, your past, present and future, and I am your life, lived and lost. When you were a boy, you had such strong morals, such great aspirations, but now look at your life. You have lost track of all that is important. When is the last time you have painted or the last time you have talked to your mother? None of it is important to you. You have lost yourself. You have lost me." She bowed her head and then looked at the man. "Goodbye," she said.

The man stood bewildered as the woman started to vanish. She, as it appeared, had become lost in the wind. The man started screaming for the woman to come back and tell him how to fix his life. He got to his knees and cried, until finally he stopped, rubbing his eyes. "Goodbye, Hope," he told the wind, and he woke up.

After his dream, the man realized what was wrong with his life. He quit his job and went to an art school. He called his mother and sold his house to live with her, for she was old and needed to be taken care of. His mother still lived at the old farm, consequently he used the barn as his workshop and became a very famous artist. The man had many artistic accomplishments. His most well known sculpture was of a beautiful lady, who appeared to be becoming one with the wind.

-Noel Nina Langan



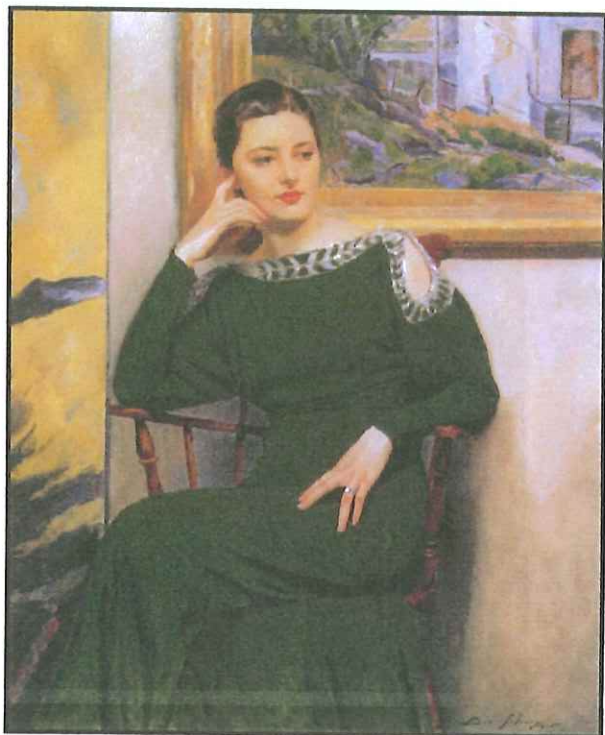
*Sea Wind II.* Barbara Lekberg.  
1998. Bronze.



## *I Am Rae*

*I am Rae, the woman in the painting. I sit by the window in a thoughtful pose, dressed in the most elegant green dress. I am beautiful and that is why my husband paints me. That is why I am his muse. But have you ever heard of a beautiful woman, who is independent and intelligent? In today's society, a woman is not accepted unless she is either beautiful or married, and I am both. But I would sacrifice both of these if only men were to listen to me as though I were their equal, because I do believe I am. For no one has ever heard of a woman who is beautiful and loves to think and debate and discuss. But just because no one has heard of such a woman, I fear there may still be other women, quite like me. I fear that just as I, they sit and wait, not by their choice, but by order. And I wonder if they are tired of sitting, but too scared to stand up in mid-portrait. For a woman with graceful features will be embraced, though a woman with a mind will be pushed away. Despite this, I cannot live as a house wife when I wish to be a supporting equal to my husband. I still hope my husband is understanding, because, despite being a man, he is my partner, he is my support, he is my painter. He paints me sitting, the way he prefers, but I am Rae, the woman in the painting, and I will not take my portraits sitting, anymore.*

–Noel Nina Langan



### About the Author

My name is Noel Nina Langan, and I am going into 7<sup>th</sup> grade at Klinger Middle School in Centennial School District. I love to play sports, read, and go to the movies with my pet sister Ruth-Anne!

*Rae Seated (Green Dress)* Ben Solowey.  
1935. Oil on canvas.



