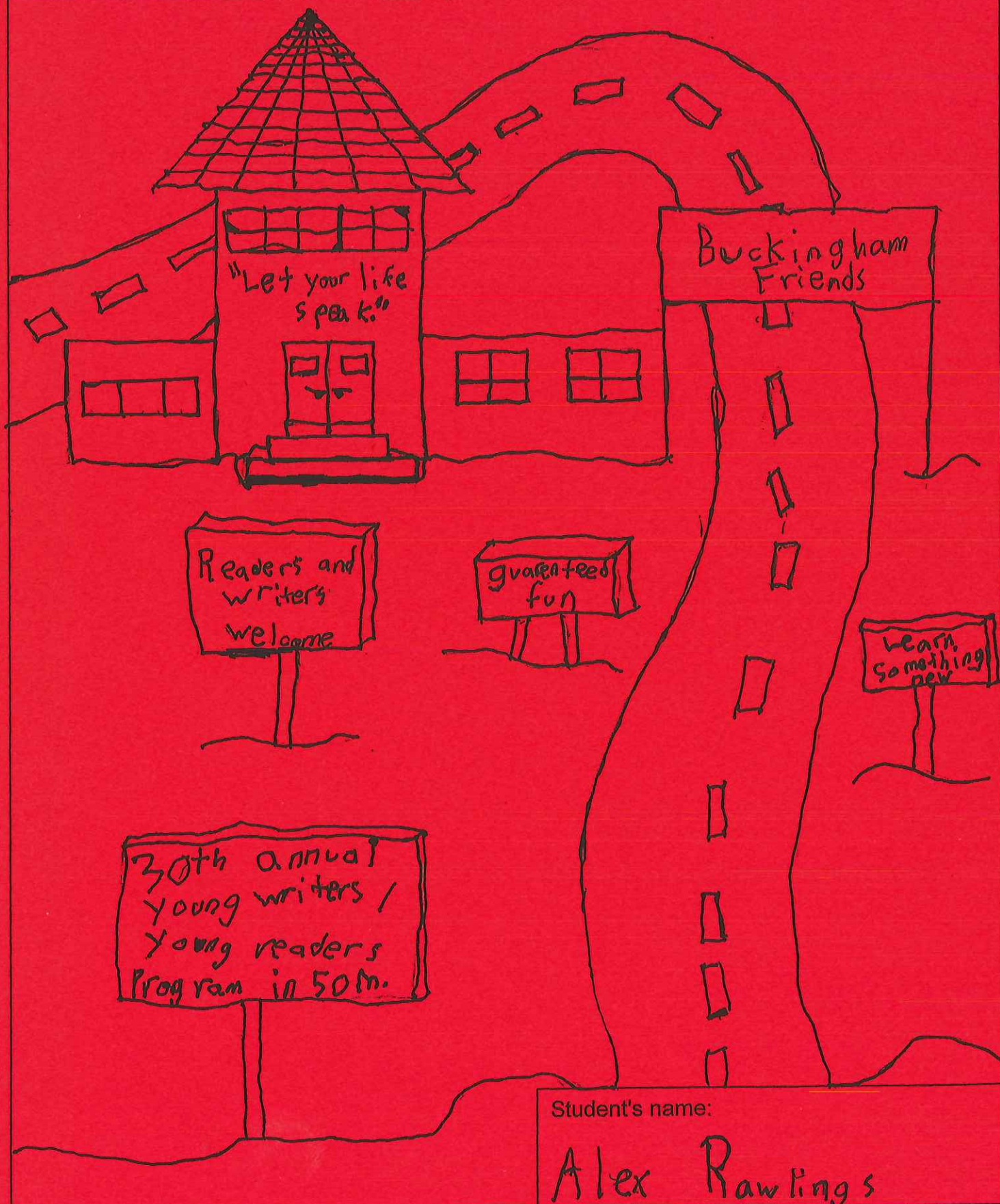


PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs



Student's name:

Alex Rawlings

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Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project Young Writers Program Summer 2014

The students of the Young Writers Program came together this summer to form a community of writers and readers. They ranged from second to eighth grade and had a great time writing, reading, and making new friends. This anthology is the culmination of their hard work. All the pieces were written and edited by the students.

The goals of the program are to inspire children to love reading and writing, to introduce them to the tools they need to become great writers, to continue to collect writing ideas in their writers' notebooks, and to stretch their capabilities in both reading and writing. The children grow to see themselves as writers with individual voices, unique in their manner of expression and view of the world.

The children worked on developing the skills necessary to complete the writing process. They experienced prewriting activities, revising techniques and editing skills. They shared in groups, as well as with partners. They received comments and suggestions through conferences with their teachers and their fellow writers.

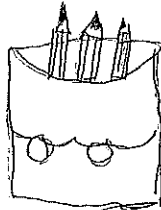
The most outstanding influence on the students of our program is the teaching staff. They help the children generate ideas, take risks, and find their own writing voices. They are a very special group of teachers with outstanding qualities and immense dedication.

Special thanks to the administrators of the Buckingham Friends School for sponsoring the Young Writers Program.

Thanks also to Dr. Mary Buckelew, Director of the PA Writing & Literature Project, Summer Administrator Debbie Neves, and PAWLP office staff members Toni Kershaw and Ann Mascherino for their outstanding handling of all matters related to the Young Writers Program.

Thank you also to the parents for believing that reading and writing are skills to be valued and nurtured in our children. We appreciate your interest in your children's literacy development and we hope you will continue to encourage them to be lifelong readers and writers.

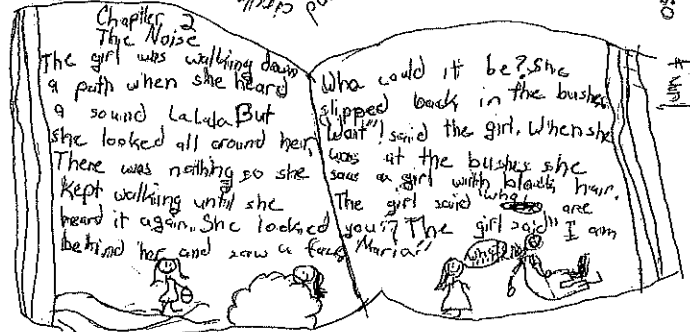
Lorraine Crane
Buckingham Friends School Site Coordinator
Summer 2014



Reading and Writing is so fun!

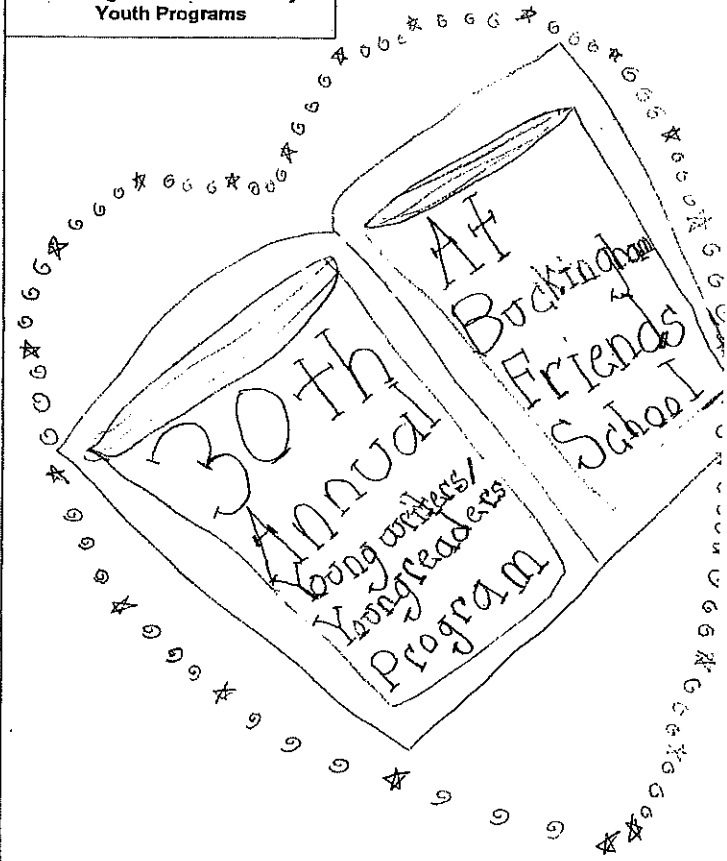
There are two
Magda and
Delphine in
the room and
they are
so good.

