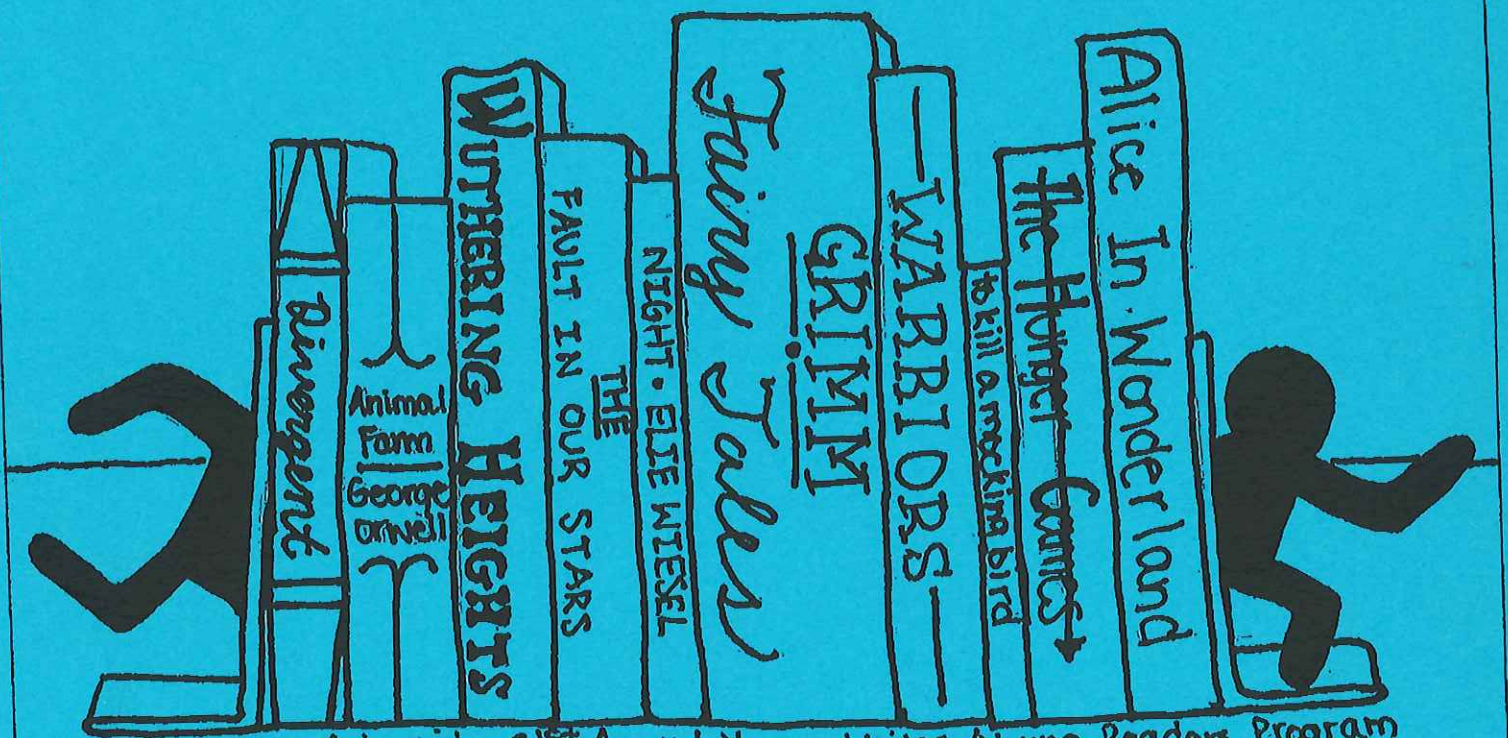


Books are the Portals

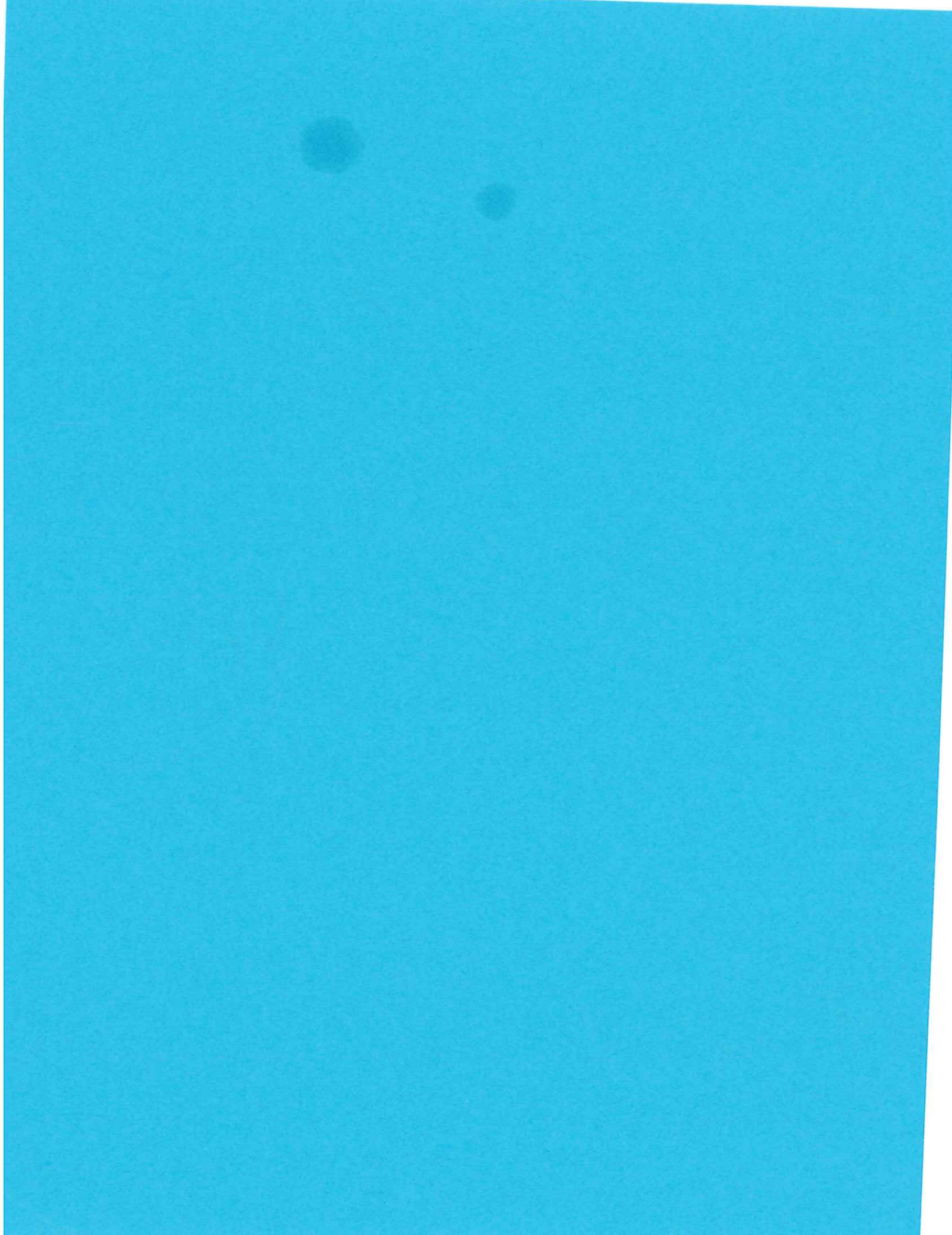


West Chester University: 31st Annual Young Writers/Young Readers Program

to Everywhere

Student's Name

Addison Liu



Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project
Young Writers/Young Readers
Summer 2015

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 eleventh grade and had a great time writing, reading and making new friends. This anthology is a culmination of the hard work done by students in fourth through eleventh grades. The content of the pieces reflect their personal thoughts, imagination and creativity.

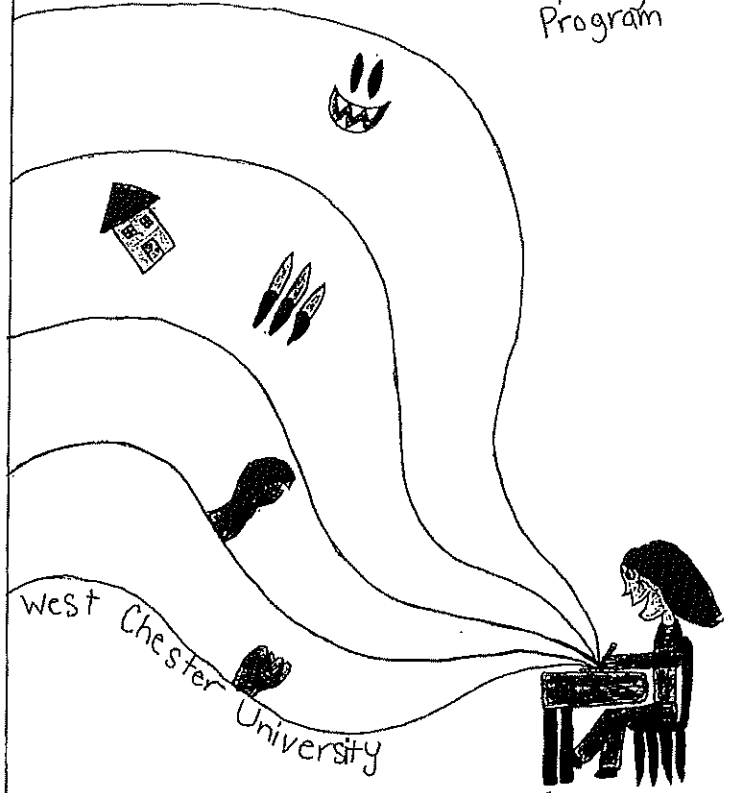
The goals of the program are to inspire children to love reading and writing, to introduce them to the tools they need to become great writers, to continue to collect writing ideas in their writer's notebook and to stretch their capabilities.

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.

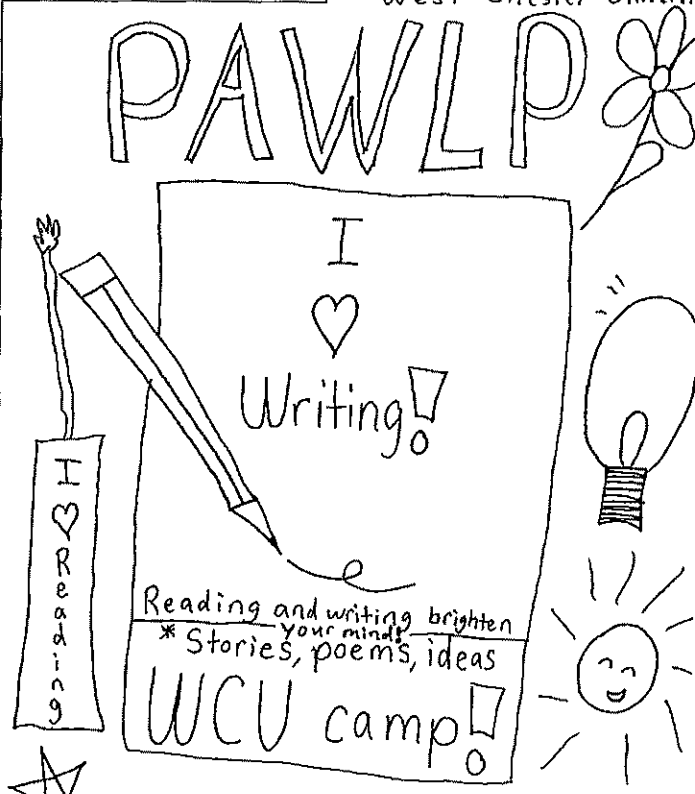
Special thanks go to Dr. Mary Buckelew, Director of the Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project, for her advice, support and continued guidance; to Karen Pawlewicz, Summer Youth Co-Director, for her leadership, encouragement, companionship and problem-solving capabilities; to Kathy Garrison, Site 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. Her assistance is invaluable in keeping the program running at peak performance, and we would be lost without her! Special thanks to WCU aide, Brett Plumridge, for working behind the scenes getting materials ready for each session and helping out in the classroom. 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

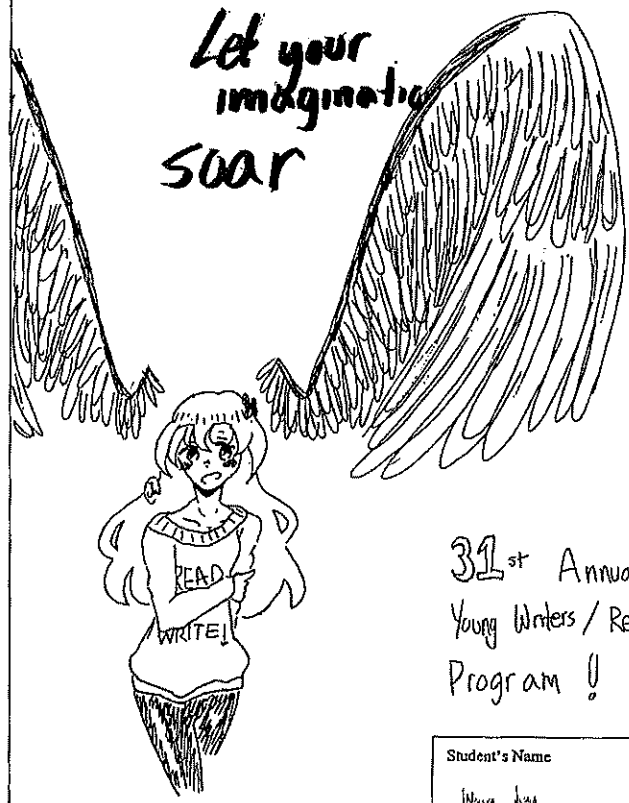


Student's Name
Lauren Wrightstone



Student's Name
Emma Martin

Let your
imagination
soar

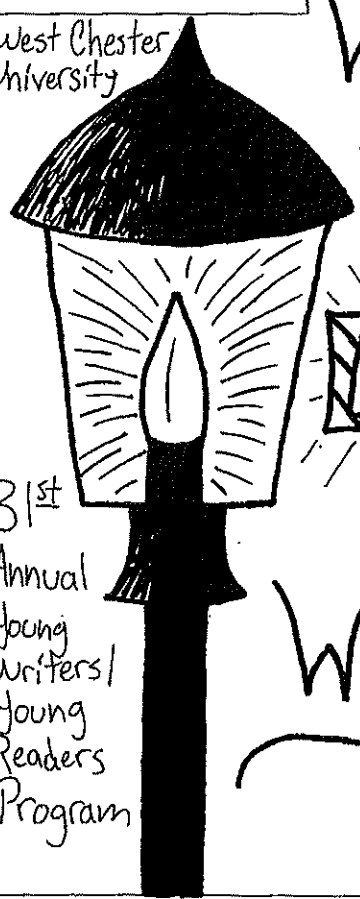


31st Annual
Young Writers / Readers
Program !