## *Love Cherry Blossom*

### *Chapter One*

The Korean girl's name was Yuki but her birth name was Jee-Hye. Yuki had been adopted by a Japanese family. She was born in South Korea, but didn't remember her birth family because she was only 4 ½ months old when she was adopted. The Japanese family had changed her name to Yuki. Yuki had a Japanese sister, Amu. Amu took good care of Yuki and often carried her to see the cherry blossoms which bloomed during Yuki's birthday. They were seven years apart in age. Amu and Yuki Sakura loved cherry blossoms for another reason; Sakura means cherry blossom. Now, Yuki was 12 years old and in 6<sup>th</sup> grade and Amu was 19 years old, starting her first year of college. She came home only when her classes were over and then Amu and Yuki would go to visit the cherry blossoms.

They lived in Tokyo. In Yuki's school, Yuki talked with her best friend, Usagi, in the classroom at lunch time.

Usagi said, "So. I don't believe we are 6<sup>th</sup> graders this spring."

Yuki said, "I know."

Usagi said, "Did you hear about the new student who will be coming here soon?"

Yuki said, "Yeah, I heard about the student from America."

Girls gossiped about the new student's parents. Yuki and Usagi listened to what the girls talked about.

One girl said, "I heard the new student's parents are wonderful."

Another girl said, "Yeah. The mother is a famous dancer. The father is a famous singer."

Yuki said, "Do you think it's true? Some rumors are false."

Usagi said, "Who knows? Let's see what happens when we meet the new student who will be here."

In Japan, elementary school had grades K-6. Boys' uniforms are black with medium green ties and shorts. Girls' school uniforms are black with dark pink ties and skirts. They both wore white shirts underneath. Boys' uniforms in middle and high school had long pants. They had winter and summer uniforms.

Later, school was finished. Yuki said, "Whew! It's finally over," and packed her school things in her bag.

Usagi gave a smile and said, "Let's walk home together."

"Yuki said, "Sure." They went home.

Yuki took off her shoes, then switched to slippers.

Mikan, cooking dinner, said, "How was school today?"

Yuki went to sit in her chair at the table and said, "It was fine." Mikan was Yuki's mother.

Mikan said, "Anything new?" still cooking.



*Japanese Garden Korakuen, Tokyo. Ben Simmons. Photograph.*

Yuki groaned and said, "Well, the new student from America will come to my school soon."

Mikan said, "Oh, that is wonderful."

Yuki said, "Whatever."

Someone opened the door.

Yuki stood up and said, "Amu!" sounding happy, and went to hug her.

Amu said, "I am home."

Yuki said, "How was your day?"

Amu said, "It went well." Amu had medium length hair. Yuki had long hair.

Yuki said, "I had a fun visit to the cherry blossom last time."

Cherry Blossom was the place near the city. Tokyo had many cherry blossom trees.

Amu gave a smile and said, "Anything new at school?"

Yuki said, "A new student will come to my school soon."

Amu said, "Oh really?"

Yuki said, "New student from America."

Amu said, "Oh I see."

Natsume arrived home and said, "Hey kids, I am home!" and hugged them. Natsume was Yuki's father.

Mikan said, "Oh. Welcome home. Yuki, do your homework after dinner."

Yuki groaned and said, "Fine."

Later Amu and Yuki played cards. Amu watched the time. "Oh, it's 8:00 PM. I have to go watch my favorite anime series."

Yuki asked, "Can I watch with you?"

Amu gave a smile and said, "Sure."

They went to the living room to watch the TV show together. Amu's favorite anime was "Shugo Chara." She also read manga, too. Yuki's secret favorite manga and anime was "Vampire Knight." She had a TV in her room. Yuki and Amu loved romance stories.

The next day, Yuki went to school. That morning, Yuki sat at her desk in the classroom. Usagi sat next to Yugi. They heard the girls rumor about the new student again.

A girl said, "If it is a boy, then I hope he will be cute!"

Another girl said, "Yeah! If it is a girl then maybe we could be friends with her."

The teacher opened the door and said, "Time to start class."

Everyone sat in their chair.

The teacher said, "Today, we have a transfer student."

Everyone was excited.

The teacher said, "Quiet. Please come."

The transfer student came in to the classroom. Everyone turned to look at the transfer student. The transfer student walked to the teacher and then turned to face everyone. It was a boy. A nice looking boy with cool hair. He was very cute and looked like half-American and half-Japanese.

*-Jee-Hye Laughlin*

### About the Author

Jee-Hye (Maddie) Laughlin is a deaf girl who will be in 10<sup>th</sup> grade at Parkland High School. I was born in South Korea and adopted. I had surgery 7 times. I enjoy teaching hearing people how to use sign language. My brother lives in New York. I am involved in theater at school. My hobbies are to write stories, read manga, and watch anime. I love manga and anime very much. I was a huge fan of the manga and anime, "Shugo Chara." I want to be an actress or writer.