The pencil will make a
round circle on the paper.



Buckingham Friends School
30th Annual Young Writers/
Young Readers Program

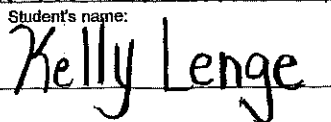
Student's name:
Clara Lee



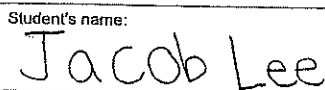
Student's name:
August grace

Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project
Young Writers/Young Readers at Buckingham Friends School
Teacher: Bruce Perlman

Name	Grade completed	School
Will DiMedio	4	Sol Feinstone Elementary School, Council Rock SD
Sienna Draus	3	Linden Elementary School, Central Bucks SD
Nina Harris	3	Bridge Valley Elementary School, Central Bucks SD
Clara Lee	2	Bridge Valley Elementary School, Central Bucks SD
Jacob Lee	4	Simmons Elementary School, Hatboro-Horsham SD
Jordan Lee	2	Simmons Elementary School, Hatboro-Horsham SD
Kelly Lenge	4	Sol Feinstone Elementary School, Council Rock SD
Alexander Rawlings	4	Bridge Valley Elementary School, Central Bucks SD
Augustgrace Young	2	Newtown Elementary School, Council Rock SD



Jordan Lee



Student's name: Nina Harris

My Anthology Page

By Wil DiMedio

Me and My Brother

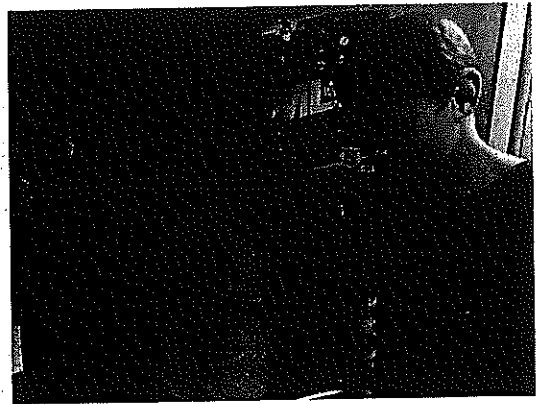


One time me and my brother were bored. So we decided to play X-box. We sat down on the couch and powered it on. We played Minecraft but by accident it was blasting with sound like a monster truck engine in Chris's room. That woke up Chris, and woke up the problem. Chris told Mom and she put us in our rooms for one hour! Whenever my mom could not hear us we talked through the hall. Finally, when my mom

let us out of our bedrooms, we played Minecraft. We worked together and each of us pushed one cow into our Minecraft house in the daytime. Two days later our cows had two baby calves. Alex and I had a lot of fun playing Minecraft together. We get along great.

Wil's No Good, Very Bad Day

Me and my brother Chris were outside playing wiffleball, and I hit a homerun! My brother thought it was a foul ball so I said, "Let's line it up with the foul line." So we did, and it was a fair ball. That made me say, "Ha!" When I said ha, he punched me. So I punched him as hard as I could. That made him punch me as hard as he could. At the end of the day I was icing my arm and I had a big bruise mark. Also, Chris had a sore arm as well. So we both went to sleep and the next day we did not fight even once! It was a great day!



About the Author



I am a 10 year old boy going into 5th grade, and I go to Sol Feinstone Elementary School. I play three sports; they are soccer, lacrosse, and basketball. I am very funny and love nature. For example, whenever I see a harmless animal, I pick it up. One time at at this writing camp I picked up a frog and passed it around so everybody could see it. Also, my favorite TV show is called "The Next Great Baker." "The Next Great Baker" is about how 16 people compete to work at Carlos' Bakery.

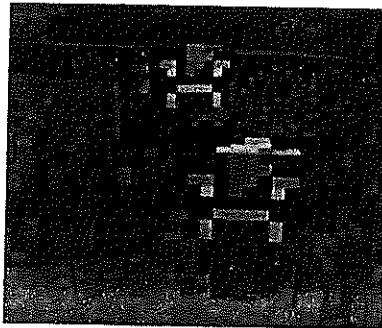
My Anthology Page

By Sienna Draus

<u>Bird</u>	<u>Jolly Ranchers</u>
Feathers	Hard
Eggs	Sweet
Flight	Addicting
"Caw! Caw!"	Colorful
Wings	Makes you Relax

Moo!

On a bright, sunny day, an un-domestic brown cow was searching for some grass to eat in a snow covered field. His stomach was rumbling and grumbling as to say "I need grass!" The cow finally found lots of grass that wasn't covered by snow. He walked over to the patch of grass and lifted his head preparing to munch on it. Then a calf came out of the tall grass and started eating it before the cow could even moo. The cow was so surprised that it started spinning around in circles. And the calf did, too. Then, it stopped snowing and the two cows kept eating grass and spinning around.



About the Author

Sienna Draus is 9 years old and her birthday is on November 13, 2004. She attends Linden Elementary and will be in 4th grade. She likes drawing, writing, typing stories, and singing.

My Mom's Advice

By: Nina Harris

"Mom!" I say in a sad voice.

"What's wrong?" asked my mom. We both sit down on my mom and dad's bed.

"Well," I say in a nervous voice, "There are mean girls in my class."

"What did they do?" asked my mom.

"They were giving me and my friends dirty looks, and talked to us with a snappy voice," I say.

She hugs me and I smile a smidge. Then she says, "Don't worry, you'll be fine," in a sweet voice. I hope she's right.

"Also," she tells me, "you can ignore them." I know that will work! Now I have a humongous smile on my face! I jump up, hug my mom, race out the door with a leap, and run down the stairs! My mom always knows the right thing to do.

About the Author

Nina Harris was born on February 16, 2005. Nina lives with her parents, grandparents, and younger sister, Hailey, in Furlong, Pennsylvania. She is 9 years old and is going into 4th grade at Bridge Valley Elementary School. She loves to read and write and also loves math. Her favorite genres to read and write are fiction and realistic fiction. She also enjoys swimming and karate in her free time.

Day 1

July 7, 2014

Dear Mr . Perlman ,

Last week on Monday I went on a vacation. It all started when we went to the Lobster House. We ate New Engand Clam Chowder soup and lobster. Then we went ~~to~~ Cape May Beach which was close to the Lobster House. First, I went to the ocean. Then I got a bucket filled with water and played in the sand. I washed my hands in it whenever I had to. Then we went to our hotel . My dad and my brother went to exercise around the hotel. My mom and I went inside the hotel and I watched Cloud Bread. Then when my dad and brother came home I saw them with ice cream , because my dad said he would buy ice cream for him. My brother got chocolate and my dad got strawberry flavor. I ate half of chocolate and half of strawberry. Then at 10:00 PM my family went to bed.

To be continued tomorrow

Love , Clara *Lee*

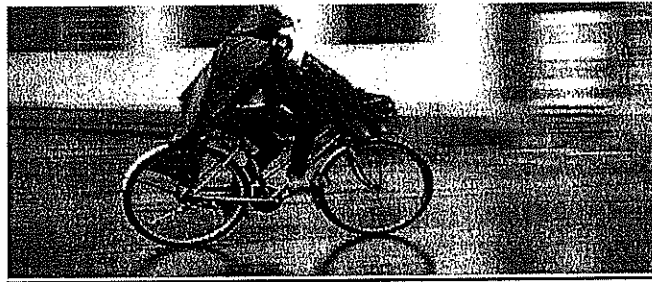
Clara was born on June 3, 2006 at a hospital in New Jersey. She loves reading , writing , and playing. She is very good at math. Especially fast facts and Xtramath. She is going into 3rd grade. She loves the water park in Wildwood. She is 8 years old.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Jacob Tyler Lee

Drenched

Yesterday I had soccer practice. I asked if I can join another session of practice. When I was finished I started walking home. I felt a little raindrop. Then, I started running to my bike to get home because I live so close to the club. I got on my bike and peddled through my neighborhood as fast as I could. It was raining so much now. I was slipping and sliding and almost lost my grip. One hand came off the handlebar. Then the other hand came off but I put it back on. It rained so much it felt like hail was hitting me. I peddled as fast as I could. I felt pain in my thighs. I sniffed up the moist air. I wanted to get home. So I peddled up the hill. It felt as if I was taking a shower. When I was at my driveway I parked my bike in the garage and closed the garage door. Then I saw a flash of lightning through the window. "I just made it that was a close one" I said. But the whole point is that I was safe.