Student's Name
Wynne King

Writing &
Reading will
Light
up your
World!

31st
Annual
Young
Writers/
Young
Readers
Program



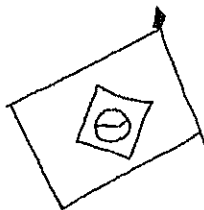
Student's Name
Clare Robson

Young Writers/Young Readers

Teacher: Cheryl Lamoreux

Name	Grade completed
Nitya Chigurupati	4
Adheera Chilamkurthi	4
Mackenzie Clark	4
Penelope Houdaille	4
Joy Hyun	5
Jocelyn Kim	5
Hannah Kuryan	5
Mahitha Seelam	4
Jhansiddh Setthachayanon	5
Jefferson Wang	4
Samantha Ward	4
Megan Worrell	5

Reading and writing
are the ticket to
Travel



31st annual Young writer program

Student's Name

Marine Houdaille

West Chester University



I HAD A FUN
TIME AT THE
31ST ANNUAL
YOUNG WRITERS/ YOUNG
READERS PROGRAM AT WEST
CHESTER UNIVERSITY
2015!

Student's Name

MEGAN WORRELL

Fluency

Pictures

Non-Fiction

READING
IS OUT
OF THIS
World

Words

Magic
Lands

Biography

Chapter
Books

Imagination

Titles

Fiction

Books

31st Annual Young Writers/Young
Readers Program.

Student's Name

Joy Hyun

West Chester University

31st

Annual
Young
Writers/
Young
Readers
Program

Student's Name

Hannah Kuryan

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

BY:NITYA CHIGURUPATI

MY NAME ACROSTIC

NIFTY	CRAFTY
INTELLIGENT	HAPPY
TALENTED	INSPIRING
YOUNG	GLAMOROUS
AMIABLE	UNIQUE
	RADIENT
	USEFUL
	PLAYFUL
	AMAZING
	TALL
	INTERACTIVE

I WISH

I wish I had a Labrador puppy
I wish my bed was very fluffy
I wish I could see someone puffy
I wish I knew someone very grumpy
I wish I didn't know someone snuffy
I wish I knew someone so very lovely
I wish my puppy was snuggly
I wish someone I saw was ugly
I wish I could know someone very smugly

LIMIRIK

There once was a girl named Sam
her best friend was named Kam
they always stuck together
they'll be with each other forever
they are just like lambs

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nitya Chigurupati was born on April 17, 2005. She would like to become a brain surgeon when she grows up. She's 10 years old. Nitya enjoys teaching people volleyball. She also loves contests because, for some lucky reason, she always wins them. She mostly wants to learn how to scuba dive. She lives with her mother, father, and her caring sister. Nitya says, "My parents are always there to lend me a helping hand".

Name Poem

A D H E E R A

Awesome! Do good things! Hilarious! Excellent! Exciting! Reads a lot! Amazing!

I Wish... ..

I wish.....I can meet a mermaid! I wish.....I were in a movie

I wish.....my family were always safe I wish.....I had powers to be

I wish.....tv characters would come alive! I wish.....I had a giraffe!

I wish.....I could meet a princess! I wish.....I had my own room!

I wish.....I could go into other land!

Name Paragraph

My name is Adheera Chilamkurthi it means **lighting** and **thunder**. My parents choose this name because it was lightning and thundering the day I was born. Also lightning and thunder are fast and I am fast. My mom and dad got this name from a Hindi dictionary in the A section! In the end I got a pretty cool name and I will stick with it!

Limerick Poem

There was an old cat from Peru. Who teased every person he knew.

His temper was a pain. He got left in the rain.

And that is why he is always blue.

About The Author!

Hi I'm Adheera Chilamkurthi, I'm ten years old and live in Chester Springs ,PA. I was born on June 6th 2005. I have a sister. I love reading, playing tennis and having ice cream. My favorite color is blue. Writing is fun for me!! I like making friend's too! I also like riding bike and playing the violin. And people say I'm FUN!!

The End of the Lion King

Told by Rafiki

"Simba, come hurry up, Pride Rock is in danger!" I said.

"Finally, we're at Pride Rock" Simba said.

"Your mother is talking to Scar."

Simba went up to talk to Scar. While Simba was up there, the rest of us were face to face with the Hyenas. I took the left with Timon and Pumba, while the other lions took the right.

"They just keep on coming" said Pumba.

"Hit them, hit them Pumba" said Timon.

I, on the other hand, hit them left and right. Then we all stopped to watch Simba push Scar over the right side of Pride Rock into the pack of Hyenas. All of a sudden, the sun poured out of the gray sky, and shined on Simba. Just like that, the battle was over. I went over to give Simba a hug. A year later, I was sitting near Simba and his family.

Never Run in the House

This is the story of how I got my tooth through my lip.

So, I was running to get upstairs to use the bathroom. I needed to use it badly because I already went out to the kitchen, turned the bathroom doorknob but someone was already in there. I tripped, fell, and hit my mouth on the round table.

As soon as I got up, my Grandma had the phone in her hand. I realized my lip was bleeding. I could taste the gushing blood running down my throat. A few minutes later, I was at a hospital, and my dad was there talking with Grandma. My dad was asking the doctors a lot of questions.

An hour later they put me to sleep and started working to stitch up my lip. Hours later, they woke me up. I felt my lip. It was all stitched up and I couldn't taste anymore blood. My dad took me back to Grandpa's house and told him not to let me run around in the house anymore.

About the Author

My name is Mackenzie Clark, and I am ten years old. I like playing any sport with my brother named Kiernan. This year I'm going to Hopewell Elementary in the Oxford Area School District. I live in Nottingham Township. I love reading. It's my favorite subject in school. I'm very good at these sports: hockey, soccer, football and swimming. I swim for the Jennersville Barracudas. My best stroke is backstroke.

My Anthology Page

By Penelope Houdaille

My Name

My name is Penelope. My parents chose this name because they liked the way it sounds, and they liked that it was the name of a women in a Greek legend who was very smart and very loyal. I love my name, and I never want to change it. If someone asked me to change it, I would say No!

The Limerick

There was once a boy from Balat,
Who was so weird he ate his hat.
One day he got sick,
He gave a big kick.
He really wanted a toy bat.

About the Author

Penelope is ten years old, and will attend fifth grade at K.D. Markley Elementary School. She was born on December 27, 2004. She has two sisters. They are five and twelve. Penelope loves reading and also writing. She writes lots of stories, and reads them to her family. One of her favorite books is *Harry Potter and the Sorcerers Stone*. Penelope lives in Malvern, PA.

Sleeping Beauty According to the Evil Queen

Hi, over here, you might recognize me. My name is Malificent, but my friends call me Mali. At least they did in my old village. I had just moved here and saw lots of people gathering at the palace gates, so I went to see what was going on. My fingertips got hot just like they do whenever I feel curious about something. Once inside, I asked someone what was going on, and he said that a baby princess had been born! This was a party for only people who were rich enough to buy a pretty dress. I looked at my clothes and saw that I matched the atmosphere. Accidentally, my hand touched the table and made a tiny scorch mark. Now, the king was known for being an exaggerator and making things seem bigger than they were. When he saw the mark that I made on the table, he ran outside and shouted to the kingdom that they should stay away from me because I had burned the tables and cursed the baby! You would think that after all the lies that he had told them, they wouldn't believe him, but they did. That was how my reputation as evil started! Anyway to keep up with the lie of the curse, he sent his daughter to live in the woods with three fairies. We both liked to take walks and became quick friends. On her sixteenth birthday I surprised her with a homemade present, green knitting needles. She did an excited pretend faint, and at that exact moment, her father came in. He spread the story of how I made her prick her finger, and she fell asleep for a hundred years. That is the true story of Sleeping Beauty.

7:00 am

7:00 a.m. in the morning
Looking out at the green grass
Damp from morning dew.
I can hear birds singing
With a background of TV from inside.
Into the house for a glass of milk.
And then back out again.
That is spring.

I wish...

That I had a dog
And that in water clothes wouldn't sog

I wish...

That everyone would be nice
And that we could always eat Mexican rice

I wish...

That life weren't so hectic
And that nobody would ever get sick

About the Author

Joy Hyun was born on November 5, 2003 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. When Joy was six months, she moved to Upper Darby and at age five to Havertown where she lives now! While reading is her favorite activity, she loves soccer and swimming competitively. She has one sister, Chloe age 10, and one brother, Christian age 7, and is going to Haverford Middle School in the fall. Going camping and other vacations draw her family together. She wants to be a published author when she grows up! Her favorite color is orange. At school she enjoys English most but likes math too.

My Anthology Page

About the Author:

By: Jocelyn Kim

My name is Jocelyn Kim and my I was born on April 19, 2004. My dream is to become a veterinarian and an actress when I grow up. I have a dog named Milo. My favorite sports are volleyball and gymnastics. I have 5 members in my family, my mom, dad, brother, Milo and myself. I will go to 6th grade next year in SLMS.

I am....:

Jolley, Over active, Careful, Empathy, Long, Yappy, Nice
Yippy, Outgoing, Useful, Neat, Generous
Joyful, Athletic, Entertaining
Kind, Intelligent, Multi-Talented

Limerick:

Puppy has big purple eyes.
He likes to play and see the skies.
He runs around the place.
He loves peoples face.
He also sleeps and eats and cries.

My Anthology Page

by Hannah Kuryan

My name story

My name is Hannah, and I love my name! My mother thought of my name, and my father agreed to it. Hannah means gift of God. My name is a palindrome, which means it can be spelled the same forwards and backwards. I am so glad that my name is Hannah because it is very unique!

Rhyming Limerick

There was a girl from Paoli,
Who liked to eat ravioli.
Her name was Hannah;
She ate bananas;
She learned how to make
stromboli.

Imagery Poem

It is 10:00
A summer morning.
I am at the beach in my teal bathing suit.
My sister and I are making sandcastles.
The ocean clashes
Like two soup cans hitting each other.
When we eventually get bored,
We walk down the sunny boardwalk
And buy chocolate ice cream.
We can still hear the loud waves
While we walk back home
With wet bathing suits
From having a fun time at the beach.
I can't wait for tomorrow.

About the Author

Hannah Kuryan lives in Paoli, PA and is eleven years old. She attends Valley Forge Middle School and is going into sixth grade. She was born on March 29, 2004, and she has a nine year old sister named Grace. Hannah enjoys playing the guitar and listening to music by Taylor Swift and Cozi Zuehlsgorff. She plays tennis, golf, and she swims. Two of Hannah's favorite things to do are reading books and writing poems and stories.

My Anthology Page

By: Mahitha Seelam

Marvelous

I wish

There was an old dog from Maine,

Amazing

I wish I had a puppy

Whose dad had to use a cane.

Happy

I wish I could go to Hawaii

He caught a bad cold

Intelligent

I wish the world had no pollution

And thought he would mold;

Terrific

I wish there were no wars

His mother was a big pain.

Humorous

I wish my hair were perfect

Awesome

I wish everything were easy

Smart

I wish I had a gymnastics beam in my

Energetic

basement

Enthusiastic

I wish bugs were not real

Likeable

I wish life had more peace

Amicable

I wish scary things were not real

Multitalented

How I Got My Name

My name is Mahitha, and I will tell you how I got my name. My mom wanted a name that rhymed with my sister's, Vijitha. So, she asked someone who works with her about good names for a child, and he told her his three-year-old daughter's name, Mahitha. The second he said that name my mom fell in love with it. It rhymed with Vijitha, and it had a good meaning, greatness, which my mom also wanted. I love that I have such a beautiful name.

About The Author

Mahitha Seelam is ten years old. She loves the color neon green. Dogs are her favorite animals. She also likes soccer. Her favorite type of writing is poetry. Mahitha Seelam likes the books *The One and Only Ivan*, *Mimi*, and *Ten Rules For Living With My Sister*. In addition, she has an older sister who's 16.

A Wish Poem

I wish...for world peace, for a laptop, for the US to win the robot challenge,
for no nuclear war, for a play station, for an iPhone, for good grades, and to be a pilot!

Fix Wings

"Enemy on your six, Hawkins," crackles the radio. "Roger that," I reply. 'Whoosh' the missile passes my plane at a high speed as I dodge it.

"Great job, but there's still an enemy on your six!"

"I know that!" I say as I pull the airplane up into a loop and come in behind the enemy fighter. I fire a heat seeking missile at it. The plane explodes with a loud 'BOOM' when the missile hits it. I watch a fireball plummet to the ground and signal the "all clear" to the ground troops.

"Good work Shark 4-7 now our troops can converge on the enemy base. You may now return to airbase," says my commander.

"Roger that," I reply. My name is Hawkins, Col. James Hawkins, and I fly the high-tech Lockheed Martin F-22 Raptor. I begin my descent at 9.8 miles from the base.

"Shark 4-7 you are cleared to land on runway 3E. Surface wind 3 knots. Then taxi to parking AA3, copy?"

"Roger that," I say. I bring the throttle to minimum as I touch the ground; the tires 'screech'. It is good to be back on the ground after a six hour flight. A lieutenant is waiting for me at parking AA3. As soon as I get off the plane, he salutes me and says "Welcome back, sir." I walk back into the base and enter an office where I fill out a report and turn it in to the Maj. General. Then, I walk to my living quarter for a long nap. I wake up from my deep sleep hearing an irritating ring.

"Stupid alarm clock," I say. But I don't have an alarm. But then it hits me, it is the "RED ALERT" alarm! I rush to the meeting room and find all of the high ranking officers sitting in there for a briefing.

"What's going on?" I shout. As if in answer, we hear a deafening 'BOOM'.