## *The Barber's Shop*

"Can't believe it, just can't." Outside the house of broken spirit, peasants stand gazing in, intrigued by the pretty light, by the flashy thing. They wait woefully, regardless of the



*The Barber's Shop.* Henry B. Snell. Date unknown. Oil on canvas.

pretty light, and speak of their escapades and how it's all going down the john in a matter of minutes. They distract themselves from the truth by means of changes in subject, such as taking note of the two contexts and pronunciations of the word "minute." "Me hair's goin' in a minute an' it definitely ain't a minute loss. Funny, that word 'minute'..." Anything. For it shall all fade. It shall all go. For they are forced to defend something they see as totalitarian. For now come the scissors, and the hair of Samson shall hit the floor.

—Xavier Lorie

## *And In That Society...*

Rae. Rae. Who is Rae? Why is she sitting? Because they made her? Or because she chose to? Did she choose to because she felt like it? Or because they've always made her before? She stands up. Does she do so because they let her? Or because she asserts her rights? Both she and the artist ponder these ambiguities, for the artist finds his wife through oil paints and brushes as she finds herself through posing. And in the artist's discovery, he discovers who Rae is, and he discovers there is much ambiguity to her character. And he discovers that in that ambiguity, she is both strong and humble. And in puissance and humility, she desires to make a stand, yet she can't. And in her indecisiveness, she is exploited. The artist sees... and wants to lament. And in his desire to lament, he is contradicted by his awareness of the conventions of society, as she is in her desire to retaliate. What a world, he bellows through the deepest depths of his mind and soul. What a world, she bellows throughout the deepest depths of her mind and soul.



*Rae Seated (Green Dress).*  
Ben Solowey.  
1935. Oil on canvas.

—Xavier Lorie

## *Fancy Make-Believe Folks*

Wind in m'face n' in m'hair. Lookin' like James Dean flyin' downna road all fancy-free-like n' feeling like one a'th'divine, powerful, proud, n'oh-so-condescendin'. Rip m'cap from m'head an' yowl like a cay-nine getting' his tail squashed, but with a feelin' a happiness. Jus' like in th' fancy movin' pictures onna big white sheet ann'a fancy glowin' box. Jus' like them fancy make-believin' people onn'a screens, like Marilyn Monroe an' Frances What's-'Er-Name. They is lyin' but not 'cuz they wanna, they is lyin', they is lyin' cuz they been livin' lies their whole lieves with their fancy big houses n' their collections a' sports cars. They ain't got jack t'push out for emotion when they is performin', an' for once, I is feelin' like that, me, a normal guy. S'like when the fancy water-partin' man in the' Holy Book felt like he was one a' God's number. An' I start yowlin' agin, an' I keep yowlin' all th' way t' th' fancy car-rentin' place.

*-Xavier Lorie*



*Artist and title unknown.*

### *About the Author*

**Xavier Lorie**, age 14, is a teenager living in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and attending Lenape Middle School, entering 9<sup>th</sup> grade in the school year subsequent of this summer. He enjoys drawing and writing, hence his entry in this anthology. As an adult, Xavier intends to pursue a culturally significant and profitable career in the comic book industry.



## *Civil War Battle Scene*

The men rein in their horses, they have arrived at the battle field. As they approach, rebel rifle fire takes out 2 in the main party. Behind the lead convoy the cavalry leaders unsheathe their swords, ready to give the order to charge. On the other side of the field, they hear the Confederate men shouting. The men line up in battle formations. Commanders give the order to ready weapons and the sound of loading rifles and revolvers is heard by all. Some of the commanders see the men are scared. In their minds, they think, "What has Lincoln gotten us into, and can we actually win this bloody war? Or is it a lost cause?" Finally the order to charge is given and the men storm the field.

A brutal battle is about to ensue.

By dusk this small field has gone from a defused tan to a deep crimson. Much blood has been spilt, blood from both sides of the conflict. The notes of retreat sound on the evening dusk. Both sides retreat to their respective sides.

The surviving men set camp for the night. They prepare food for those who can eat, the field doctors tend to the wounded. Off to one side of the enlisted men, the remaining commanders gather in the command tent.