About the Author

Jacob Lee lives in North Wales, PA. He is currently 10 years old and going into the 5th Grade at Simmons Elementary School. He loves the idea of writing; he thinks writing makes you smarter. He plays basketball, soccer and used to play baseball. Jacob says the most important thing is education and enjoying life.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Jordan Benjamin Lee

The Golf Range

"Dad, can we go to the golf range?" "Sure" he said, so we drove. Luckily the range was near our house. A lot of people must've been thinking just like me, because the place was packed. We got a basket of balls and I first started to stretch to loosen up. Then I got into position and took a swing, it was so bad. The ball just rolled off the tee and hit the ground. I went to my dad and I said "Can you help me with my swing?" "Yeah sure!" he said. First he said to keep my eyes on the ball, put my hands together for the grip and don't move my feet. I took a shot and it was perfect! I got a little better each time. "Thank you dad," With a big smile, he said, "You're welcome."



About the Author

Jordan is currently 8 years old and going into the 3rd Grade at Simmons Elementary School. He was born May 28th, 2006, in Manhattan, NY. He moved to Pennsylvania when he was 3 months old. He has an older brother named Jacob that is 10 years old and Phoebe, his younger sister, is 2. Jordan loves to play soccer and plays on a travel team for the Ukrainian Nationals. His favorite player is Messi from Argentina. Although his favored team lost to Germany in the World Cup Finals, he still enjoyed watching the games. He also loves playing basketball and riding his bike.

My Teacher Is Special

My dance teacher Miss Deb is special to me because she is helping me become a great dancer. She has taught me since I was four years old. She is super nice to me! Not only do we work very hard, she makes it a lot of fun. I remember one time when we had rehearsals so late and we were very tired. Miss Deb just laid on the ground and started doing the dance on her back! We all started laughing, but we could understand because we were tired, too! (When Miss Deb is tired she is a little crazy!!!) She is still a great dance teacher, though! Thank you, Miss Deb, for doing everything you do for me! If you're looking for a dance studio I highly recommend Debra Sparks Dance Works! Becoming a dancer at this studio will change your life!

BY
KELLY
LENGE



Rhyming Poem

DANCE! DANCE! Oh how I love to Dance!

There are many different kinds just like a prance

It is very fun to do,

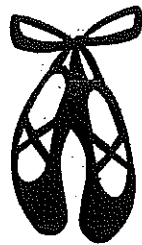
So I would try it, if I were you

You get a lot of exercise,

What do you want a big clothes size ?!?!?!?!?

It's fun to dance in your pants

You might as well give it a chance!!!!



A Very Bad Day

It was the 2nd time I was going to gymnastics at the NAC. The first time was so much fun! The teachers were nice! Our class was almost over and we were doing our last activity, a back handspring. The teacher said, "3-2-1," I flipped back and BOOM! CRACK! OUCH! My arm had a huge lump in it! I wasn't sure what happened, but it REALLY hurt! The paramedics came and carried me onto a bed and rushed me to the ambulance. We zoomed to the hospital! They gave me medicine to help stop the pain. I screamed for more! We were at St. Mary's. My mom told me we had to go to CHOP. "NOOOO," I screamed! "I am not going back in that ambulance! ARGH!" I knew my mom would win this argument! Back on the stretcher I went and I was whisked to CHOP! We were there for hours, but oddly enough the surgery only took minutes! Go figure! When I arrived they gave me something called silly juice to put me to sleep. It's called silly juice because when you have it it makes you feel very silly and weird. So I fell asleep. It felt like someone was tugging at my arm; it felt very odd. I was trying to speak, but the right words weren't coming out of my mouth! Before I knew it, I awoke with a purple cast on my arm. I will never forget that very bad day!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

KELLY LENGE IS TEN YEARS OLD AND SHE IS GOING INTO 5TH GRADE AT SOL FEINSTONE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. SHE LIVES WITH HER MOM, DAD, AND TWO OLDER BROTHERS, THOMAS AND CHRIS. SHE ALSO HAS TWO BIG, BLACK AND CRAZY STANDARD POODLES NAMED MAXWELL AND DAKOTA. HER BIRTHDAY IS MAY 27TH 2004. IN HER FREE TIME SHE LOVES TO DANCE! IT IS HER TRUE PASSION! KELLY ALSO ENJOYS READING A LOT. HER FAVORITE BOOK OF ALL TIME IS WONDER. SHE ADORES DRAWING, DANCING, PLAYING WITH HER DOGS, PLAYING OUTSIDE, AND MANY MORE THINGS!

My Anthology Page

By Alexander Frederic Rawlings

Great Grandma

Cat lover

Big hugger

Seven brothers

But no others

Born in Washington State

Her childhood was great

Ninety five

Still alive

The Cemetery

Quiet damp air

Rotting old hair

There's a fly in my eye

Many people have died

It's nothing but merry

In the cemetery



Frank and Mom's Adventure

"Frank, Frank, Frank," whispered Mom. "What?" replied Frank. "It's time," she said. Frank silently sat up and found some leaves and grubs his Mom had set out for him. "Ready?" Mom whispered. "Sure," Frank replied. The sun was just peeping up over the trees. Frank and mom silently took off, heading roughly south. They could see the rising sun to their left in the east. They flew on and on... Through powerful winds... And across large plains. And finally they reached a large cloud bank. Frank followed his mom through the misty darkness... and into the sunny Paradise that lay beyond. The sun shone through the clouds and shimmered as it reached the crystal clear waterfall. "So this is migration," thought Frank. "I'll definitely be coming back next year."



About the Author

Alex is currently 10 years old and going into the 5th grade at Bridge Valley Elementary School. He was born on November 16th, 2003, in Furlong, PA and has lived there his entire life. He has a younger sister, named Caroline (age 7). Alex likes to play soccer for PA Rush. He also enjoys swimming for the Fanny Chapman Swim Team and the Central Bucks Aquatics Club.

Anthology page

Giggleberry Mountain

loud
obstacle course/climber/ball pit
soft
yellow/blue/purple
net
stairs/ball cannons/fun!

One Line Words

Haiku: hard to write
Draw: start to write
Author: love to write
What do they have in
common?
The words "to write"

Growth [Opposites]

I used to say "bad"
today I say "good"
I used to say "me"
today I say "she"
I used to say "no"
today I say "yes"

CONCENTRATION

FOCUS
WORK
THINK
CONCENTRATE
"HE, SHE, ME, THE"
SEE[K]
LOVE
THEY
VOICE
ZEN
THOUGHT

IN THE CEMETERY

I SEE WORDS
I HEAR WIND
I FEEL ROUGH+SMOOTH

the first day (preview version)

Finally. Me and that girl were in line together. I was scared. She was scared. I could see it. There were two stars left. "Which one do you want?" Mrs. Adams asked us. "I want...this one," the girl said, pointing to a star that read **Never give up**. "Do you want this one?" asked Mrs. Adams. "Yes," I said.

Want to know what happens next? Read *The First Day* to find out!

About the author

AugustGrace Young is 7 years old (almost 8!) and goes to school at Newtown Elementary School. She has written 3 books: *Pixie Dust*, *Little Miss Fashion*, and *AugustGrace's Awesome Book of Poetry*. She is currently working on her fourth book, *The First Day*. She has moved 3 times.* She loves to go to Giggleberry Mountain, and yes, she can write in cursive.

*Fun Fact: AugustGrace Young was born in New York City, but only lived there for 3 years.

Teacher Anthology Page

By Bruce Perlman

What IS This Place?