"We are under attack by the enemy forces you fought this morning" says the Lt. General, "As I was saying, the enemy forces are attacking from the air so will need every pilot and ground-to-air gunmen as possible. Now MOVE!"

"Yes sir," I respond! I run outside to my F-22 and jump in it. Then, I quickly taxi to the runway and take off into the evening.

"Okay, good engine, good lift. Shark 4-7 heading 22 South," says the air traffic controller as my squadron forms around me.

"Okay guys, I want some good fighting and maneuvers, got that?" I tell my squad. They all reply with a "yes sir!" We all spit up, but one plane stays with me. Our first assignment is to shoot down all of the bombers. Twenty minutes later... "Last bomber down, confirm?" I ask.

"Confirm," my wingman answers. Our next mission is to eliminate the enemy fighter jets, mostly F-2s, F-4EJ, and F-15J since it was the Japanese who were attacking. Forty minutes later we shot down most of the planes because the others retreated. After we land and go inside, we have a big celebration party. We just defeated the Japanese forces.

About the author

Jhansiddh Setthachayanon is currently ten years old and is going to attend sixth grade at Stetson Middle School. He was born on July 30, 2004 in West Chester, PA and has lived in Cherry Creek his entire life. Jhan is an only child who likes to play football with his friends.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Jefferson Wang

LIMERICK

THERE WAS A OLD MAN FROM FABOOP

WHO LIKES TO EAT COLORFUL POOP
HIS OLDER BROTHER JIM
ALWAYS HATED HIM
HE NOW LIVES IN A CHICKEN COOP

ACROSSTIC

JUBILANT

WONDERFUL

ENERGETIC AWESOME
FUNNY NOVEL
FANTASTIC GREAT
ENTERTAINING
RARE
SMART
OPTIMISTIC
NICE

THE SALESMAN'S POINT OF VIEW IN JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

IT WAS AFTERNOON; THE MAN GOT OUT OF BED. HE HAD STAYED UP VERY LATE LAST NIGHT. HE WENT FOR A WALK. WHEN HE WAS WALKING THROUGH THE MARKETPLACE HE HEARD A BOY TRYING TO SELL A COW. IT LOOKED VERY OLD, BUT THE MAN DIDN'T CARE. HE THOUGHT THE COW COULD STILL PRODUCE MILK. HE PRETENDED TO BE A SALESMAN. THE MAN WALKED UP TO THE BOY, AND ASKED "YOUNG MAN WHAT IS YOUR NAME?" THE BOY DIDN'T ANSWER. "YOUNG MAN WHAT IS YOUR NAME?" THE MAN REPEATED. THEN HE BOY SAID "OH, MY NAME IS JACK".

"JACK, HOW ABOUT I MAKE YOU A DEAL? I GIVE YOU THREE "MAGICAL" BEANS AND YOU GIVE ME THE COW. IF YOU PLANT THE BEANS THEY GROW INTO A GIANT BEANSTALK THAT WILL REACH THE SKY." JACK WAS EAGER TO MAKE THE DEAL. "SURE"HE SAID. THE MAN ACTUALLY MADE UP THE "MAGICAL"PART. BY THE TIME THE DEAL WAS MADE , THE SUN WAS ALREADY SETTING . AFTER THE DEAL WAS MADE, THE MAN WENT HOME WITH THE COW. LITTLE DID HE KNOW THE BEANS WERE ACTUALLY MAGICAL.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JEFFERSON IS CURRENTLY TEN YEARS OLD AND IS GOING TO FIFTH GRADE AT K.D.MARKLEY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. HE WAS BORN ON DECEMBER 8,2004 IN PHILADELPHIA. HE CURRENTLY LIVES AT MALVERN, PA. HE HAS ONE YOUNGER SIBLING NAMED THOMAS. HIS FAVORITE SPORT IS SOCCER. HE LOVES TO PLAY IT WITH HIS FRIENDS, AND HE LOVES TO READ FANTASY, MYSTERY, AND REALISTIC FICTION.

The Assignment

"Okay, class you have a homework assignment that is due by Friday on the Titanic. I need ten facts on it, okay class?" "Okay," I said with excitement! "Also, you are making a replica of the Titanic with these tools. You may pick your partner now." Right as she said go, Emily came straight up to me asked to be my partner before I even got up and said, "Can I be your partner?" "Okay, but why me?" "You're my friend, and you know so much about it." Now let's go get the tools before all the good ones are gone." "That's a good idea." After they got the tools, the bell went ring ring to signal the next period.

So I went to my locker and got my lunch, walked to the cafeteria. And I heard a voice saying Samantha come sit over here. It was Emily when she walked over and sat down, Taylor said that she heard that I was partners with Emily. "Yah," I said shyly. "Can your mom come and pick us up after track practice?" "Sure," I said in an unsure way. "What project is it?" Ava asked as she sat down next to me. "The one on the Titanic," I said. "Oooooooooohhhhhhh," Ava moaned. "I have Taylor, but we have no clue what to do on it." "Same with Machaela and I," said Maura. "Okay, then maybe you guys can all come over together after the sports practice today."

After lunch I was so nervous that my mom would not take my friends home to work on the project. When the clock hit three o'clock, I jumped out of my seat and raced to the girls' locker room. They were all there waiting for me. "Okay, it's time to call your mom," they all said at once. Dingling, Dingling..." "Yes, Hello, who is this?" "Samantha." "Oh is everything alright?" "Yes, my friends want help on the Titanic project, so can the come over?" "Of course, they can. How are all you guys going to fit?" "We can squeeze." "And what about their moms?" They all said yes, Machaela said to the phone.

Once the hour of practice was over, we hopped in the car like clowns squeezing in a circus car. After that tight ride, we all went in to the dining room and got started. First, I showed them books on the Titanic. From the books they got their ten facts needed for the project. Then we broke off with our partners. From that point on they could do it without my help. We all put the ships together in the right way. By Friday all my all friends got good grades. Thanks Samantha they said

About the Author

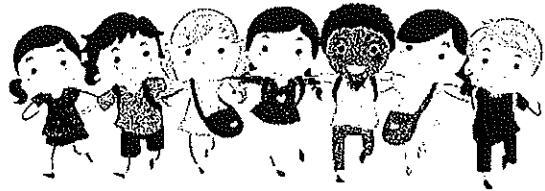
Hello my name is Samantha Ward, and I will attend fifth grade at Westtown Thornbury. I love to read books about Titanic. When I grow up, I want to study marine archeology because I want to work on the Titanic. In the fall I play field hockey and cheerleading. I do basketball in the winter and in the spring running. My favorite subject is history.

POEMS

By: Megan Worrell

I Wish...

I wish...To have more friends
I wish...To color with rainbow pens!
I wish...To read a thousand page book
I wish...To be a great cook!
I wish...To go to Disney
I wish...To not get dizzy!
I wish...To not get stung by a bee
I wish...To just be me!

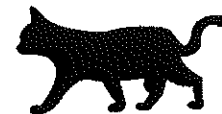
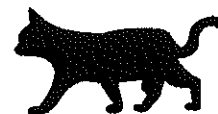


I wish...To have lots of fun
I wish...To be out in the sun!
I wish...To have a wonderful life
I wish...To be a great wife (One day ☺)!
I wish...To have world peace
I wish...To have all wars cease!
I wish...To be free
I wish...To just be me!



Three Kittens

I have three kittens
One is named Mittens
They are black as night
I can't let them out of my sight
They are cuddly and cute
Especially when I play the flute
They sleep all day
No matter what I say
I love my kittens, oh so much
Warm hugs with them are the softest touch



About the Author

Megan Worrell lives with her parents and her four wonderful cats in Pennsylvania. She is a summer girl - born in June. She is a very active individual who enjoys swimming and has her Black Belt in Tae Kwon Do. She has always loved to write stories, even when she was very little. Her favorite vacation spot is Disney World where stories come alive.

I wish

I wish that my family were perfect,
My honey would not slurp his coffee,
The dog would shed less,
Child A could keep track of his socks,
Cat 1 would not yell when breakfast was late,
The old horse would lose fewer shoes,
The new horse were braver,
The mean horse were nicer,
The perfect horse were younger,
Child B would never say “not fair” again,
Cat 2 would not hiss,
And child C would not “miss” the toilet.
I’ve got a lot to be thankful for.

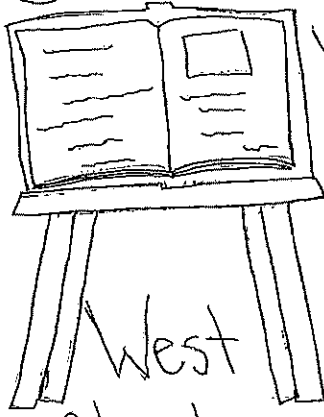
Cheryl Lamoreux, a PAWLP Fellow since 1990, has been teaching Young Writers classes most years since 1991. In real life she teaches eleventh and twelfth grade English at Kennett High School and satiates the need for adrenaline by foxhunting.

Creative Writing for Teens

Teacher: Melissa Ellison

Name	Grade Completed
Tiffany Chen He	7
AJ Gerardi	8
Marine Houdaille	7
Anisha Kuchimanchi	7
Karissa Lim	7
Addison Liu	6
Alex Malarkey	6
Alexander Mao	6
Kayla McFalls	7
Ashka Patel	5
Taran Rao	6
Charles Reinheimer	8
Clare Robson	7
Chloe Schlack	6
Zoe Strachan	7

31st Annual Young Writers/

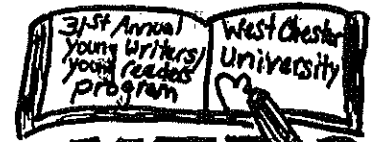


Young Readers
Program

West
Chester
University



Student's Name
Mackenzie C.



KEEP
CALM
AND
WRITE
AND
READ
ON!!

Student's Name
Samantha Ward

West Chester University
When you use your
imagination....

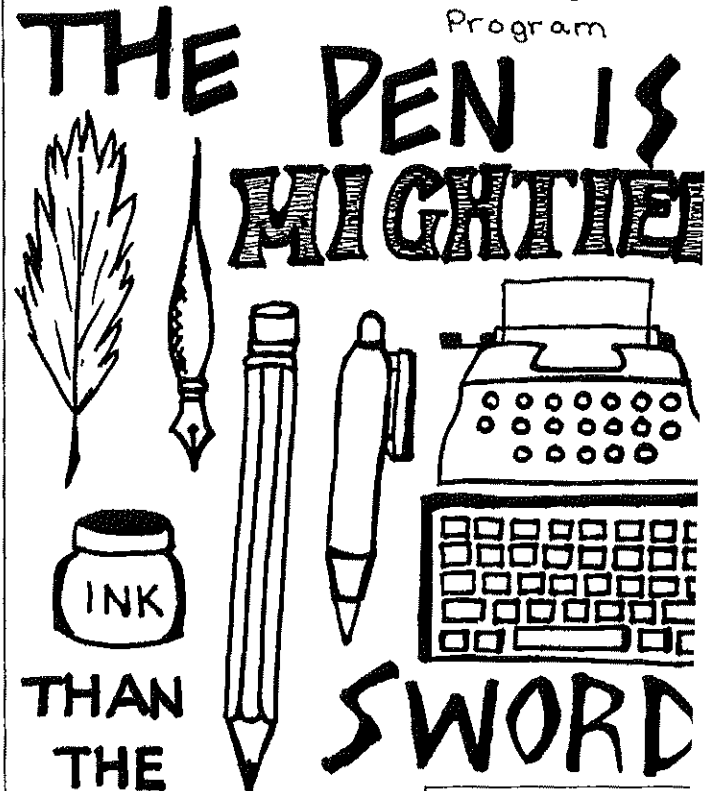


Stories
fly
off of the
page!

Student's Name
Zoe Strachan

31st Annual Young Writers/Readers Program

31st Annual Young
Writers/Young Reader
Program



THE PEN IS
MIGHTIER
THAN
THE
SWORD

West Chester University

Student's Name
Tiffany H.

A Hundred Meters

By: Tiffany He

"The one hundred meter dash!" I cried in disbelief. "Please Coach, I'm a long- distance runner," I desperately pleaded. "I can't sprint, put me somewhere else please."

He looked at me blankly. "I'm sorry, but it's too late. You can do something else next time,"

Terrific. Now I was stuck in this situation. Just great. I didn't even know the best way to sprint. I trudged back to my friends feeling especially miserable.

We all started to walk the perimeter of the track like horses before a race. That's what I was now: a horse. Forced to race without a choice. My coach's words were like a leather bridle keeping me confined.

The sky was a plane of gray. It looked like a sign of rain about to break through the clouds' puffy embraces. It was one of those kinds of days. Dreary days that are cold, wet, and just plain awful. A drop of rain splashed down onto my head. I took this as a bad omen.

Soon it was time for the dreaded race. We all lined up at the thin white line. Only now did a barrage of questions hit me. What is the best way to sprint? Am I supposed to lean forward? Will that increase my momentum? What am I supposed to do? Of course I knew none of these answers since I'm not a sprinter. Unfortunately, it was too late to ask anyone. Could my day get any worse?

Like a stampede of cattle we dashed off, leaving the starting line in the dust. Pumping my legs and arms as fast as I could, I was actually at the head of the pack! Now you, as the reader probably think "I know what's going to happen. She's going to win the race, and become the champion sprinter of her team. All is well." I'm sorry to ruin your happy daydream but that did not happen. This will not be your typical story with a cliché ending. It will probably be the most tragic piece of writing since Shakespeare.

I tripped and fell. It wasn't a slight misplacement of my feet, it was like a beloved cartoon character plummet. Since the track is made of a pointy rock substance it hurt too. I honestly don't know what happened. For starters, I may have thought of my leaning strategy and tipped off my balance. In addition, I could have tripped on a tactically placed banana peel that I didn't see. The world will never know.

Crestfallen, I had tears in my eyes. It was nothing like the motivational video of a running race we watched at school. In the video, one of the runners fell. The other competitors stopped, helped the runner up, and they all crossed the finish line together. Lies. Although I had an unfortunate fall, I did finish the race. My friends rushed up to me saying things like "Great job," and "You deserve to win more than anyone." They made me feel like a winner.

I realized life is like a race in many situations. When you fall down, the race does not stop for you. You just have to pick yourself up, and get to the finish line.

Sickness

Sickness is a sword,
Slicing down anyone in its path.
A slayer of hope.
A bringer of death.

