

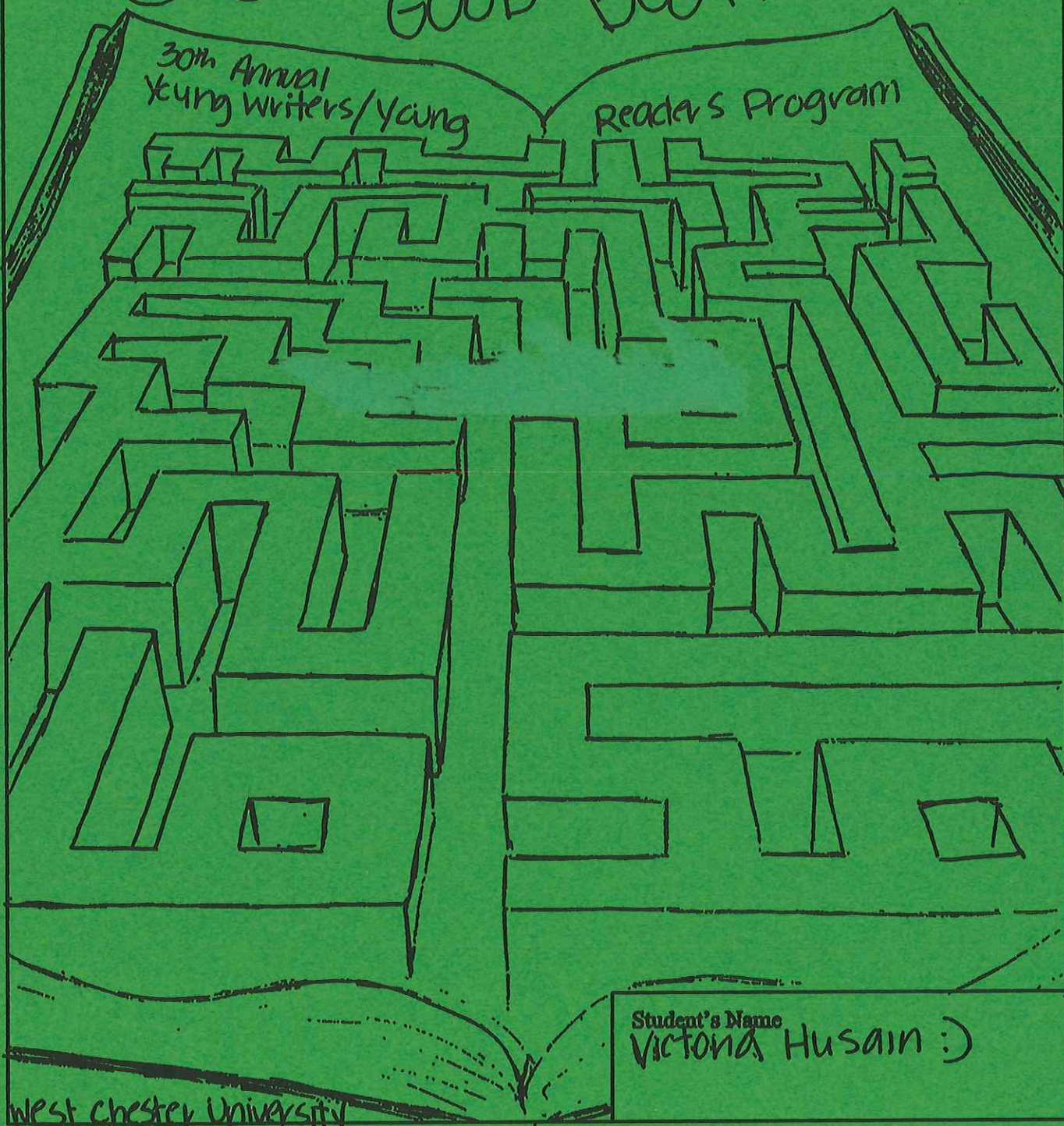
PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs

SUMMER
2014

Lose Yourself IN A GOOD BOOK

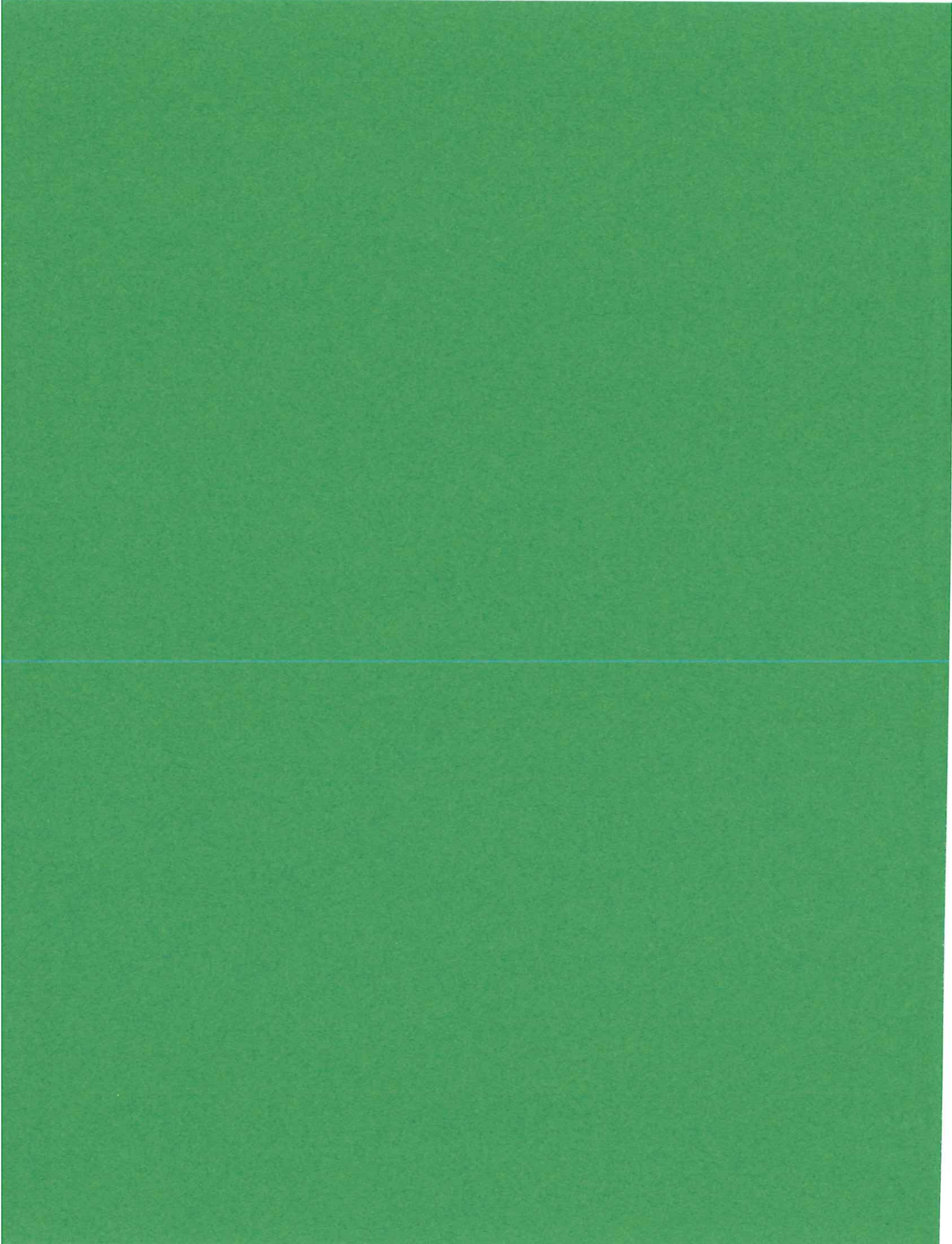
30th Annual
Young Writers/Young

Readers Program



Student's Name
Victoria Husain :)

West Chester University



Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project Young Writers/Young Readers Summer 2014

The students of the Young Writers/Young Readers Programs came together this summer to form a community of writers. They spanned grade levels from completing Kindergarten through tenth grade and had a great time writing, reading and making new friends. This anthology is a culmination of the hard work done by our students in fifth through eleventh grades. The content of the pieces reflect their personal thoughts, imagination and creativity.

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 writer's notebook and to stretch their capabilities.

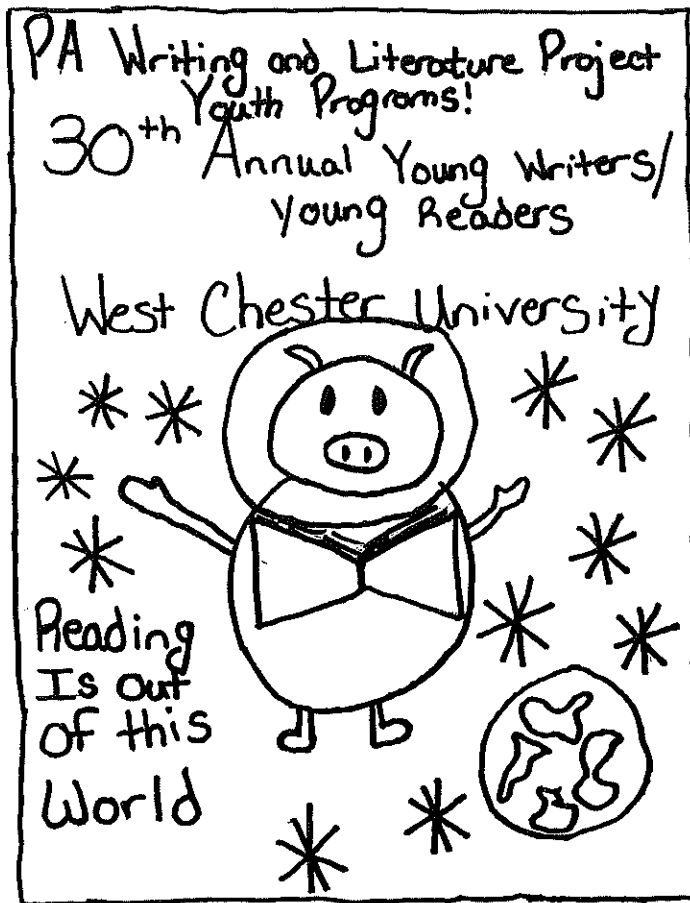
The children worked on developing the skills necessary to complete the writing process, including prewriting activities, revising techniques, and editing skills. They shared in groups, as well as with partners. They received feedback and suggestions through conferences with their teachers and their fellow writers. They learned to take risks, which in turn inspired new ideas.

Visiting author, Dianne Salerni, discussed inspirations for her historical fiction books and shared with students how a family joke became her newest young adult novel, The Eighth Day. She also gave students an intriguing and realistic view of the publishing process. Mrs. Salerni answered a myriad of questions with humor, personality and expertise. She discussed and shared examples of different points of view that she and other authors use in their writing. Students were sent back to their classrooms inspired and motivated to expand and develop their own writing.

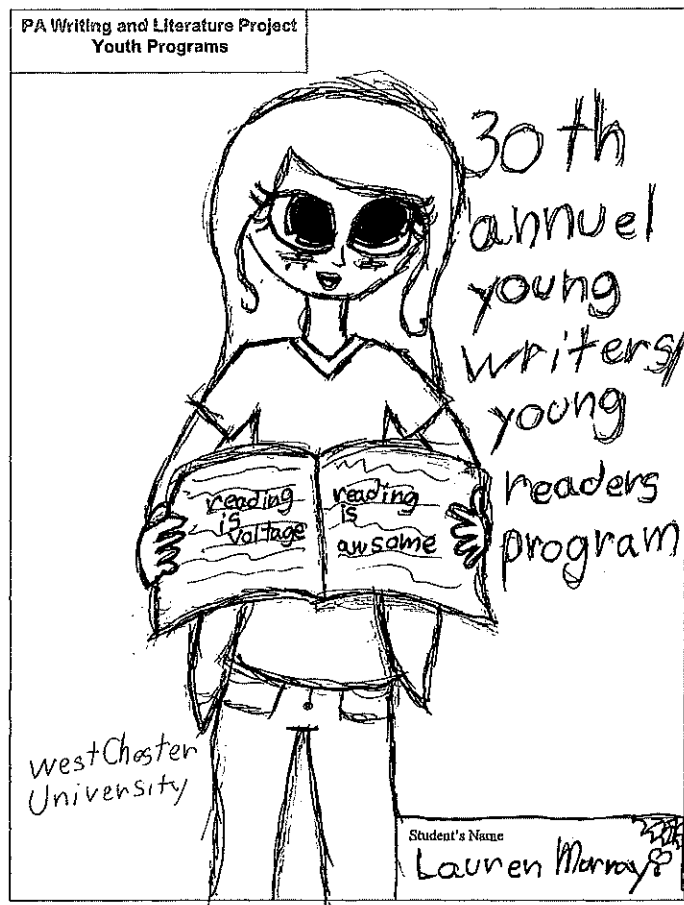
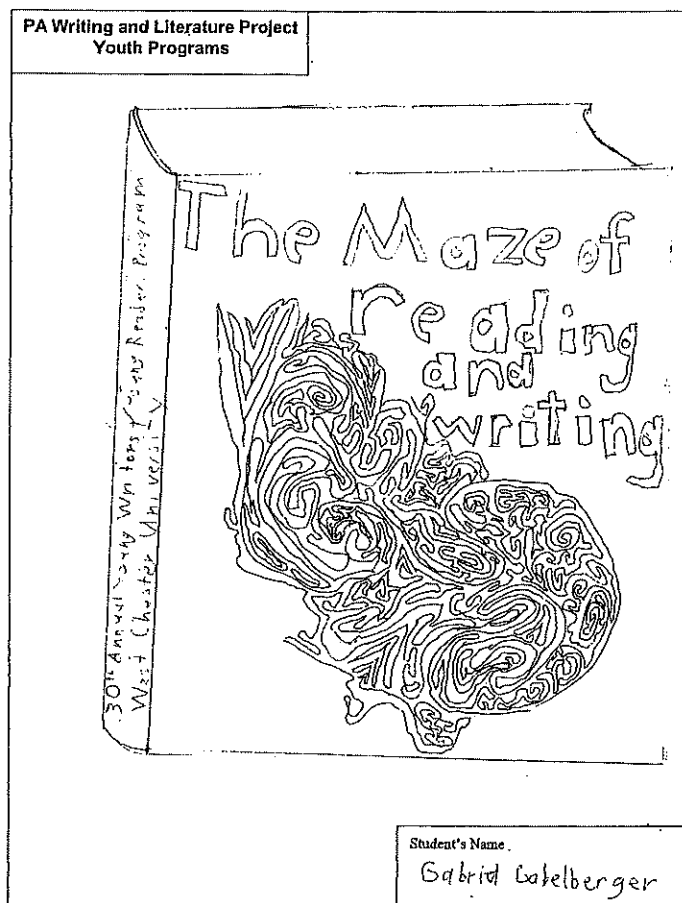
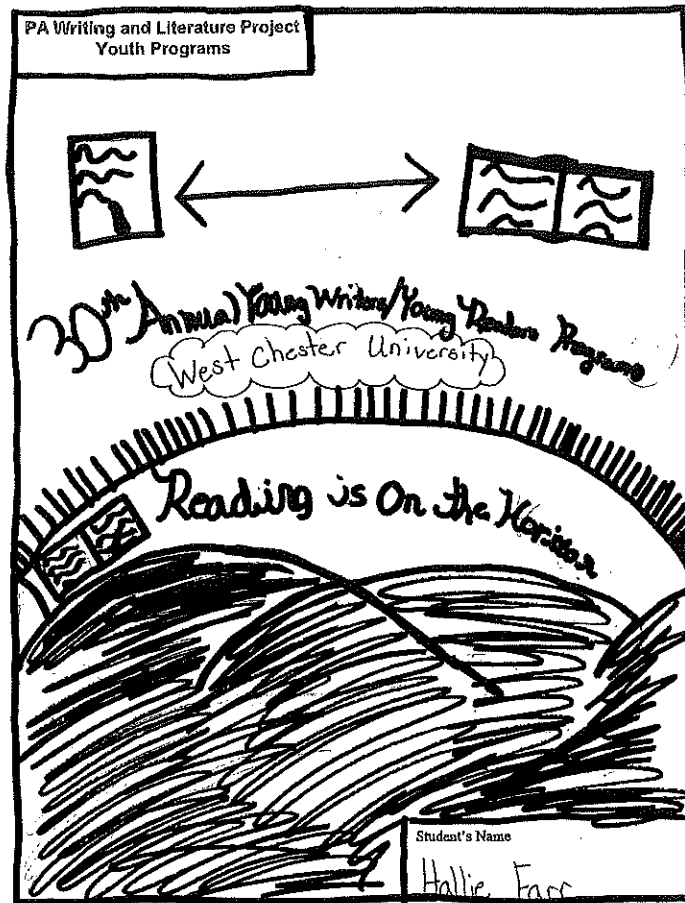
Special thanks go to Dr. Mary Buckelew, Director of the Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project, for her advice, support and continued guidance; to Karen Pawlewicz, Summer Youth Co-Director, for her leadership, encouragement, companionship and problem-solving capabilities; to Kathy Garrison, Site Coordinator for Session III, for her assistance and collaboration.

Very special thanks to Ann Mascherino, who fields countless questions, organizes mountains of paperwork, materials and supplies, and keeps everything and everyone on track without ever losing her calm demeanor; to Toni Kershaw, who is also invaluable in keeping the substantial mounds of paperwork current, helping with the day to day operations of the program and remembering the things that get forgotten. These ladies keep the program running at peak performance, and we would be lost without them! Special thanks to WCU aide, Carmen Moore, for working behind the scenes getting materials ready for each session. I would like to extend my gratitude to the teachers in the program. They are outstanding professionals who are dedicated to helping their students develop as proficient readers and writers. They make our programs special and unique. Finally, I congratulate the parents and guardians who believe 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.

Betsy Brecht
WCU Site Coordinator, Session I



Alexa Silva



Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project
Young Writers/Young Readers at West Chester University
Teacher: Cheryl Lamoreux

<i>Name</i>	<i>Grade completed</i>	<i>School</i>
Allison Carling	5	East Fallowfield Elementary School, Coatesville Area SD
Hallie Farr	5	Coopertown Elementary School, Haverford Township SD
Gabriel Gabelberger	5	West Chester Friends, West Chester
Faith Jacobs	5	Valley Forge Middle School, Tredyffrin-Easttown SD
Claire Kim	5	Homeschooled
Kirtana Kumar	5	Great Valley Middle School, Great Valley SD
Raghav Maindola	5	Unionville Elementary School, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD
Zoe Menezes	5	St. Maximilian Kolbe School, West Chester
Lauren Murray	5	Villa Maria Academy- Lower School, Immaculata
Ashka Patel	4	Exton Elementary School, West Chester Area SD
Peter Reinheimer	5	Hillsdale Elementary School, West Chester Area SD

**PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs**

MY NAME

My dad discovered my name after I was born and my mom liked the name and nicknames, so that was my name! if my name wasn't "Allison" it would have been "Lauren" or "Ashley", unless I was a boy. If I were a boy, I would have been "Matthew". Honestly, I don't like "Allison"; I like "Allie" and I HATE "AI"!

ANXIOUS

Are we there yet?
Please say yes!
I can't wait!
Today's the big day!
Wow! Is it true?
Mom said we're here,
but I don't think it's true.
Nevermind, I was wrong, hip, hip, hooray!

EPITAPH

Here is Princess Beautiful, with the eyes of a goddess.
She is lovely until you upset her, then she's a lioness.

CLERIHEW

One Direction
No need for correction!
Famous for their style.
Fan lines are over a mile!

HAIKU

Black and white zebras
Racing through open meadows
So beautifully striped

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Eleven-year old Allie's birthday is March 21st; she presently lives in East Fallowfield Township. Currently a sixth grader, Allie goes to South Brandywine Middle School. An only child's life can be boring, but having a dog makes it easier. Her pitbull/golden retriever mix dog named Amber, sure does fix that problem! She loves running and has participated in Girls on the Run for the past four seasons.