From the school site we walked a few minutes to a place I had heard of so many times. Children LOVE to visit here. I had never been. As we arrive, music plays and can be heard as you stand there, about 100 feet back and look up at the tall building nestled in the back of the shopping complex. It's huge, colorfully framed windows welcome kids of all ages. I hesitantly look forward to the experience. We prepared the group of children as our plans were NOT to buy tokens, or to play any games. We were here to write and take in the experience with our senses. We enter the building and the first thing I see is a carousel. Yes, my eyes dart from one sensory experience to another, but this nostalgic carousel grounds my eyes and is a comfortable sight amidst the sensory overload. There is a lot to look at; a game room, benches, people, machines and GIGGLEBERRY MOUNTAIN! What is that? Giggleberry Mountain is semi-hidden by large, long plastic strips that usually keep coolness in a refrigeration device. Here, they almost block the entrance to the "mountain". I knew we were not going in as we did not have tokens or money to pay for this experience. We were just observers who would stand and watch from the plastic divide. However, my partner, being the smart, convincing teacher told the person guarding the door to the mountain that we were a class of writing students doing a project. Entrance to the mountain was granted. Our group of youngsters was ecstatic! I was a little hesitant. The sensory overload was filling my brain. As I part the plastic doors, I think this is so new to me. Giggleberry Mountain. What is this place? Foam balls fly everywhere. I walk into the center of the so called mountain and I look up. It's a huge 4 story, colorful steel structure with cages, gates and cannon-like guns. In the center, there is a large Dr. Suess-like foam ball collection device. There are children climbing, foam balls flying and sounds. Sounds like you may have heard when someone is vacuuming your home, but twenty-fold. Sucking sounds, vacuum sounds, whistles and, oh, here come the foam balls raining down from above on us. The children scream with excitement. We spend some time here. I watch as the children gaze with wonder. Most stop to write. There is an older man in the corner who seems to be interested in our children who are holding writer's notebooks. He asks about our group to our leader. I see his lips move, but I can barely hear him.

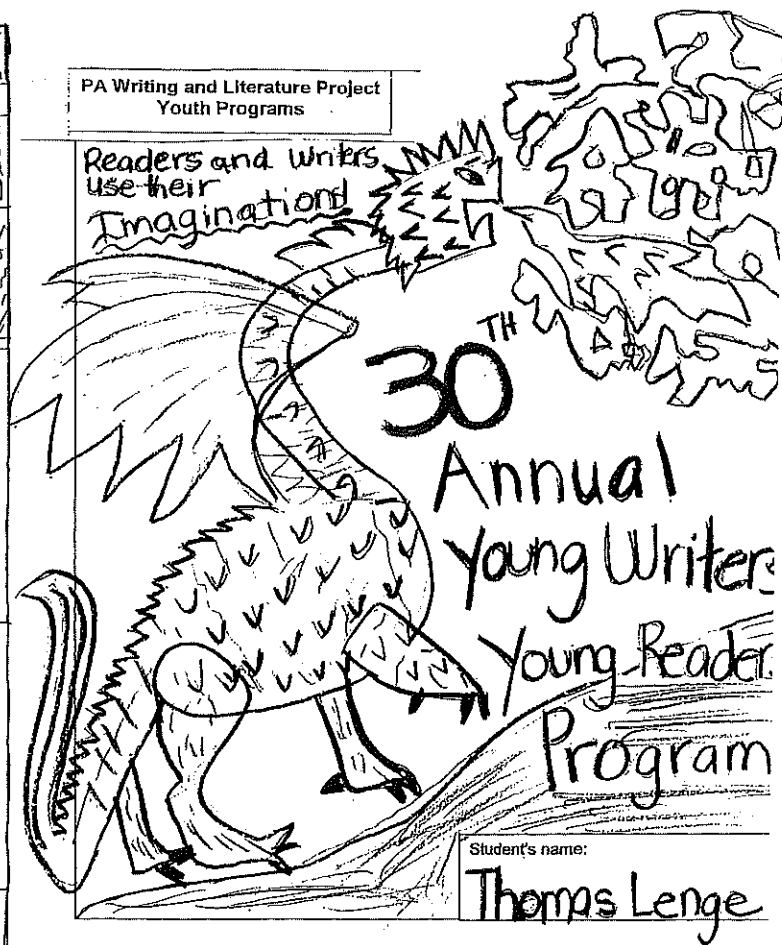
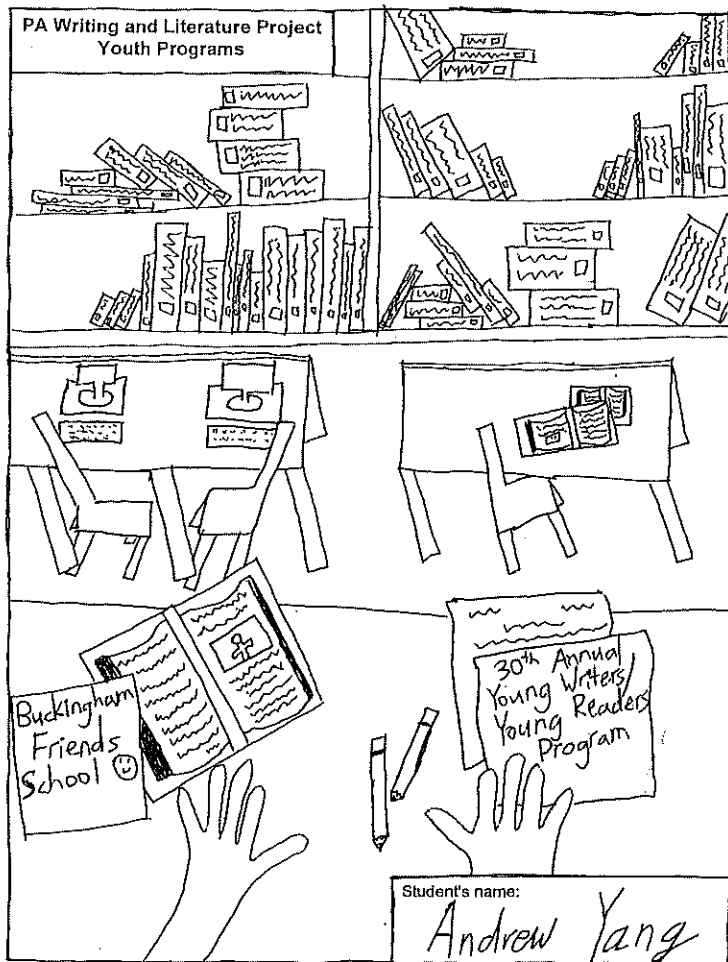
Time was up here on Giggleberry Mountain. As we exit the plastic strip doors, my senses relax and my pupils return to their normal size. Our walk back to our site is quiet at first, but soon, stories erupt from still-excited writers. "I can't wait to go back again!" says one girl. "I've never been there before," says another. "Can we go back again?" For me, seeing the excitement in our young writers was plenty to get me back to Giggleberry Mountain. But, I think my senses need to relax a bit before planning another trip.

About the Author

Bruce Perlman is a seasoned teacher for the Pennsbury School District. He currently teaches second grade at the Eleanor Roosevelt Elementary School. Teaching for over 28 years has been quite an adventure and he would not have chosen any other career. He enjoys quiet time on a hike or bike ride and spending time with his family. New adventures are always on the list of things to do. Well, almost always!

Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project
Creative Writing for Teens at Buckingham Friends School
Teacher: Lorraine Crane

Name	Grade completed	School
Alex DiMedio	6	Sol Feinstone Elementary School, Council Rock SD
Chris DiMedio	8	Newtown Middle School, Council Rock SD
Banning Keyser	7	Tohickon Middle School, Central Bucks SD
Thomas Lenge	5	Sol Feinstone Elementary School, Council Rock SD
Ainsley Rehn	5	Sol Feinstone Elementary School, Council Rock SD
Hayden Rehn	8	Newtown Middle School, Council Rock SD
Nick Strivieri	6	Sol Feinstone Elementary School, Council Rock SD
Andrew Yang	6	Cold Spring Elementary School, Central Bucks SD



My Anthology page

By: Alex DiMedio

I Am Poem

I am an athletic and light-hearted child
I wonder about the future
I see unicorns above the clouds
I want to own the world
I am an athletic and light-hearted child

I pretend I'm hitting a home run
I feel like I am being watched
I touch the full moon
I worry about the death of many
I cry when anybody dies
I am an athletic and light-hearted child

I understand that you can't have everything
I say life is too short to have regrets
I dream that I am on top of the world
I try to always do my best
I hope that everybody is treated equally

Swans

The white feathered swan
Neck curved to form an S
Drifting down the stream
As slow as a turtle

Lies

I eat baseballs for breakfast
My best friend is JJ Watt
I can cure all diseases
I own front row seats to every 76ers game
I have season passes to every amusement park

Picture Day

I wake up and realize it's picture day! I stroll over to my massive drawer of clothes, and look for something nice. After turning my drawer upside down and checking my closet, I finish up with my everyday clothes: a t-shirt, and short dri-fit pants, not the usual picture day outfit. Finally I look at my clock and I see 9:30 AM! I am already 30 minutes late for school!