There they'll stay, all night.

Planning for the next offensive, which we hope will give them the upper hand and allow them to take the field.



*Civil War Battle Scene.* William B. Trego. 1887. Oil on canvas.

### **A New Perspective:**

These soldiers standing here, why are they here? They are armed and are ready for battle. Perhaps they have come to challenge some unseen evil hiding somewhere on the field on which they now stand. Maybe they have returned to their camps and their injured comrades have collapsed because of their wounds. I guess we'll never really know what the scene is a depiction of. We can only speculate and that's all we can do.

*-Sean McLaughlin*

### About the Author

I am from Allentown, NJ. I write and draw in my spare time. In school, I am on the track team; I throw the discus. I am in my junior year of high school at the New Jersey Christian Academy.



## *Icebound River*

*Inspired by the painting of the same name by Charles Rosen*

George was not like his friends. In fact, I wouldn't even call his friends, friends. I'd call them neighbors. All these neighbors lived in a small town at the top of a mountain. This town was called Waterway. It stood happily at the top of the mountain that stood almost like an older brother to the river everyone knew as Big Blue.

George always thought that there was more than what met the eye about Big Blue. All George's "friends" called him weird or stupid for always suggesting to go to Big Blue to check it out in their free time. George's parents didn't pay much attention to how everyone disliked George because they were always working. George was sick of being called names and being ignored so he decided to bite the bullet and go to Big Blue on his own.

It's a treacherous journey down to Big Blue; very few ever go to the river. George was traveling for about one hour and was barely halfway there. Another hour went by and George finally made it!

At first, the river and its surroundings seemed normal until he noticed the lonely, little lightly colored house that looked like it had been there for ages. George was puzzled. He had never seen this house before, or for that matter ever knew it existed. George guessed that no one knew about this house because when people from Waterway came to the river, they stayed at the crease of the mountains, so the house wasn't visible. He was always a curious boy, so he decided to take a look around. As George approached the house, he noticed the lake was growing very foggy. Despite this, he entered the tiny house and noticed a gold necklace hanging ever so



*Harlem Valley, Winter. Ernest Lawson.*

Courtesy of <http://emsworth.wordpress.com/tag/childe-hassam/>

perfectly on the back wall with what looked like paint splattered on the wall to make it look important. George noticed the sky growing angry. He moved his hand closer to the necklace and reached for it. The sky bolted with a single strike of lightning. George almost screamed but immediately refocused. Again he reached out and this time grabbed the necklace. The sky cracked again and George ran. It started pouring, then hailing, and finally it started to snow! George threw the necklace in his pocket and bolted home.

George awoke the next morning drenched in water lying on the front porch of his house. He had no idea how he got there, but all he knew was that he needed to get changed or else he'd get sick. As he went inside he saw his mother but she didn't say anything other than, "Good morning, George!" George didn't reply. He noticed that the rain had stopped but it still looked horribly dark outside. George got changed and then decided to take a walk to the local arcade. On his way, the sky bolted with anger and lightning struck a nearby tree which fell to the ground immediately. George saw this but



ignored it. He still had the necklace in his pocket and he took it out to examine it. George noticed that it was all gold in color and had the picture of a gold bird he had never seen before on the front side. On the back it was also all gold but it had a tiny gold star on the bottom. George liked this necklace very much and placed it around his neck but under his shirt so no one else could see its beauty. Immediately after he placed it around his neck it started to downpour with rain, then it continued on to hail later that day. George was now running to the arcade and made it before the thunder and lightning. As soon as he stepped foot into the arcade, he ran right over to his favorite game, *Ms. Pacman*, and played for two hours non-stop. By the time he left he had seven out of the ten high scores including the top three.

To get back home he had to wave for a car to stop and pick him up because it would be impossible to get home in these conditions. Two cars sped by without even noticing George, but the third stopped right away. George opened the back door and hopped in. The man driving the car was Mr. Brink; he was a neighbor in Waterway. In the back seat with him was Mr. Brink's daughter who was also 10 years old. George barely ever talked to her because her father wouldn't let her play with the rest of the boys in the town, but immediately she said, "Hi, George." Out of kindness and the fact that he had a crush on her, he replied with, "Hi Monical!" Following he said, "Hello, Mr. Brink." Mr. Brink replied and asked George where he was headed. George told Mr. Brink that he was headed home, then Mr. Brink nodded. To make conversation, Mr. Brink added, "Horrible weather we're having." They continued to talk and then it happened.