VIEWING MYSELF

Athletic
Loving
Laughter is key
Intelligent
Energetic (sometimes)

HOW I WANT TO BE VIEWED

Energetic
Loving
Intelligent
Zebra lover
Athletic
Beautiful
Exciting
Talented
Healthy

HOW OTHERS VIEW ME

Caring
Artistic
Regularly outside
Loving
Interesting
Nobody's perfect
Giggly

Student's Name

Allie Carling

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Hallie Farr

Epitaph

Here lies Sir Optimistic, who was not one bit dull
And whose glass was not half empty, but half full.

Limerick

There was once an old lady from Bister
The lady's name was Esther McNister
She said, "Oh man!"
"I lost my hand,"
"because I just sat on my own sister."

Lifeguard

The soft sand was hot on my feet as I walked along the water's edge. The ocean waves cooled my feet from the burning sensation of the scorching sand. By night the sand would be cooler, and the sun would hide until it rose the next morning. But, until then the sun acted as an oven baking the delicate sand.

"Jen, your morning shift is starting!" screamed Gerbil. Gerbil was the lifeguard manager who liked everything to go exactly his way and worst of all to have everything happen exactly on time. One time I got here at 6:02 a.m. when I was supposed to check in at 6:00 a.m., and he went ballistic. I was lucky that I didn't get fired. Since then all the lifeguards get here early and walk around the beach until it's time to check in and start their shifts. Everyone knows that but the assistant manager Ed still hasn't learned, but since he's the assistant manager he thinks that he can do whatever he wants but rats us out for doing the same.

I climbed up the giant red chair. Lifeguard was stenciled in big white letters, and a number two sign hung from the left arm of the chair. The chair faced towards the ocean. The lifeguards get a pretty nice view but they always have to stay alert instead of enjoying it.

I fiddled with my whistle and put it in my mouth. Suddenly, a man started to swim really far out, so I blew into the whistle. A shrill noise came out. Every eye on the beach stared at me as if something terrible happened.

"You!" I screamed, pointing at the man. "You are too far out!" The man took one look at me and saw my serious face. He started to paddle back. He glared at me with his cold black eyes. I was frightened inside, but I kept a determined face. The man stomped away and left me and the beach alone.

"Whenever you see the clouds gathering and the sky darkening it means a storm's coming. Prepare!" Every time I would go someplace or go to work my dad would say those words. Some would say those were words of warning, but I see them as an opportunity to use observation skills to help keep people safe.

Today the sky was a gray blue sort of color, and the clouds were clumping together. It's not a storm unless it starts pouring or there is thunder and lightening. But as my dad always said, one can always prepare. So I kept a close eye on the clouds and sat and waited.

The first drops of water didn't fall until a couple of hours later. The thunder and lightening soon followed. I pulled up the red flag and blew my whistle. Crowds of people started to grab their things and run. I checked the blue waters to see if there was anyone left in the water.

"Help! Somebody help me!" Who was that coming from? I looked harder and saw a little girl drowning in the middle of the ocean. I grabbed the life vests and the boat and ran out into the ocean. The waves were huge, and I could barely see through the rain. By the time I got there, the little girl was unconscious. I grabbed the little girl and dragged her on to the boat. I pressed on the little girl's heart. When I first touched the little girl's heart, I felt that the whole world stopped, and it was just me and the girl. My heart was the only heart beating. I pressed on her heart 100 times a minute. I thought that all was lost when a second heart starting beating. She wrapped her arms around me.

"Thank you, you are my hero," she whispered.

"One thing I always say is, 'Don't take away the sand and shells, leave them so that others can see their beauty,' and you are definitely too beautiful to be taken away," I whispered back. She wrapped her arms around me again. I was so happy. I was a hero.

About the author

Hallie Farr, a student at Haverford Middle School in Havertown, PA, has many hobbies. She likes reading and swimming for Marple Newtown Swim and Dive Team. They practice every morning but compete at night. Hallie reads numerous genres. Her favorite is historical fiction. She lives with her mom and dad, three cats, and her older sister. Hallie also volunteers at a cat shelter called PALS. She enjoys caring and loving these cats in hope they will get a home. This is Hallie's first published work and hopes to publish more.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

by Gabriel Phoenix Salomone Gabelberger

THE TRUE STORY OF HUMPTY DUMPTY

So this whole Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall; Humpty Dumpty had a great fall thing is NUTS! The detectives suck because they thought he fell, but I saw the real thing from the back of the wall. I, Jason, will tell you the real story.

So it all started when my friends and I were playing a game of hide and seek. I hid in a tall tree near the wall. I looked around to see if the seeker, Jack, was near and I spotted Humpty and the king. The king walked toward Humpty with a silent, sneaky step every once in a while looking around to see if anyone was there. I knew he couldn't be up to any good, always pulling pranks and stealing from the poor. So he snuck up behind Humpty, and I thought he might pickpocket Humpty, but it was much worse what he did.

He pushed Humpty off the wall, in other words, murdered him. I heard Humpty scream as he fell, and then I heard a loud splat. I didn't want to imagine what it was. I heard people coming to see what had made the sound. Some of the people screamed as they saw the white and yellow slime that used to be Humpty. They called for the guards and the Knights to see what they could do to fix him, but I knew they didn't try very hard; I've seen them at work before. I'd seen them miraculously start someone's heart beating again, and I'd seen them glue other eggs around the town back together when they splattered.

I think they didn't try very hard because I knew they just wanted a large omelet. They also didn't like Humpty because he was a huge trouble maker. I'd seen him even pull a prank on New Year's Eve when everyone was out at the plaza having fun. He made a huge firecracker explode, and everyone thought that someone had been shot by a gun.

That night, the King and the doctors and the guards and the Knights had a feast for, they said, no apparent reason, but I know it was because none of them really liked Humpty, and they thought it was Humpty's best use.

LIES, LIES, BEAUTIFUL LIES

The earth is pink.
The sky is yellow.
My name is Bob.
I have 70,000,000 friends.
This book is a duck.
You are silver.
Purple is the same thing as orange.

THE FAT LADY

Here sits Miss Fat in a very fat bed.
Who didn't walk to work just rolled instead.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gabriel P.S. Gabelberger is currently eleven years old and going into sixth grade at Pierce Middle School. He was born October 28, 2002 in Munich, Germany and lived three years of his life there; the rest he lived in America. Gabriel is bilingual and speaks German as well as English. He has a younger brother, Kiran age eight, and a twin sister, Sophia. He currently has a dog, two cats and a guinea pig. He likes to jump on the trampoline and create imaginary games.



My Anthology Page



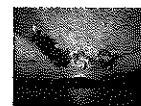
By: Faith Jacobs

Limericks

There once was a girl named Terry
Who happened to be a fairy
She couldn't be found or eaten by hounds
And she thought that was quite scary

Haikus

The sun's bright colors
Purple, Orange, Yellow, Pink
Spread across the sky.



Birthday Surprises

The sun's glare shimmered on the window sill of my room. U watched the clock as if my life depended on it. I couldn't sleep for some reason. The anxiety of my thirteenth birthday clouded my brain. What would we do? What would Nana give me? Would Mom be there? I finally stood up and went down the old wooden crackly steps. Since it was 8:00am, I was nearly sure Nana wasn't down stairs but to my amusement she was,

"Happy Birthday Genevieve! I made your favorite blueberry pancakes and bacon for breakfast and I'll bake your favorite vanilla icing on red velvet three layer cake! Well don't just stand there; come on and eat!" Nana said placing my plate on my pink damask placemat she made for my seventh birthday. Every Year, Nana gives me one single handmade gift and takes me to Magilini's Italiones for dinner. Nana sipped some coffee and went upstairs and when I was finished I followed, I threw on a n olive colored v-neck t-shirt, my denim shorts and lay on my bed as my deep brown curly hair spread across the crocheted comforter. I must have dozed off because when I woke up it was 5:00p! I heard Nana talking to someone, so I ran down the steps early to see who it was.

Nana was at the table with a lady who had gorgeous Hazel eyes and beautiful deep brown, ringlet curly hair. "Who's this Nana?" I said strutting over to the kitchen table picking up an apple as I sat down. "Genevieve," Nana said shakily, "this is your mother, Jennifer Marie Willems, my daughter," she finished taking a deep breath.

About the Author

Faith is eleven years old entering the sixth grade in the fall at Valley Forge Middle School. Faith enjoys baking, dog walking and traveling. She has danced since age two and will continue in the fall. She plays guitar and will resume playing piano in the winter. Faith also plays volleyball, tennis, and lacrosse. Faith currently lives in Paoli, PA with her mom and dad.

Claire's Anthology Page

During his senior year of music school, my Dad was preparing for graduate school auditions with Haydn's Cello Concerto in D major. His teacher didn't like his style of playing, so he tried to help him change his style, but my Dad just wasn't getting it. His teacher got really frustrated with him and started yelling at him when the phone rang. His teacher got so mad that he ripped the phone out of the wall, threw it on the ground and stomped on it a few times. Then he opened the window and threw the phone out the window. Sensibly my dad packed up his cello and got a new teacher. Even though my Dad's teacher didn't like his style, he got into every music school to which he auditioned.

Three Clerihews

JS Bach
Composed a lot.
He liked the piano
Along with the cello.

Svetlana Zhakarova
Is a Russian ballerina,
who kicks her leg in the air,
So it touches her hair.

Claire Kim
Isn't a sim;
She doesn't like electronics
Along with phonics.

About the Author

Claire Kim, eleven years old, is homeschooled. She likes history. Her favorite animals include: manatees, dugongs, platypi, and hippos. She has done three years of writing cam and still wants to come back.

-Kirtana Kumar

The True Story Of Humpty Dumpty

My name is Humpty Dumpty and I am the son of the Little Red Hen and the Jester. On a bright and happy day, I was running laps around the castle where I live. There was a wall around the castle to keep us separated from the commoners and protected. I was really tired, so I climbed up the wall to take a break. Little did I know that my step brother Etherland, he was the son of the Jester and a peacock. He was going to **PUSH** me off the wall. He always wanted the glory; what do you expect of a peacock. All the king's horses and all the king's men sadly couldn't put me together again. In the end I got plastic surgery.

Epitaph

Here lies Queen Disloyal,
beautiful as a mineral,
but as loyal as a criminal

Excited

I run around
I can't wait
I jump around all day
My heart is going to pop
What is the surprise in the box
My eyes are wild
Whatever it is I hope it rocks
I have a huge big grin

A Sweet Prince

There was a man who was so grand
He won every princesses' hand
He was chubby and fat
He earned his cooking hat
He was the prince of dessert land

Boom

There was a man from Nottingham
He loved to fish in Frothingham
He got really fat
He popped when he sat
Everyone caught it on their cam

About the Author

Kirtana Kumar, eleven years old lives in Frazer, PA. She loves to read and play cricket, badminton, tennis, and more. The series *Warriors* and *Wings of Fire* are her favorites. She loves vanilla ice cream.

Snake Day.

On a warm Tuesday afternoon, my mom and her sister went to the rainforest. My mom was eager to touch everything. She saw this green thing lying on the ground. She bent to touch it. Then it hissed at. As soon she realized it was a snake, she and her sister ran as fast as they could. She never visited the rainforest again.

President Obama,
He loves his llama,
Decisions is his job,
Outside his house is a mob

About the Author.

Raghav Maindola, born in Singapore, moved to Shanghai at the age of three, went back to Singapore after five years before coming to the U.S.A at age ten. He went to Unionville Elementary for fifth grade and will be going to Charles F. Patton Middle School this fall. My favorite movie, which is iRobot, inspired me to write, "The Dawn of Robots" hope readers enjoyed.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Zoe Menezes

LIMERICKS

There once was a track running master;
Nobody could run that much faster.
She was a small queen,
The age of fourteen.
Her running shoes, they might not last her.

There was an old man who loved art,
So he bought some paint at Walmart.
The art was a flaw,
Which came from the paw,
Of a dog who had a small heart.

I don't want to talk.
It is hard for me to walk, and I cannot feel
my fingers.
I feel like falling down.
I am going to go to sleep.

EPITAPH

Here lies Sir Evil, a selfish brat,
Who wasn't just evil, he also was fat.

Here lies Miss funny, she'd make you giggle,
She was so silly, she'd make a rock wiggle.

CLERHEW

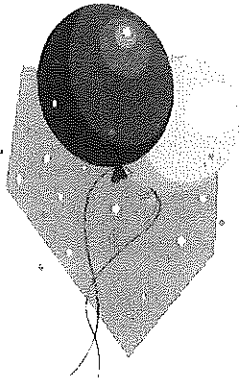
Lebron James
Had played many games.
He is very tall
So he can dunk the ball.

About The Author

Zoe Menezes goes into sixth grade at St. Maximilian Kolbe School in September. She also plays JV basketball and volleyball at St. Max. Her other hobbies besides writing and sports include photography and rollerblading. Zoe's favorite author is Dan Gutman. His books include *The Homework Machine*, *Honus and Me*, and the *Genius Files* Series. Zoe has one younger brother named Ethan who is currently nine years old.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

BY: Lauren Murray



Hip hip hurray

It's my birthday

I'm so excited

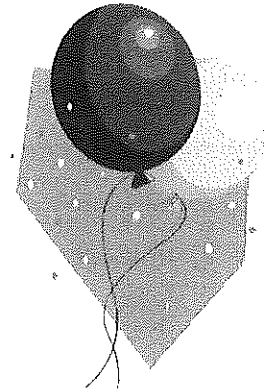
Hurray, hurray

Take out the cake

Light the candles

Make a wish

It's my big day



LOST

Imagine walking into a city of ruined buildings. You hear something move behind you. You don't bother to turn around; you just break into a full sprint over bricks and crumbled stones. You're tired, but you're too afraid to stop. When all of a sudden, a hand reaches out of a building and pulls you in. It's your friend Elizabeth who has been missing for a while. You don't know what to think, but you're so happy to see someone familiar so that you begin to relax a little. Hopefully, she can help you find your way back home.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lauren Murray, age 11, lives in Chadds Ford, PA with her Mom, sister Katie, her Grandmother, and her dog Kira. In her free time, she enjoys playing Minecraft, reading, drawing and hanging out with friends. She also enjoys playing the violin. Her favorite TV show is "NCIS", and her favorite book is *Divergent*.

My Anthology Page

by Ashka Patel

Limericks

A Peanut and a Girl

A peanut's friend was a young girl
She hates ice cream with many swirls
He hates ice cream with nuts
'Cause it takes a lot of guts
And they both really like to twirl

Rainbows

Rainbows have many colors that shine
You can see in a swarm of pines
Rainbows are really cool
They do not follow rules
But they are very pretty and kind

Clerihews

Mickey Mouse

Mickey Mouse
had a good house
but it was blown away
by a horse that liked hay

Bugs Bunny

Bugs Bunny
has a friend who wasn't very funny
He would not laugh a bit
unless he was hit

About the Author

Ashka Patel, nine years old, lives in West Chester, and goes to Exton Elementary school. She has a younger sister and has a pet fish named Blueberry. Ashka loves to go to the beach and swim in the pool. If she has free time, she would love to sit down, relax and read a book. Ashka likes to read *Warriors* or a mystery book.

My Anthology Page

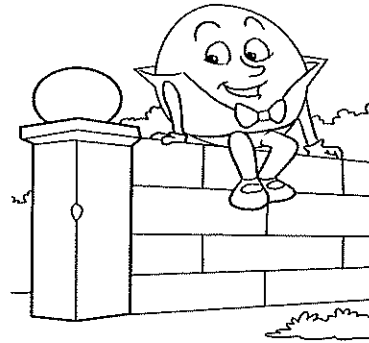
By: Peter E. Reinheimer

My Personal Acrostic:

Playful
Energetic
Talented
Everyone can get along with me
Really athletic

Every day author
Dependable
Winner
All-Star baseball player
Riveting
Dragon slayer

Really funny
Extrovert
Is very flexible
Never grow bigger
Having a fun time always
Extraordinary
Imaginative
Magnanimous
Eccentric
Radical



The Real Story of Humpty Dumpty:

Dear World,
Do you know how Humpty Dumpty died? You do? Well, you're wrong! He fell off the wall, but what you don't know is that he's still living. He's currently living in France, directly under the Eiffel Tower. He fell off the wall, but there was a secret pipe bringing him back into a castle. He got out of the castle and put a proxy of himself right where he fell. He then took ketchup and poured it all down his face leaving nothing but a mouth made out of cotton and googly eyes. The guards looked at the fake humpty dumpty and cooked him and ate him because they thought he was an egg. According to them, he made a delicious omelet! Everyone believes Humpty Dumpty is dead, but he is not. Humpty has been traveling place to place lurking in the sewers, making sure he is not caught!

From, The One and Only H.D.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Peter Reinheimer was born on October 27, 2003. He lives in West Chester, PA with his parents, David and Jennifer, and two brothers, Charlie and Gabriel. He will be going into sixth grade at Stetson Middle School in September. Peter enjoys playing video games, baseball, basketball, soccer, watching T.V., reading books, and writing short stories. He looks forward to meeting all his fans!

The Real Message

It'll be alright.

It won't ever be ok again, but I'm too scared to admit it.

I'm worried about you.

I'm worried about me.

I'm so glad you decided to join us.

I didn't expect to see you here.

Your new cut is so modern.

That cut makes you look like you were pulled through a hedge backwards.

Trust me.

Don't examine too closely what I say.

It's not you; it's me.

It's most definitely you who is the problem.

Better late than never.

How could you be so rude as to keep us all waiting!

Epitaph for a Common Man

Here lies the commodore, who, unfortunately, was quite a bore.

For someone who fancied his conversation witty, he really was a snore.

Cheryl Lamoreux has been a Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project fellow since 1990. She teaches junior and senior English at Kennett High School and spends her free time with horses.

Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project
Young Writers on Computers at West Chester University
Teacher: Kristin Light

<i>Name</i>	<i>Grade completed</i>	<i>Current School</i>
Ally Archer	8	Henderson Senior High School, West Chester Area SD
Evan Archer	5	Sts. Peter & Paul School, West Chester
Alyssa Boppell	7	St. James School, Ridley Park
Amelia Constable	8	E N Peirce Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Katie DeRosa	7	Perkiomen Valley Middle School - East, Perkiomen Valley SD
Lauren DiEdwardo	5	Bradford Heights Elementary School, Downingtown Area SD
Solomon Kim	7	Homeschooled
Jonathan Liu	5	Kathryn D. Markley Elementary School, Great Valley SD
Owen Phillips	5	Sarah Starkweather Elementary School, West Chester Area SD
Amanda Tonsey	5	Penn Wynne School, Lower Merion SD
Aakanksha Wunnava	8	Lionville Elementary School, Downingtown Area SD
Matthew Zhong	5	Pickering Valley Elementary School, Downingtown Area SD

My frostbitten hands struggle to grasp the rope, sliding as ice forms in the seconds between each grip. My stomach falls two hundred feet as I look down, past Michaels, to the frozen lake we just crossed. I shiver; the thought of plummeting through the glacial air chilling my mind and body, faster than the sub-zero temperatures ever could. I place one frosted hand after another onto the rope, edging closer and closer to the safety of the ridge above.

"Stop looking down, Jake. Focus on getting your butt up there," shouts Robin, ten feet under me. "My life is dependent on yours. You fall, I fall!"

"Only a few more meters, mate," says Luke overhead, while a vapor cloud forms around his mouth.

I force my stiff muscles up the last ascent and lie atop the snow-tipped iceberg, the snow melting with my haggard breaths.

"On your feet," says Luke, grabbing my right hand. I pull it away and curl up into a ball, like a baby polar bear.

"No, I'm staying here. I need to rest. You guys g-g-g-go on. I'll catch up," I say, opening one eye to survey their response.

"Get up, they'll be here any second. Move, or I'll push you over the edge," Luke jokes, his teeth chattering. He extends his hand.

This time I take it, hoping the next zone is a warm one. His hand feels like a thermostat. He gives me a funny look when I don't let go. "Aye, I know I'm a good looking man, but now's not the time."