Sickness is bottle caps
Scattered on a beach,
Rusting the chain of life.
Chipping away at its delicate bonds.

Sickness is greed.
A corrupting parasite
An insatiable hunger.
Demanding to be fed.

Sickness is a broken heart
Pulsing with the pain of
What once was.
Aching with the weight of sorrow,
The weight of the world.

About the Author: Tiffany He is going to eighth grade next year at Tredyffrin Easttown Middle School. In her free time she enjoys writing, drawing, and reading. She also plays the piano, flute and sings. Her favorite sports are tennis and swimming.

Anthology Paper

About the Author

AJ Gerardi is currently 14 years old and lives in Wayne, PA. He was born on September 2nd, 2000. He has two sisters, Paige and Claire. He goes to Woodlynde school and will be in High School. AJ likes playing Basketball and Tennis. He likes playing video games. His favorites are Halo and Batman: Arkham Knight. What AJ loves most is to write books, and it has become a serious hobby for him after discovering it last year.

A Runner's struggle

It was another cross country match and I was excited. In my last cross country race I had gotten my best score yet! I believe it was 19 minutes which was a pretty good score. I even beat some of my high school teammates. I had done so well the coaches had given me a number so my score would be recorded for the school. I got into the usual line. "All the runners with a number are supposed to go to the front of the line," a teammate of mine said. I nodded and walked up to the front. I started to get nervous, I was surrounded by other runners and I barely had enough elbow room. BAM! The coach had shot his gun indicating that the race had started.

As I started running, I kept kicking the person's heel in front of me. Suddenly I lost my balance. I put my hands out as I fell down and landed on the street. As I got up, all the runners looked back and stared at me, and yet nobody came to help me. As I got up, a piercing pain went through my arm. I groaned in agony. I saw that I had scraped my knees and they had turned red, covered in blood. For some reason quitting hadn't even occurred to me back then. The entire race I was in pain, I tried to make a sling for my arm using my shirt but it didn't work, I ended up holding it with my other arm. I was in the back of the line with the slow runners. I cursed myself; the first time I was trusted with a number for a race and I blew it! As I approached the finish line, I saw my mom with a camera smiling. I quickly waved my arm telling her to put it down. Her smile disappeared seeing that something was wrong. As I crossed the finish line I took a breath of relief and then walked over to where my team was and sat down. I told my coaches that my arm was hurting. One of the coaches said that I was fine, and that I was overreacting. I later found out I wasn't.

My mom drove me to the emergency room after I told her that I was hurt. As I waited for the doctor to come back with the news, I kept telling myself that my arm wasn't broken. I had just gotten a cast off a month ago. It couldn't have broken again! As the doctor entered the room, I knew he didn't have any good news. "I'm going to have to wrap you in a cast," he said. My family and friends were later amazed that I had run 3 miles with a broken arm. So although I had to wear a cast for 6 weeks, this ended up becoming a giant life lesson for me and would shape who I am.

ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By: Marine Houdaille

Acrostic Poem

Ocean

Opening the sail bag
Clear sunny sunshine reflecting the water
Excitedly collecting seashells with my sisters
A fresh seaside breeze cooling the atmosphere
Numerous seagulls soaring in the sky

Show don't tell

Morocco

A land perfumed
by strong spicy fragrances,
and adorned
by carpets in hot desert colors.

The Weather was Stormy

The night was clouded with raging anger from the dark sky.
Thunder yelled and bellowed throughout the above world.
Rain wept continuously, flooding the streets as the powerful
wind pushed at the swaying trees.

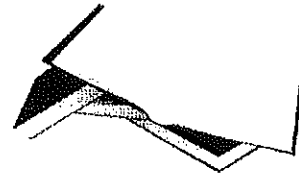
Haiku

Moon

Greeted by the stars,
Glowing a serene silver,
She watches the night

Kindness

Kindness is a warm hearty soup my mother cooks for dinner.
Kindness is the dear letter my father wrote to me before I left to France for the summer.
Kindness is the yoga my mother teaches me.
Kindness is the encouragement I receive from my family.



About the Author

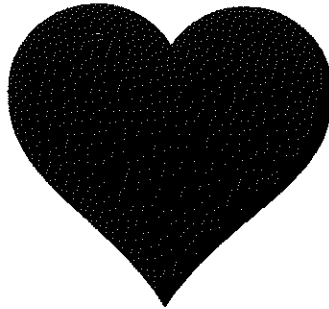
Marine Houdaille is presently twelve years old and goes to Great Valley Middle school. Marine has just come to Pennsylvania after two years of being overseas with her family while visiting several foreign countries. Marine now lives in Malvern, PA. She has two younger sisters, Penelope and Paloma. Marine loves to swim and garden, as well as write.

My Anthology Page

By Anisha Kuchimanchi

Winter

Windy Mornings
Icy Cold Days
Nights That Are Very Dark
Tea To Give Warmth
Extremely Cold
Rapid Snowstorms



Love

Love is sugar
It's sweet and fixes everything that's sour.
Love is a deep, red rose
It's beautiful and mesmerizes the lovers.
Love is a bright star
It outshines everything else in the world.
Love is a strong rope
It never pulls apart and is always together.

Shopping

Shoes To Die For
Hopping For Sales
Orange Flipflops
Pricey Dresses
Purple Rebecca Minkoff Bags
Interesting Sales
Nanette Lepore Blouses
Gorgeous Outfits



About the Author

Anisha Kuchimanchi is currently 13 years old and is attending Lionville Middle School. She lives with her mom, dad, and younger sister. Anisha's dream is to win Miss Universe and to settle in a good job.

Karissa Lim's Anthology Page

Dream

Dreams are the sky,
Endless with no limits.
Filled with many weathers.

Dreams are a story,
Made of twists and turns,
With new and old characters.

Dreams are a horror movie
Built on your darkest fear,
That goes on until the movie ends.

Dreams are a labyrinth.
A confusing maze
That goes on forever.

Dreams are a song
Of your deepest wishes
That your heart sings.

Pirate

Perfectly
Irrational
Raiders
Anxious
To
Explore

Michael was surprised to see a girl about his age sitting on the railing. She had long, dark hair and was wearing a white dress. She was barefooted.

She turned around and asked him, "What are you doing here?"

Michael stared at her dumbfounded for a moment before he got his voice back. "I can go wherever I want."

"I know, I know. I was just wondering why you would want to spend your time at a place like this."

"What? Why?" he questioned her.

"A girl died here, years ago. She was pushed off right here. In this very spot," the girl said.

"W...why? Why was she pushed off?" Michael asked surprised.

"Because she stole a pair of shoes. Sandals. You know, the wooden ones for the tourists that are really cheap. And then people chased her up here, and pushed her off because they thought it would look bad for the city if the tourists heard that someone stole something," she said, and continued on in a more desperate tone. "But she *had* to. Her parents couldn't even feed her properly. And she couldn't walk around bare footed!"

"So the people pushed her off? For stealing a pair sandals? That's insane!" he cried.

"I know. But the funny thing is that they still didn't get the sandals back," the girl said with a slight chuckle. Not a happy one that you would hear when you tell a joke, but a sad one.

"It probably went down with the body," Michael speculated.

"No. It wasn't on the body of the girl. They couldn't find it. It was like it never existed," the girl said mysteriously. "But enough about the sad past. You came here for the view, no?"

"Yes, bu..." Michael started but was soon cut off.

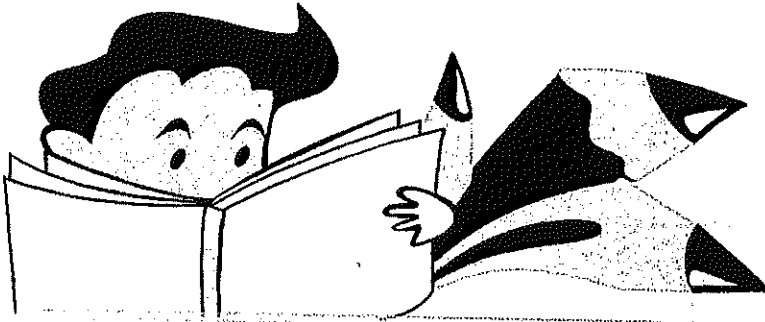
"Look behind you," the girl said as she pointed behind

Michael.

Michael turned around to see the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. The rays of the sun sparkled perfectly on the water, and the clouds looked like a master artist painted them.

"It's beautiful," Michael whispered. He expected to hear a reply, but when he didn't, he turned around. He was surprised to see that the girl wasn't there. He looked around and still didn't see the girl. So, with dread filling him to the pit of his stomach, Michael looked over the railing. He visibly relaxed when he saw that there was no dead body of a girl on the ground far below. However, when he walked over to the other side, just in case, his foot kicked something. It was a pair of wooden sandals. The cheap ones that are made for the tourists. Michael felt a chill go through his body, and decided to never mention this to anyone again...

Karissa Lim is a 13 years old girl who is going into 8th grade at the Episcopal Academy. She enjoys reading, watching TV, and reading about movies on Wikipedia. Her favorite song is (as of July 8th, 2015) "Europe's Skies" by Alexander Rybak. (It probably will change soon.) One of her favorite book is *The Outsiders* by S.E. Hinton. Her favorite color is navy blue.



Memoir: The First Day

Immense numbers of butterflies jumble around in my stomach as I set foot into the school where my next three years are going to be spent. Here, new friends would be made out of strangers, and teachers would be made into long-lasting memories. The glistening, just waxed floors would soon lose their shine and get scuffed by the thousands of shoes treading upon them. While kids around me unloaded backpacks into lockers, I finally got mine to open. That moment, opening up that blue door, reflected opening myself up to the countless unforgettable experiences that were waiting for me.

Heads turned as I walked into homeroom. A sea of eyes fell on me. Scanning over the faces, I realized that I knew no one. The chair screeched when I pulled it out. I had chosen a seat next to a blond haired, freckled girl, and her friend. They smiled at me, and the blonde girl waved her hand. So, introductions began. I found out that the blonde haired girl was Allie, and her friend was Alex. Both were halves of a set of twins, and both of their full names were Alexandra.

"Roll call," my homeroom teacher called out. Just then a lanky boy ran into the classroom, out of breath and red.

"Did I make it?" he asked earnestly. Our class immediately erupted into laughter. It was at that moment that I realized, like life, middle school was going to be a bumpy rollercoaster ride, full of ups and downs, but always a thrill to be on.

Imagery: The Dirt Road

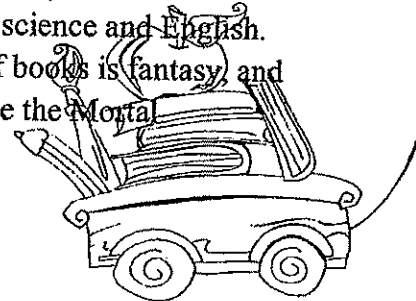
The road that would determine my future lay ahead of me. Taking a deep breath, I walk down the dusty, gray path. Grass surrounds me in waving ripples, and I take in the smell of it. Great masses of blue sky hang over my head. Thin, wispy clouds decorate the land above me. *This is it*, I think. This is what determines my fate. The road never seemed to end, but finally, I reach my destination, a ragged farmhouse that has been beaten down by innumerable storms.

Imagery: School Lunches

The tray was stained with hundreds of meals before mine. Bland, watery, and mushy broccoli lay limp on the plate, as if it had given up. The cheese in the chicken parmesan stank of feet, and the chicken was dry as sand. For all I knew, the bread could have been made from sawdust. Studying the label on the milk, I saw that it had expired weeks ago. The apples were browned and almost squashed into a pulp in their cup. Slimy slices of peach sat on their plate, looking dejected, as if they had sat in the window for a day too long. The school lunch was bad.

About the Author

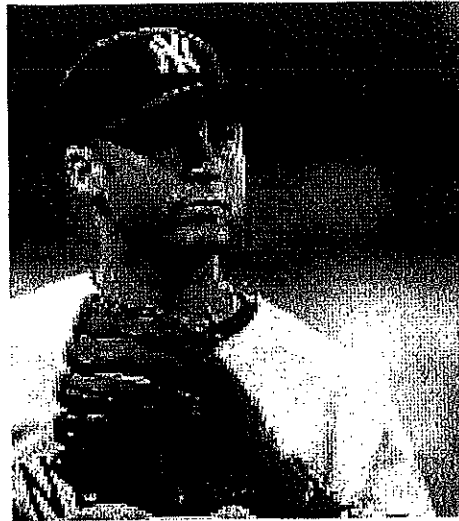
Addison Liu is going into 7th grade at Charles F. Patton Middle School. She turned twelve in May. She is a member of her school forensics and academic team. Addison participates in her school band, playing the flute, and in jazz band. Her favorite subjects are science and English. Her favorite genre of books is fantasy, and her favorite books are the *Mortal Instruments* Series.



My Anthology By: Alex Malarkey

If I had to pick any moment in my life to be my greatest moment, I would not have picked this one because I have not fully lived my life. But if I had to choose a moment that showed me making a great contribution, then this moment is the winner.

It all happened in the sixth inning of the game. My team was losing by a measly one run. Two outs and I was up to bat. I was breathing hard and praying for something good to happen. I was nervous. Three pitches go by, and the count is 1-2. The next pitch and the ball is flying over the left-center fence. I saw many things. A happy coach, a happy team, a sad team, and a very surprised audience. I still remember the sugary taste of the gum that was in my mouth. As I trotted the bases, I could almost smell the salt composed in the tears of the crying team. I thought that I heard way too many congrats that night. But either way, it was a stupendous night.