Mr. Brink put up a hand to stop George from talking and asked him the single question. "Where did you get that necklace?" He said this with a kind of scared, disgusted tone in his voice. George didn't answer. Mr. Brink was furious now and told him that if he didn't answer he'd be thrown out on the street. George said in a voice smaller than a pea, "Big Blue."

Mr. Brink screamed. He explained to George that the necklace he took belonged to a sailor who died at sea because of horrible weather. Then when he was a ghost he took the necklace that belonged to him out of the trash, because his family didn't need it anymore, and put it in the house George had gotten it from. George believe the story but couldn't figure out why it was so bad that he had taken it. Mr. Brink told him, "The legend says that if you don't return it on your own to where you found it in 48 hours, the sailor will come back and make horrible, unlivable weather for the rest of your life!" George was a little frightened by this but he knew what he had to do. George was dropped off at his house and it was snowing. George realized that he only had 24 hours left to return the necklace so he decided to take a little nap before he went off.

By the time he woke up he only had 14 hours to return the necklace. George packed for his journey, ate, and he was off with 13 hours to spare. It took one hour for George to reach the top of the mountain from his house, and now he only had 12 hours. He started very slowly down the mountain, it had taken 2 hours the first time he had gone down the mountain, but now it took 4! He was moving at such a slow pace because if he fell...well, falling was not an option. George was so tired that he decided to take another nap. He then set his alarm clock on his watch to go off in 4 hours after going into a small cave with one exit.

George awoke to the clash of lightning. He noticed the snow piled up at the exit and then checked his watch. He looked at the time and almost fainted. George had been asleep for 6 hours! Now he had to move. It took him just 1 hour to dig through the snow and out of the cave. He was scared, he only had 1 hour left, and he was running. All he had to do was run around the mountain and put the necklace back. He was getting closer every minute. George turned the corner and he could see the house. He checked his

watch and saw he only had 30 minutes to spare. He was getting so close, he could almost taste his victory. George was about 50 paces away and he heard a crack. George stopped and fell into the river.

George realized that he had 15 minutes left. He swam over to the shore and sluggishly walked over towards the house. He opened it and placed the necklace on its hook, and fell to sleep.

George awoke to the sound of lightning. He was puzzled, again. The rain, hail and snow stopped, but it still looked stormy. George noticed that there was still bad weather for the next couple of weeks and then it cleared up. At first, George was furious with himself that he put the necklace back too late, but then was relieved to understand that there was just bad weather for the past few weeks, and that Mr. Brink had lied about the legend. George decided that his next move would be to convince his parents to move far, far away from everyone in Waterway. Waterway, and most of all, Big Blue.

–Steven Natto

## *A Day in the Life of a Boat*

Morning to all!  
My master may call.  
6 o'clock is when day starts to break,  
and I begin to shake.

I feel sick,  
When I see my master flick  
dirt on me to make me shiver,  
When the water below begins to quiver.

As a boat you must be tough,  
because the people and water are rough.  
You must not be neat,  
because people need to eat.

If you like to rest,  
don't take this test.  
And if you can't take the heat  
You may just be deadmeat.



*The Landing of Columbus.* Edward Hicks. ca. 1837.

–Steven Natto

## *About the Author*

Steven Natto is a 12 year old boy who just completed 6<sup>th</sup> grade. This August, Steven will be starting 7<sup>th</sup> grade at Lenape Middle School. Steven enjoys playing many sports, such as basketball, football, golf, tennis, and swimming. In Steven's free time, he enjoys being with friends or playing sports. Steven has a loving family that he wouldn't trade for anything. In school Steven gets straight A's and has lots of friends. Overall, Steven loves his family, friends, and school.