"Sorry, it's just so warm," I shudder, letting my hands drop to my side.

"It's ok, hopefully it's a Caribbean island, next," he says, winking and crawling through the igloo style door.

A deep, orange glow emanates from the tiny door and I follow Luke eagerly, accepting the warm waves wafting from within. The room we enter is vaguely familiar, a large log-fire, burning brightly, on the left, my squashy, red armchair sitting at the correct angle on the right, and my hot chocolate, on the varnished oak side-table.

My leg beeps. "Is it working again, yet?" asks Robin, kneeling next to the fire and rubbing her hands.

"Yeah, I finally got the temperature up high enough. Just as well, it's like dragging a brick behind you when it's not working," I reply, joining her at the blaze, wondering why my living room is part of the Hunt. It is freaking me out, but I guess that's what they want.

"We should move," says Luke, breaking the radiant silence. "This feels like it's designed to slow us down, to make us comfortable. We have to go."

"Chill out Luke. That ice quake will have slowed them down. We have time," Robin says, pulling a cushion down from the couch and lying on her back.

"No, we need to move, now. It just isn't right. Don't you agree, Jake?"

"I agree. It is weird, but not because of the fire, or the warmth, or the comfort. It's the fact that this is my house, that's the part that's weirding me out," I say, standing and taking in the details. Memories are revolving around my head.

"What do you mean, 'your house'?" says Robin, sitting up.

"I mean, this is exactly like my old house. Before... well... before I came in here."

"But how can that be? How could the zone designers possibly know what your house is like? And why would they make a zone out of it?" asks Luke, now standing inches from my face, a small bead of sweat sliding down his.

"I feel dizzy," I say, feeling for the armchair.

They help me into the chair, and then stand over me, discussing it.

"Maybe they are trying to mess with him? You know, maybe this is a Psychology zone. We haven't had one of those, yet," suggests Robin.

"Yeah, but why would they design it specifically for him?"

"I guess maybe they want him next."

"Possibly. Well, whatever the reason, we need to get him and us, out of here. He's clearly not dealing with well." I feel them lift me and help me toward the front door.

"None of the other zone doors have been locked," says Robin, trying the handle several times.

"It's Psychological, we need to overcome a mental barrier to find the way out," I suggest, beginning to focus a little better away from the heat of the fire.

"What barrier?" asks Robin.

"The death of Mary," I say, feeling a sudden clarity of thought. "The bedroom." I sprint down the hall, my leg thumping on the wooden floor.

I bang open the door, and there she is, lying in a pool of blood, her white, lifeless face staring blankly at the high ceiling. A twisted wire of raw emotion tightens around me, I'm suffocating in the remembered pain. I can't do this again. A note lies on her chest, smeared in red.

The key to the next zone lies inside me.

About the Author

Ally Archer is an A average student who is going to attend Henderson High school next year. In her free time she plays field hockey and softball, but would probably rather be tumbling across the floor in a gymnasium.

Escaping was the only way.... The noise was too loud, I started to get dizzy. I woke up in a room that I didn't recognize. It looked strange and old. I immediately got out of the bed and looked around. There were no windows only a mirror, a bed, and a painting. Suddenly I heard a voice say, "You are in a maze and the only way out is to use your brain and find the way out. There are 20 stages...good luck."

I looked around again and walked over to a note that said, "Hello, my name is Mark and I am the person who made the maze that you are in right now. Before you start there are some things you should know. First: behind the painting is a safe with the way out. When you reach level 20 you will find the key to unlock it. Second: the first level lies behind the mirror. The rules are on a piece of paper. For every level listen to the rules or die! Good luck."

I pulled the mirror off the wall and put it on the ground, but there was nothing there. I looked at the mirror and I saw something. There was a number on it. I looked even closer "1" why does it say "1" on it? Then I wonder what does "1" have to do with a maze? I hear something and turn around to see smoke filling up the room. I heard a scream. "HELP! HELP!" Then I heard a strange laugh.... To be continued

About the author

Hi my name is Evan and I am 11 years old. I am in 6th grade at "Saints Peter and Paul" school.

My favorite sport is soccer and I love all Italian and American food like ravioli, pizza, cheeseburgers, wings, salad, etc. I also have dog named Ivy and a 75 gallon salt water fish tank with 6-9 fish and some coral. I am also a "veteran" rank on "call of duty ghosts" for Xbox 360.

The Bully

One day at school Brianna and her friends were sitting at the lunch table in the cafeteria. Suddenly another teenage girl came up to Brianna and threw pudding on her, saying, "Brianna, you're a brat!"

One of Brianna's friends stood up to the girl and told her, "Hey, lay off of Brianna, she is a nice girl and you shouldn't mess with her."

The girl turned to Brianna's friend and yelled, "You aren't popular. You think you are, but no one likes you. You are a brat, too."

Then Brianna stood up and turned around, she went up to the girl's face and told her, "You need to drop it."

Then Brianna and her friends left the lunch table and went to their next class which was biology. When they got there, the bully who was at lunch was sitting in the back of the room. Brianna just didn't pay attention to her, whatsoever.

After class Brianna and her friends walked to their lockers together and didn't say anything to the mean 17-year-old girl who was bullying her.

To be continued.....

About the author

Alyssa Boppell is going in to 8th grade at Saint James Regional Catholic School in Ridley Park. She is a softball player and she likes to also hang out with friends. She lives with her two parents and her older brother. They like to travel in the summer.

"Bird's-Eye" and "Her Graffiti" - Amelia Constable

"bird's-eye"

the city was far below her dangling feet.
she wasn't sitting on the ledge
because she wanted to die
or because she was upset
or because she wanted people to notice her.
she sat there because she liked seeing the world.
because everyone goes on
talking about themselves
their dramas
their problems
gossiping
but from up here, they were just people
the world was distant
unexplored
even in a simple town like this.
something she never saw
was people who talked about the world
instead of
who they were in the world
what they did in the world
the upsets
in their own little worlds
and she thought
from up so high
that she'd never meet another
who saw the world
from her bird's-eye view.

"her graffiti"

they transformed her.
they wrote on her mind.
over and over.
words being
scratched
painted
spit onto her
she was the town's graffitied wall
she was their place
to leave marks
and words
and their own little signatures
and the bigger people looked down
said
"that's wrong."
and painted over her.
once.
maybe twice.
but the artists always came back.
and the big people
could never stop them
from plastering on more paint
could never teach the girl
to ignore the paint
that covered her.
could never teach her
that she was more
than the "artwork" forced on her;
that labeled her.
and the worst part was
she was proud of the graffiti
because it made up who she was.
and they could never teach her
that she was anything different.

Amelia Constable is 14 and going into Henderson High School this September. She's fallen in love with writing and art, and spends more time than she'd like to admit with headphones in her ears.

"I've wasted time, and I've wasted breath- I think I've thought myself to death." -Kongos

Open Your Eyes, See The Inevitable Oblivion

Open your eyes

It started in the '20s

with the right to vote

Women started speaking up

and started to take note

They started realizing it was not fair

to always be under men

And realizing they could do more

than stay home and play with their hair

Soon everyone was noticing

all the injustice done

Not only to the women

but to most everyone

People who were different

in almost any way

had always been pushed aside;

told they shouldn't stay

The land of the free

wasn't really free at all

So people started speaking up

starting to recall

That on the inside

where it mattered

we weren't that different at all

But the people riding high

Didn't want their power gone

They didn't understand

That wasn't the goal at all

Even now it's still a problem

Though more people are opening their eyes

to the problems we can't ignore any longer

And they start to see the lies

The promises of freedom

that led us here in the start

Were nothing more than empty words

Not coming from the heart

Look around

and maybe you too will see

These problems are still here

And hopefully you will soon agree

That we need to change

the way that we run things

So that maybe one day

EVERYONE can let their voices sing

No more hiding who we are

Or being trodden on

By people who believe

That their skin tone or their money

Makes them better than us all

Oblivion

Oblivion is inevitable

one day all that ever was will be gone

nobody left to remember anything

You and I will be gone

turned back into dust

Everything you do is pointless.

Everything you make, or say, or do is pointless.

One day the species will be gone.

There will be nobody left to remember.

I would rather grapple with the inevitability of death and ceasing to exist completely than find false comfort in some religion.

Science dictates.

When you die, you will cease to exist completely.

You will have no memories, no anything.

It's simple.

You're cells shut down.

You are a machine that has ceased to work and can never be fixed.

You will find no god or gods.

You will not even be you anymore.

You won't float around in a black void.

You

will

just

disappear.

It is hard to wrap your mind around.

That's why so many people chose to follow a religion.

It's easier.

Less scary.

But false nonetheless.

So it is all pointless.

For eventually everyone you know will stop existing.

Eventually the species will go extinct altogether.

Just a bunch of broken machines.

Now with nobody left to fix them.

Not that they could have been fixed.

No medical procedure can stop death.

But when you die.

You stop.

Nothing else.

You will never know you existed.

You will never know anything.

You are just gone.

About the Author

Katie DeRosa is 12 years old. She currently goes to Perkiomen Valley Middle School East, entering as an 8th grader this coming fall. She enjoys writing (obviously), as well as art (though she isn't very good at it), and music (but not making it. Listening to it. Making it is too much work). She spends a lot of time inside, in a dark room with her computer running, phone on, and 2 sets of headphones in her ears (yes 2, one for her phone and one for the computer. You have 2 ears for a reason). She is often described as slightly crazy (but hey what author isn't?). Some of her favorite authors include the infamous John Green, Stephen King, and John Flanagan.

The Glowing Sea

You were sitting there, up against a tree, staring out to the ocean. Small bubbling noises made you jump, but you were not scared. The salty waves crashed on the shore in front of you. The trees wave furiously in the wind. Your small voice shuddered, saying, "ready" under your breath. You stood up slowly, inching your way up. You walked forward and touched the ocean with one finger, creating little ripples in the used-to-be flat sea. The sea started glowing, a bright blue-green glow. The sea was named the Glowing Sea after that because at 9:29 every night it glows still, and still just as bright.

High Hills

Looking out clear glass,

The clouds afloat in air,

The plains are coated with grass

And hills are sandy and bare.

About the Author

Lauren DiEdwardo is the author. She is a very hyper, positive person. Lauren's favorite sport is Tae Kwon Do. Her birthday is June 16th. She is 11. Lauren has a kitten named Nile. She is on her way to the 6th Grade Center, just finishing Elementary school at Bradford Heights.

Solomon Kim's Anthology Page

Escaping was the only option, other than knocking on the cell door politely and asking to be let out. Unfortunately, that probably wouldn't work, so escaping was the only *feasible* option. The only problem with that were the three, heavily armed guards patrolling the corridor, and the security cameras monitoring every move they made.

Easy job, besides that little bit.

Despite the chances of escape being below nothing, the three people inside the cell were determined to try. They had been scraping away at the (concrete) floor of the cell with a plastic shovel of all things, and unbelievably, they were actually making progress. A miniscule amount of it, but progress nonetheless.

The person manning the security cameras scowled. This was unacceptably close to being an actual escape. He called his supervisor and alerted him to the security breach. The supervisor alerted the security forces, who alerted the prison warden, who alerted the governor, who alerted the security forces. Again. Even though they were already aware. This all took place over a period of four days.

The monitor, frustrated with the lack of progress, decided to take matters into his own hands. He had conveniently hacked into the prison mainframe, which gave him access to every cell. He was capable of reinforcing the doors, floor, and walls of the cells without even lifting a finger. Well, that part wasn't true; he still needed to lift a finger to be able to access the command necessary to reinforce the cell.

The monitor quickly typed in the command to reinforce the cells, causing the floors, walls, and doors to harden exponentially, thereby ruining every chance of escape the prisoners had. Satisfied, the monitor turned back to the security camera screen, triumphant. If he hadn't taken action, the prisoners would have escaped by now. Or not, since they were tunneling out with a spoon, but still.

Looking at his screen, the monitor could see every cell in the prison wing. Coincidentally, he neglected to look at the prisoners' cell. The cell that was now empty with a conspicuous hole in the middle of the floor. Apparently, while the alerts had been forwarded from office to office, the prisoners had the time they needed to escape.

The monitor was sacked for abusing government resources and brought before the courts for computer hacking. He received 14 years in (ironically) the same prison. The prisoners ran to Mexico and lived a high life off of selling stolen goods. Their sons and daughters grew up and did the same, except for one, who started a high-profile charity dedicated to recovering stolen goods and returning them to their rightful owners. Ironical, huh?

About the Author

Solomon Kim is the person that is writing this. No ghost writers here. He is 13 years old, plays the cello and refers to himself in the third person when writing his bio. Additionally, he knows four programming languages (Java, C#, PHP, and JavaScript). He is also a Black Belt Candidate in Tang Soo Do, and has a website where you can download the electronic music that he makes in FL Studio 11 (sectionsolo.bandcamp.com). He is homeschooled and dislikes referring to himself in the third person. He plays golf in his free time, and is decent for only having started seven months ago.

Melissa Jones was scared. She had been taken by men in black suits, thrown into a dark and dusty room, and locked in there. Melissa was kept in there for days; she had been given stale and hard food from a hatch in the corner of her cell. A tiny bulb illuminated a small part of her cell, the bulb would flicker every few minutes. The air was almost un-breathable, she choked on the dust particles floating in the air; she drank her water from a small sink in the corner. She lay on an old mattress that was stiff and cold and she had a thin piece of cloth for a blanket. She thought she was going to die, and why was she kept here? What did these men want? Melissa's legs were bound together by ropes, her mouth was not taped, but her belongings were taken away, so she could not escape. She lay down into a helpless heap and closed her eyes.

She was about to fall into a dark sleep before something made a loud creaking noise, footsteps could be heard, she slowly turned around to see a man towering over her, grinning menacingly at her. She said, "What do you want from me?"

The man just laughed and said, "Don't play stupid, girl, now tell me, what is the code for it?" Melissa backed up, she knew what he meant. Ever since her parents died, the world famous Joneses, people had been trying to crack the code for the vault. They say infinite glory and riches were locked inside, and only one person knew the code besides the Jones family. Melissa did.

She said, "Why would I tell you the vault code?"

The man gave her an evil stare, "If you don't, you may as well say goodbye to your brother." She gave him a look of horror and he called, "Bring him in!"

Two men dragged Caleb into the room. She looked at him, shocked, "Caleb!!!" He looked up, smiling.

His shirt was torn with blood and dirt splattered everywhere, bruises and infinite cuts covered him, he looked horrible, "Hey, little sis," he said weakly.

Melissa said, "Hang in there, Caleb, we'll get you to a doctor!"

He looked at her, "I'm okay. Just don't tell him the co...." He didn't finish the rest; he passed out.

The man said, "Pick him up!" Melissa saw her chance; she charged at the man and knocked him down. He whipped out his gun and fired three times, one hit another guard in the stomach and the guard crumpled to the floor. The other whipped out his gun and screamed, "Don't move!" but Melissa grabbed the man's gun and shot the guard in his leg. Blood spurted everywhere; he wailed as he fell to the floor, she turned back around and pointed the gun to the man's head. He was completely shocked, "Now, now, put the gun down...."

She looked at him with pure anger, and said, "Goodnight, and sleep tight." She squeezed her eyes shut and pulled the trigger, a click, but no bang. She opened her eyes, no bullets were loaded; she did what she had to do, she used the butt of the gun and whacked the man. Melissa dragged Caleb out of the building. She breathed the fresh air, "What a horrible day, at least I'm free now, these guys are going to the pound." She whistled as she walked home, Caleb following behind.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Jonathan has many hobbies, he likes biking, swimming, tennis, and writing. He reads fantasy books in his free time, Jonathan does not like mushrooms. His favorite view for writing is first person. He has a dog named Cookie. He once broke his arm on a slide (let's not go into details). He goes to Great Valley Middle School. He likes horror stories and urban legends (such as Slender, Jeff the killer, and Bloody Mary.) He moved to Pennsylvania 3 months ago. He lives in Malvern Hunt, PA.

Character story

Stephen is a Swedish man he enjoys himself quite thoroughly throughout his life. This is his story. I sprinted down the avenue with only one goal in mind : ice cream. The ice cream truck had left less than a minute ago and he was determined to catch it and get his ice cream. His pride and joy his greatest achievement would be upon him and his allies : to eat an ice cream whilst riding on the back of an ice cream truck. This, citizens of the world, would be a great feat by mankind and would cement our position on the top of the food chain. He quickly sprinted through a red light and the ice cre-. "Beep Beep!" He woke up in a hospital bed; he was quite obviously important as many doctors and nurses crowded around his bed as Stephen awoke in critical condition at the sherlof county hospital....

The great poems of pictures

The river runs deep,
into the city of light,
with ships at its banks,
and banks at its shore.

The man builds the snowman,
of cold icy rain,
in his backyard,
to stand guard.

Owen was born on March 9, 2003 in Manhattan, New York. He moved to Pennsylvania in 2007. He has two dogs Coco and Keyly, and they enjoy attempting to take over the house continuously. He likes soccer and video games and he likes animals.

Rowboat

The rowboat moves in its blood-colored lake

They wanted you to burn at the stake

They stand and watch from the shore

They're waiting for you to meet the water's shore

The time is now the boat has stopped

You stand with a little hop

You never meant to commit a crime

You never knew you were out of line

Execution, your hands bound

He pushes you off, now you drown

Garden of Youth

You live in this Garden of Youth

You are bound to the truth

It was the only price to pay

To run with freedom everyday

Sure, you left your family behind

You they will never find

You betrayed them, that's alright

The Garden of Youth doesn't mind

You are young forever

That is all that matters

The young girl jumped, finally reaching her father's hat. She pinched the cap in between her index finger and her thumb, before giggling as she took off in the other direction. He lifted his hand to his hair, where had his cap gone? He turned around, to see a girl, running off giggling. That was funny; she had the same laugh as his daughter, the same blonde hair that curled at the end, the same old dress his daughter used to wear, and repeated the same action of stealing his hat. But, that was impossible. His daughter had died when she was five years old. She stopped, why wasn't he chasing her like he used to? Hesitantly, she placed the hat on the ground, why didn't he notice her anymore? Sadly, she allowed herself to disappear. *Why didn't he see her?*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Amanda Donnelly Tonsey is currently 11 years-old. She will be attending Bala Cynwyd Middle School in the fall. At home, she has three cats, two guinea pigs, and a gecko. In her free time she enjoys drawing, writing, and listening to music. When she grows up, she would like to be a writer or psychologist, but for now, she's stuck as a student.

White Rose

Swirling, twirling

Like a whirlpool

Or a never-ending cave

Or like a beautiful white beach

Kissing a sparkling wave

It could be a gentle breeze

Blowing through the air, but it's a delicate

White Rose spotted everywhere.

Night

Brightness falling

As the darkness surrounds it

Enveloping it

As it sets over the glistening water

Noise quieting down

As the night approaches the earth

About the author

Aakanksha loves to read and write in her spare time. She is attending 7th grade at Lionville Middle School, and is currently 11 years old. Her hobbies include swimming, acting, volleyball, violin, and piano. Her favorite book series is *Harry Potter* and she loves to listen to music.

Rap about raps

I like raps and I cannot lie

Don't try to ask me why

I sing them to the fridge

Even though they sound like garbage

Evil red star

The red star is red

Like a cut-off head

The red star is evil

Like someone doing something illegal

Glitter tasting coffee

Coffee is bitter

And it tastes like glitter

Coffee is hot

Like soup from a pot

Matthew Zhong is 11 years old and will attend 6th grade in Downingtown School District. In his spare time Matthew likes to play basketball or iMessage. He was born in North Carolina on February 6th 2003

A Barnacled Winter

Shrouded in the silent mists, a barnacled winter.
He creeps slowly forward to a fog-filled shelter – a solace – his sanctuary.
No sunlight intrudes, no people stray –
the dark, cold whiteness keeps them at bay.
His sorrow etched upon his face
And silence erupts in his hiding place.

A Teacup

Glass shatters; life ends.
The blue and white pieces
lay scattered on the tile.
A grandmother's legacy –
the broken comfort.