Beloved by many fans

Authentic enthusiasm

Static action

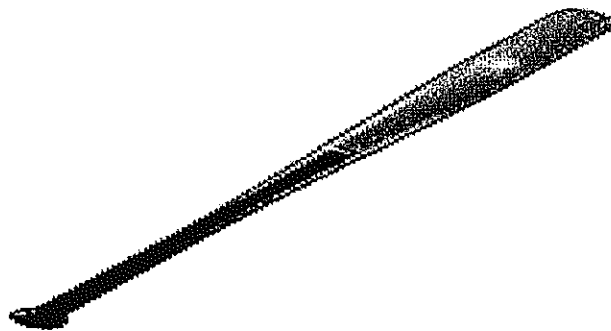
Energetic play

Born in America

Awesome

Luo Gehrig

Like Cricket



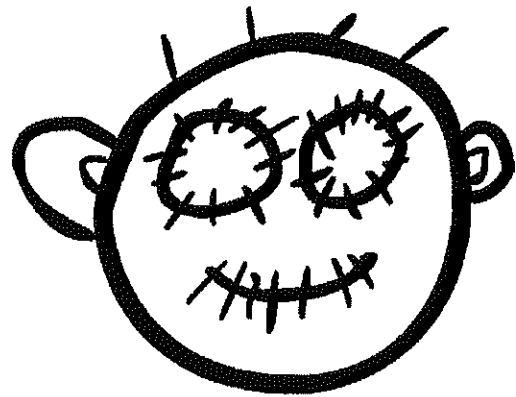
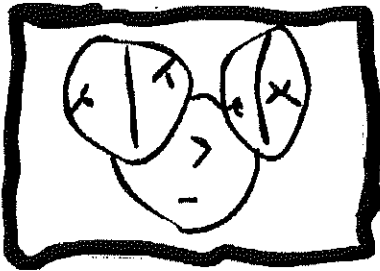
About The Author

Alex Malarkey is twelve years old and is going into seventh grade. He lives in Malvern, PA with his mom, dad, brother, and dog. He plays baseball and is a fan of Star Wars. His favorite things to do are play video games, read, and free draw. He also likes to play fun, made-up games with friends, and he loves to swim.

The Painting and the Doll

By Alex Mao

A short time ago there was an Asian man named Ching. Yesterday he was taking his usual walk into the forest but then he decided to take a shortcut home. On his way home he saw that there was a weird painting of a smiling person with HUGE EYES. Ching could not tell the gender of the person but, there was a sticky note that said to burn it at all costs Ching thought it was a foolish prank and took it home to sell the next day. The next day he could see more things with his eyes. When, he went to work and everyone ran away from him. A friend even asked him if he had gotten surgery he was confused and said "no". Then his friend ran away. At the end of the day he almost forgot about the painting and was about to sell it but he realized something was different about the painting. He realized that the painting had switched their eyes and he had the HUGE EYES. After that, Ching burned it, but he didn't get his eyes back. Eventually, a Con Artist found a weird doll in the same forest and heard about Ching's problem and decided to sell the doll to him. When Ching heard that the doll would fix his problems, he was overjoyed. He bought the doll and after a couple days of having it, he realized it could move. He wasn't completely sure so he hid in the corner and spied on him. He saw that it could definitely move so he started talking to him and surprisingly it talked back. At the end, he made a new friend, but everyone thought he was going insane because of his big eyes.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alex Mao is a Asian boy that goes to Tredyffrin Easttown middle school and he has a sister. His favorite hobbies are sleeping, playing video games, and being lazy

Anthology Page- A Collection of Works By Kayla A. McFalls

Why Not Ask For The Truth- Cloud and Sun Dialogue

"Mr. Cloud?" the sun asked formally. "Please, do tell me why you choose to block out my light this day. It is the first day of summer, a day of cheer."

"Ye' old ball o' fire, you. C'mern, now. Why can't a cloud herv a liddle fun? I jurst wanna put eh'few showers ern those poor, scalding kid-s'there," the cloud explained for himself.

"Ah, yes. Truthful as always, Mr. Cloud," the sun praised in his booming voice. "I do say, those poor children are very hot. Go ahead and assist them, good sir."

"Thank's-ye, good Mr. Sun," the cloud graciously replied. "I'd be ah-merty glad to do a liddle help herr."

The Stranger in the Silver -A Small Piece from my Book

The man suddenly turned his head, calmly and slowly, as if he knew the other boy would be watching him. He stared at him, his face as serious as someone speaking at a funeral, making it hard to tell his age. His skin was smooth and clear like a younger man in his late teens, but his serious demeanor along with a hunched, leaning posture made him look like an old man reaching past his fifties. His eyes were slightly glazed, showing that he was wearing a pair of contact lenses. They looked distant and thinking elsewhere. Even someone like the boy who saw him, with no experience in eye contact, could tell. The color in his irises was unnatural, a soft gray blurred by the lenses in his eyes. It was natural by the look of it that he couldn't see clearly. His ivory hair fell over his headband only by a few strands on the front of his face. It was combed mostly to the left, pressed tight against his head on the right. In the center of his headband was a small panel of brass, dulled over time to look gold, a carving engraved deeply into the metal. The symbol was a simple shape, two right triangles positioned so that the outer side was flat, and the right angles touched by the tip. Vertically between them was a straight line, extending slightly past the two triangles. He could barely make out the man's shirt, buttoned beneath his neck by a circular, silver buckle with the fabric threaded through. The man's expression changed slightly, his eyes wider, mouth calmer, as if he was saying something to him. Before the boy could grasp it, the fog grew dense, a thick combination of silver, pale blue, and lavender. *Wait... Who was that? Why did he look so... familiar? This is a crazy deja-vu...* the boy simply wondered, only wondering, wondering, just wondering how he could find his way back, and find the answers to all the questions he had. Suddenly, he was back in his bed, lying under the covers with his eyes closed.

About The Author:

Kayla McFalls is 13 years old, her birthday coming in late July. She enjoys sharing with other writers who understand what it's like to write, and can relate to similar thoughts and interests. She is currently writing her own book, the idea inspired by experiences from her previous school. She plans to have a career in art, and dreams of one day publishing her ideas in a fiction novel.

My Anthology Page

By: Ashka Patel

Creativity

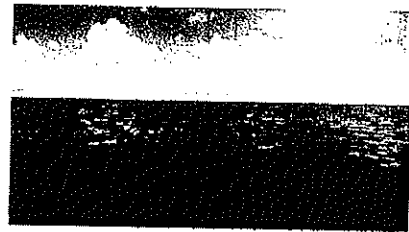
Creativity is paint on paper.
You can do anything with it.
As long as you have creativity,
you can do what your imagination desires.

Creativity is an ocean
stretching for endless miles.
Your creativity can never end,
it stretches on forever.

Creativity is a colorful tie-dye t-shirt.
Creativity has lots of color to it.
It is always full of bright ideas.

Creativity is the sun,
shining brightly in the sky.
Creativity can always shine.
It will always be noticed.

Creativity is paint on paper.
Creativity.



About the Author

Ashka Patel is going into 6th grade at Fugett Middle School. She lives in West Chester with her mom, dad and younger sister Kavya. She loves to read and write. This is her third time joining this wonderful reading and writing camp. She also loves to play outside.

Anthology Project

By Taran Rao

Glove

The glove is an important creature in the glove world. It is the only 5 legged creature on this planet. Its mouth is guarded by its 5 legs. It catches its prey by lying on its back under some bait and then it waits. The creature feeds on gloved frogs, rats, and other small creatures. Gloves usually come in pairs. The left one is a boy and the right is a girl. These gloves are dangerous. They contain chemicals that causes cancer, birth defects, and other reproductive harm. There are lots of different species. One of them is the Dotted Jersey. It is turquoise with purple and white spots. The skin is really bumpy and rough. This type of species is called the garden gloves. This is the only glove who eats plants. There are other types like winter, mitten, and the leather gloves. The leather is the most ferocious. The glove moves by having the two legs push the front three, then the front three pull the other two forward. The scientific name for the legs is fingers. The back two are called the thumb and pinky, and the front three are the middle, pointer, and the ring. That is all about the Glove.

The Truck

The truck had 1 year left to live. The piece of metal could not stand on its own legs. The big car had a beard that stretched a million miles long. The jeep had to use fake teeth. The truck was old.

Life

Life is art
Life is splashes of colorful blind beauty filling the air

Life is music
Life is the sounds of the jungle beat to my ears

Life is the sun
Life is light warming my body, giving me warmth all over

Life is water
Life is bendable, taking up any space that it is in

About the author

I am 12 years old. I go to
Great Valley Middle

School. I have a sister whose
name is Ashritha. I like to

play video games a lot and
like to play outside. I am

going into 7th grade and I like
to read science fiction.

My Anthology Page
Charles William Reinheimer

Sunny
Umbrellas
Movies
Music
Eating Ice Cream
Relaxing

There once was a savage named Larry.
Larry was a berry oh very contrary.
Bunny named Stew
Who liked to go poo
Had Larry for lunch.
Ohhh how he munched!
On Larry the very fine berry.



Rabbit Stew

Once upon a time there was a bunny named Bunny. Bunny had no friends. It lived with a crazy person that loved dead things. This person owned a thrift shop called Mason's Thrift Shop (That was also his name). One night, Bunny smelled carrots. He went to find them when, SLAM!! A cage appeared around him. He then realized that he was in trouble. He saw Mason's shadow appear with a bowl of soup. He said, "Yum Yum, rabbit stew is sounding mighty fine tonight." That was the end of Bunny the bunny.

About the Author

Charlie is currently 14 years old and is going into 9th grade at Rustin High School. He was born January 13, 2001, in West Chester, PA, and has lived there his entire life. He has two younger siblings, Peter (11), and Gabriel (7). Charlie loves to play baseball and is a 3rd baseman for West Side. He also swims for Roslyn Swim Club.

Clare Robson's Anthology Page

The Day I Realized

On the day I broke my mom's best porcelain plate, luck wasn't with me.

"But Mom! You *know* I didn't *mean* to drop it! I'm sorry! I'll repair it! I--"

"No, Alexander. Upstairs. Now." Mom pointed up the stairs, which at that moment seemed to go on forever. Those worn-down, carpeted stairs were what led to my current doom. I started up them and huffed heavily under my breath. Pausing for just a second to retrieve a fallen piece of the plate, I then bounded up two steps at a time and ran straight into my room.

"Ugh! Seriously!" By that time, I was shouting at the top of my lungs and crossing my arms across my chest sullenly. I didn't blame what had happened on myself, though I know I should've. Instead, I blamed it on my lucky pin.

It was more of an old screw than a pin, but when I had first found it stranded in front of my house on Friday the Thirteenth, I had declared it a lucky pin. Surprisingly, it had actually always seemed to bring me luck. For example, on the morning I first carried the pin with me to school, I received an A on a paper. This may not seem that spectacular, but Writing is my worst subject *and* my teacher seems to detest *everyone*. I took that as proof enough that the pin was lucky. It had continued to serve me well up until today.

So of *course* I was clearly not to blame! My pin should have prevented this from happening, and my mom knew that. How could it have failed me now?

I stayed locked in my cramped room for a couple hours at least, seething at first, but then contemplating what I had done. Maybe the pin *wasn't* to blame. Maybe it *was* my fault.

The day I broke my mom's porcelain plate was also the day I realized that in life, luck isn't handed out on a silver platter. It was the day I realized that I'm *not* always automatically in the right, even if whatever was done was accidental. It was the day I realized that sometimes, you just need to apologize and move on. It was the day I found my *own* luck.

Creativity

Creativity is a gushing waterfall, overflowing and heading to new horizons.

Creativity is a fresh pencil, erasing the old and creating the new.

Creativity is the fuel to a blazing fire, sharing brightness with those in the dark.

Creativity is a circle. It has no end.

About the Author

Clare Robson is going into 8th grade at Lionville Middle School. For fun, she enjoys reading, writing, drawing and running.

Chloe Schlack's Anthology Page

Best vacation spot
Enjoy and relax
A tropical paradise
Catch a wave
Having a blast!

Here's five syllables,
And here's seven syllables,
Ending with five more.

What is it?

~~~~~

The sight of the glistening water sparked Crystal's memory of her birth parents. Her eyes start to water as she remembers her hot pink water bucket, Crystal looks down at her stone necklace and sighs, "I'm home!" with a big smile on her face ...

~~~~~

The Pink "Ones"

Their wings help them float around weightlessly.

They skate as if on a patch of ice.

Their surroundings calm them gently.

Their pink reflections, so nice.

Just as the water rises, they all float away.

The blue ceiling of nature turns pink in a flash.

The way they all left at the same time,

They created quite a splash .

About the Author

Chloe Schlack attends Stetson Middle School and is going into seventh grade. She enjoys reading, writing, and singing. She lives in West Chester with both families. This is her first year at WCU Creative Writing camp. Chloe's favorite things to write are poetry, short stories, and fantasy stories. She had a lot of fun writing these past two weeks!

Anthology Page

By Zoe Campbell Strachan

Bravery

Bravery is the tall towering tree
On which the boy climbed higher and
higher,
Until he reached the top,
Looking down at the small world
below.

Bravery is the small little girl
Clutching the microphone,
Looking out into the vast audience,
As she sings on stage.

Bravery is my sweaty palms
As I stand in front of my instructor,
Looking him in the eyes,
Ready to tackle my black belt test
I have prepared so long for.

Bravery is the held back tears
Clouding the vision
Of the wife of a soldier,
As she lets her husband go into
battle.

Owl

In the dead of night,
I sit perched on my branch.
Hoo is my dinner?

The snow globe

Katherine sat at her desk
hovering over her homework. Every
once in a while, she would glance at
her snow globe. The tiny white flakes
covered the perfect architecture. The
tiny, but magnificent temple
surrounded the obelisk in the center.
A thin layer of glass protected it from
the outside world. *The world that
could be so cruel*, Katherine thought,
*the world in which I am a lonely
oddball*. Katherine clutched the snow
globe in her hand. She closed her
eyes and imagined what it would be
like to have her own force field.
When she opened her eyes, a blue,
translucent dome surrounded her. In
her shock the snow globe slipped
from her hand. She concentrated
again, replacing her bubble with one
around the globe. Sure enough, her
own bubble flickered away, and the
snow globe bounced off the floor.
After a few seconds, the snow globe's
bubble flickered and disappeared, as
well. Katherine stood there for a
while, frozen in shock, then she sat
down at her desk and continued her
homework, smiling to herself.

About the author: Zoe Campbell Strachan loves to read and write. She is going into 8th grade at Lionville Middle School. She loves the Harry Potter series as well as anything by Rick Riordan. She is a black belt at Dragon Gym. She has a 16-year-old sister, Kate, and a dog, Balto.

Mrs. Elison's Anthology Page

Pride

Pride is a bright blue bicycle
With only two wheels,
Pedals moving faster than father
Can run with an outstretched phone.

Pride is a big fat "A"—
Red marker, top of the page.
No comments or corrections,
Nothing to explain.

Pride is a smooth metal key.
Space to store stuff and
Stuff to store in the space,
Your own nook to call home.