I charge into the security entrance, grab a late note, and trot to class. "Can I please go home?"

After three periods of ignoring the teacher, I reach my favorite part of the day, Lunch! The day is finally turning around when my best friend gives me a cookie. I see a smirk on his face, but I decide to eat it anyway. Once I finish, licking my fingers, I ask my best friend what kind of cookie he had. He responds with a big smile "a three week old chocolate chip cookie!" After that I spend the rest of the period in the bathroom, ready to throw up a big chunk of a cookie. "Can I please go home?"

When I go back to class I realize the lights are off and no one is there. I assume they already went to get their picture taken! I go to the photography room, but all I find is the photographers cleaning up! I sprint back to class, on the way I run into my best friend, once again. He asks me how my picture went! I take off, blowing right past him to find everybody packing up. Then I say to myself "Thank god, I can finally go home!"

About The Author

Alex DiMedio is a 12 year old going into 7th grade. He will be going to Newtown Middle School. Alex is a kid who loves anything that involves running. He plays on a travel baseball team called the Upper Makefield Mavericks. Alex also plays for a travel basketball team called the Upper Makefield Heat. His favorite sports teams are the Philadelphia Phillies, Flyers, 76ers, and Eagles. He ran a 6 minute and 40 second mile. Alex has 2 brothers and 1 sister that my family adopted from China. Finally, I have 2 funny, helpful, and loving parents!

My Anthology Page

By: Christopher DiMedio

We pull up to Giggle Berry Fair
While we walk in I'm about to pull out my hair
Turns out its all fun and play
Plus, you can stay all day
From double tickets
To the carousels long white pickets
"Mommy, I want the unicorn"
To "daddy, buy me some of that popcorn"
"I like deal or no deal"
Or "wow mom, that's a steal"
There is a pit of flying balls
Cool prizes hang on the walls
But now the day is done
And there seems to be no fun
But mom says, "Sweetie, don't fret
And have no regret
And especially don't sorrow
For we will be back tomorrow."

What never moves, but
never wants to? (Answer in
bottom left corner)

"Born, raised well, will die happy"
"Throws, last pitch, tennis is born"

A lone tree sits in the middle of
death. He fears one day he will
leave this planet too. A man with
shovel. Rocks, from the eye can
see.

Imagine a place where no one is lonely,
no one is left out. Imagine a place
where no pain is felt. Now imagine that
place gone forever.... Forest fires
happen every day.

Chris DiMedio is a 9th grade student who
attends Council Rock North High School.
He enjoys math and tennis. He is looking
to make some money from a job next
summer. He also loves food. Most of all
though he loves poetry.

Voice Poem

I stood there day and night, growing old and getting rusty.
In the rain umbrellas shade me,
In the blue days trees shade me
Feeling the breeze on those summer days
Touching the wind in autumn's seas.
In the night I wish light would come but in the shine I wish clouds would
run.
You may not notice but I wait for your morning run.
Unnoticed I smile so big and wide for the days to come.

I Am

I am a bed made of Truth
So soft I am a pillow
I flew to Saturn and back
Smelling the flowers from Pluto

Six Word Memoir

"So sweet...
So Simple...
So Me"

"This is
What Cool
Looks Like"

-Banning Keyser

About the Author:

Banning Keyser, Born on September 3rd 2000 in Leon Guatemala Mexico. Lived in New Jersey for most of his life and now lives in Central Bucks. Plays soccer for Buckingham United and is now an 8TH Grader in Tohickon Middle School.

Beat The Beast

On one rainy Sunday afternoon the Giants, and the Eagles played a competitive football game with a twist. Basically the same rules applied with one rather peculiar exception; instead of humans giants would be playing for the Giants, real eagles would be playing for the Eagles, and so on. As you might imagine this game didn't end too well for the Eagles with a 42-7 blowout. You see the Eagles along with all the other teams had one gargantuan problem: Year after year, the Giants kept on winning the Superbowl because their players dwarfed all of their opponents. The other teams were getting so discouraged that they called a meeting to strategize about the dilemma that was before them. The Patriots manager proposed they go on strike, the Jaguars manager implied they try to eat them, but then the Broncos manager offered something that got everybody's attention. He said 'We should make an all-star team out of our best players; a team that the Giants would never be able to defeat'. Everyone agreed, and they immediately started scouting players for this dream team. Saint Drew from the Saints was their best option for Quarter Back and captain of the team. After days of scouting they had to write a letter to the Giants asking them to play a "game to remember," which the Giants gladly accepted without a worry! On February 4th 2019 the Giants faced off against the All Stars. The Giants won the kick off and chose to receive and when the all stars kicked it, the game began. The Giants returned the kick 56 yards across the field! Right away they scored on a simple screen pass. The All Stars coach cursed with a booming voice. Was this going to be another blowout the fans wondered? But then JJ the jet plane returned the kick all the way into the giants endzone. The fans and players went wild because they could tell this was going to be a close game! It went back and forth and back and forth again. But with 2 seconds remaining, the All Stars had the lead 99-97. The Giants lined up for a 35 yard field goal, which would give them the win. HUT HUT HIKE! The kicker snapped it; the kick went up, but it was blocked by Buccaneers defender: buccaneer Revis! The All Stars won the game and from that day on the Giants were never the same. THE END

I am poem

I am soccer, not baseball

I am sushi, not meatloaf

I am loud, not shy

I am dogs, not cats



**Diamante
Giants
fast, veterans
Catching, dodging, sprinting
smart, champions, predictable, losers
Dying, complaining, crying
Rookies, plumbers
eagles**

About The Author

Thomas Lenge was born August 31, 2002 in New York City. He resides with his mom, dad, brother Christopher and sister Kelly. He has two black standard poodles named Maxwell and Dakota. In September he will start sixth grade at Sol Feinstein elementary school. He is an avid soccer player. In his spare time he likes to go on roller coasters, read and go to parties. His favorite book of all time is Old Yeller. When he grows up he plans to be a successful entrepreneur.

Ainsley's Anthology Page

Spongy moss

*Spongy moss,
Cushier than my bed,
Probably a spot for some bug to lay down his head.
Bouncier than the best trampoline.
It's like a fresh sponge ready to clean.*

*Soft moss,
Growing on the pond's bank,
Deep inside my finger sank,
With sprouts of bright green,
It makes the whole forest gleam.*

*Squishy moss,
Something you've all seen,
But often thought nothing but "it's green,"
Yet I know that moss has worth,
Why else would it be on this Earth.*

The Marker

The colors burst from the page. Strokes of vibrant violets, brilliant blues, glittering greens, perfect pinks, ornate oranges, all exploding from the once blank page. Yet something was missing. I snatched up the red marker and eagerly popped off its cap. But before its tip could lick the page, I saw something. In the farthest corner of my eye were three words inscribed on the marker's cylinder: "rojo; red; cherry." *Cherry? I've always liked cherries...*

Slowly, the marker turned. Tentatively, I outstretch my tongue. The marker comes closer, closer, and still closer; approaching as a shy turtle would, slow and hesitant. It touches, and gently slides across my tongue, stroking my taste buds. It is not like cherries. It is not like the smooth, succulent fruit I know. It is bland, tasteless. And just like that, it is over. I leave my latest masterpiece, too distraught to finish it.

Colors are not only seen.