## *Bowman's Hill*

The bitter wind nips at my face like little gnat bites as I sit on the top of a dirt path, feeling despair seep through me. It rips and tousles my hair like a rough 2-year-old and seems to want to wrestle me to the ground. The air smells like a medley of burning leaves, freshly mown grass, and cow dung. It sounds like a giant, forceful waterfall, gushing in my ears and trickling down my spine. I finger the neatly cut grass and it feels spiky, like a porcupine's needles. The sky reminds me of my stomach: a big churning mass of confusion. I can't really determine the taste in my mouth, but it is sort of like prune juice because it's exotic and juicy. I feel like I'm in a giant blender, because of the constant wind, and judging from the temperature and the general feel of the place, I can tell a storm is imminent, and I need to get out of this place. But the beauty calls me in, and I linger there for a moment, because I know that I won't be here again for a long time. I try to memorize the old, bare tree, reaching up to heaven and praising God, and the farmhouse on the sun-streaked grass, and I wish that I had my camera. But I realize that it's not about taking pictures, or looking back on this moment, but about *experiencing* the moment. The sun peeps out from behind the dark, daunting clouds, illuminating the farmhouse, and I want to plant myself in the dirt and bask in the sunshine, like a sun-loving flower complementing the garden, but I realize I must get going because a storm is coming and I shouldn't be here. But, oh, it's so beautiful. So beautiful.

–Katie Simons



*Bowman's Hill.*  
John Fulton Follinsbee.  
1936-7. Oil on canvas.

### About the Author

Hello, my name is Katie Simons and I am going to be a happy sixth grader next year. I love to write, read, act, play YMS soccer, and watch the Phillies. I really enjoyed participating in this writing camp! I hope to come back next year.



## *In the Nakashima Room*

Ambling into this room,  
Preparing to enter a different way of life,  
Glancing upon the all natural,  
I definitely seem to find it here.

Imagining I'm in Japan—It's actually working!  
Could you believe it? I couldn't.  
Offering directly to me a cup of tea is a  
Well mannered Japanese man. How nice!  
Sipping the cup fills me with warmth.  
And of course, hospitality. It's just wonderful.  
Deciding now that Japan is now a place where  
I'd want to visit. For sure.  
I think it will be a great experience.

—Isabel Wingert



*George Nakashima Reading Room.*  
Photo by Barry Halkin.

## *Decision While on Brace's Cove*

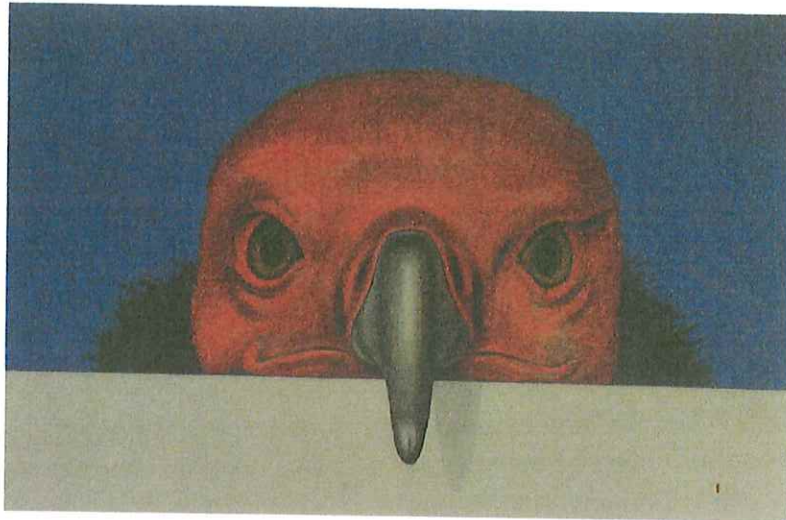
I was standing right on the shore. My feet were immersed in the sand and I can feel the sparkling blue water tickle my toes. "Behold, look at me! I can have as much power as you!" The enormous cumulonimbus cloud appeared to shout at me. I actually sort of heard an echo. Afterwards I dove right into my thoughts. While making a decision, the fragrance of salt and the long gust of wind relaxed me. It helped me a lot. Even though autumn was obvious because it was November surrounding me, the sun behind the clouds did not generate heat but showed its wonderful illumination on the cloud. I took a big, shrill gulp and finally came to a conclusion of what to do.



*Brace's Cove.* George Sotter. Oil on canvas.

—Isabel Wingert





*Over and Above #14.*  
Clarence Carter. 1964.  
Oil on canvas.

## *Over and Above #14 and the Staring Contest*

Dastardly, Easily, Awfully,  
Is how that vulture gazes.  
At me. Very viciously.

I try my best to look not into the eyes,  
But that shiny, silver, sharp beak.  
How it's just dangling over the white,  
And pops out at you, awaiting the moment.