Pride is a fragile new baby
Placed abruptly in your arms,
Searching you for answers
Which you now only pretend to know.

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 boys. 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.

Kindergarten Jitters

Kasey trotted around the table impatiently. Her older brother Drew was taking his good 'ole time eating his Cheerios. It was exasperating how long it took for each little O to make it those few measly inches to his mouth. The importance of the first day of school was completely lost on him.

Drew was going into the third grade. He already had three years under his belt and thought he knew everything. But Kasey was only going to kindergarten, and Drew used every opportunity to remind her that she was younger and less experienced.

"Come *on!*" Kasey whined. "Hurry up!" Drew didn't even respond.

Their mother whirled into the kitchen carrying their backpacks. "Let's go, Drew!" she said.

"See? You're too *slow!*" Kasey said.

"I am not. We have plenty of time,"

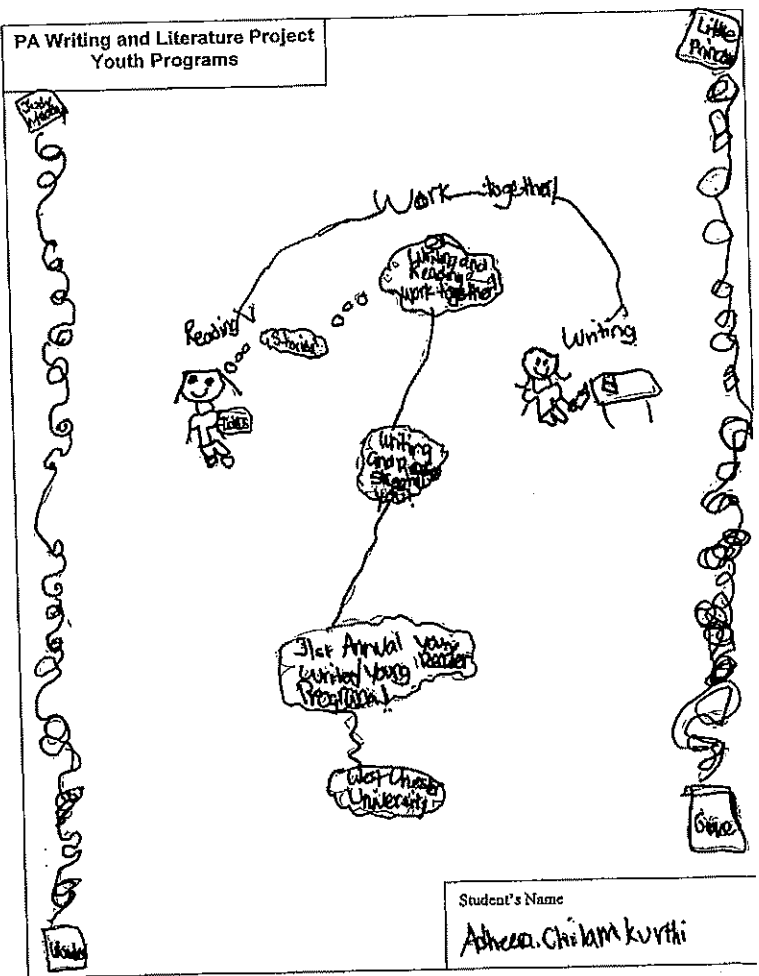
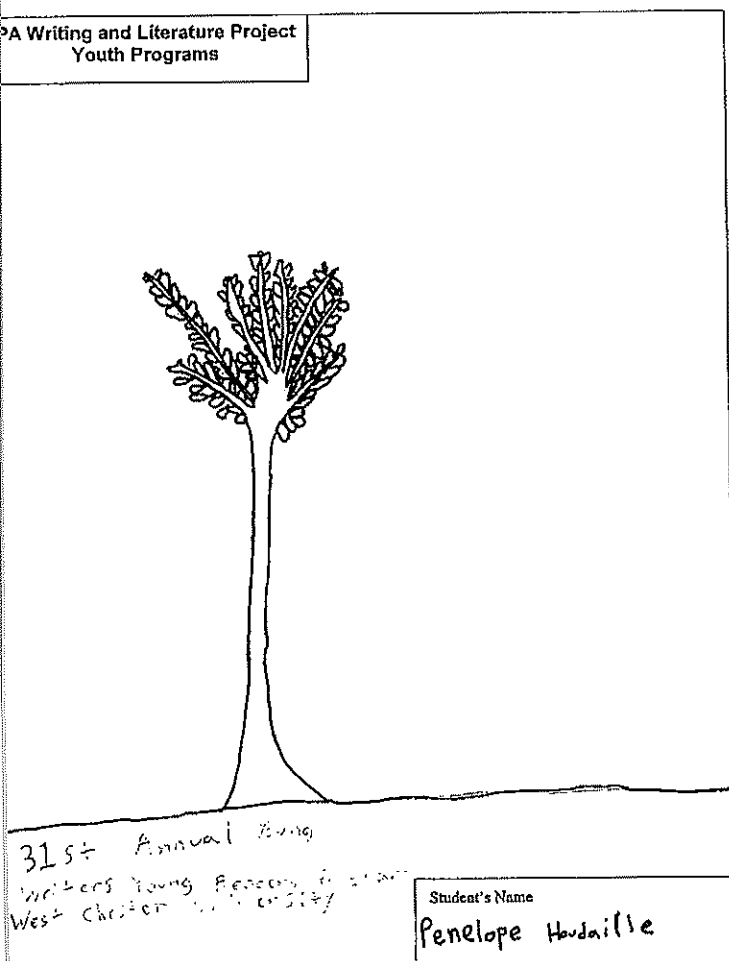
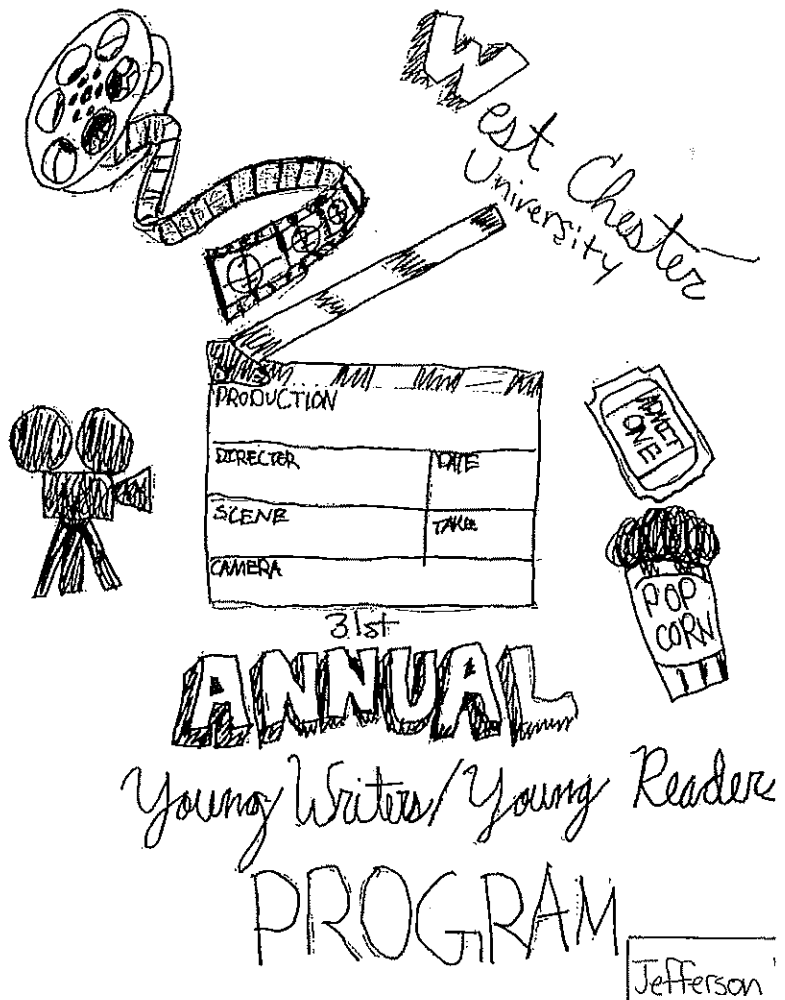
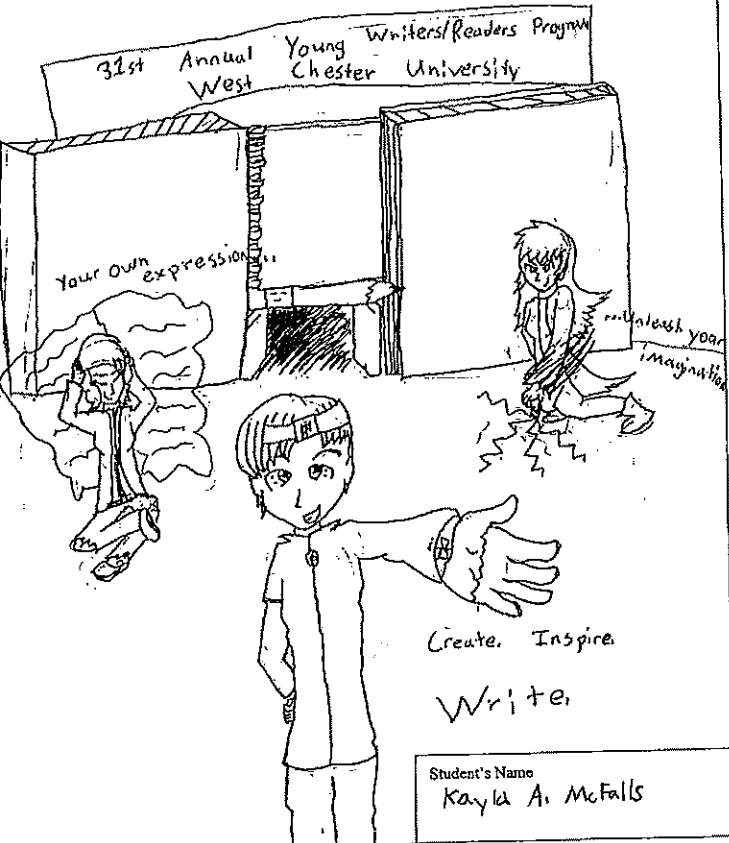
Drew said.

Kasey nervously pulled at her ears. "Mom, what if all the other kids already know how to read?"

"Honey, you're going to school to *learn* how to read. They don't expect you to already know everything. Why bother going to school then?"

That sounded reasonable to Kasey but didn't completely ease her mind. Her favorite book since nursery school *Spot Goes to School* was the only thing she was able to read, and suddenly that seemed babyish and silly. Did it count as "reading" if she needed the pictures to remember the words? Now she wasn't so sure.

Her mother could see the worry on her face and wrapped her arms around her. "My baby is off to kindergarten!" she said. The look in her eyes made Kasey not so sure she wanted to go off to school and learn to read after all. It seemed much safer right here in her mother's arms where everything made perfect sense.



My Anthology Page – By: Gaurav Chawla

Excerpt from: The Mystery of the Carnival Glory

At about 1000 feet underwater, I gasped in amazement. I was informed that the ship was supposed to be big, but this was even bigger than big, huger than huge, it was colossal. It was a 17 floored ocean liner, complete with a state-of-the-art floatation system.

"I wonder how this sunk," I thought aloud.

As I got closer, however, I began to notice some strange things. First, there were big holes all across the starboard side. That made me curious. I promised myself I would investigate that later. Second, there were NO signs of any type of malfunction. The engine and controls were still intact. There was 75% of the fuel left - according to the flickering dashboard. A sharp CRACK made my ears feel like there was a gong ringing inside them. I saw the ship crumbling. I have to make it away- no, I HAVE TO make it away. I swam away as if my life depended on it – of course, it did. Meanwhile, the 17th floor of the ocean-liner slid clean off and tumbled onto the ocean floor.

I watched in amazement as the 17th floor just slid off on its own. I had decided that the ship was too unstable to investigate, and I would come back next year. (Bad idea? DEFINITELY)

About the author:

Gaurav is a 12-year-old boy who lives with his mom, his dad, and his sister. He is going into 7th grade for the 2015-16 school year. He plays soccer and basketball, and in his free time, he likes to read, write, and play video games. His favorite video games are Clash of Clans and Infinity Blade II. Although he does not like this, he swims for the Nine Oaks Swim Club.

Feathers

By Woosung Jung

I ran and I ran as fast as my legs could take me. Sweat was raining down my face. I pushed bushes and branches out of the way and ran as fast as I could.

"Help! Somebody help me!" I knew it was useless to yell, but I just hoped that at some miracle someone will be there. My heart was beating at an alarming rate, I couldn't last any longer. I had to face it like a man or die with my back facing the monster. "Fine! Come at me you beast!"

-Thud-Thud-

The monster was coming closer and closer. The earth itself was trembling.

-Squawk-

"Oh no, it's coming!" The beast was 5 stories high and was the shape of a bird. The colors of its feathers were so vibrant and beautiful. The bird spread its wings getting ready to take off. Its wing span was wider than its height!

-Flap-Flap-

The bird flapped its wings and took off. It flapped its feathers up and down lifting the bird from the ground destroying trees and rocks. Destruction and discord was forming everywhere!

Feathers were falling off its wings. The feathers seemed to be sharp enough to be able to plant themselves in the ground. Feathers were falling in all directions. When I finally got back to my senses I realized I was impaled, impaled by one of the sharp feathers! "Ahhhhh!! What the heck! When did this- How did this...? What's going on?!" I was feeling dizzy and drowsier by the second. "I can't hold on much longer. Help. Me. Some. Body. Help..." Darkness and despair consumed the world around me. I felt myself drowning in my own thoughts and worries and then I felt something warm, like being next to the fireplace on Christmas night with your family and friends, but it didn't last long I came back to the real world to see only my apartment room. "What? It was all a dream?" I was drenched in sweat. I wiped my forehead and tried to get up but I felt a sharp pain in my stomach. "Owww! My stomach hurts." I looked down at my stomach and saw a large colorful feather impaled in my stomach. "Ahhhhhhhh!!!"

The End?