About the Author

Ainsley Rehn is a thoughtful student at Sol Fienstone Elementary school. She currently is living with her parents, brother, sister, and numerous pets in the town of Washington Crossing. While she still is fairly young she has big goals including attending an Ivy League college. The craft of writing has always been an interest of Ainsley's, but she prefers an essay format over a narrative one. Ainsley hopes to continue on the path of writing and complete what she's started.



Hayden's Anthologies

The Cemetery

The Cemetery is very serene,
so quiet it's mean.
People everywhere underground,
above ground hardly anyone is found.
Trees everywhere,
Fun and games are not here.
A blissful breeze flies by,
someone stops to have a cry.
Flags blown in the wind,
in here nobody wins.

What if poem

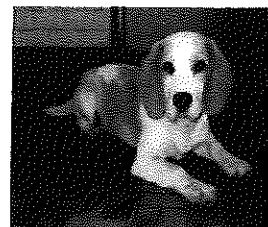
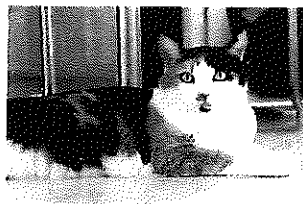
What if I can't write
What if my shoes are too tight
What if a tree falls on my house
What if I wake up and I'm a mouse
What if I could jump seven feet high
What if life passes me by
What if Harry Potter was real
What if Salvador Dali's paintings weren't surreal
What if bananas couldn't be peeled
What if nobody could be healed
What if cancer was a thing of the past
What if the oceans weren't so vast

I should have stayed Home Today

I should have stayed home today.
I woke up twenty minutes late because my alarm didn't go off. The clothes I wanted to wear were in the washing machine, and when I was trying to brush my hair, the water didn't work. I should have stayed home but I kept walking to school.
Then I went outside and started walking to school and while walking to school I stepped in a puddle that ruined my pants. I fell down and broke my glasses walking up the steps to the school and then my teacher yelled at me for having broken glasses on picture day. I should have stayed home today. In art class, Mary Wanye got marker on my favorite shirt, ruining it. Then it was time to get our pictures taken. While I was walking up to the camera I tripped and fell and chipped a tooth. When I was about to get my picture taken, someone threw a water balloon at me. My picture was awful and I knew I would have to go to retakes. I should have stayed home today.

About the author

Hayden Rehn is a 14 year old boy who lives in Washington Crossing PA. He enjoys reading, listening to music, playing soccer, and sleeping. He lives with his two sisters, Ainsley and Elise along with his parents. He also has a cat and a dog named Krisy and Pipen respectively.



Why did I miss today out of all days?
I woke up sneezing and coughing and I had to stay
home
I went to get cereal but my sister ate it all
I had nothing to do because everyone was at school
Why did I miss today out of all days?
I wanted to watch a movie but my sister ruined it for
me
I had tons of homework but my mom said to rest
I was also supposed to have a party for my teacher
Why did I miss today out of all days?
My friends came over and said they did nothing at
school
I couldn't go to my friend's party at a sports game
My mom said "Well the good thing is that
tomorrow's the weekend"
Why did I have to miss today out of all days?

I am athletic and energetic
I wonder about how I'll die
I hear clouds moving in the sky
I see myself winning a championship
I want to be a pro basketball player
I am athletic and energetic
I pretend that I see god
I feel that my life might end
I touch the tops of mountains
I worry that 9-11 might happen again
I cry about people dying
I am athletic and energetic
I understand that we are all different
I say that we are all equal
I dream that I will go to Villanova
I try to help the world
I hope I will die happy
I am athletic and energetic

I am from poem
I am from remotes from tennis balls and phones
I am from the red brick house loud, spaced out, and great smelling food
I am from the dandelions
The Pines whose long grown limbs I remember as if they were my own

I'm from 7 fish dinner and friendly
from Dawn and Chris
I'm from traveling and greeting
and from sports

I'm from "stay safe" and "watch for cars" and "think of where this would get you"
I'm from visiting family for holidays
I'm from Pennsylvania and Lithuania, Honey chicken, and ham on Easter
From My nana dying at 93 and remembering all the memories that we had and the pictures of all my cousins on
her birthday on the wall I think of how I just made her smile.

About the author

Nick Strivieri is 12 years old and lives in New Hope PA. He lives with his mom, dad and 15 year old sister Shannon. He likes to play sports like basketball, baseball, and soccer, and also likes to play board games with his family. He enjoys traveling to the beach during the summer and likes to swim. "Have dreams, none will stop you."
Nick Strivieri

My Anthology Page

By Andrew Yang

Time

You can see time from so many different things
From clocks, watches, and even the sun
Everything you do consumes time
As the minutes go by,
One by one
Tick- tock
Time
Hours,
Minutes,
And seconds
They all go away
In a blink of the eye
Time is something you can't get back
Time is something you should always cherish

Six Word Memoir

*"Life is short...
Eat dessert first."*

- Andrew Yang

About the Author

Andrew Yang is 12 years old and is going to Holicong Middle School this year. Andrew lives with his Dad, Mom, 6-year-old brother, and 1-year-old sister. He was born on June 17, 2002 and enjoys math, games, and playing baseball.

I Am A Writer

I am a writer... when I can take the time to observe the small moments around me, and realize, they are what matters most

I am a writer... when I read picture books or chapter books that help me escape, pretend, and take me on an adventure in my mind

I am a writer... when slice of life moments happen, and I want to preserve those memories ... *forever*.

I am a writer... when I feel the tug of my heartstrings, yearning and aching as I dive deep within mentor texts, illuminating their way into my heart.

I am a writer... when my mind is quiet, and I feel inner peace, within my soul.

I Am From...

I am from the pungent smell of bleached and starched sheets, the sandy feel of Ajax between my fingers.

I am from the concrete, city sidewalks, sun kissed and dry; it feels like hot sandpaper beneath my feet

I am from Flushing Queens (*not a bad idea*) and St. Ann's playground, on a continuous journey of purpose and serenity

From the constant thundering sounds of LaGuardia to the bat breaking sounds of Shea

I am from tomato plants, basil, and grape vines... whose aroma I still smell as feet press

I am from Mounds and braces, from blessings and sin

I am from the all controlling and demanding from the *capeesh, la fathcha bruts and forgetaboutits*

I am from the Our Father and Hail Mary... with the Lamb of God I sing to myself

I am from Kent King size, dirty water hot dogs, Lemon Ice King, and Cola syrup

From my mother's cancer to my father's losing his purpose in life

In my room where old records sing songs of love, dreams and life ringing in my ears, as if whispering to me a prayer

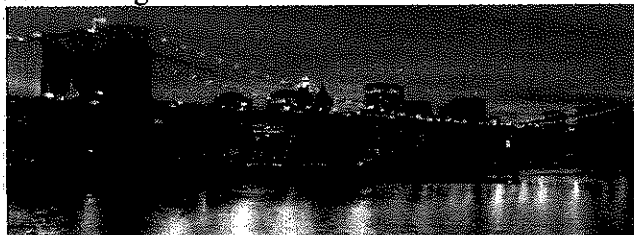
I am from those moments so rich in life and memories

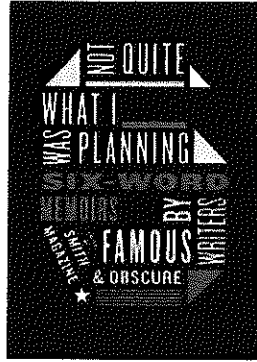
Writers float free of time, carrying their hopes for love, joy celebration and dreams.

Writing opens our eyes to wonder and inspires us to open our hearts to loved ones and friends. As writers we aspire to hover and savor each moment as it passes, embrace all that life has to offer and to celebrate the joy of everyday. Writing is a saving grace that reminds us that life is rich, beauty is everywhere, every personal connection has meaning, and that laughter is life's sweetest creation.

About the Author

Lorraine Cane is a native New Yorker living in Furlong, PA. with her husband, *Chuck*, son *Zachary* (20) daughter, *Casey* (18), and *the love of her life*, yellow lab, **Bella-Luna-Tic** (8). Lorraine is happiest when she is in the classroom...surrounded by *motivated, engaged, and inspired* young writers who fuel her fire and passion for teaching and love of learning.