I'm uneasy, and I can't think of anything to write,  
Walking back and forth and I think the eyes followed me.  
*Um, okay. Let's have a staring contest.* I message to it.  
*Bring it on,* is what its expression says. Obviously,  
I am too afraid to call "it" a him or her. Just "it."

I talk a big gulp. I admit that I am ready.  
There's other people around in the gallery,  
But clearly not as uncomfortable as I am.  
I think it just cackled at me. And it asks me,  
*My eyes are made out of paint. How about yours?*  
I answer, *Involuntary muscles, but I am not giving up.*

Uh oh. My chances are weakening.  
Against those fierce gold eyes. I blink.  
Oh well, who knew who was going to win anyway?  
It always will be hopeless.

*-Isabel Wingert*

## Nostalgic for an Alien

Despite the title, usually I don't like aliens. To me, they are generally cold, slimy and green. Specifically, a ghastly shade of green. Only one alien I am reflective of. His name is *Stitch*. Strongly resembling a koala, he is blue and furry. Also he's sometimes frightening, because of his deceiving looks. And he is extremely strong. I can't believe only about four characters from the movie, if I remember, actually like *Stitch*. More people, who are mostly minor characters, are terrified of him. Who stands out to me is a six year old loving Hawaiian girl named *Lilo*. She describes him as "cute and fluffy," and sees the gentle side of him. I simply do too.

I recall the night when the movie came out in theaters. I was incredibly eager to see it. That night, we had salad for dinner. I hated salad. My six year old version thought it was disgusting and bland. My parents notified me that if I didn't eat my dinner, we wouldn't go see the movie. I was appalled at that fact. I had to go! For me as a six year old, it was like a priority. So, I gobbled up my salad daringly, right away, and we got to go! I adored the adventure set on the mystical island of Hawaii. Afterwards, the movie won my heart. Obviously in my opinion it shows two thoughtful, well known themes. They are basically: *Don't judge by looks*, and, *Everything has a good side*.

Most of all, I loved the movie because I felt like I can relate to it. After the movie, my parents informed me, "You definitely remind me of *Lilo*." Of course, my six year old self had no clue why. Until now, I realize just why. I figured I kind of looked like her too. I mean, I had long, straight dark brown hair, and brown eyes, just like her. And my personality matched too. We were eccentric, excited and independent. That was when I started to wonder, "Who was my *Stitch*?" Just a couple of days ago, my mother called my 21 month old brother Anton the name *Stitch*. How perfect! I didn't realize it till the moment that I started writing that you can remember things out of nowhere. And become nostalgic about them. Just like I did.

-Isabel Wingert

### About the Author

My name is Isabel Wingert, and I'm the only daughter of three brothers. The oldest, Liam, is 17 years old, and Gabriel is nine years old. My youngest brother, Anton, is only 21 months old. I'm 14 years old, and I am going into 9<sup>th</sup> Grade at Tohikon Middle School in Doylestown. At school, I participate in Orchestra, Select Strings, and Student Council. My favorite subjects are Science, Spanish, and English. Next year, I am excited to join the Central Bucks West High School Swim Team. Swimming is and has been my favorite sport. I also participate in Water Polo. One of my biggest goals is to travel around the world, to places such as Japan, Spain, and Hawaii, because I have never really traveled out of the country before. I want to see more of the world for excitement and inspiration.



Courtesy of [www.disneypicture.net](http://www.disneypicture.net).



## *I've Been Here Before*

I've seen these walls before.  
Cracked walls.  
Long hallways,  
Wrapping further than you can see.  
Skinny, cold hallways,  
Sterile, like a hospital.  
Multi-paned windows casting  
Checkered shadows on  
Checkered tiled floor.

I've seen these faces before,  
Wrinkled grey faces with eyes of hope.  
My grandmother's grandmother,  
Hobbling through customs  
On one wooden leg,  
A kerchief covering curly wisps,  
Her first penny made in a subway station  
Because someone mistook her for a beggar.  
My grandmother's father,  
Stern and dark,  
Recognizing the coming storm  
Of unrest across central Europe  
And shielding his children from it.  
My grandmother's mother  
Tiny, sickly,  
Quiet, gentle.  
My grandmother's brother,  
Her protector,  
Arms braced against the ship's rail  
As it rocked its way into New York harbor.  
My grandmother,  
Seven years old and confident,  
A new life ahead of her  
Where she had to go to school  
Without speaking the language,  
Moving to where her descendents would remain.