Solitude

Shaded by the lonely yellow
beach umbrella, her hands
meticulously move through the
course sand below – a trowel,
a shovel, a silent slip of land.
A discovery stops her breath.
She has found precisely what she
desired – solitude.

Shell

Salt sounds wash silently
Slipping into the dark curves.
A life once lived here,
But now there is stillness.
Silence reverberates through the years,
And the sea echoes its life pulse.

About the Author:

Mrs. Light taught high school English at Manheim Township High School in Lancaster, PA for 2 years and then at Garnet Valley High School in Glen Mills, PA for 4 years. She is currently a stay-at-home mom to her two boys. A PAWLFP Fellow since 2005, this is Mrs. Light's sixth year teaching for the YW/YR program. Previously, she served as the site coordinator for the Garnet Valley site for 4 years and taught Creative Writing for Teens.

Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project
Creative Writing for Teens at West Chester University
Teacher: Melissa Elison

Name	Grade completed	Current School
Rithvik Bobbili	6	Great Valley Middle School, Great Valley SD
Meredith Koresko	6	St Philip & James School, Exton
Crystal Li	6	Patton Middle School, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD
Sadie Patterson	6	Avon Grove Charter School, Avon Grove
Alexa Silva	6	J R Fugett Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Lokeswaren Swaminathan	6	Downingtown Middle School, Downingtown Area SD
Clarissa Thomas	6	Milton Hershey School, Hershey
Margaret Wu	6	Patton Middle School, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD
Lisa Zeng	6	Patton Middle School, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By: Rithvik Bobbili

Scientists

Chemistry

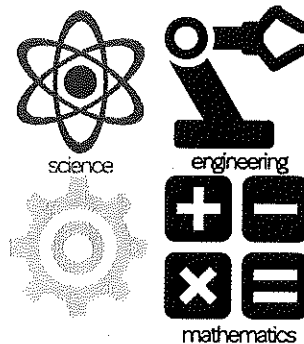
Ice, Water, and Water Vapor

Electrons

Neutrons

Conclusions

Experiments



Marvelous Multiplication

Amarzing Addition

Tantalizing Tangrams

Hypnotizing Hypotenuses

Enticing Equations

Mesmerizing Monomials

Amarzing Angles

Thrilling Trigonometry

Inventive Inequalities

Creative Coordinates

Super Sums

The Bracelet

The brown bracelet looked foreign. It had a strange appearance, with an almost glowing aura. Little did he know that it held magical powers.

"What is that," Fred whispered.

"I don't know."

"Then why'd you pick it up?"

Joe had no answer to this. He was mesmerized by the soft glow of the golden dots. The bracelet seemed to be ordinary, but he suspected otherwise. How would a bracelet like this get to an undiscovered meteorite site? No one else knew about the crash site. As far as he knew, he and Fred were the only ones to know anything about the meteorite.

Fred, now aware of the soft glow the bracelet gave off, gently took the bracelet from Joe. He gingerly held the bracelet, and carefully slipped it on his left wrist. He felt it heat up.

Suddenly, the meteorite revealed a giant spidery crack through the middle. A blinding blue flash filled the forest.

"What the...," and with that the two boys fell unconscious.

About the Author

Rithvik is currently 12 years old and going into 7th Grade at Great Valley Middle School. He was born May 9th, 2002, in India. He has moved 3 times and now lives in Exton, PA. He has one younger brother, Anish, who is 8 years old. He loves to play basketball and plays center for GVBL. His hobbies include playing the viola, playing the piano, reading, painting, and playing outside with his friends. His favorite subject is Math.

Anthology Page

By Meredith Koresko

Unicorn

Unbelievably magical

Never not on a quest

Its long rainbow mane blows in the wind

Can gallop in the meadow for hours

Ocasionally stops to feed at a flower field

Riders hop on the back of the unicorn and explore the magical kingdom

Not at all shy to human beings

Tornado on a Tuesday

I see a tiny drop of gray trickle down my window. Then other, then more! Every time I blink it seemed twenty more appeared before my eyes. It was almost like someone took a bowl full of water and tipped it over on us every second. "Honey, we should pull over the rain is getting so bad we can't see anything." said my mom nervously. "No we will be home in no time. The rain we hold back just when we get of this highway." exclaimed dad. Suddenly, white balls of fury starting bouncing on top of our window. The rain turned into hail. "Honey look at all this hail, it will break our windshield! We have to pull over!" declared mom. Taking no chances, dad moved to the other lane and slithered across the exit. Our closest, safest place was a Mexican grill. As our family stopped and took a few bites, on what looked like a burrito, I looked through a window and see clear skies, like it almost never happened. I glance at the television waiting area and see. TORNADO DISASTER, NORTH CAROLINA. Did our family just go through a tornado storm? It was cool but terrifying at the same time. All that mattered to me was that my family was safe and sound.

My Name

My name is Meredith. To me it sounds like something you name an old antique chair. "The Meredith woven chair." My name means the guardian of the sea. It fits me just right because I love the ocean and being in waiters so maybe my name was meant of me. I also noticed that very few people have the name Meredith and most of them are women. It really bothers me when I can't find my name on some cool key chains you can get at gift shops. But they always seem to have my sister's name, Morgan, in every gift shop. I always loved the name Breyer and now I want to name one of my children that name. I feel like it's such a graceful yet sporty name. Even though my name kills me sometimes it's different which is why I love it.

About the Author

Meredith Koresko is attending seventh grade at Saints Philip and James School. Her hobbies include Cheerleading, singing, and acting. She has a dog named, Chester, and loves him very much as well as other animals. She also enjoys swimming in her pool on a hot, summer day. Her favorite genre of books is Horror, personal fiction, and dystopia. She enjoys reading and writing at home and in school.

Anthology Page

By: Crystal Li

I Love You, the Orangest

I love you, Claire, the orangest.

I love you the color of a bright sunrise, the beginning of a whole new day.

I love you the color of an energetic cheer.

A glowing and radiant flame..

An earned, joyful, wonderful victory.

The team spirit that drives the winning team.

I love you, Claire, the orangest.

Birds Prose Poem

The birds in our backyard are annoying. They *tweet, tweet, tweet* as we sleep. Every morning, every day. The same annoying tune, rhythm, and notes. Too early, they wake us up, and it's just my luck, my room's at a special birds' spot, where they *tweet, tweet, tweet* away.

Memoir

In my computers class, we were allowed to play on the computer before class started. All my other classmates were, but I was reading. I didn't even realize that the teacher had started class, because I was so engrossed in and surprised by my book. I almost screamed while reading the interesting part of my book. I looked up when I heard my teacher say the word "detention". I thought he was talking to me, and I got scared. When I realized that he was just talking about the email unit, I was so relieved.

About the Author:

Crystal Li, the author, loves reading, horseback riding, art, and music. She is going to 7th grade next year, at Patton Middle School. Her favorite book series are the Percy Jackson series, the Hunger Games, Divergent, and Harry Potter. She also likes the Kane Chronicles and the Relic Master.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

by Sadie Therese Patterson

LEAVES

Lime-colored
Each one is beautiful
A sight to behold
View from above me
Elegant
Shiver in the wind

My Name

My name is Sadie. In Hebrew, Sadie means "princess". Sadie derives from the name Sarah. I was almost named Sophie, actually. I'm glad I'm Sadie rather than Sophie, though. I know too many Sophies, and only a few Sadies. I was named in honor of my grandfather's mother, who was Sarah. I was always known as Sadie, and I still am, with a few exceptions. A teacher at my school once called me "Saddy" jokingly, so that's what he and another student call me on some occasions. Although I love my name, I am extremely fond of the name Riley, which is unisex. I think that's one of the reasons I like it so much. That is the story of my name.

The Trees Behind My House

The trees behind my house. There are too many to count. It's a forest of trees as tall as skyscrapers. They ask for attention and demand respect. They try to jump from the ground and climb the sky. They cling to the clouds with their leaves as green as emeralds. When the wind comes, the trees are as loud as sirens. Their leaves shake, shake, and shake. All they do is keep me awake. They are always moving. In the day, the trees block out the sun. They believe they are more important. These are the trees that *whoosh* and whip constantly. These are the trees that tower over me. These are the trees behind my house.

About the Author

Sadie is a twelve year old girl entering seventh grade with a passion for reading and writing. Born October 5th, 2001 in Christiana, DE, she has always lived relatively local to West Chester. Sadie has a younger sister (Natalie) and older sister (Naomi). She enjoys many genres of reading, including myth, poetry, and historical fiction. Her life-long goal is to become a well-loved author and make a positive impact on young minds. Sadie's favorite school subjects are art, English, and geography.

My Anthology Page
By:Alexa Silva

I Love You

Mimi, I love you the yellowest.
I love you the color of a tall bright yellow sunflower.
I love you the color of yellow bright sun.
A bright yellow smile.
The sunset that covers the sky.
A yellow blooming sunflower.
Mimi, I love you the yellowest.

Sunshine

sunny
under a tree
never cloudy
staring at you
hot
ice cream melting
nice weather
every day

The Clumsy Boy

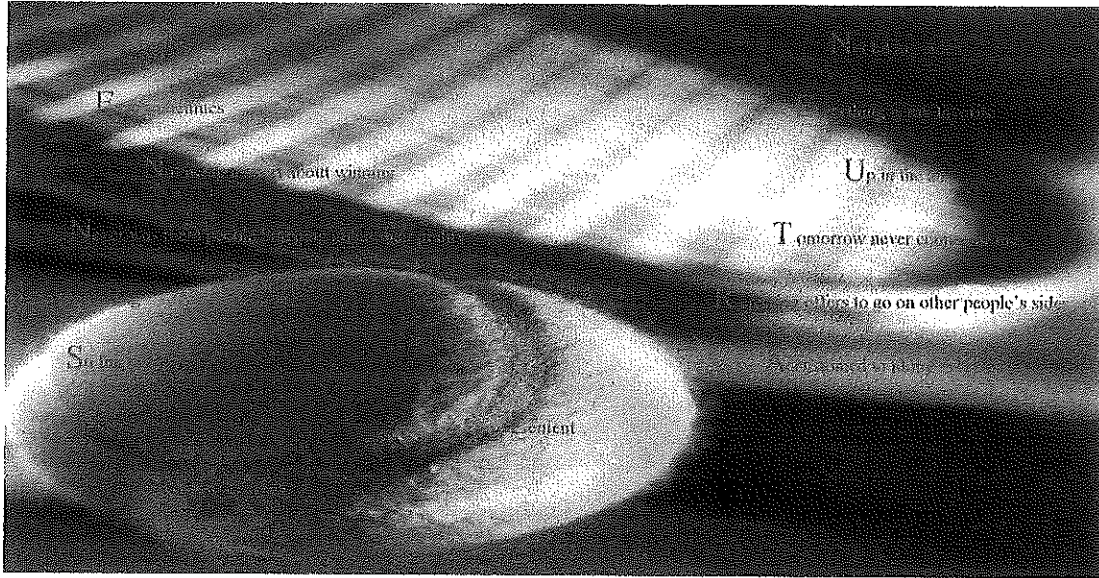
Every time the boy gets up from a chair he trips. When he takes a walk he trips on a stick and falls on his face. The clumsy boy has to have bubble wrap on his body because his mom knows that he will fall when he gives his first push. When he is walking down the street, he trips on his shoelaces and falls down on his face. When he stands, he has horrible balance and trips over and falls on his face once again.

About the Author

Alexa is 12 years old. She was born on May 20th, 2002. She goes to Fugett Middle School. She lives with her mom, dad, dog and her little sister Valentina. When she grows up, she want to be a vet.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By: Lokeswaren Swaminathan



The encounter on Dangling Street

I walk down the flagstone sidewalk. A person comes up to me and takes full control of my left hand. I gave him numerous warnings to let me go, but he is oblivious to those warnings. I think in my head for a moment that my captivator is an autocratic person who pays no heed to warnings, so I let him face the consequences. I crush his knee which automatically paralyzes him knee-down, and then run away as fast as I could from the crime scene. I run, run, run, run, run as fast as my legs could take me. I ran past the grocery store with one of its flyers staring right at my face, persuading me to buy something. I run past the "Under a Dollar Store." It's big, bulky sign saying, "Kid buy something, everything in the store is under a dollar. That's right. Everything, everything you could imagine that would be in the store: books, pencils, pens, calculators, small, plastic toys, small, little diecast cars that I used to play with when I was little, latex balloons, and some groceries" I then I run, past..... wait. I run past..... I can't recall. Ugh! This is one of those times when I absolutely positively cannot recall a thing. I call a "mind blackout." But I have a good brain. It happens rarely. Ahhh.....now I remember. I ran thinking about how excited I was about finally having enough money to buy myself a critical supply that most adults think is a "life saver" in certain scenarios. A cellphone! Yes a cellphone. An Apple cellphone. Then I stumbled upon a policeman who asked, "Why are you running so fast son? You could get hurt."

I didn't know what to say. I was out of words, but I answered, "I am sorry sir, I didn't notice I was running to fast I promise from the bottom of my soul that I will never run so fast like that again.

"There's no need to be sorry son." replied back the policeman. "I was just asking."

And with that, I ran away.

About the author

Lokes is currently 12 years old and is going into the 7th grade at Downingtown Middle School. He was born on May 11, 2002 in India and came to America in December 2008. Then in August 2013, he moved to Downingtown. He has one brother who is 18 months old and his name is Kavish. Lokes does karate at Pro Martial Arts and is one belt away from black. Lokes also plays tennis and is very skilled at it. His favorite tennis player is the legendary Roger Federer. Lokes also can speak three other languages other than English. They are Hindi, Tamil, and Gujrati.

My Name

By: Clarissa Thomas

I am named after my Aunt Clarissa but everyone calls her "Missy". When I have to introduce myself I feel funny because to me it sounds too complicated. Everyone usually forgets my name, spells it wrong, or pronounces it wrong. I'm jealous of those people who have short names like Grace or Ally, something simple. I would change my name if I could to something unique and easy to pronounce. I also am very upset because my last name is Thomas. I used to go to school with people who would make fun of my last name and call me "Thomas the Choo-Choo Train!" Now that my Dad's out of my life, I could change my last name to my Mom's which is Comire, but I don't want my initials to be "CC". Clarissa also means "famous" and I'm trying to achieve a goal of becoming famous, so I think I'm just going to stick with my name for now.

I Love You the Greenest

By: Clarissa Thomas

Sierra, I love you the greenest.

I love you the color of leaves whirling in the wind.

I love you the color of grass with dew from a rainy night.

A leprechaun dancing around a rainbow.

Green Goblin ready to pounce onto Spider Man.

The greenest frog eyeing a plump fly.

Sierra, I love you the greenest.

About the Author

My name is Clarissa and I am 12 years old. I am currently attending Milton Hershey School. I play soccer, basketball, tennis, track and field, and baseball. My two most favorite subjects are Social Studies and Reading. My best friend is Sierra, as the Sierra in the "I Love You the Greenest" poem. I also have a couple other friends named Laniyah, Mimi, Sade, and Mbornie. We have a group that is known as "The Squad". My favorite kind of music is a little bit of R&B, Rap, and Pop; it depends on what mood I'm in. I want to be a dramatic scene actress when I get older. If that doesn't work out, I want to either be a model or a lawyer. I would describe myself as a funny, outgoing, dramatic, caring, creative, unique, and exciting person. My hobbies are shopping, dancing, cooking/baking, singing, swimming, and hanging out with my friends. My favorite singers are Iggy Azalea, Rihanna, Beyoncé, Nicki Minaj, and a lot more.

My Anthology Page

by Margaret Wu

Her fingers pressed lightly, whirling across the piano like a butterfly fluttering in the sky. The piano was old and yellowed, having an antique look, yet made delightful sounds that painted pictures of joy. A crisp, yellow booklet of music sat slouched on the piano stand, containing beloved classical pieces of all time. She sat upright on the rickety bench, body moving along with the music. She had one ear cocked to one side, as if making sure her music sounded right, which it surely did. Captivated, a crowd of listeners surrounded her, taking in the beautiful sounds, listening to the music with their hearts. The girl finished the song and her hands gracefully settled on her lap. A chorus of thundering applause greeted her as she stood and took a bow. The audience whistled and cheered for her, in love with how she played. She smiled and took another bow, then elegantly exited the stage. After she left, members of the audience talked and talked about this girl, the girl who let the music drift into their souls, making them forget all of their worries. Trying to find her, they looked for anyone with her talent, but to no avail; she was never seen again. But her music still exist in the heart and soul of everyone, whether they know it or not.

One moment I'm delightfully enjoying the calming of the ocean on a beautiful Hawaiian day. The next, I'm crying out with pain, like someone stabbing a knife in my knee. The salt water rushes out from beneath me to cover me, hold me captive. Trying to stay afloat, I flail and splash in the water, but it is in vain. I can hear the laughter of my sister along with the others on that gorgeous day, oblivious to my pain. I'm going down quickly, swallowing salty ocean water as I go. Fortunately, my dad suddenly grabs me and pulls me toward the water surface.

"Are you okay?" he asks worriedly as I gasp for breath.

I shake my head, feeling the searing hot pain on my right leg. He quickly grabs me, then my sister, still laughing, and drags us toward shore.

"What's wrong?" asks my mom as we reach the sand.

I point toward my right leg, eyes closed, wincing at the pain.

She looks and says, "That little scrape? You'll be fine in no time."

Surprised, I look down at my leg. There is a half-dollar sized scrape on my leg, barely cutting through my skin.

I look sheepishly at my parents and say, "I'm sorry for worrying you about this."

They laugh and my dad says, "At least it wasn't as severe as it seemed when we were in the water."

"That's true," I say, grinning.

About the Author

Margaret is 12 years old and was born on April 13, 2002. She is going into 7th grade at Charles F. Patton Middle School. Margaret moved to Pennsylvania 2 years ago from Illinois, where she was born, and has a younger sister, Emily, that is 7 years old. Her favorite book is *Odd Thomas* by Dean Koontz.

My Anthology Page

By: Lisa Zeng

My name

In English, my name is Lisa, which I love, because my name is part of Mona Lisa's name. I got this name when I was in kindergarten in China. I was so excited that when I got home, I told everyone in my house to call me "Lisa" instead of my Chinese name. Well, not because I hate my Chinese name, it was just a preparation in case I'm going to America. And now, here I am! But here, I need to use my Chinese name on official documents because it's on my passport! But it has a special meaning, the sun. My parents hope that I'll be as shiny as the sun, and the sun is the symbol of hope. So I don't think I want to change my names because I love them!

My Trophy

I am not a math genius, but still, I love math. I want to compete with others but my parents never allow me. They think if I don't have the confidence of winning, then I better not do it because it'll just show people how worthless I am, and my parents will chide me.

One day after school, I was walking alone toward the school bus and I heard someone calling me. It was the math genius in my class. Why is he calling me? He is mean and rich, probably just wants to brag about how good he is in math. And I was right. He came over with a fake smile which I hated, "Oh look! Is that John? There is a math competition tomorrow, do you want to come? Well, you have no choice, we already registered for you!"

I just ran away to the bus but my head kept saying, "What? Register? What? Register?" I didn't want to tell my parents because this was my only chance to compete with others!

That night, I was so excited and nervous, I was even thinking of cheating. Well, I better not! Then, I had a dream. An old man with silver hair and a long white beard was floating on a cloud and smiling at me. He said, "Don't be nervous, just relax. Do what you are always doing. You love math! It doesn't matter if you win or lose, just have fun!" I woke up next morning and brushed my teeth and ate my breakfast like it was an ordinary day. And without saying anything to mom and dad, I went to the bus stop. When I arrived at school, I immediately ran to the auditorium. Thank goodness I was right on time! The competition started. At first, I was so nervous, I didn't even know what I was thinking. But then, I remembered what the wise old man said. "Do what I am always doing, just have fun!" I felt like math was my friend, helping me with the questions that were on the sheet. I felt like my brain was suddenly bright, I could understand everything! I just thought and thought, wrote and wrote. And finally I finished!