In this spirit of simple yet profound brevity, the Young Readers and Young Writers of Buckingham were asked to write the story of their own lives in a single sentence. Based on the book *Not Quite What I Was Planning*, a collection of six-word memoirs by famous and not-so-famous writers, artists and musicians. Their stories are sometimes sad, often funny — and always concise. *A collaborative Poem by: Alex DiMedio, Chris DiMedio, Banning Keyser, Thomas Lenge, Ainsley Rehn, Hayden Rehn, Nick Strivieri, Andrew Yang, and Mrs. Cran*

“Life is all fun and games.”

“You can’t always prepare for accidents.”

“Life is short... eat dessert first.”

“There’s no problem chocolate can’t fix.”

“Born, raised well, will die happy.”

“Throws, last pitch, tennis is born.”

“Have dreams, none will stop you.”

Memories hurt...pain is always there...

Lies, Lies, Lies!

A collaborative Poem by: Alex DiMedio, Chris DiMedio, Banning Keyser, Thomas Lenge, Ainsley Rehn, Hayden Rehn, Nick Strivieri, Andrew Yang, and Mrs. Crane, based on Kenneth Koch's *Wishes, Lies, and Dreams*

I have won 20 championships in the NBA

I am a Robot

My pet is 1/2 chicken, 1/2 bunny, 1/2

I have memorized the entire Periodic Table

I am a duel citizen

I have no idea what to write

Bruce Springsteen is still my boyfriend

When the rest of my family falls asleep, I fly out my window all the way to China, and I am a superhero for those 7-8 hours.

I hate candy!

Lies

Lies are truths we wish
to hear

Truths are lies we wish
were real

WHATIF...

*A **WHATIF** collaborative poem by : Alex DiMedio, Chris DiMedio, Banning Keyser, Thomas Lenge, Ainsley Rehn, Hayden Rehn , Nick Strivieri, Andrew Yang, and Mrs. Crane Based on Shel Silverstein's, **WHATIF** poem, taken from A Light In The Attic*

*Last night, while I lay thinking here,
Some Whatifs crawled inside my ear
And pranced and partied all night long
And sang their same old Whatif song:*

***Whatif** sunburn caught fire?
Whatif it really rained cats and dogs?
Whatif hiccups made you smaller?
Whatif there were no Tributes in the Hunger Games?
Whatif after reading Loser you turn into a loser?
Whatif video games were reality?
Whatif my favorite character came to life?
What if we never grew up?
Whatif macaroni lost its pal cheese?
What if we could enter a movie or book?
Whatif jellybeans could jump?
Whatif dandelions could bite?
Whatif there really was a tickle monster?
Whatif Wizards changed diapers?*

*Everything seems well, and then
the nighttime Whatifs strike again!*

Exquisite Corpse

***A collaborative writing piece created by the
Young Readers Young Writers of Buckingham***

Unicorns don't have wings!

That's what he said.

It's a ghost story.

Life isn't fair.

Purple wombats letting out gas!

An NBA player as a dream.

Pickles peck pickled peppers.

'Don't be like Thomas.'

Looks like that one went right through.

Playing soccer with my brother.

I could not sleep last night because I couldn't wait for my cousins
to come!

Happy...

Dance.

When pigs fly!

Life is short, eat dessert first.

Basketball, baseball, football, lacrosse, soccer***

Spin around like a cow.

Moist and damp... wet and rainy.

Cookies are yummy.

Flowers, trees, helping

Ghast...

Stormy

I Am From...

A Collaborative Poem written by,
*Alex DiMedio, Chris DiMedio, Banning Keyser, Thomas Lenge, Ainsley Rehn,
Hayden Rehn, Nick Strivieri, Andrew Yang, and Mrs. Crane*

Inspired by "*Where I'm From*" by George Ella Lyon

I am from...

I am from aluminum foil, Noxema skin cream, and Jean Nate perfume
from basketballs and goggles

I am from a big red house, with green shutters and a porch swing.

A cozy home that smells like dogs... *wet and loud.*

I am from the pine trees and pink orchids.

The Black-eyed Susans, towering Sunflowers, and strong maple

Whose long gone limbs I remember

As if they were my own.

I am from church on Sunday, the Bible and saying prayers. Thanksgiving Day
parades, staying up late, celebrating Christmas, reindeer dust, and ravioli makers.

From dumb and dumber...from adopting a baby girl from China...*Annamae*

I'm from "*life isn't fair,*" "*don't jump on the bandwagon,*" *the fight-a-lots, the get
the last word ins, and "don't do what Thomas would do."*

I'm from deal with it, go to bed, read a book, do your homework, go to your
room, take a chill pill.

And the lullaby song, twinkle, twinkle little star, Annie's song, *the sun will come
out tomorrow*, you are my sunshine, and row, row, row your boat.

I'm from Christmas Eve presents, no meat on Fridays, and seven fish on Christmas
Eve, and midnight mass.

I am from Long Island New York, Flushing New York, New Jersey, Mexico, Italian,
Irish, Lithuanian, and German

I am from spaghetti and meatballs, sushi, and frog tongue

From the nana I was named after, *she passed away before I was born*, daddy's
broken back, and grandpa's broken arm

From family albums sitting on a shelf at the top of the closet...

I remember...

A Collaborative Poem written by: Alex DiMedio, Chris DiMedio, Banning Keyser, Thomas Lenge, Ainsley Rehn, Hayden Rehn, Nick Strivieri, Andrew Yang, and Mrs. Crane

I remember... in the first grade telling my teacher that I love Villanova because she loved Saint Joseph and that I hate Ben Franklin because she loves him.

I remember... when I was at OBX with the DiMedio's, Striveri's, and the DiMedio's cousins, we were all sitting down getting a lecture from Mr. DiMedio about how we shouldn't be drinking soda...and then...Vinny (a kid), walks in with about 10-15 sodas!

I remember... we had tadpoles in the first grade.

I remember... Six Flags in the eighth grade.

I remember... eating watermelon when I was one. It is my only memory as a baby.

I remember... raising chicks in first grade.

I remember... when I moved to Upper Makefield...when I was introduced to my new house.

I remember... when I lost all the hair on my right eyebrow.

I remember... Doing NFL drafts with my friends.

I remember...my dad was yelling at us for taking too many sodas. Then my cousin Vinny walks in with 8 sodas. My dad looks at him... Vinny twirls and walks away.

I remember...playing with Mrs. Roger's dog. Also a fish jumped out of our tank and died. We buried him on the hill by the back of the school.

I remember... when my dad was lecturing us about sneaking in and drinking sodas and izies. Near the end of the lecture, my cousin walks in with a soda and izies for everybody in the room. He just strides in and shouts, "I got the mula!" (Then he sees his uncle...my dad). He drops the drinks and runs out of the room. Then everybody laughs!!!

I remember... in first grade Matt Halemon would always float his letters off the page. Once the teacher did so he shouted, "Mrs. Sabol floated an E....!" Later she lectured him at his desk... he sat right next to me.

I remember... a long time ago, my father was putting hot sauce on his food and a little splashed out and hit my brother right in the eye! In an attempt to help his son, my father used a lemon towel to clean it with... Ouch!!!

I remember... pranking my friends during lunch.

I remember... the magic of Discovery Cove with my mom, the thrill of swimming with the dolphins and stingrays, the never ending laughter and love... wishing that time would never end...