About the Author

Hello! If you are reading this it probably means you want to know about the awesome person who made the awesome story you just read. Well, his name is Woosung Jung, he was born in a place called Seoul, South Korea. He stayed there until he was 2 and then he moved to America. Now he is 13 years old, and he will be 14 on November 27. He used to go to Glenwood Elementary School, but now he is in Springton Lake Middle School. After eighth grade he will be going to Penncrest Highschool. Woosung loves to-play video games, and he also loves to read Harry Potter. He is a nerd who loves superheroes, Pokémon, and anime. These are a few descriptions of Woosung Jung.

Lena Kimble's Anthology Page

Excerpt From *Annie and The Mystery Voice*

Annie began her hike home. For the miles that she walked she thought long and hard whether to tell anyone about this rare event that occurred today. She finally decided it was for the best that she kept this to herself. When Annie finally arrived at her house she tried to act as normal as possible. She was relieved that nobody asked her what she did that day because she wouldn't have to come up with a lie and have to act again.

That night all Annie did was sat in her room and thought of the next day's plans. Annie decided that the next day she was going to go back to the scary, long hall where she heard the voice before. She would finally find out who this was and what they wanted from her. She would find out all the things she was wondering earlier that day. Annie was up all night thinking about what happened that day until the world fell silent. She shut out her lights and laid in bed with her eyes open until she drifted into a deep sleep.

The next day Annie woke up from her deep sleep and looked at her clock that read 9:30. *Perfect, just enough time to make myself pancakes and be on my way by 11:00* she said to herself. As soon as she started making pancakes she had just remembered that she was going to hang out with her best friend Paige at 11:30. Annie really enjoyed hanging out with Paige, but her plans today were exciting- she would finally find out who this unknown voice was. She thought it would be way to mean to cancel her plans with Paige, so she decided she would ask Paige to accompany her on her trip to find out about this unknown voice. Annie quickly ate her chocolate chip pancakes, got a quick shower, and then dressed herself in an Abercrombie t-shirt that was navy blue and the words Abercrombie on it in pink. On the bottoms she wore slightly ripped medium-wash jeans with her light pink converses. She wore her light brown, thick hair in a French braid with a pink elastic at the end of it.

It was only 11:00, but Annie yelled down to her mom from the top of the steps and said "Mom can we go now?"

"In a minute." Her mom said in response. Annie knew that "in a minute" *really* meant in ten minutes, so that response always drove Annie crazy. After 10 minutes went by she tried pestering her mom again to finally make her get up off the computer and take Annie to Paige's house. Annie couldn't wait to find out who this spooky voice was with her best friend. Her mom finally made it up off of the computer and took Annie after she pestered her for 20 minutes. When Annie made it up the street to Paige's house she ran inside and yelled "hello!" and then ran right up to Paige's room and immediately told her about the plan with no hesitation. The girls were asking Paige's mom if they could go before Annie's mom had even left (because the moms had been chit-chatting for quite a bit.) Soon after the girls lied to their parents about where they were going they were on their merry way to the spooky hall.

They finally made it there after a few miles of walking and when they did they stepped in fretfully. Annie quietly whispered "Hello, is anyone in there?" Her nerves were coming back and Paige was slightly nervous, but she was unaware of the feeling Annie felt when she experienced this rare event. They walked further down the long, dark hall, and heard nothing. Not anything at all. Although Annie did not quite have proof that someone was there she sensed that someone was there. She felt that they were with her.

"Do you feel that, do you feel someone there?" Annie asked Paige

"No, what are you talking about?" questioned Paige

The girls kept going on their journey down the long, dark hall to find this person, but Annie knew they weren't there, she knew something was there but not a human. She felt like it was a different sense, she felt like there was a sense missing. Like there was supposed to be a sixth sense.

It was now 2:00 and it takes about 1 hour to get back, so the girls went on their journey home. Annie and Paige walked home in silence, it was weird, but they were thinking long and hard about this rare event. Paige was wondering if Annie was just going crazy and Annie was thinking about this sixth sense. *Could it be true- is there a sixth sense?* Annie thought.

About the Author

Lena Kimble is 12 years old and is going into 7th grade at Arcola Intermediate School. On her free time she enjoys reading, writing, dancing, swimming, and baking. Lena lives at home with her mom, her dad, her brother, and her sister. Lena loves spending time with her friends and family.

The scandal

I thought they may bicker, but instead they had acted strangely relaxed about this news. The sport I had been trying out for had denied my application for the team, and my parents seemed to not have a care in the world for the news. In fact, they were actually happy to hear the news. Why you may ask? That's what I planned to find out. The trip we had planned this summer was supposedly canceled when I had tried out for the summer football team in our school. The trip is the only thing I could think of that would correlate to my football tryout. That or my parents are just weird and get excited over bad news (which most of the time, they won't be). I had asked why had gotten so giddy. My father gave my mother a look, signifying to act serious. My father then asked what I was talking about.

He decided to show that he was concerned for me by asking "How could you not make the tryouts, after all the practice you had done." I couldn't believe my father was actually trying to turn the tables on me. I tried to explain that it must have been a flaw in the tryout, but my father was too stubborn.

Poem about Cooper the puppy

Through the long car ride, I had maintained a hype,

According to their Look, play, price, and tail

Aboard, we were deciding between four different types,

With Cavapoo, Cavachon, Eskipoo, and Cockapoo.

With the deciding was hard in which dog to get,

For there were lots of choices.

With each one being cute I would bet,

Since we couldn't tell what to buy

Until the end of the day we didn't care who,

For this kind of thing needs no rush.

Between our minds, we had saw this cute cavapoo,

Before long, he was ours.

Toward the end of the car ride, we had found him a name,

According to my sisters he was cooper.

Over time, he had adapted to being tame.

According to me he was mine.

About the author

I am Jacob Kizun, 14 years old and I like math, reading, many types of video games, and videos. I live in Westchester and go to Patton Middle School and I am learning German.

The Silhouette

By Jonathan Liu (fragment of the whole story)

"Jake! Go get the mail!" Mom shouted, "Fine!" I hollered back.

I opened the front door and trudged to the mail box. Hi, I'm Jake, and I'm 12 years old. I live in Hayworth, Kansas, and I have a mother and some siblings. My father? He's on a business trip Illinois. Other than that, my mom is on her own to try and tame us. I have 1 sister and 2 brothers. I'm the middle child, technically speaking. My little sis, Maria, is only 6, but oh boy, she causes as much trouble as Michael and David, but only younger.

Michael and David, aka "the twins" are my older brothers, who they were both born at the same time. Michael and David are 18 years old, and they like making stuff explode. Our house was almost set aflame because those two decided that lighting fireworks in the house was a magnificent idea. Michael likes to prank us. He once doused the ceiling fans with flour, and none of us forgot what happened when mom turned on the fan. We were as pale as ghosts. We went upstairs to Michael and David's room to confront the two troublemakers. When we opened the door, the twins were nowhere in sight. Turns out, those two rascals ran away like cowards on their bikes, trying to escape mom's wrath. When they returned, Mom was chewing them out and making them apologize, but they were too busy rolling on the floor, because apparently it was hilarious to see mom all pale and dusty. Michael and David were sent to their room after they apologized to me, Maria, and mom. I figured an apology wasn't enough, if you know what I mean. I wanted revenge, to make those two rascals pay their price. I made a devious scheme where I would make a trap when they opened the door, they would be drenched with water.

When dinner was ready, I waited for mother to call, "Dinners done!" I heard the door open and a big SPLASH. I chuckled with a grin on my face. I ran into Maria who was giggling uncontrollably. There in front of me, was a drenched Michael and David, and also a look that could've zapped a hole right through me body. Whatever, that was 2 years ago, and I've grown up. Michael and David are still two peas in a pod. Maria is still as she is, but a bit older. Tonight, mom told us she would be buying dinner for us tonight, but will be bringing it home. I hope its pizza palace! Their pizza is legendary.

As we waited for mom to arrive home with our dinner, I went take a shower because I was a mess. As I was walking up the stairs, a heavy force knocked me off my feet. And I fell down the stairs, landing with a thump.

About the author

Jonathan Liu is 12 years old and currently heading to 7th grade. He goes to Great valley middle school. He has a dog named Cookie and loves to ride his bike and play tennis. He lives in Malvern. Jonathan also loves playing video games. One of his favorite games is Terraria. Jonathan currently lives in Malvern, and has a Little sister named Janna and plays trumpet.

Excerpt from Chapter One of "The Phoenix Crown"

Ka'mae chuckled at him as he stumbled into camp. Their bonfire was already ablaze as Jeffrey shrugged off his coat and cast it to his hammock, leaving his leather, flexible mail armor adorned. Luckily, he hadn't experienced a direct engagement with the Guardians, especially as he first entered the tomb with his sister.

"Glad to see everything worked out for you, little bro," Ka'mae scoffed as he plopped himself down on a thin, light brown log, weary from the day's adventure. By now, the sun had set behind the canopy of the jungle, and darkness was already falling. Jeffrey felt as though he'd been on his feet all day, despite the camp being close to the temple, due to the cutting and slicing he had experienced on his hike back to camp.

"I hate you," Jeffrey ran a hand down his sweat-moistened face in exhaustion as he glared at Ka'mae, "Did you get it anyway?"

"You bet," Ka'mae said as she reached into her rucksack. She dug around for a moment before calling triumphantly and recovering the artifact from inside. It was a dagger; leather hilted and made of obsidian, the blade was long and double-edged, about a hand-and-a-half's worth of length. At first glance, it may have seemed a regular knife, but it wasn't the appearance that mattered, instead the purpose of the blade. Ka'mae handed it to him hilt first and Jeffrey held it up to the light, swiping through the air twice in curiosity and awe as she explained, "Acolyte Bayaren's dagger. Druid lore say its blade will never dull, despite how punished it becomes, and grants he who holds the blade swiftness, and it will grow to its true form, as long as it's 'bathed in moonlight with its twin.'"

Jeffrey liked the blade, and he slid it into his belt, feeling powerful just in its presence, "And the twin? Acolyte Oeor's dagger?"

Ka'mae retrieved the other blade from the bag, this one snow white and glowing slightly, but with a completely identical make. Jeffrey took that one too, and took the black dagger back out as he held both blades in each of his hands. A rush spread through his body, and a euphoric intuition of ethereal power buzzed in him, provoking him to whisper out faintly, "By the gods..."

Snapping at him, Jeffrey's sister reminded him, "We need to do it tonight. It is the full moon, and I want my sword back."

His sister wasn't kidding. Jeffrey borrowed her blade, and she wanted it more than she wanted the Acolyte Blades, which was the reason they'd journeyed to these jungles and temples in the first place. Retracting it from its sheath with a leathery rasp, Jeffrey handed over the silver katana, and Ka'mae took it with greed and happiness. They had agreed that Jeffrey could keep the Acolyte Blades, as the siblings were treasure hunters, and, while they sold most relics they came across, they kept a fair margin for personal gain and use. Ka'mae had her fair share of relics, including the necklace they had stolen from a Banshee's grave, which she could use to turn invisible, and granted her increased speed and prowess in battle. Not that they often came to battling the people they stole from. If the two had to kill, their target wouldn't see it coming, and it would be swift and silent. Honor was a sham to them...

About the Author:

Jake Lloyd is a student at Arcola Middle School in Methacton who enjoys writing and reading in and outside of school. He writes a majority of his stories on public writing website Wattpad.com under the account "Corvo221."

Run Away

Beyond the jungle of concrete
Atop buildings that cut the sky
Between life and death, and pavement below
Upon pillars that stand for those to run
Through the air that whips and breathes the city
Over the innocent run those heavy with sin
Until the sun rises, we run away

Good Luck Girl: An Excerpt

By Emma Leigh Martin

I was born one shining morning while Father was out in the fields and the chickens had just finished laying a fresh new batch of eggs to bring to market.

Mother calls me her "good luck girl" because that particular morning, Bessie gave a great deal more milk than usual *and* Jolly, my mom's favorite horse, had just given birth to a foal who was later named Jane. Also Father says that the butter made from Bessie's milk that day was the most delicious butter he had tasted in his life. Mother churned it while cradling me in her other arm.

They named me Eleanor, after my mother, and I grew, according to Father, with "just as much beauty and grace" as my mother. I loved life on the farm, and even came to love my chores. I didn't mind milking Bessie or feeding the chickens, or even cleaning out the stables. I would help Mother bake bread and wash the rags with pleasure. But when I wasn't working, the farm was my playground, and I played in the fields with my older brother Jess and my younger brother John while Father tended the crops and Mother cooked supper. And even though most of my conversations took place with my siblings as we played, I talked to the animals as I fed them and cleaned their pens. Mother and Father, seeing how much I loved animals, decided that for my seventh birthday, a puppy of my own would be a delightful gift that I could play with and care for every day. They kept it a surprise until the day finally came, and I remember it all vividly.

On that fateful day I put my favorite dress on and headed downstairs to Mother cooking up some homemade buckwheat pancakes with drizzles of warm maple syrup and whipped butter for my birthday breakfast. Jess and John were already sitting at the table polishing off short stacks. Father was pouring five tall glasses of milk when I came into the kitchen.

"Happy birthday, Ellie!" chorused everyone, and I smiled happily and thanked Mother, who handed me a steaming plate of flapjacks and my milk. I gobbled up my breakfast quick as lightning as everyone filed into the family room to open presents. Usually I got several small gifts, like a chocolate bar or a new book, but this time one big present and two small ones awaited me!

"Open the small ones first," said Mother as excitedly as a little kid on Christmas Day. Father put his arm around her shoulder, both of them beaming, as I tore open the first box to reveal a leather collar and leash. Confused, I opened the second to find two stainless steel dishes. Only the big box remained now, and, eagerly, I lifted the top off.

It was then that a little Golden Retriever puppy jumped out onto the ground in front of me, tongue lolling out of her mouth and tail wagging so fast it was a little blur. Flustered and surprised, I stumbled backwards. Father grinned.

"She's yours, pumpkin pie," he said as my eyes widened and I let out the highest pitched squeal you've ever heard in your entire life.

"Thank you!" I exclaimed, opening my arms as the puppy leapt onto my lap, licking every inch of my crazily smiling face. "Oh, she's perfect!" I hugged her tightly, turned to my parents, and hugged them each as well. "And I know just what to name her," I whispered to only myself, throwing my arms around Mother's neck.

To be continued...