Two days after the math competition, the teachers announced the winner. I was nervous, holding my hands together and sweating. Finally, the teacher said with his microphone, "The winner is John Justice!" I was so surprised! I ran to the stage and smiled. The trophy was so shiny and beautiful. That was one of the best times of my life!

About the Author

Lisa is currently 11 years old. Her birthday is on November 10th. She was born in China and came to America last year. She now lives in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania. She loves to dance, read and play piano. She has a brother who is 18 years old and at Kansas State University. She loves writing, too.

Mrs. Elison's Anthology Page

The Pearl

It groans and screeches as I pry it open, stuffing just one more into its inflexible frame. My filing cabinet bears the heavy burden of holding all documents I deem essential. With such an oppressive load to carry on its thin metal shoulders, it begs me to show mercy and file *this* paper *this* time in the recycle bin. Ignoring its cries, I force it to swallow one more, just one more very important paper. It is as bloated as a Thanksgiving bird. But it will gain its revenge for my insensitivity by laughing...laughing as I search in vain for the one paper I need *now*, hidden so far down in the dark depths of its drawers. Like hunting for one tiny bead buried in an entire beach of sand. The pearl within one of thousands of oysters washed ashore. The task is too Herculean, too humdrum, too humbling. The treasure remains trapped. What use is a pearl heaped with so many ordinary shells?

Poems inspired by I Love You the Purplest by Barbara M. Joosse

Connor, I love you the orangest.
I love you the color of leaves as they first hint at the start of autumn.
I love you the color of the perfect pumpkin, thoughtfully chosen and lifted carefully from the patch.
The flame of an Olympic torch.
The smoothness of a plump grapefruit.
The center of each proud zinnia rising to the sky.
Connor, I love you the orangest.

Gavin, I love you the greenest.
I love you the color of summer mountains, treetops rippling in the breeze.
I love you the color of ferns glistening in the dew-drenched forest.
The quickness of a pointy-tongued lizard.
The surprising vividness of a kiwi's flesh.
The tangy sweetness of your favorite kind of pickle.
Gavin, I love you the greenest.

About the Author

Mrs. Elison is a fellow of the Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project (PAWLP) and was a middle school English teacher before her current position as stay-at-home mother to her two energetic young children. Her Master's degree is from West Chester University in English with a concentration in teaching, writing, and criticism. She enjoys reading, writing, cooking, gardening, and spending time with her family.

Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project
Creative Writing for Teens at West Chester University
Teacher: Marlene Kimble

<i>Name</i>	<i>Grade completed</i>	<i>School</i>
Nitya Ampani	7	Wyndcroft School, Pottstown
Juneseo Choi	7	Tredyffrin-Easttown Middle School, Tredyffrin-Easttown SD
Krista Devane	7	Downingtown Middle School, Downingtown Area SD
Miranda Essig	8	West Deptford Middle School, West Deptford SD
Allison Harten	8	Charles F Patton MS, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD
Lauren Husain	8	Garnet Valley Middle School, Garnet Valley SD
Victoria Husain	7	Garnet Valley Middle School, Garnet Valley SD
Cara Kupiec	7	Garnet Valley Middle School, Garnet Valley SD
Gabriella Kupiec	8	Garnet Valley Middle School, Garnet Valley SD
Lauren Kupiec	7	Garnet Valley Middle School, Garnet Valley SD
Hannah Nash	8	Arcola Intermediate School, Methacton SD
Rajat Nilakhe	7	Downingtown Middle School, Downingtown Area SD
Medha Prabhu	8	Lionville Middle School, Downingtown Area SD
Charles Reinheimer	7	Stetson Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Rohan Tudimilla	8	Great Valley Middle School, Great Valley SD
Abhinav Vetcha	8	Great Valley Middle School, Great Valley SD

The Fortune Cookie

By Nitya Ampani

The thunder BOOMED! The lightening flashed! My two friends, Amy and Olivia, and I were at a small Chinese restaurant when we saw a man. He was dressed in black from head to toe: black shoes, black pants, a black shirt, black sunglasses and even black hair which was covered with his black hoodie. He was awkwardly staring at us from the other table and it even looked like he only had one foot.

After we finished eating we got our fortune cookies and we ripped them open. Coincidentally, Amy and Liv had the same “fortune” which said “You will go on many great adventures.” When i teared open mine, expecting it to also be the same one, my heart stopped. I read aloud, “Beware! You are in danger! You must leave immediately!” Olivia and Amy both had a look of terrified fear. We just sat there silently while the creepy man was still staring at us until Amy broke out, “Seriously! That is the lamest joke ever!” I did not know what she was thinking! Literally five seconds after she said that, I got a text from a blocked number:

“A joke?!?! I don’t think so. If you are brave enough to say it is a joke than come to 131 Pointview Drive in exactly a half hour.”

Completely ignoring the fact that I got a text from some random person, and that the text was sent couple seconds after what she said, Amy, very confidently, said, “Fine! Then we will go!” I was so scared, I didn’t even know what to do, but I was really anxious to find out who this was.

The Breeze felt good against my face. Everything was quiet except for the crunching of leaves beneath our feet. The sky all around us was dark and the air was moist and humid. Once we arrived at the house, we called out to see if anyone was there, but as expected, we did not get a response. Amy and Liv started walking home, but i was so desperate in finding more information so I just walked around the house a couple of times. Finally, I turned around and sprinted into the woods. I slowed down and called out for Amy and Liv, but I did not get a response. I was panicking when I heard someone behind me. I took off again until I felt someone’s hand on my shoulder...

About the Author

Nitya Ampani is a thirteen year old girl who goes to The Wyndcroft School in Pottstown, PA. She has a younger sister, Eesha, who is 8. In her free time, she loves to swim, read, and write mystery and scary stories.

The Chase

My feet pounded on the pavement as I rushed towards the only thing that could save my life. My breathing was fast and ragged. The fiery afternoon August sun blazed down on my unprotected neck as I pursued the vehicle. I clutched the cash in my left hand, hoping that I had enough for what lay in store for me. Just then, the truck began slowing down. I put in one final burst of speed and managed to catch up. The man inside the truck leaned out and asked, "What are you gonna buy, kid?" I hesitated, still panting from my run. This was it. The choice I'd been waiting for. I looked at the man and replied, "An ice-cream sandwich, please."

"One ice-cream sandwich coming up!" said the owner of the ice-cream truck. "That'll be two dollars."

Accidents

*It's hard to pretend I don't know
Who really just caused a big show
And cracked the TV
With that bat that I see -
Uh...
I'll just blame the dog and lay low!*

About the Authors

Juneseo Choi is 13 years old. He attends T/E Middle School and participates in their Jazz and Concert Band. He has one hyper younger brother, and he plays the saxophone. This is his first year at Writing Camp. Juneseo also has a secret twin from a parallel universe who is often confused with Juneseo, and who may be impersonating him and typing this false info page **RIGHT NOW!!! MU HA HA HA HA!!!!**



Mountains. Endless mountains. The taste of freshly burning wood and the sound of a bubbling brook envelopes the gorge. A small stone house lays right in the heart of the Rocky Mountains just far away enough from the gorge and off the beaten hiking path so that no one comes close enough to see what is inside. There were legends and stories of witches and thieves living in that house. Of course, they are just legends.

Inside a solitary woman whistles away and scrubs vigorously at the greasy pots and pans. She is alone except for her one furry companion, a grey and white husky. Her chocolate curly brown hair falls just below her shoulder and her bright blue eyes sparkle in the last of the daylight as twilight takes over the mountain.

No one is aware that she lives there. In fact, no one even knows that she is still alive. 14 years ago, her entire family disappeared on an exploration of the Rockies. They were never found and never seen or heard from again. Everyone just assumed that she disappeared with them. Truthfully, she had never wanted to go on the exploration in the first place. Her parents were archeologists and she was always being dragged around with them traveling on their expeditions. They decided to wade into a river to cool off on that blistering summer day, but she refused. The water rushed and began to roar as it rapidly picked up speed. They reached out for the shore but it was too late. They were swept away and left their daughter, Ally, dumbfounded on the bank.

She tried to find her way back but to no avail. Cloaked by vegetation and small mountains, she found a small cabin and has stayed there ever since. Today she goes by another name and only goes into town to gather bare essentials, keeping her head bent and face hidden.

On one rainy, overcast day in particular, she trekked back to town to get what she needed. Unbeknownst to her, she was followed back to her home. After finishing her dinner and cleaning up a little, there was a loud knock at the door. Gem, named because of his aquamarine colored eyes, barked loudly and would not stop.

"Shh!" She cried.

A deep voice spoke up from the pouring rain,

"Hello, is anyone home? I'm sorry to disturb you but I was wondering if I could get some shelter until the rain lets up. I accidentally wandered away from my group and the camp I'm staying at is miles away."

She cautiously peered through the window to the left of the door and looked out. The man seemed friendly enough, but could he be trusted? It had been a long time since she had opened up to people, and she did not know if she could.

She pulled the door open and suddenly a dagger was at her throat. The mystery man demanded to know why she lived here and how she had found the cabin. Where was she from? She glanced back at the beaten up baseball cap still hanging on the coat rack. It had been the only inside the abandoned cabin... Was it his? Had he come back to get the house? If so why did he leave in the first place? Not even thinking about it, she unhooked herself from his grip and ran, Gem at her heels. She ran and never looked back, she just kept running. No one has seen or heard from her since. Some say she found her parents and that they are alive and well. Some say she died from starvation and dehydration. And others say she found another abandoned cabin.

What happened really?

You can decide which is true.

Krista Devane, 13, is going in to 8th grade this year at Downingtown Middle School. She has recently discovered a new passion for writing action stories, but also enjoys writing realistic fiction, historical fiction and theater scripts. In her free time, she enjoys singing, swimming and acting.

My Anthology Page

By: Miranda Essig

If You Are What You Love

If I am what I love then,
 I am a late night cup of tea.
 & a beautifully written novel.
 I am warm summer nights,
 & spine chilling horror films.
 I am bubbling laughter,
 & loudly played music.
I am my Grandmother's cursive writing,
 & an over-sized sweater.
If I am what I love, maybe I love myself after all.

Trusting

Only a few care.
 The rest are just curious.
 Be careful Darling.

Heartaches

There is a pain in my heart,
and it's beating your name.
 I miss you.

About the Author

Miranda is currently fourteen years old, soon to be fifteen in September, and going into her Freshman year. She admits to being a bookworm and having an obsession with writing. Miranda is also a music addict, you mostly find her with her ear-buds unable to hear a thing over the booming music. She has had her heart set on publishing a book someday since she can remember. Overall, her goal is to become a successful writer.

The Rocket Man

The boy crept into the house. It was a rather large house, more of a mansion, but all the houses on Walnut Street were in the cool misty night. The grass was already slick with dew. A crescent moon hung in the sky. All the houses on Walnut Street were dark, but this one in particular was also empty. It had been for many years. The door squeaked slightly as the boy pushed it open. The bolt has rusted through many years ago leaving easy access. He stepped in and slowly looked up. What the boy saw left him flabbergasted. The domed ceiling opened up to the stars. He walked into the middle of the room gazing up at the expanse of sky; the jagged edges of the broken glass ceiling acting as a border for the picture before him. The sky was a midnight blue and twinkled as the stars danced across it. Right beneath the hole laid the pile of broken glass from the ceiling. In the middle of the glass was a rocket-like contraption. It was a mixture of all sorts of mismatched metals. Its spear-shaped head lay imbedded in the floor boards. The part above the floor was slightly squished and dusty. Three charcoal colored fins protruded from the back of the rocket. The boy circled around it. He found in one spot the metal casing was broken and allowed for a viewing of a mess of tangled wires inside. Curiously, the boy picked up the rocket and started examining the rest of it. At the very bottom by a fin, he found a name carved into the metal. The boy started wiping away the dust and grime surrounding the name, but suddenly heard a soft ticking noise coming from the rocket in his hands. Mere seconds later, the mansion exploded. And that's how the crater at 26 Walnut Street came to be, which is where our next character's journey begins.

About the Author

Allison Harten, 14, will be attending Unionville High School this school year. She lives in Kennett Square and has three other siblings. Allison admits that something usually does die in her writing. In her free time, she likes to read and play softball.

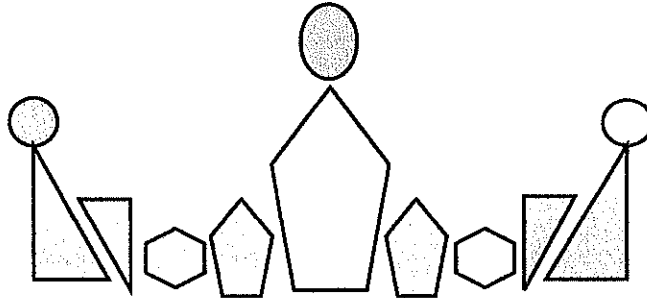
Royal Mental Note

Whisper into your ear
Tell yourself what you want to hear
Look at your lovely jewels;
Elegant pointy shoes

Pinkies up
Shoulders back
Pinch in your stomach until blue;
Curtsy prettily
Powder your face a rosy hue

And without much ado;
Take your crown with dignity
Show the people love
Care and generosity;
Represent your country

Be the beauty a prince wishes to see,
Carry on or improve the family wealth
Be saved by a heroic dragon slayer;
Live a lovely life
Of royalty.



About The Author

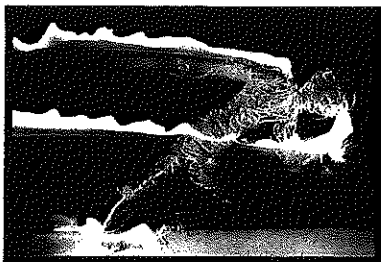
I am a Garnet Valley student entering 9th grade. Some activities that I enjoy include playing soccer, drawing, watching movies, tennis, cooking, reading, riding my bike, walking my dog, and daydreaming, as well as many others. As a writer, I would describe myself as very descriptive. The stories I tell are mostly happy sweet stories or magical or about kings and queens, etc. Most of my work is inspired by the realistic fiction books that I read, and movies and awesome TV shows I watch (especially the ones on ABC).

WRITING DAILY

Victoria Husain's 2014 Summer Writing Camp Anthology

About the Author

My name is Victoria Husain, and I am entering 8th grade at GVMS. I currently have a dog and live in Glen Mills, PA. I have two siblings, an older sister Lauren and a younger brother Daniel, who are currently 14 and 10. My favorite sports are soccer and volleyball, and I love to go on vacation. If I could read any book right now, I would read the Selection series or The Fault In Our Stars. I love to write poetry and give back to the community.



RUN

I race. Fast. I feel the lingering heat coming onto my skin. The pace of my feet follow the beat of my heart. I feel the heat and the rust of the past two minutes. I jerk my head behind me to glare at the blazing fire that has not only burned my skin, but my family. I am breathless as I try to take in as much air as possible through my soot-covered lungs.

In that plane was my one and only family, the only hope I had, and the fact that they are gone feels like a part of me has been stolen. But I will run. For myself, and for them.

The thing is, I am prepared for this. I was prepared for my family to die.

The heat sneaks closer, tears are falling and my heart is thumping so loudly, that I cannot hear the screams of the innocent dying people behind me.

As I run, I think to myself. How the plane crash was so avoidable. I didn't have to take the job to make this all happen. And I didn't have to sacrifice my family. But I took it anyway. I joined the gang because my family was just living above water.

I told them that I'd gotten a job at an office nearby. That was a lie. I'd said that all of the money that I had brought home was everything that I had been paid. That was a lie too. When my parents asked where I had been all night, and I tell them that I was filing papers. Yes, those are all lies.

I joined the gang so I could give back to my family, and the gang paid better than any job in the area. The thing was, the gang did bad things for money. If you leave, they will kill your family. And I left the gang.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Cara Kupiec

One shaky breath is all I have time to take before I am plunged deep into the freezing ocean. I quickly swim to the surface and look at the boat that I was in charge of. In charge to make sure all passengers got to their destination safely. I failed. The smooth wood deck is now completely split in half causing everyone who was on it to go flying into the ocean. Pain, fear and guilt run throughout my body as I watch another monster swim up to our boat. I couldn't do it. I couldn't watch these monsters kill all these people who had done nothing wrong. It was me who got lost in the fog and sailed into their territory. I was torn from my thoughts as one of the sea monsters swam under me brushing its blue slimy scales against my sore wounded legs. I quickly grab a sharp piece of wood floating near me and stick it all the way through the monster. I pull it out and the monster starts sinking toward the bottom of the sea. But there are still two monsters left. One of them that was red breathed fire onto the remains of the boat sending it into an uproar of flames. I swam through the rubble water filled with blood to the burning ship and get the boat's sail which is on fire. I swing the sail around and burn the monster. The last monster is green and swim towards me faster than all the others. I had no time to think and the next thing I knew I was sitting in the monster's stomach.

About the Author

Cara is currently 13 years old and going into the 8th grade at Garnet Valley Middle School. She was born June 15th, 2001, Glenn Mills, PA and still lives there. She has an older sister Gabbie (14), a twin sister Lauren (13), and a little brother Danny (10). She has a puppy named Murphy. She runs cross country and plays soccer, basketball, volleyball, golf, and swims. She loves to read and write.

My Anthology Page

By: Gabriella Kupiec

Poem

I am from
Hugs and kisses before bed
And getting tucked in with my stuff animal dogs
That would always make me feel better
I am from my little ballet shoes
And dancing around the family room
I am from always being happy
With a smile on my face
And running to hug my mom
When I get home from school
I am from green grass
And the sun shining down on
My sisters and I as we play
Duck, Duck goose in the backyard
I am from getting my dog, Murphy
Who means the world to me
I am from long days on the beach
And finding sand crabs in the ocean
I am from meeting my best friend
And doing everything together
I am from the awful taste of seed weed and raw fish
The first time I tried sushi
I am from big family parties
And staying up late to watch movies
I am from memories that, I will remember forever

About the author

My name is Gabbie. I am 14 years old. I go to Garnet Valley High school. My birthday is February 7th 2000. I have 2 sister and 1 brother. I have a dog named Murphy. I have been dancing since I was 3.

The Birthday Party

By: Lauren Kupiec

Today is the first day of spring. Today is also my cousin Kate's birthday. She is turning 5 years old today so my family and I are going over my Aunt's house to celebrate. It's a beautiful day the sun is shining down on the freshly cut green grass. It's the perfect day to sit on the deck and drink a cold cup of lemonade while you get a tan. So my aunt decided to have the party outside. We are brining field hockey sticks and a football so we can have a rematch with my Uncle. We pull into the driveway of my Aunt's house and we all grab something to carry. I get the football, Cara gets the presents, and Gabbie gets the food we brought. We say hello to everyone then head outside. My Uncle Matt was already outside waiting for the football game to start. We pick teams, and this year, unlike some years in the past, the teams are actually looking fair. I'm thinking I could finally beat my Uncle, but of course his team makes a comeback and wins the game. I was upset, but I was too hungry to pretend to be angry, so we all go inside for dinner. There is a huge table filled with chicken, hamburgers, hotdogs, egg salad, fruit salad, pasta, and Mac n cheese. We all sit down and eat dinner, and when I finally finish I am so happy to leave the table, because my sister is lip smacking about how she can beat me at field hockey. Just because she beat me one time when I was really tired and not focused. So there was only one thing to do... challenge her to a rematch in front of the whole family. It was the perfect plan, because Cara doesn't do well under pressure, so if everyone is watching her, she'll mess up for sure. But the competition will have to wait because its time for cake. The cake is an ice cream cake that has rainbow sprinkles spelling out the words happy birthday Kate! We sing happy birthday and Kate makes her wish and blows out the candles. My Aunt cuts everyone a piece of cake. After everyone finishes eating we set up the game. Everyone stands on the deck as Cara and I face off. I win the ball and dribble down the yard line towards the goal. Cara was so far behind that I shoot on an open goal. The ball hit against the net I got a point. My brother has baseball so we couldn't stay any longer so that meant that I won! I was so excited that I threw my stick and started to do a happy dance. I didn't realize that Kate was on the swing set until it was too late. I looked as the stick swings towards her, and with a bang and a scream the stick whacks her right in the jaw. I ran over to her to see if she is ok, but when I pull her hand away from her mouth there is a bunch of blood and a tooth missing. I apologized a million times but she wasn't upset. It turns out her wish was to loose a tooth so the tooth fairy would come on her birthday. I guess she got her wish.