I remember... losing my memory

If I Were In Charge Of The World

A Collaborative Poem written by,
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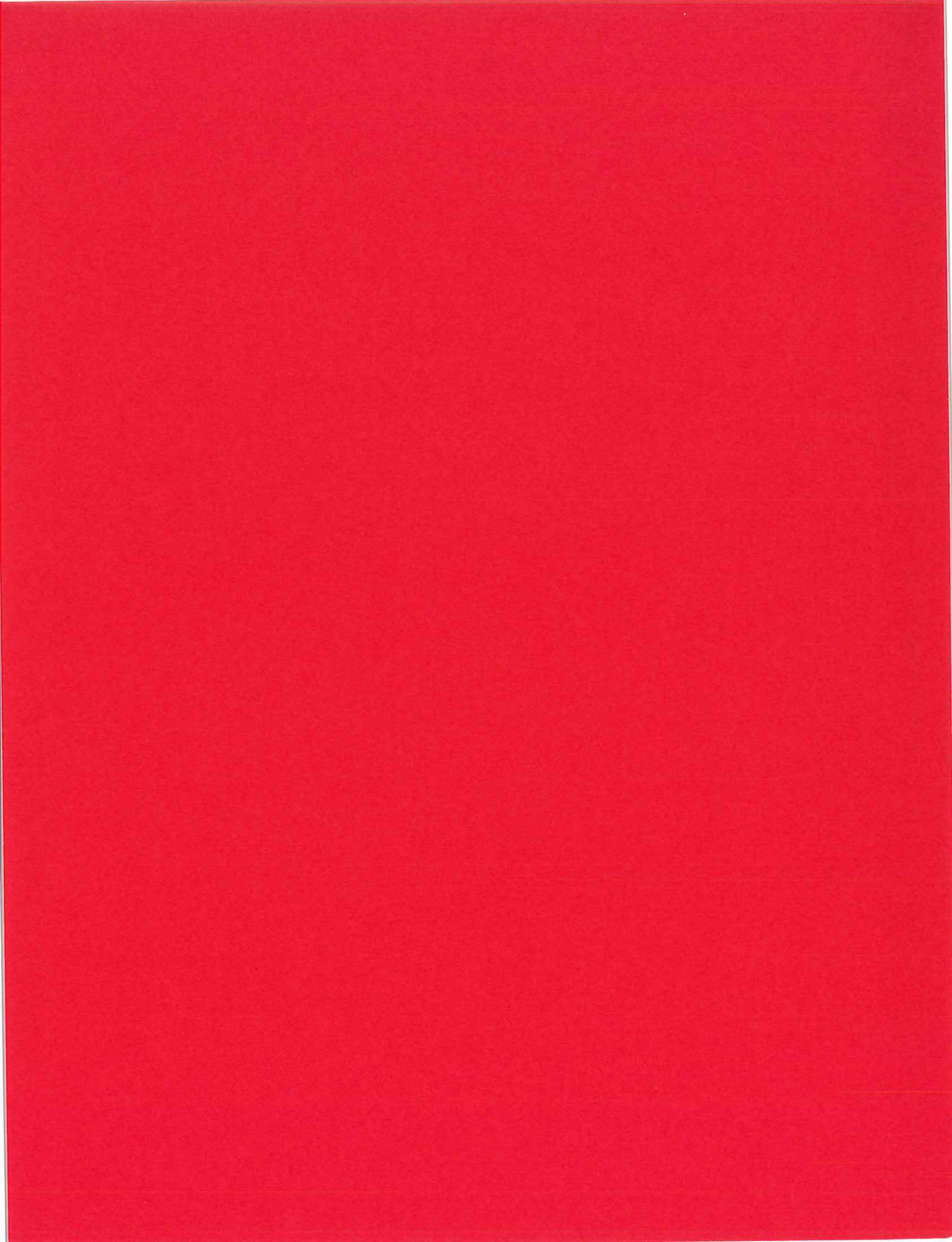
Inspired by "If I Were In Charge Of The World" by Judith Viorst

If I were in charge of the world
I'd cancel Mondays, brothers, numbers, and also commercials.

If I were in charge of the world
There'd be brighter days, more rainbows, a man in the moon, stars in
by bedroom.

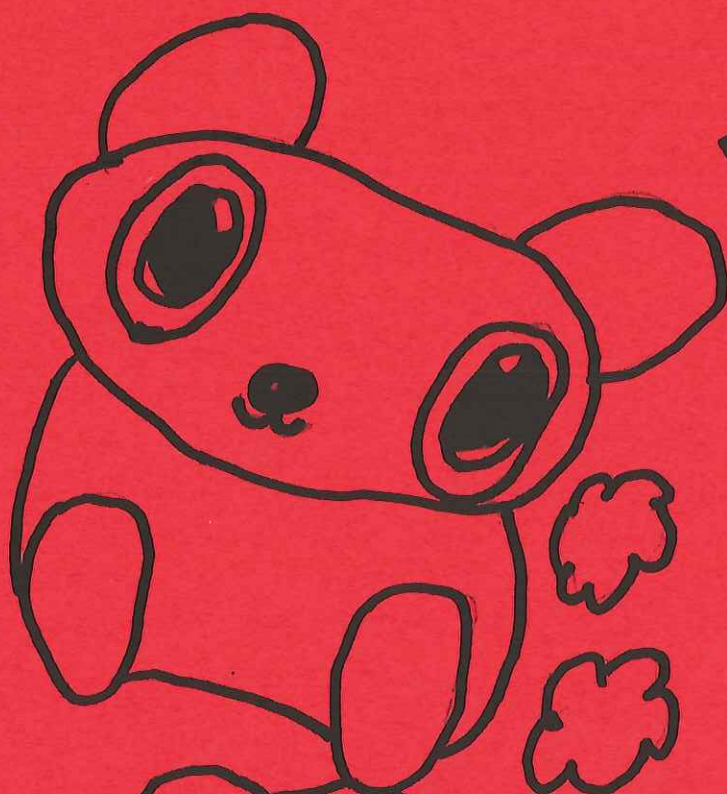
If I were in charge of the world
You wouldn't have to blink, shower, and go out on cold days.
You wouldn't have to wake up early or go to middle school.
You wouldn't have to listen to your parents or teachers,
Or eat spinach
You wouldn't even have to pay taxes!

If I were in charge of the world
a caramel brownie with whipped cream and a frozen banana would be a
vegetable.
All socks, gum, and money would be sent to me,
And a person who lives in the sand with a pet hermit crab...
Would still be allowed to be...
In charge of the world.

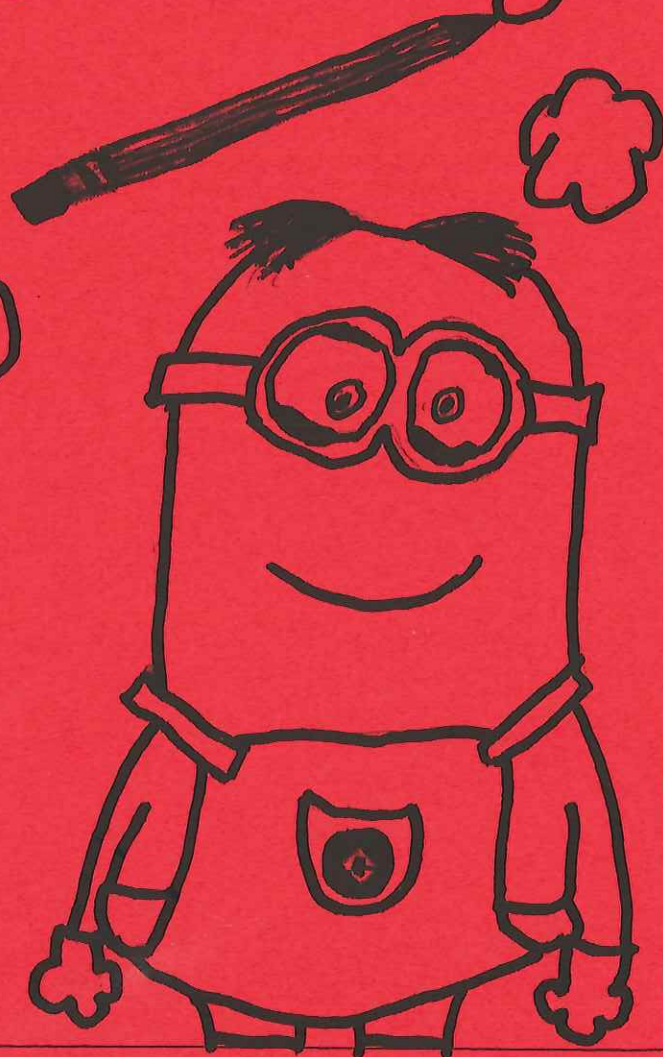


30th Annual young
writers/readers program.
Site: Buckingham
friends School

30th year



what are
you?



Student's name:

Chris DiMedio