I know these faces, this hallway,  
For they are my history.

*-Kate Amate*



*Portrait of an Immigrant (Possibly German).*  
Lewis Hine. 1926. Gelatin silver print.

### *About the Author*

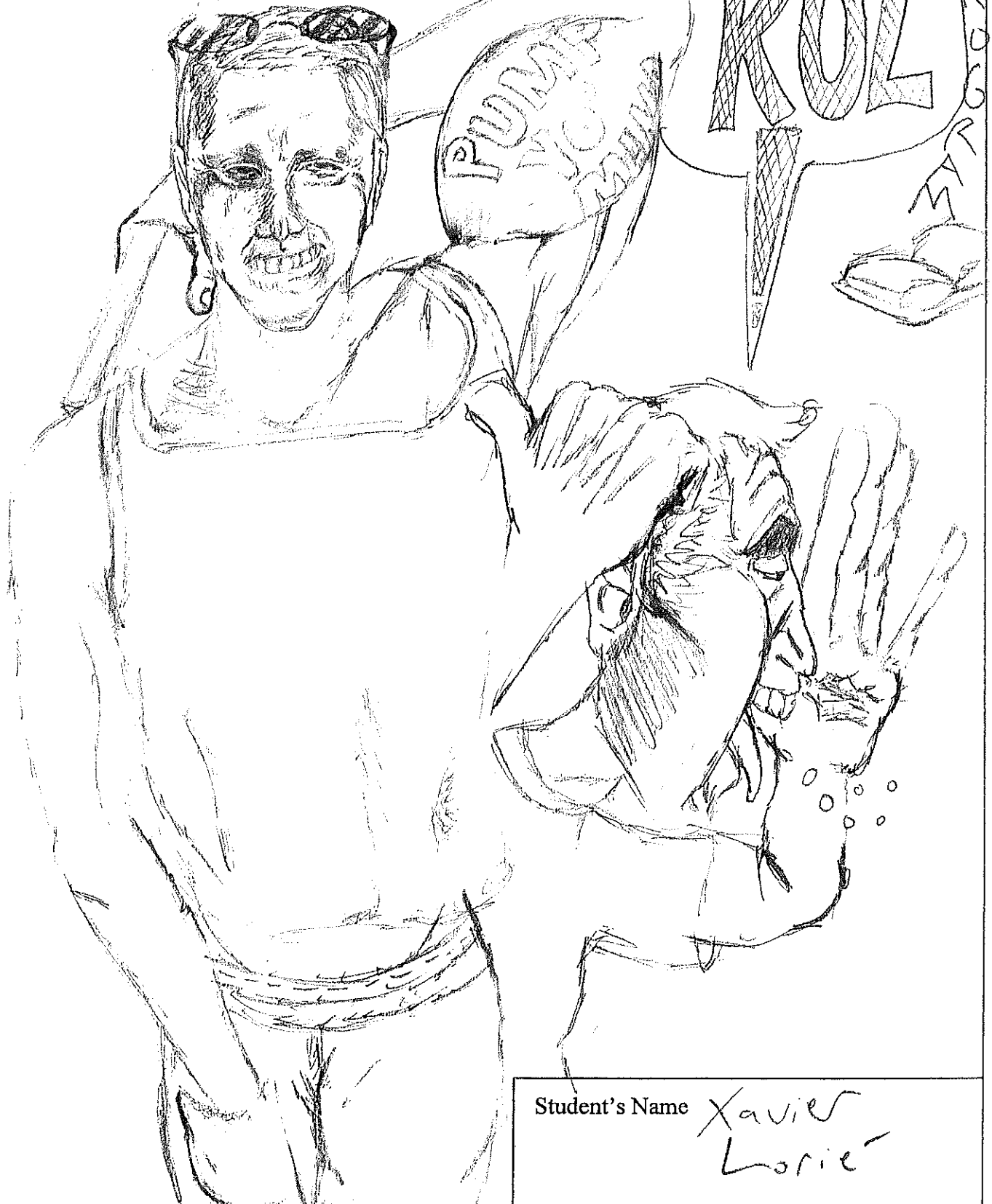
Kate Amate is an eighth grade English teacher at Log College Middle School in Warminster, about to begin her eighth year of teaching. It has been an honor for her to work with the prolific and creative young writers of this program.





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Xavier  
Lorie

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Student's Name

Jee Hye Park