About the author

Lauren is 13 years old; she has 2 sisters Gabbie and Cara; and 1 brother Danny. She plays soccer, field hockey, cross-country, basketball, volleyball, and swimming. Her favorite color is blue, and her favorite animal is a dog.

Green

Green is grass, but not dry grass

Green is a pear, but not a rotting pear

Green is a color, but not a warm color

Green is jealousy, but surely not yours.

The Quesadilla

“That does not look like a quesadilla!” I say to my parents, as I look down at the steaming plate with what appeared to look like a Mexican pizza. Two flimsy, warm tortillas topped with unappealing slices of chicken, chunks of red tomato, and melted cheddar oozing off the plate. Did the chef expect me to fold the tortilla myself? I gingerly balanced the tortilla, keeping the toppings from tumbling off. All of a sudden, the tortilla rips and falls back on my plate. Chicken and tomatoes smack down on what’s left of my tortilla, causing a bloody mess on my dish. I brush off a piece of chicken off my lap. “I will never order a quesadilla from this restaurant ever again!”

Author Notes

Hannah Nash is 14 years old and will be a freshman attending Methacton high School. She dedicates her free time to music and acting. She is involved with private singing lessons, and performs shows at Firebird Theater in Phoenixville. She loves being on stage whether it’s a play, musical, or recital. Her favorite show she participated in is Shrek the Musical. Hannah enjoys hanging out with friends, playing guitar and piano, skateboarding, Bruno Mars, running, and watching YouTube all day long.

I am From

I am from the remote control cars
Which my grandpa bought me
From the time I used to cry, whine,
and moan

I am from the days with gold sun
and the peaceful nights with the
white moon

I am from the day that my cousin
and I sprayed shaving cream and
perfume onto each other

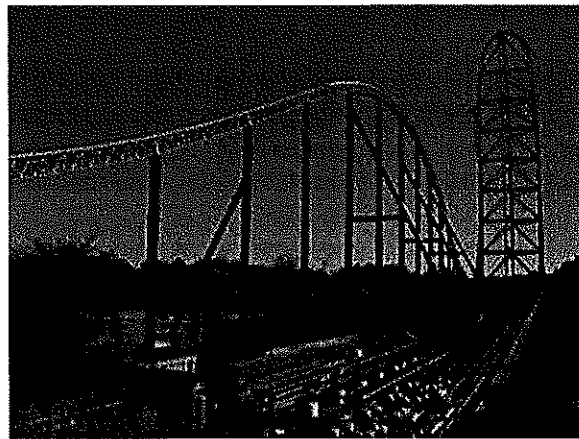
I am from the cold snowy days of
indoor basketball and swimming
to the blazing hot days of summer
tennis and soccer

I am from the rough and hard past
To the new and inspiring future

- Rajat Nilakhe

Basketball

Blake Griffin
Amare Stoudimiere
Serge Ibaka
Kevin Garnett
Evan Turner
Tim Hardaway
Bradley Beal
Allen Iverson
Lance Stevenson
LeBron James



Kingda Ka

It was standing there standing tall and courageous
the one and only Kingda Ka. The earlier rides had
been long and boring. The other rides at the park
did not feel right, but now standing in the line of
Kingda Ka I was feeling really anxious and total alive.
I knew I had a five minute wait, and I wanted to go onto
this ride even before we got here. After the five minutes
of anxiousness I stepped into the cart, sat down, and
buckled up. After the attendant checked our belts I smelt
the nasty stench of oil. It was as if this ride had been really
old. Then the attendant counted down, "3, 2, 1, Go!" Then
the cart blasted into the air. Whish! Whish! Whoosh!
Whoosh! It was going really high and then came back
down really fast. After just 5 minutes the cart had stopped.
This ride was amazing and I really enjoyed it. This experience could
never have been relived. Kingda Ka was an amazing ride
and also a wonderful conclusion to a great day at Six Flags.

About the Author

Rajat Nilakhe is a young writer
who lives with his parents in
Downingtown, PA and goes to
school in DMS. He is entering
8th grade. Rajat is currently 12
yrs old and likes playing sports
such as basketball, soccer,
tennis, and swimming. He is just
attending the PAWLP program
the first time and he seems to
enjoy it.

⊗ My Anthology Page ⊗

By: Medha Prabhu

Haiku

Moving gracefully in air
Flapping wings next to each other
Gently releasing

The Sky

Bright, dazzling sunlight fills the sky.
Glimmering upon the water;
Colors of gold, red, and
Majestic purple clothe the clouds
With a garment of shimmering silk.

Tennis Tryouts

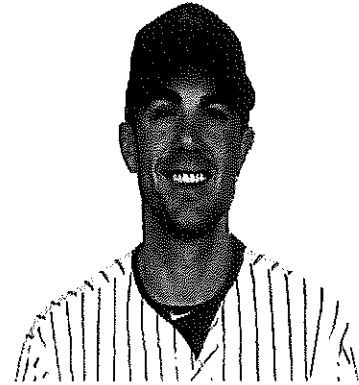
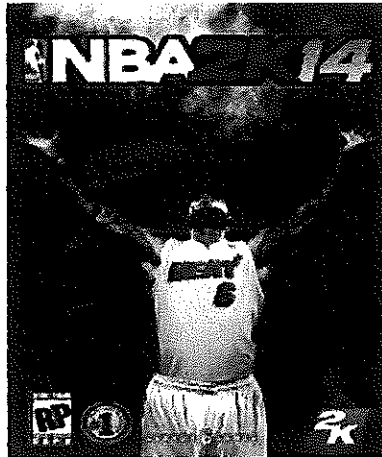
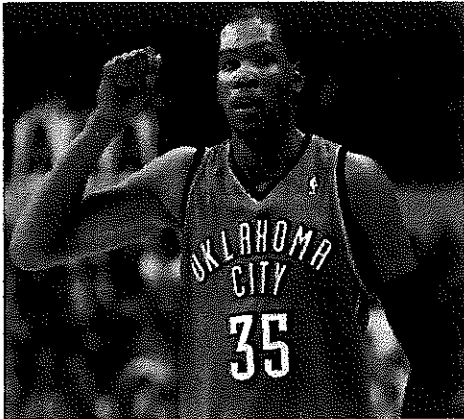
This was it. I couldn't believe it. It was the day of the tennis team tryouts. My heart was pounding. I thought my heart was going to come out of my chest and explode into pieces smaller than atoms. I was getting hotter and hotter and hotter as if I were in an oven. There were droplets of sweat running down the side of my face gradually increasing. I immediately found the closest towel I possibly could find and wiped the sweat off my face. My stomach was churning round and round and round and round. It was like there were children playing ring a ring o' posies in my stomach. It was probably the worst feeling I have ever felt in the 14 years of my existence. I tried and tried to stop the nervousness inside of me. I reached the tennis court and my anxiety was worsening. I took my racquet out of my case and all of my anxiety melted. I felt a rush of energy go through my veins. I was ready.

About the Author

Medha Prabhu is 14 years old. She lives in Downingtown, PA with her mom, dad, and 19 year old brother. She will be attending Downingtown East High School. She is passionate about playing tennis and has hopes of making it into the high school tennis team. Her hobbies include reading, swimming, and spending time with her family and friends. Her favorite books are the Harry Potter series, Divergent series, The Fault in our Stars. She enjoys playing the violin and her favorite subjects are Math and Science.

My Anthology Page

Charlie Reinheimer



Acrostic Poems

Icy
Caramel
Elegant
Crunchy
Rita's
Excellent
Almonds
Most delicious

Black Mamba
Allen Iverson
Shaq
Kevin Durant
Even Turner
Ty Lawson
Bradley Beal
Avery Bradley
Lebron James
Larry Bird

Disgusting Meal

"Eww!" I say in my head. I've had some pretty disgusting meals in my life but this one takes the cake. Inside the lean, curved bowl was sewer water. Not just any sewer water, New York City sewer water. That wasn't the worst part though. There were live tadpoles swimming in the water. I also saw 1 or 2 beating hearts in there as well. I guess I shouldn't have gone to a restaurant where the name is exotic foods and more, and I defiantly shouldn't have chosen the soup of the day which was called Heart Hardy Soup. When I smelled the putrid stench of the soup, I almost threw up. I quickly picked up the bowl and threw it at the waitress. She started disintegrating, so I guess it was a good thing I didn't eat the soup.

About the Author

Charles William Reinheimer is 13 years old and lives with his mom (Jennifer), dad (David), and 2 brothers (Peter and Gabriel). He is currently attending Stetson Middle School, and will be in eighth grade in September. His favorite sport is baseball, with basketball following it. He also loves hanging out with his friends. His favorite baseball player is David Wright, his favorite basketball player is Kevin Durant, and his favorite video game is NBA 2K14. While he doesn't like swimming as much as baseball, he still swims for the Roslyn Swim Team.

Rohan's Anthology page

Where I am from

I am from

Watching TV on an old screen

Collecting Pokémon's and climbing trees

I am from walking to the bus

And chatting with friends

I am from our Halloween parade

Where I met Spiderman, princesses and a ghost

I am from trading silly bands and buying smencils
and running mileage run

I am from writing cursive, snapping instead of
clapping and reading Calvin and Hobbes

I am from sending bottle rockets to the moon and
playing basketball with friends

I am also from downloading apps and playing on
the Xbox and Wii, and in the world of Facebook,
Twitter and Instagram

Holiday house rental

As the car pulled up to the house, I knew this must be a mistake. "What in the world? This is terrible!" said Dad. "The address is correct" my Mom replied. "Well I'm going to check", Dad went up the trash covered steps and tried to open the door. It fell in and a man said "Ah you must be the family". My dad said that this wasn't the house he ordered and the man said there must have been a mix-up. My dad then started to leave but the man said in order to refund our money we need to use the room for a week. My Dad came back after an hour and said that we must stay. My sister took a few steps out of our car "Ew, Ew OMG" She took out a glitter infested phone and on Face book, Twitter, Instagram, whatever and typed while making a scrunched face.

About the Author

Rohan Thudimilla enjoys reading and drawing. He likes to play with friends, playing basketball or chilling in the pool. He is starting to learn C++ and creating his very own website. His favorite school subject is Tech Ed and he has a sister who is going to first grade. While Rohan is going to ninth grade.



Abhinav's Anthology

I am from knocking everything off the table
Cups, plates, books, cellphones, pencils, pens
And the surprised look on my mom's face

I am from lining up my model cars in a row,
From the kitchen all the way to the bedroom,
A colossal collection of more than 200 cars

I am from falling off my bike when learning how to ride,
In the spacious garage of my apartment in Singapore

I am from my first day going to Great Wolf Lodge
Screaming as I slid down the twisting water slide
Thinking I would die

I am from going to the Adventure Dome in Las Vegas
Nervously stepping on to the rollercoaster
To have the thrill of my life on the winding rollercoaster

Life is a sea trip,
There are many places to choose,
It is not a roundtrip,
But a one way cruise.

There will be some rough seas,
Some tempests,
Some unease.
With each passing year, you gain shrewdness.

At each destination,
One gains wisdom and experience.
This treasured information,
Will stay with one, for the rest, of one's sentience.

So celebrate,
The glorious day of creation,
With each passing year elevate,
Your knowledge through observation.

About the Author

Abhinav Vetcha is 13 and turning 14 this year. He will be going to Ninth grade in Jasper High School. Some of his hobbies are robotics, playing his x-box and hanging out with his friends. Some of his favorite sports are tennis and badminton. He lives in the Frazer area in Pennsylvania on Earth with 7 billion other people.

Wonder how you'd be

if you could

Writing smells like smoke in my brain.

Writing tastes like salt, or sugar, or lemon, or dirt,
depending on the day.

Writing looks like a deep lake with no bottom
or frozen only on top.

Writing feels like blood rushing, heart pumping
or breaking.

Writing sounds like something I want to do
for you
or me
depending on the day.

Leaving

Going away

whistling, whirring, whining

west bound train taking you onward

good luck

Six Words About Why I Teach

Teaching kids to think and hope.

Every other job seemed less
important.

Marlene Kimble teaches fifth grade at Spring – Ford Intermediate School. When she is not at work, she is at home in Audubon, PA enjoying her three kids and her husband. Of all the many things she reads, she loves reading the work of her children and students best.

Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project
Creative Writing for Teens at West Chester University
Teacher: Mike LoBiondo

<i>Name</i>	<i>Grade completed</i>	<i>School</i>
Phillip Bell	8	Twin Valley Middle School, Twin Valley SD
Jacqueline Fiore	9	Lower Merion High School, Lower Merion SD
Kaylene Jackmore	10	Boyertown Area Senior High School, Boyertown Area SD
Sarah Kenworthy	10	Downingtown High School West, Downingtown Area SD
Bailey Morganstein	9	E N Peirce Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Annmarie Mullen	10	Upper Darby Senior High School, Upper Darby SD
Alyssa Sweeney	9	Springfield High School, Springfield SD
Mallory Watts	9	Radnor Senior High School, Radnor Township SD

PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs

West Chester University
30th Annual
Young Writers/Young Readers
Program

Bring

Your

Story

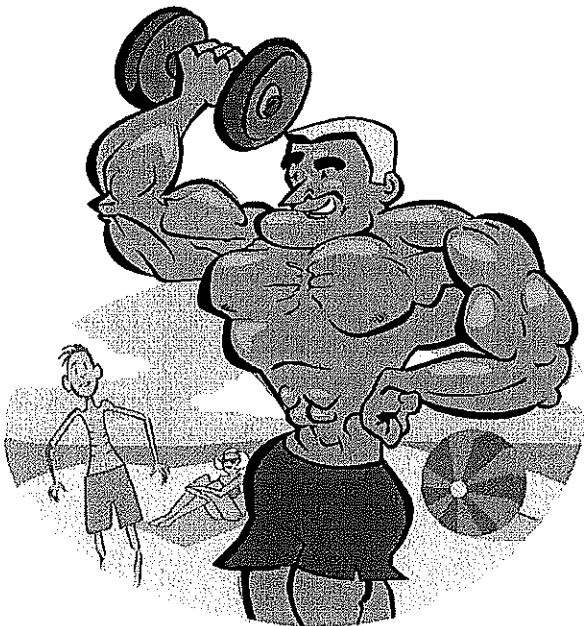
To Life

Student's Name

Margaret Boulanger

How to make a grand entrance

If I wanted to make a grand entrance first I would have to plan ahead. I would put very colorful confetti in the ceiling and when I walk in it would fall on me. I would also plan a light show so it could illuminate me and the confetti also. If I truly wanted an amazing grand entrance though I would choreograph a dance number with back up dancers and singers with bright cloths and shiny shoes. It would mostly be spectacular because I would have my entourage. They would all be at least 6'5" and weigh 200 lbs. They would all have to be ugly though so it makes me look better. I would be wearing a suit and tie and have my hair combed perfectly. I would not open the door of course I would have a professional for that. It would truly be amazing but it would not be amazing without it being broadcasted on national TV everywhere in the world.



Phillip bell is an author who is incredibly talented at writing short stories and things that are good. He is also a professional at things that he is good at. He is good at a lot of things like the things that he is a professional at.

Dear Sam,

I've spent the better half of these last few months thinking about how to answer your question. I still remember how you asked me. You were laying the opposite way on your bed staring at the ceiling. The physical decline was evident. I knew you were breaking. *Don't give up Sam*; I said *This is just one battle in a long war*. You cocked an eyebrow and kind of laughed. It was one of those short breathy laughs that comes across more like an exhale than a laugh, but I took it. You asked me *Why do we fight wars in the first place?* I didn't know how to answer you then, but I do now. From a biological point of view, it's basic human nature. One of the five behaviors all animals exhibit is to establish a dominance hierarchy. War is in our genes Sam. Countries invade places to expand their territory, to make themselves dominant. Dictators commit genocide to make their race or religion dominant. But when I talk about war Sam, I'm not just referring to invasions and bombs. What I want you to understand is that we face battles every day; between friends, family, ourselves. That was your biggest battle Sam, the one against yourself. No, I don't understand what you went through and I hope to God I never do. But it's my understanding that a battle can end one of three ways. One side overpowers the other and they give up, the two sides agree on a cease fire but maintain a mutual hatred, and in your case the opposing forces fight until one is defeated, until one has lost every man and there's no one left to fight. That's how you went out. You fought addiction with every ounce of hope in your body. When that last piece of hope died, so did you. Most say suicide is taking the easy way out, leaving instead of fighting through the pain. But they didn't know you like I did. You wanted to get better, to get clean so you could be more involved in your daughter's life. So you could stop embarrassing your family all the time. So your fiancé and child could fall asleep at night knowing they would see you in the morning. You wanted to stop. People ask me all the time *why didn't he just get help*. But it's much more complicated than that. The war that is addiction is not one that often ends positively. But let me tell you Sam, war is inevitable, but not essential. Just because you're faced with a battle, doesn't mean you have to fight. And that's how it is with emotions, you can't win. No matter how hard you try and fight against happiness or hatred or sadness, you'll never be victorious. So my advice would be to surrender. And let me tell you there is a big difference between the words surrender and giving up. When you give up, you don't want to fight anymore, you're afraid of losing. But when you surrender you accept the fact that you can't win. Some things just aren't worth dying for, the pain I've experienced since you've left being one of them. So that's what I've done with my emotions. I can't force myself to be happy all the time and I can't make myself stay sad. So I'll take my emotions as they come. I know I can't fight them. That is certain. And there aren't many things certain in life Sam, but the decision I'm making right now most definitely is. It's almost as certain as death itself. And that is: I will always surrender.

Jackie Fiore is an inspiring writer living in Wynnewood. She is currently attending Lower Merion High School and going into tenth grade. She loves writing and drawing and hopes to be published one day.

My Anthology Page

Kaylene M. Jackmore

An Excerpt from the Short Story "The Pill"

The pill allowed the taker to retain their present youth, health, et cetera, et cetera. At the time, it was genius and anyone who was lucky enough to enter the program was loathed by the rest of an extinct society.

Would I like to experience that *again*? I toy with the idea, fidgeting with those silly details. If I were to remain, I could see improvement. Be a part of the everlasting. Watch the earth age without taking any of the physical consequences. To be young and beautiful forever. Chances are I could prevent future wars, if such a thing were true, with my knowledge of past events, having experienced them firsthand.

"Here," Yvonne returns, thrusting the freezing glass into my hands.

I sigh. In the selfish moment I take for myself and only myself, I remember what it's like to live one-hundred-twenty years. Did I want to take it to two-hundred-twenty?

"Elizabeth, you *have* to take it," Yvonne said, flipping her professionally curled and styled black hair.

Contractually I had to, she was right. The program that gave me the pill was to ensure that history would be remembered correctly. Years ago, that sounded like a terrific idea. Not anymore, though...

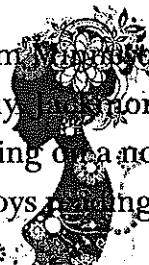
I had my time to travel this planet—I made of it as I did.

"Elizabeth. I will force that pill down your throat if I have to!"

I bring the pill close to my lips. It gently sways back and forth as my breath perches its lime-colored surface.

About the Author

Kaylene Marie Jackmore is originally from Minnesota. She currently lives in Gilbertsville, Pennsylvania with her family. Jackmore has aspirations to one day become a published author. She is currently working on a novel and a few small short stories. While writing is her true passion, she enjoys reading, swimming, and filming with her camera and editing footage.



Living on a planet with two suns that emitted dangerous radiation during the daylight hours was really, incredibly awful sometimes.

Sweat rolled down Anakri's forehead, and he wiped angrily at his brow as he trudged across the barren land of his home planet. His face was flushed and his entire body felt like it was baking under the heavy, reflective safety blanket he had draped over himself. This arrangement was uncomfortable as anything, but overheating like this was his only option.

Sunlight from the yellow star could be hot and unpleasant. Sunlight from the blue star was deadly.

The yellow star was falling from its highest point, giving the pale grey sands under his feet a golden glow, just as the smaller blue star began to peek over the horizon. The bright, harsh light cast long shadows among the windswept dunes, and he moved just a little faster, his hurried breaths loud under his safety blanket. Just because it was supposed to help deflect the dangerous daylight, doesn't mean it would save his sorry hide from burns and sun poisoning.

He muttered a curse, and then shouted it, as loud as he could out at the empty, scorching desert. Not like anyone was going to hear it, all the way out here.

It was stupid. This whole situation was stupid. He'd gone to comfort Caibbal, because the moron had mentioned being sad and lonely and scared and hopeless and he was a complete bleeding heart so he risked taking the shuttle across the desert to his house to go be an idiot and make Caibbal feel better about life or something.

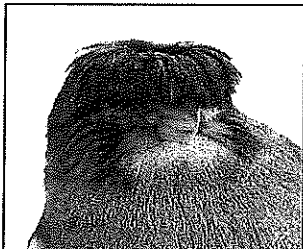
It was just so stupid because he always risked so much and got nothing in return and Caibbal was a wimp anyway and they probably wouldn't survive their first night after being drafted so why did he even bother –

...No. No, that wasn't fair, Caibbal was nice and a good friend, and Anakri had as much of a chance at surviving the draft as they did. And he knew what it was like, to feel awful and upset, and he knew Caibbal really benefitted from having someone come to their aid when they were upset.

Ugh. Curse his empathy.

He sighed as he continued his journey, his legs and feet protesting as he forced them over the sand. There was no way he was going to make it back to his home in time, and forget finding a shuttle station. Public transport was seedy and unsavory enough during the dark hours, he didn't want to brave it during the daylight.

Quite frankly, his only choice was to find somewhere to rest and hide and cool off until the suns set, and that would be hours from now. And he had to find it soon, because the blue sun was still steadily rising and the safety blanket could only do so much.



Sarah Kenworthy is the alias of an incredibly handsome and stylish Gloster Canary named Harvey who enjoys writing stories and taking pictures of itself. It hopes to one day become the first published avian author, and also to become incredibly wealthy.

To the most loving and loyal king that ever walked this good earth, Henry VIII of England,

O Henry, it's been so long since mine eyes have seen you. Are you well? Have you grown stouter? You were looking so fat when last I saw you. Your buttons were about to burst from your doublet. And the hair on your stomach—has it grown still more unruly? I remember seeing it for the first time when you stretched back in bed and your shirt rose up just enough for me to spy the thicket spreading across your belly. How I retched—ever so quietly of course, so as not to upset your Majesty. Later, I realized that that hair is quite majestic. No peasant man, no courtier, nay, no other king could ever hope to grow such stupendous, such magnificent, such odorous hair like the fair locks that bristle on your torso.

And what of Jane? How fares she? O Henry, do you remember when I came into our rooms to find you and Jane romping about on your bed? Do you remember how I raged at the pair of you, her staring at me like an insolent sheep, you wearing the expression of a man pondering his next meal? There was a pain in my stomach for ever after that day—possibly because I had just miscarried. But I shan't blame dearest Jane for any of that. After all, I was responsible for the deaths of all of Katherine's children, if I've read my Chapuys correctly.

I shan't blame you for anything either, o sweet prince. I'm sure it was all that nasty Cromwell's fault. He was the true king, just like Wolsey before him, and you nothing more than a puppet dancing on a string. I'm quite certain that you were under the effects of some sort of hallucinogenic. Cromwell might even have forged your signature on my death warrant. After all, I know you wept for me when you visited your bastard son. It is interesting though—during that very conversation, you called me a wretched, murderous wanton. Perhaps the effects of the hallucinogenic were still wearing on your mind.

But let us let bygones be bygones. I don't care a whit that you allowed members of your court to conspire against me; you shouldn't mind that I sometimes spoke out of turn, saying such slanderous things as, "You're making a rather large mistake." or "Stop being stupid." Or my personal favorite, "You're running this country into ruin with your poor monetary decisions and unscrupulous advisors." Let us put all of that behind us. History has, after all, proven that none of those criticisms are true in the slightest.

Just one last thing—if I *had* taken lovers during my time as queen, I surely would have taken more than the paltry five of which I was accused. How many mistresses did you have? At least six, correct? I would perforce need to beat you at your own game. And I wouldn't have chosen a lowly court musician either. I would have chosen every one of your most trusted courtiers from all the noblest families. I am a connoisseur—after all, I married a king, didn't I?

Yours truly and faithfully in all that I do,

The most happy and dead,

Anne Boleyn, Queen of England

Annmarie Mullen, anointed Queen of England and Marquess of Pembroke in her own right, is going into 11th grade at Upper Darby High School. She enjoys complaining about the treatment of Anne Boleyn in modern literature, defending Ron Weasley on the internet, and rereading *Great Expectations* at 2:00 in the morning. Good game, let's go eat.

Baptism

Alyssa Sweeney

It was in the depths of the coldest nights of autumn when I first saw how blood splashed in snow.

I remember the sun slowly spilling below the horizon, painting the sky the color of the raw meat in the grocery bags I was holding for my mother. Despite the suffocating smoke streaked in the air surrounding us and the good ten feet I walked behind my parents, I could smell the alcohol fumes wafting out from my father's mouth and into my lungs. The two were arguing, as per usual, about something that I didn't care to listen to.

I let my eyes and ears wander away from their bickering and took in the picturesque scene surrounding me. Snow dripped from the heavens in slow motion, without a single sound uttered from the sky's cavernous throat. The contrast of white splotches on a red canvas was startling, unsettling. Beautiful. I leaned back and opened my mouth, exposing my throat to whatever greater being resided up there in the atmosphere. A single snowflake landed on my tongue. I let it thaw away into my warmth as a small smile crept around the edges of my lips.

My smile melted just as the snow had only seconds before as a scream resounded in my ears, etching itself into the darkest corners of my mind for years to come. My head snapped forward to take in the sight of my father with his hands around my mother's fragile throat. Before I even knew what was happening, I lunged forward so I was on top of my father. He shouldered me aside, his hands still latched onto my mother's neck. I looked around wildly, searching for something that could get him off of her. It took me too long to remember that he always carried a knife in his back pocket.

The police came fifteen minutes later to find me sitting silently on the bleach-white curb, splattered with blood.

I was twelve years old when I watched my mother die.

I was twelve years old when I killed my own father.

It was in the depths of the coldest nights of autumn ten years later when I first saw you.

About the Author

Alyssa Sweeney is a sixteen-year-old incoming sophomore at Springfield High School. You can often find her lurking in the shadows of her basement, her gaunt features illuminated only by the flickering light from the computer screen. Do not disturb her while she is in this state, though, as that will not end well. She has numerous cats that she can sick on you. Alyssa wishes to attend Columbia University or Vassar College and become a writer and an actuary when she graduates.

Plastic

Stand still plastic doll surrounded by glass,

Don't let them see the glue holding together your broken parts.

Feel like vomit and grime running through the street,

Act lovely floating like a ballerina masking her

Bloody toe nails and cracked joints with pink points.

You don't want them to know your past full of darkness so thick you can't see what was before.

Words mean nothing they are the low point of your thoughts.

The desperate attempts to hide the insanity breaking through your skull.

Be blank,

Be dull,

Be nothing but a perception they receive.

Mallory Watts attends Radnor High School and is heading into the 10th grade. She has a love for writing, reading, film making, photography and she hopes that her writing will be published one day.

“Childhood Pantoun”

**Why do children long to grow up?
Is it because they think adulthood is fun?
The optimism of youth gives way to adult pessimism...
Grownups wish they were young again.**

**Is it because they think adulthood is fun?
Nothing’s as fun as playing with Legos,
Grownups wish they were young again,
Stress is only a word to children.**

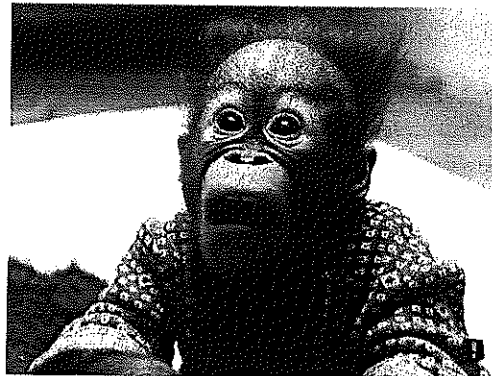
**Nothing’s as fun as playing with Legos
Not bills, not taxes, not alimony.
Stress is only a word to children,
Money is the mother of stress.**

**Not bills, not taxes, not alimony,
Only Dora, Skittles, and juice boxes.
Money is the mother of stress--
A child’s currency is freedom.**

**Childhood should last forever,
But the optimism of youth gives way to adult
pessimism...
If adulthood is where fun goes to die,
Why do children long to grow up?**

About the Author:

Mike LoBiondo works for the Chester Community Charter School as a reading and writing tutor. This is his tenth summer teaching Young Writers at West Chester. Mike hopes to finish his first novel this fall.



Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project
Fantasy, Science Fiction, and Horror Writing at West Chester University
Teacher: Donald LaBranche

<i>Name</i>	<i>Grade completed</i>	<i>School</i>
Kenneth Boggess	6	J R Fugett Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Scott Clifford	7	J R Fugett Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Eve Dawson	9	Great Valley High School, Great Valley SD
Brenda Dluhy	9	East Senior High School, West Chester Area SD
Emma Driban	11	Cab Calloway School of the Arts, Wilmington, DE
Lia Fourakis	6	J R Fugett Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Marie Fourakis	6	J R Fugett Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Kevin Guo	6	Great Valley Middle School, Great Valley SD
Anisha Pal	7	Lionville Middle School, Downingtown Area SD
Casey Phelan	9	Notre Dame Delourdes School, Swarthmore
Allison Sclar	9	Unionville High School, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD
Jessica Scovell	10	University Scholars Program
C. Henry Shattuck	9	Kennett High School, Kennett Consolidated SD
Elizabeth Welker-Ebling	7	Tredyffrin-Easttown Middle School, Tredyffrin-Easttown SD
Cole Wood	10	Avon Grove Charter School, Avon Grove

Anthology

"Bibbidi bobbidi boo!" said Sandra, waving the stick at a pumpkin. I rolled my eyes and said, "This isn't Harry Potter, Sandra. It's not going to work." Sandra rolled her eyes back at me and retorted, "It's Cinderella, not Harry Potter, and it'll work. You just wait and see!" She tried once again. The pumpkin, if there was any difference, looked even more orange and bulbous. "Fine! I give up! You win!" Sandra declared, exasperated. She threw down the stick and stormed inside.

I inspected the stick, wondering why Sandra had even chosen it for a wand. I waved it around. "Abracadabra!" I yelled at a daisy. There was a loud crack and in the spot where the daisy was stood an orange tulip. I panicked, throwing the stick into the swimming pool I was standing next to. How come everything I did turned out wrong? The stick wasn't supposed to be magical. There was no such thing as magic, after all. Of course, that phrase had just proven to be false, so there was no use trying to believe those words.

Fishing the stick out of the pool, I tried a Harry Potter spell. "Reducto!" I said to nothing in particular. A jet of orange light shot out the end of the stick. Oops! Oh well... I could always repair the poor gargoyle. By now, I was getting excited over this new thing. I pranced around the back yard, casting spells at random pool toys. I ended up with five multicolored pool noodles, three squishy squirt guns, and a set of talking toy boats.

Suddenly, a voice came from inside. "Are you alright out there? There's a lot of racket out there," my mother said. Frozen in fear, I summoned up the strength to reply. "Everything's fine out here, no need to worry!" I replied, hoping for the best. "Okay then, try not to make a mess!" called my mothers voice. I sighed. "I've got a huge mess and not enough time to clean it up" I whispered to myself hopelessly. I then had a terrific idea. Using one last spell, I whispered, "Reparo!" All at once, things began to return to the way they were. When things were back to normal, I hid the wand in our shed, and said, "Well, I guess I am going to have to stow you away until it's safe." I closed the shed door and walked away.

About the Author

Kenneth Boggess is currently 12 years old and lives in Exton, Pennsylvania, with his mother, father, sister, and maternal grandparents. He will be going into seventh grade at J.R. Fugett Middle School. He loves to read, read, read, read, read, and read. Did I mention he loves to read?

Anthology Page

This page is by Scott Clifford

A Letter by Laura Mayland, Astronaut

Dear Sarah,

It's cold and dark in space. I don't see how the animals are happy here. Grenspace farms are selling their products to the Euphirites. They're rude like the rumors say, but at least they give us Wi-Fi. Now, this letter has to travel eight thousand miles, and that has quite the tax per sheet of paper, so I better be brief.

I know this is my second letter and it has been a month. Yes, I know, my first letter was just me being in a rocket having a couple thousand of miles to go. It's been great, but not a letter a week great.

Like you predicted, moving around is fun, with the Zero G's and all. Except you have to keep your body temperature up, sometimes becoming trivial and boring. Although it is funny to constantly see workers jumping around.

The view isn't great unless you see it through a telumoscope. It makes it less dark so you can see the galaxy, and it makes it closer too. I spend most of my time using one.

Bessie is still here, and she is one of our best milk suppliers. She probably misses home with you and Dad, but she seems to enjoy it here.

As I write this, I forget how on Earth that you wouldn't know space knowledge like about the Euphirites. Basically the Euphirites are aliens that think they are all high and mighty because they are on the biggest planet in a billion light years.

I'm running out of paper, so I am going to have to end the letter. I'll try and mail you next month, but I may need to wait until July.

Love, your sister,

Laura.

A Ghastly Beginning

The tree was what got me. Not the transparent flowers, nor the misty and ghostly bunnies. It was just that tall oak tree that shook me to my bones.

About the Author

Scott Clifford is a zany, intelligent, and creative thirteen year old boy. He likes to use electronics, but really enjoys playing the flute, reading novels, and drawing birds in his free time. He likes exploring different possibilities of all different things in his mind, and sincerely hopes that his About the Author and Anthology page do well.

My Anthology Page

By Eve Dawson

A segment of a story/poem I wrote

Something is different
The house seems younger,
Only slightly,
As if someone lived there
That could actually maintain it
A woman stands nearby
She is young
And wears a dark green dress
With pearls
I recognize the woman
I've never met her myself,
She looks like my great-grandmother
Except she died in 1930
I remember seeing her on my Grandmother's mantel
"Louise!" she calls happily
A toddler old runs over to her happily
It's odd, that was my grandmother's name
Could I have possibly traveled through time?
It's impossible, I couldn't have
But if I have, how do I get back?

About the Author

Eve is a fifteen year old, who is entering her sophomore year at Great Valley High School. She has a black cat named Henry, and is in the Hufflepuff house. She enjoys wrapping herself up in blankets and watching Miyazaki and Disney movies. She loves history and dreams of being an author someday.

My Anothology Page

By Brenda Dluhy

Lost in the Woods

Lost in the woods alone
Fallen from the worn pathway
Shows you something new

Playing Piano

softly tapping on the white and black
stretching out fingers far
staring, reading to learn
Showing notes to the world

Who's there?

Gray color, yellow eyes
Pink nose, sharp teeth
Thin wishers, pointed ears
Small paws, long tail
Soft fur, sad face

Order

Stories are a sequence of words
Music is a sequence of notes
DNA is a sequence of genes
Life is a sequence of time
Memories are a sequence of feelings

Fully broken

Ripped soul, lost screams
Shattered trust, open tears
Broken path, empty eyes
Stolen smile, gone heart

Nervous

pounding ears, veins about to burst
slow foot tapping, fast racing heart
wet forehead, dry mouth
Spots flowing into my vision, blocking all else out

Scared

Carefully placed words
Planned smiles plastered on
Tense eyes follow slow movements
Scared to break the silence
Coating the world

About the Author (not a poem)

Brenda Dluhy is 15 years old and is going into East high school as a sophomore. She lives happily with her parents and sometimes sees her older brother.

Welcome to the Family

By Emma Claire Driban

"Step right up kids! The House of Horrors will only be open for a few more days!" the carnie with a dagger in his heart hollers.

The Dawson Family's Creepy Carnival has been in town for just over a week. Everyone who is anyone goes to it. Old folks, little children, the dorks, the preps, and me. That really means something. I'm not really into the 'scary' crap because it never 'scares' me. I don't believe in ghosts, zombies, vampires, witches, werewolves, or anything like that. But still, I allow my friends to talk me into coming to this freak show.

"The only thing worth seeing is the House of Horrors. Come on, Mallory, let's go!" Stephanie calls to me.

Connor and I amble over to where Steph is standing. None of us really like haunted houses, but we aren't going to ruin her good time.

"Are you kiddies ready to have your lives changed?" the carnie asks.

Not really, I think.

"Yeah!" Steph exclaims.

The five of us stroll through the doors, cool, calm, and collected.

A man with a plastic axe in his skull glares at us with fake malice.

"Sit, and prepare for the spiritual journey you are about to undertake."

I roll my eyes.

"A thpiwital juwney... mwuahahaha!" Connor mocks.

Steph shoves him, "Oh shut it. It's just his job."

We take seats in the third row of the small theatre. As we sit, the lights dim and the low hum of the crowd stalls, then suddenly stops when the music starts to play. I can't explain it. It's like old time movie music and it fills my mind with numb nothingness.

"Follow me," Axehead says ominously.

I have no control over myself. I leap to my feet and see my friends doing the same. The freak leads us to the back of the building and opens a door. There's a sheer drop. I can't see anything but the fog.

"Eat this," Axehead says.

And I do. I can't control myself. I don't even question it. I swallow the bitter nugget that tastes of death, not knowing what it is.

"See you soon," Axehead intones, slamming the doors and pushing us over the edge.

I hit the bottom and feel my organs turn to jelly and my bones break, but it doesn't hurt.

Then... I stand up and hear people walk up to us. It's Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, the owners of the circus.

"Welcome to the family," they grin.

About the Author

Emma is a rising senior at Cab Calloway School of the Arts. Her minor is creative writing and she wants to pursue English in college. She loves reading and writing horror, science fiction, and fantasy. Emma also enjoys listening to music, playing guitar, and singing. She lives in Hockessin, Delaware with her mom, dad, and two older sisters.

My Anthology Page

Night Swim

Lia Fourakis

Juliet loved going swimming at night, in the ocean. No one was there and she ignored the closed sign on the gate. She hopped over it, ran swiftly down the sand, hearing the soft thuds her feet made, and dove in. The dive was executed so quick and precise that the eerie silence that hung in the air had not been disturbed. Jules could smell the salt as the ocean spray from her arms, reached her face. There was no moon that night, just utter darkness. As Juliet reached deep waters, she stumbled a bit, swallowing quite a lot of seawater. Uggghhhh! Juliet coughed and retched, trying to maintain floating. The temperature dropped abruptly and Juliet shivered. She turned around and squinted in confusion. Nothing was visible anymore. Juliet shrugged, picked a direction she thought led to shore and swam swiftly until she hit something. It was slimy, large, wet, heavy, and hard. When Juliet glanced up and she realized that she was at a dock, she grabbed the wood, feeling splinters dig into her palm, she hefted herself up into a sitting position and peered more closely at the floating object. She screamed after it dawned on her. Then, she faded into more blackness.

About The Author: Lia Fourakis was born on July 4th, 2002. She is currently 12 and going into 7th Grade at Fugett Middle School. Lia has a red belt in karate. She loves to read science fiction and fantasy books. Lia loves to go on vacation to Europe every year, too. When she grows up, Lia hopes to be an author, lawyer or government agency employee. Some of her favorite authors are Sarah Dessen, Jessica Shirvington, Julie Kagawa, and James Patterson.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

“Boo!” Charlie jumped from behind me in a weak attempt to scare me.

“Ugh,” I growled at him. Halloween is the worst, and on top of that, working in a Macy’s as a cover with two psycho civilians known as Charlie and Johnny. Of course, I also had to be in charge of the store’s “Haunted Halloween” party. Thankfully, I was able to give that job to the two idiots (with a little help from my favorite friend, Slice the knife).

“Hellooo Shawna, are you there?” Charlie’s face loomed over mine. I snapped out of it. “The decorations are ready,” even-crazier-than-Charlie Johnny informed me gleefully. I **had** the spiders and cobwebs hanging from the ceilings as well as the skeletons, jack-o-lanterns, and red-eyed zombies everywhere else in the Macy’s. “Not bad,” I responded, “YET”.

“Oh, you’re just going to love the haunted house,” the two told me simultaneously, and started to lead me to the black painted tent labeled in dripping red paint: HAUNTED HOUSE. Only I went in. I noticed the only things it contained were TV’s. “We even got help from a psychologist,” said Johnny from outside the tent. “These frightening images will scare even the most fearless and crazy people. We haven’t seen them yet.”

I took the remote and switched the HD screens on. Images of puppies and black beans and showers popped up. “Ugh,” I groaned. I exited the tent and yelled at the two of them, “This is horrible!” Then I stormed out of the store to rejoin my partner for the mission.



I watched as the target, a crazy assassin, entered the Macy’s. He was looking for me. And he found what he was looking for. I tackled him and sent him sprawling. Just as I whipped out a tranquilizer and was about to stab him, he pulled out a Glock .9 . He dragged me up and started toward the exit. Instead, I led him to the opaque tent with a wild idea. He seemed confused, but followed me in with the gun still pointed at me. For a moment, the assassin glanced at the TV’s. Before he could switch his gaze, I grabbed the remote and clicked it. The screen displayed several images. A crack was heard as the Glock clattered to the floor. The assassin started to hyperventilate. “Help me. TERRIFYING. IT’S TERRIFYING,” he screamed. I stepped in and retrieved the gun. My partner yanked him out of the “HAUNTED HOUSE”. I followed and we both got in the van. It took off.

Turns out the pictures really did scare some people. The psychologist was just a little off. They ONLY scared the mentally disturbed. I think I know who to use the on next.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Marie Fourakis currently is 12 years old. She resides right on the border of West Chester and Exton PA. Her favorite subjects are well, all of them. This may come as a surprise, but she can’t wait to start 7th grade at Fugett Middle School. Her hobbies include reading, reading, reading, reading, math, reading, reading, reading, reading, karate, and reading. I think you can guess what I do a lot of the time.

My Anthology Page

By Kevin Guo

"Mom, may I please use the bathroom?" my son Alex asked. "Sure." I replied. He's such a little angel. I let him go by himself since he's already 10 and mature. As he walked to the nearest one, there was a weird vibration I felt, every step like the ground was breaking. Maybe it was imaginary. After a while, I looked outside, there was a delivery car passing by my flight port. But to me it looked so... old. And the people on the car, the on the car-they seemed so still; pretty, yet quiet and cold. The driver, who was Japanese, wore a flight suit that showed raggedy, ripped, marks on her pilot suit, and the color of her eyes they don't seem to have much or any color-just black. The most that was creepy about this woman was she stared at me, like she knew I was here. Then, the group had crashed themselves into the wall of the airport, and a few people noticed it. I felt uneasy of what I saw and told my husband Herman to go and get my son. As soon as he closed the door, I heard him scream out loud and attempted to escape, shouting "Monica, HELP MEEEEEE!" before being dragged away by somebody that looked like a murderer. The intercom then announced "Five minutes until Flight 13H, passengers. And would Monica Welders please see your flight attendant NOW? Have a great day!" I then jumped up in surprise to hear my name, and so I went to see her. I asked "Hey, what do want me for?" Then, instead of a response, she slowly transformed into that driver I saw earlier, only now engulfed in flames. She zoomed in, took me, and both of us apparently teleported to the bathroom, and I knew that we were in the Men's bathroom because I saw Herman and Alex, but they were also engulfed into flames, just like the Japanese lady. They explained that they are a cult wanting revenge for the U.S. killing them and thousands of others in the Hiroshima Bombing. And they'll start with what they call "a waste of land and people". And I'm the next one. Soon, the entire AIRPORT was on fire from the fires that they caused in the crash. I tried to run and get out of here, but there was no escape. The cult left, trapping me in here, leaving me to burn in tormenting, everlasting fire.

About the Author

Kevin is currently 12 years old and going into 6th grade at Great Valley Middle School. He was born December 21st, 2001, in San Diego, CA, living there until at 5 years old, moving into Malvern. Kevin goes to the Dennis Nackord Karate System, where he is a purple belt. He loves math, as he will be taking Geometry next school year. Also, he is a member of his school's MATHCOUNTS club, where he does rigorous exercises on advanced math topics. Most of all, Kevin has two supporting parents that will always help and love him.

Scales, Fur, or the Undead

By: Anisha Pal

I was walking outside on a dark night when the thing I saw in my nightmares came to life. Ever since this day, I can never sleep without the creature I saw today haunting my dreams. What was it? To be honest I have no idea. But be careful, because what I am about to say may haunt your dreams as well. It was raining, and dark. It felt particularly creepy like in a horror movie as the moon and stars were hidden by clouds. Suddenly, a strike of lightning lit up a tree on top of a nearby hill, but no fire had burst. Curiously, I climbed the hill to see what had happened. It began to rain cats and dogs, and the thunder rumbled like a bowling ball rolling about to make a strike. I got to the top of the hill to see the tree exploding with flames like fireworks on the Fourth of July. However, from the bottom there had been no flames, no burning smell. All of the sudden I smelled blood, and tasted it too. A taste like if you bite your tongue while eating. I turned back, as I was about to be on my way, but something stopped me. I heard scratching from behind me. I turned around slowly to see a creature, larger than any building I've ever seen. Thunder boomed and lightning cracked as the devil-like creature spread its scaly wings. It was darker than a shadow, yet its glowing red eyes stared into your soul. Its face filled with blood, it whispered something in my ear that I couldn't quite make out. In an instance it disappeared, before I could even feel the slightest sense of fear or dread. As if the creature took the disaster with it, the fire cleared, and the storm stopped. Like it had never happened, or I was hallucinating. The strangest part was you think the tree would burn to the ground. Left with just ashes of what it used to be, the secrets it held burnt to nothing, but no. The tree stayed still. A fully grown tree with berries as red as blood stood implanted into its roots. The berries smelled like blood, and probably tasted like it too. To this day I do not know exactly what "it" was or what it whispered. Every day I revisit the berry tree. I search for evidence, clues, or anything to help me understand what this creature was. Until today I went back to see something carved with blood into the tree. And at that moment, I knew exactly what had happened that stormy evening.

About the Author

I am 13 years old and I am currently going into 8th grade. Some of my favorite things to do are singing, acting, and writing. I enjoy writing as a pastime, but my dream is to be a singer and actress one day. I have loved writing ever since I was a little girl. I kept notebooks all over my house, so whenever I had a good idea and time, I would write about it. Writing has always been a passion of mine, so I feel great getting to show my work with others.

My Anthology Page

By Casey Phelan

A Letter to Doctor Hale

Greeting Dr. Hale,

I am writing to you now because I cannot think of anyone more suited to deal with a threat of this proportion, or more accurately: non-threat. As you know, working to keep the Pests at bay has been our top priority since you left and I believe we have done a thorough job so far. Although, it is the scales we are worried about.

As we know through your exemplary work, the scales turn color depending on the mood of the Pest. Since you left the scales have appeared to be a neutral green. Although lately many of the Pests that worked with you in particular, lie the subjects dubbed Alfred, Edward, and Molly, have begun to appear with a vibrant and mischievous violet. We have never seen a Pest appear with this complexion before and cannot think of anyone more suited than yourself you find out what they are up to since the last incident. Please consider visiting our labs once again.

With Love,

Emily Kars

P.S. I believe the Pests have missed your presence, however strange that may seem. E.K.

About the Author

Casey Phelan is a fifteen year old girl who spends her days reading, doing homework, and working with her trainer in her dungeon of a basement. She is going into the tenth grade at the Academy of Notre Dame de Namur and has two younger brothers named Jake (12) and Charlie (10). Casey hopes to excel in her writing and on her school's swimming and crew teams.

Unnamed Blade by Allison Sclar¹

"It's too hot in here," the cloaked figure mutters. They survey their stark surroundings with an air of mundane disapproval.

Lava boils under thin stony pillars, and gigantic birds of prey that more resemble ancient pterodactyls than anything else swoop wildly in the cavern as if daring the foolhardy to step closer and be eaten.

In the center, however, atop a pillar marginally more sturdy-looking than the others, is an old rotting crate, and a glimmer of metal comes from within it, reflecting the lava's orange-red light.

The hooded person glares at the scenery as if it had did something as utterly unreasonable like rise from a completely placid lake of blue water merely to spite them.

"Obnoxious," they murmur. "I really didn't feel like jumping around any more today." Personal preference notwithstanding, they pull their cloak tightly around them and make their first leap. It is exemplary, a sort of flying bound across the sea of red and brown, but the birds do not take notice, almost as if placated by the feat.

They, whoever they are, do not seem perturbed in the slightest when the next pillar begins to crumble under their feet, merely taking a long yet measured stride to the next rocky protrusion.

A bird swoops, and they elegantly sidestep it. Three times more, a pillar crumbles under them, but they still move forwards. Seemingly impassable gaps are navigated with ease. It seems almost as if the hooded person has some clairvoyant way to avoid danger.

Then the center is reached, and they peer between the slats of moldy, pungent oak to see... a simple blade.

It looks utterly ordinary, a simple hand-and-a-half broadsword, double-edged, with most of the blade stained dark and a leather-wrapped hilt. Four greyish gems that can't quite seem to be any particular color make up a good part of the crossguard.

They carefully brush aside a few of the decomposing planks and stare down at the blade, attempting to fathom how such an ordinary-looking blade ended up in such an extraordinary place, and for that matter how it came to still be in such good condition. After looking at it a bit more and determining that it has had no curses placed on it, they pick it up in their left hand and swing it around a couple of times.

It's a potent weapon, perfectly balanced, and yet something seems off about it. Even though they've already determined that the sword is not cursed, when they hold it there's a definite sense of *wrongness* about the blade, and they wrap it in a piece of cloth hurriedly, no longer wanting to make direct contact with it.

They will quite possibly pass it on to someone of stronger resolve than them, asking the new wielder for information on any unusual feats possibly caused by the sword now and then.

First, though, they must get themselves and their hard-earned prize away from the cavern they currently stand in.

¹15. Complete nerd, aspiring novelist. 2-year NaNoWriMo participant. May have accidentally made a fictional universe that turned out to be real. Sometimes draws and does soundtracks. Likes video games a lot. Quiet unless you strike up a conversation first. Probably a bit crazy. Seems like she's not paying attention even when she is. Pretty sure every single sentence here is a fragment, but nobody reads these so we're good.

The-Men-That-Move-Between-Moments

(An extended version of this short story by Saladin Ahmed: "When I was 9, the birds stopped still in the sky and I saw the men that move between moments. They sang silently as they prepared the lake where my little sister was about to drown.")

When I was nine I saw the-men-that-move-between-moments for the first time. No one else saw them, just me. They were outside, on the front porch, pushing their brooms over the front steps. Even though it was February their breath left no clouds.

When I was nine I stepped outside to go to school and slipped on the front steps. The-men-that-move-between-moments had painted them with ice, just for me. One of them was waiting for me. He took my hand and helped me up, and then he led me away. He wouldn't let me look but he couldn't keep me from hearing. I heard the ice crackle and the snow crunch and I heard Momma cry.

When I was nine I learned that I would never see ten or eleven or twelve. The-men-that-move-between-moments never said sorry. I guess that's okay.

When I was nine I saw the-men-that-move-between-moments for the second time. Their feet left no ripples as they trod across the lake, preparing it for my sister. It was as quiet as the pause before an important speech, even the birds were hushed, and yet I still couldn't hear the song the men were singing.

When I was nine and my sister was twelve the-men-that-move-between-moments brought us back together. They promise it won't be long before our parents come too.

About the Author:

The author is referred to by many names, and many pronunciations of those names. By now she'll probably answer to anything but she favors Jessica Scovell (wherein which Scovell rhymes with oval not shovel or motel and the stress is on the 'Je' and not the 'si') or April Showers. When she's not writing she can often be found practicing for her other future career as an ambassador. Though her success is limited to a minor role in coordinating the passing of a (technically meaningless) resolution in the United Nation's Disarmament and International Security Committee she's not much worried about her future chances, seeing as the ambassador to China was once quoted on saying that he is "no real expert on China".

The House

The house, the unending, all important god-structure. It was built of stone and slate, high walls, broad roof. There was no way out, no door through which to pass and escape. All manner of life lived, and was trapped, inside the massive gray walls. Nations of hallways and rooms, colonies across indoor pool oceans. Forests of indoor gardens, meadows of large, sparsely furnished halls. Gods and kings ruling over domains of architectural insides.

Of course there were those who worshipped it, because of fear, love, a search for forgiveness and escape from the god-structure which encompassed all they knew. Others fought it, burnt it, destroyed it, found walls and tried to mine through them for generations, desperately searching for a way out of their prison. They destroyed countless floors. Killed and broke and burned to bring the structure down. Also, there were parasites which infested it. Unthinking things, biological and not, which destroyed and tunneled and bored. Seeking to feed from the marrow of its strength.

And outside, the house grows old, haunted by waning power and the world housed within. Outside some believe it houses the afterlife, the souls of the damned. But it swelters and moulds, decays and erodes. And if it falls, what shall it release?

About the Author

Henry Shattuck attends Kennett High School in Pennsylvania. He is fifteen and looking forwards to driving next year. He enjoys writing short stories and hopes to publish a few through various online Science Fiction and Fantasy Magazines before the summer is up. He wrote this story as a response to a prompt concerning the cliché of haunted houses.

It all started the night I turned down Apple Tree road. I could have continued down Walse Street, but I didn't. I didn't want to ride past the spot where my friend had hurt himself, all those years ago. If I had braved up, and went past the spot, I wouldn't be who, and where I am now. My story would never happened, and I would've been safe at home. But I didn't, and now I must get what happened out, before I'm gone and my story loses all meaning, and it's too late.

My feet were pounding on the street. My bikes wheels barely making a sound against the pavement, one... two... one... two... I veered up Apple Tree instead of continuing up Walse, one... two... one... two... It didn't seem like a bad idea, then. Houses, shrouded in darkness, whizzed past me, as I started to descend down the hill. I almost fell as I sped around the turn onto First lane. I started pedaling again instead of coasting like I usually did. A strange feeling came over me, like something bad was going to happen to me if I didn't get home quickly. Like normal, my feelings were correct. Skidding on my bike around corners, feeling the sensation of fear creep over my whole being, I knew that I must reach my top speed or risk my fear coming true.

As I turned around another corner and started getting as much speed as I could, a black gloved hand reached toward me, covering my mouth as my bike flew out from under me, and landed with a clang a few feet away. Some person, the owner of the hands, quickly pinned my hands behind my back, and pulled me towards, and then into, the forest on the side of the road. Throwing me over his back as they ran. Once we were out of the sight of anyone looking from the road, two of his buddies blindfolded, handcuffed, and just to be safe, gagged me, too. It was not like I was going to scream anyway. I was still in a state of shock. After being dragged deep into the forest, I was shoved down into an underground concrete structure, and just left there. Alone.

It must have been at least an hour, or two. But, it was night, and night is meant for sleep. I felt my eye lids drooping, and before I knew it, I was asleep. Sometime after I woke up, if you could even call it that, something came down and removed my blindfold. Just like the people who had brought me here, they were totally clad in black. I was still tired, blinking the sleep out of my eyes, nothing was as it should be. Vaguely humanlike, a creature there to keep me barely alive, kept to the shadows so I would remain confused to their identity. Something that resembled food was shoved at me, along with a cup of water, before the human-like creature scuttled out. I was still completely exhausted, even after eating.

This world is twisted.

Elizabeth Mary Welker-Ebling

As of right now I am 13 years old and am going into 8th grade at TEMS. I'm a horseback riding who dreams of competing, so far I have only competed in camp shows. Besides reading and writing, my favorite school subjects would have to be math or science. My favorite place to go on vacation is definitely Stone Harbor, NJ. Every year we go there on vacation for two weeks and it's one of my favorite things about summer.

"Happy Hunger Games! And may the odds be ever in your favor."

-Suzanne Collins, *The Hunger Games*

The Cave

By Cole Wood

10 feet

20 feet

30 feet

50 feet

70 feet

100 feet

1000 feet

2000 feet down, the cave is dark.

I switch on a flashlight and the beam rips through the darkness. Drip drip drip. The sound of water dripping from the walls. I move on through the tunnel, inching my way along, the light jumping from one strange noise to the next. Suddenly, I feel the air rushing around my face. I have no idea how large the cavern is. I hear a strange noise, one that no one would expect to find in a place like this. It is the lapping of waves on a beach. This is what I came here for. I stop, drop my pack on the ground and pull out my re-breather. I strap it on and feel it sucking against my face like some kind of alien tentacle. I step out into the water and plunge in. The cold hits me like tree branch and I sputter and gasp as I switch on the big, water proof mag light. The world that is light up around me is a strange, alien freak show.

Everything is white. The rocks, the corral, the crayfish; all of it white as bone. No, whiter then bone, for bone has a tint of some sort of color. The world here is nothing but white. A fish swims past, also white, and blind, it looks like some kind of alien. And yet, it isn't. The thought strikes me that I am the alien. I am the strange, lumbering beast, the alien invader bringing sound, light and color to this dark, colorless, silent world. I have no right to be here, I am an intruder, a strange and monstrous prescience in this alien place. I turn around and swim back to the shore. I climb out of the water, go back down the dark tunnel and climb back out into the bright, colorful, noise filed world.

It is a world of monsters, defilers of earth's last sacred spaces.

And I am one of them.

About the author:

Cole Wood lives with his mom, dad, brother a dog and two cats*. He likes reading, writing, playing video games, learning about history and looking at maps and flags (even though he thinks what they represent is kind of silly). *Demigods.

AND IN THE DARKNESS BIND THEM

“Ash-nazg durbatuluk, ash nazg gimbatul, ash nasg thrakatuluk
Agh burzum-ishi krimpatul”

Break the window of the basement door—
Reach in and turn the dead bolt—(the dead bolt upright)—
Kick the tarnished brass panel to open the door—
Down the first stairs are the empty vending machines—Walk by them—
Push the Pop machine out of the way—
Now there's a green wooden door with a padlock—
Now draw your sword and slice the hasp with a flick of the wrist—
Light the light, wipe the cobwebs from your face—
Enter the dark—
One hundred thirty seven stairs down and turning right—
Dark like sleep / dark like night in the forest /
Dark like the inside chambers of a cockroaches' belly—
Dark like the heart of a jealous man—
One thirty five, One thirty six, One thirty seven—
Smells of mold, wet dog, oil, anthracite, cinnamon fish—
Still, humid, heavy air, filled with dust, barely breathable—
Turn left... ...don't know why—

Now there's the scuttle of soft foot pads —
Now they're closer than you'd like—
Now there's a small pinprick of cinnabar light far away—
About as high as the top of your head—bobbing—
The scuttle of soft soled shoes, closer now—
The light, the eyes, the light, the pitiless eyes, the cheekbones—

If you engage **Donald LaBranche** in a conversation concerning JRR Tolkien's work in Middle Earth, then you do not know your peril. If you ask him gentler questions about Young Writers and Young Readers he will tell you he is grateful for the students who bring both high speech and Hobbit sense to his classroom.

West Chester University

One day in a town not far from
here lived a boy who ^{was} walking down
the street, and then suddenly, a man,
lanky, grabbed him by the arm. The boy
gave numerous warnings that tell the man
to let go, but he was oblivious to all of
those warnings. When the boy had no choice
he did one of his moves to the man,
the armbar in order to break free
from his grip which was like a
malicious viper tangling its prey
in a death struggle. When the
boy broke free he ran as
fast as his legs could
take him.

<http://www.pawlp.org>

Student's Name

Lokeswaren
Swaminathan