My Dog: An Excerpt

Millie is her name	Loves to play with her squeak toys	My partner in crime
Fluffy like a marshmallow	I squeak loud which she enjoys	An inseparable pair
She's my little love		BFF always
	Millie spells trouble	
Will always be my best friend	Although she nips she means well	Milliekins is her nickname
Our fun and games have no end	Sloppy kisses too	Milliecent is also same
Fur as soft as silk	Rub her tummy all the while	I recall that day
White as vanilla ice cream	Her antics produce a smile	We brought her home with big grins
Playful little pup		Beginning of fun

About the Author

Emma Leigh Martin is entering sixth grade and loves to write, as her notebooks are flooded with starts and samples of stories. In addition to reading and composing pieces on her laptop, she enjoys to sing, dance, play video games, play outside, and cook and bake for her family (she loves trying out new recipes!). She also likes to spend time with her loving mother, father, little sister named Molly, cat named Bubbalou, and rambunctious Papillon puppy named Millie, who inspired the poem above, as well as Ellie's dog. She hopes you enjoy her story sample and encourages her fellow writers to keep on writing, because, as she was taught in writing class, every idea is a good idea, judges are for the courtroom, and do or do not, there is no try.

Richard Miller's Anthology Page

About the author:

Richard Miller goes to Chadds Ford Elementary School. He was in 5th grade, but now he is going into 6th grade. His passions are running, swimming, and whittling. He is eleven years old, and he is studying law. He wants to be a lawyer at Wall Street, or an owner of his own company.

So

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
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OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOO why did they cut down
Rooty? He was my best friend, I
miss him SOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
MUUUUUUUUUUCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I
remember the tire swing on his
arm and the little club house on
his shoulder", screamed/ moped
Timmy. Then Timmy came to his
brother and played with him.
Timmy said to his brother, "Jimmy
I can only love you just as much as
I loved Rooty." But Jimmy never
said anything back because Jimmy
was actually a tree.

Sammy

Once upon a time there was a caring boy who had many friends, but there was one person who he wasn't friends with. That was Ben. Sammy, the caring boy wanted Ben to be happy more than anything, but Ben seemed kind of mean and didn't have any friends. So one day Sammy decided to invite Ben over to his house to play hide and seek. Sammy was great at hiding because he was so tiny. Ben however, was not the best hider. Ben always hid in the same place, behind the tree. 100% of him was showing because the tree was up to his ankles. They kept playing until Sammy's dad showed up and started to hum the national anthem. After he was finished humming he happily yelled, "UMERCAH ROCKS!!!!!!!!!! Wait a minute, isn't this that bully punk kid who beat up your friend in school? Sammy, you shouldn't be hanging out with him. He's a very bad example for you." Sammy then quickly replied, "All I want is for Ben to be happy." "Ok, well I still can't believe you invited him over without telling me. I could have gotten snacks and food ready for you guys." Ben asked hungrily, "Can you still make snacks? I am actually very hungry." "Ok they'll be ready soon." And they never saw Sammy's dad again.

My Anthology Page

By: Prina Padmanabhan

Preposition Poem

To home
Without my shoes
In to the garage
On to the carpet
To dry my feet
Against the couch
With the dog and cat
Without my parents
About to go to sleep
In the peaceful house
Until I hear a click
Over the quietness of the house
About to get up
To see what it is, but it stops
Down I go
To doze
When the clicking sound starts for a second time
About to get up, but I don't
To sleep I go, and I forget about the clicking sound

About the Author

Prina is 11 years old. She is going into 6th grade in September at Skyview Upper Elementary School. At home she has an older sister named Sayuri who is 15. She loves writing mystery, fantasy, fiction, and non-fiction. She plays soccer for West-Mont. During the school year she swims at the Y. In her free time she loves to do some kind of crafts.

HOME

The helicopter began to take off. It hovered 4 feet vertically, and then it coasted horizontally over the edge of the jungle cliff. It was now or never. As the helicopter was stirring past the cliff, Joe sprinted to the cliff and bounded for the helicopter. Whoosh. He was in mid-air trying to grab onto the landing gear, or feet, of the helicopter. He reached his arms for the feet. There were wrinkles on his arms, there was anxiety in his eyes, and his hand looked like it was unravelling from his wrist. He did a swing for the leg. He swung his hand for the foot of the helicopter.

THUNK. His hand struck the metal bar of the helicopter. Pain rushed through his arm, but it was not enough to match the amount of exhilaration in him. He could not believe it. He had just jumped onto an airborne helicopter, and now he was dangling from it. Unless something dreadfully wrong occurs, he was going to make it back home. The helicopter was heading for the airport, which was adjacent to Joe's house. From the airport, he would walk home. Joe felt the joy rush into him as the breeze swept across his face. The only problem was his arms were becoming exhausted. He did not know how long he could hang on.

The ocean was peaceful. The helicopter soared over the ocean swiftly. Joe was hanging on the helicopters foot, hoping he could hold on until they land. The pilot did not even know that Joe was on the helicopter. Sweat poured down Joe's face. He would not make it much longer. He had to think of a different way to get on. As the helicopter kept flying, Joe became weaker and weaker. His arms felt like they were going to fall off. They were literally becoming lengthier.

Then he thought of a brilliant idea. He decided to sit down on the foot instead of hang on it. This was going to be a challenge. It was like doing pull-ups except if you fell you would die. On his first try, he tried very hard. The sweat started to flow instead of drip. Pain gushed through his body. He was halfway up. All he had to do was get his legs on. He got one leg on. Then he got his second leg on. Almost. He shrieked as he skidded off the helicopter.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Vishruth Pallem is a 13 year old boy who lives in Collegeville with his parents, a brother named Arnav, who is 10 years old, and a puppy named Nova. He goes to Spring-Ford and he is going into 8th grade. He enjoys playing outside with his friends and he also loves to play sports. Two of his favorite sports include soccer and basketball. His favorite basketball player is Stephen Curry, and his favorite soccer player is Lionel Messi. In his free times, Vishruth loves to play video games, such as Clash of Clans, or FIFA, but his favorite game is DOTA 2. He enjoys Italian and Chinese food, and his favorite food is pasta. Out of all the subjects in school, his favorite subject is math.

Excerpt from "Gone"

"Gone? He's gone?! What do you mean he's gone?" My mother screams as she slams the refrigerator door shut. My palms got sweaty, I bit my lip.

"He told me he was going to dad's house." I lied. My mom believed me as she usually does, so she tried calling his cell phone. There was no answer, which I expected.

You see what really happened to my older brother Joseph was we were just messing around at the skate park like most brothers do, when a large man started toward us. His upper body was long and muscular while his legs were like stumps. He wore a light gray tank top with a sweat stain starting at the hem and ended where I expected his bellybutton to be and light wash jeans with holes at the knee. On his left ear there was a small stud earring. As for hair he had none the only thing that was on his head was sweat which the sun reflected off of.

"What do you think you're doing here?" he said in a deep smoker voice.

I backed away nervously, but my brother being the brave guy he always has to be, puffed his chest and said "We're the best skaters in town. We *own* this park." He wasn't wrong, the younger skaters that came to the park looked up to us. No one dared to challenge us to a skate off....except for today.

The large man shoved Joseph to the ground.

"Why don't we see who's really the better skater with a skate off?" He suggested puffing smoke out as he spoke. Joseph didn't show his nerves but I could tell by the shaking of the hands, the way he looked around and couldn't look in just one direction, I knew he didn't feel confident, and to be honest I wasn't either.

The large man led them to the largest ramp inside the park. *No one* dared to ride this ramp.

"If you land a triple flip I will not bother you anymore, but if you don't and I do then you have to leave this park forever. Understood?"

"U-understood" Joseph said looking up at the large ramp that might be about to take his life.

My pulse started racing, I almost felt a tear. *No. Stop.* I thought. *I can't be scared, I need to be the brave one in this situation, I need to help.* I ran over to Joseph and squeezed his shoulder firmly. "You can do this." I said hiding my nervousness the best I could. "Fear only messes you up. You just can't think about..." That was all I was able to say before that horrible man took my brother out of my grasp.

Joseph stood at the peak of the ramp, he seemed assertive. My heart pounded. He stepped on to his board then he was off. He rocketed down the ramp and the next thing I knew he was in the air...

One flip. Two flips.

Then as soon as my nerves went away he plummeted from the air and landed right in front of me, crumbled in a ball. I caught a chuckle from the large man as he continued toward us.

"I guess I win," he said looking me up and down.

"You're sick!" I said trying to stifle my tears. "How could you as a grown man possibly treat kids like that?!" I crouched down next to my injured brother, I tried to help him up, but he wouldn't let me. I forced his arms around my neck and hauled him up. As soon as he landed on his feet he took off running towards the woods just outside of our neighborhood. I stayed close behind until he tripped right before the opening. "Joseph, where are you going? C'mon we need to go home." Joseph shook his head almost in disappointment. "I can't stay here. Just- tell mom I won't be home for a while." He said as he turned to the woods. "Good bye" I didn't reply.

Hannah Peters is 11 years old going into 7th grade at Arcola Intermediate school. She lives with her 2 brothers, her mom and dad, and her grandmother. She enjoys dance, ballet in particular, swimming, writing and hanging with her friends and family.



My anthology page by: Elizabeth Rademacher

Excerpt from "Frank Wars"

"GO! Get out of my room. Now!" I said to my little brother. "No! I don't have to!" He replied.

"Just get out!" I started to get out of my bed and run over to him.

You know that feeling when you just want to hurt your little sibling?

Right? Well, not only did I want to hurt him, but also, I wanted to hurt his best friend. It all started this morning, when I found out my brother, Max, had his friend Austin sleep over. Anyway, I woke up with shaving cream all over my face! I was like "You better pray for mercy!" When my mom first found out she made him apologize. He didn't say it sincerely either. "I'm sorry," he said as rolled his eyes. So when I went upstairs, I made it look like I was studying, but really I was plotting my revenge. Because typically, that's what older sisters do. If he would have said it, without the eye rolling, I wouldn't have plotted my epic revenge that took place exactly 4 days later. It was Halloween. I was supposed to be a little red riding hood, but since I had my own money to work with, I got something way scarier. I got a ghost face costume. You know from *Scream*? Well I got the one with blood running down the face. It may not seem exactly scary to you, but to a six year old, you don't know the worst that could happen. Plus, my brother is basically scared of everything. When I got up and ran after him with the shaving cream scenario, he was crying out of fear. So there, that's why I plotted the revenge that I did. You should have seen his face. I think he stopped listening after pray. "You better pray for mercy." If that scared him then, this should make him learn not to come into my room. So since he was six and I was fourteen, I had to take him out trick-or-treating. So when he went up to the last house we went to for the night, I hid behind a bush, and was counting for when he came back to find me. He was standing there with Austin, clueless of what was about to happen. So when the time was right, I took my fake knife and jumped from behind the bush.

"AHHHHHHH!" I screamed. He was already in tears before he turned around, but my mask made him cry even harder. The best part was he didn't even know it was me. In my house, it's me and my dad who are ^{the} prank masters. My mom and Max are the victims of my dad and I's pranks. But this one, even my dad said was too far. I don't understand, a jump scare was too far, but shaving cream wasn't? "Dad, Max stole your shaving cream, and put it all over my face, and a tiny jump scare is too far? We are the pranksters of the family! We did stuff way worse to mom!" "Emily, mom is mom. Okay? She's not six like your brother is. She is mature enough to handle stuff like that! Max is not! Just don't do it anymore, please. He won't get into my shaving cream or anything like that anymore, and you won't do any more 'jump scares.' Understood?" I nodded. Even though about a week later, Max did the most unforgiveable.

About the author: Elizabeth Rademacher is 11 years old, going to be 12 in November. She has 1 annoying brother, named Jimmy. He is her only sibling. She also has a cousin named Mariana, whom she likes to baby sit. Elizabeth likes to hang out at the park with her friends Hannah and Shelby during the summer. She likes to swim, in her big pool in her backyard.

Peter Reinheimer's Anthology Page

An excerpt from: -> The Invasion of the Fluffy Unicorns

{*Tim turns on the TV*}

Tim: "Hey the news is on."

Random Scientist Guy: "Just here now, we have reported that a sign of fluffy unicorns have appeared on our planet Earth."

Tim: "WHAT THE HECK? I knew this day would come but not so soon! I have to tell Amanda, but I can't!

Amanda: "Tell me what daddy?"

Tim: "Uh, nothing honey, nothing."

{*Tim turns the TV off*}

Tim: "Come on Amanda, we have to get out of this place before the fluffy unicorns attack us."

Amanda: "What are fluffy unicorn's daddy?"

Tim: "Fluffy unicorns are evil little beings. Here, I'll show you."

{*Tim finds a picture on the internet and shows Amanda the pic of the Fluffy Unicorns*}

Amanda: "Awwwww. But Daddyyyyy, they look so harmless to us. They! Look! So! FLUFFY! I just wanna cuddle with them."

Tim: "NO! We have to get out of here now before anything bad happens to us. I already have lost your mother, I don't want to lose you Amanda."

{*The roof of the house gets shot into pieces while Amanda and Tim are still in the house*}

Tim: We have to get out of here NOW!

{*Fluffy Unicorns jump out of their UFO's and try to corner Amanda*}

Amanda: "AAAAAHHHHHH! HELP ME DADDY, HELP ME!"

Tim: "RUN"! RUN OVER TO ME QUICKLY!"

Amanda: "AAAHHHHH!!!"

Tim: "Amanda. If you don't. Run. Over to me. Right now. You'll be killed. BY THE FLUFFY UNICORNS!"

Amanda: "Ok daddy if you say so."

{*The Unicorns shoot their lazerbeams right when Amanda gets out of the cornered space*} Narrator: The family of two finally drive away to somewhere safe while the Unicorns await to tear up the whole city. At that exact moment, Superman turns on the news and finds out that this city is in trouble. He then suits up and flies over to the city where he destroys all of the fluffy unicorns and sends them into extinction.

Superman: {*Shows his muscles and says ->*} "That looked like a job for Superman".

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Peter Reinheimer is 11 years old and lives in West Chester, PA. He currently belongs in a twin house with his two brothers Charles and Gabriel, and his parents, Jennifer and David. He is in the 7th grade and attends Stetson Middle School. His favorite song is "Can't feel my Face", favorite movie is Billy Madison, and his favorite TV show is a tie between Family Feud, and Modern Family. Peter enjoys swim team at Roslyn, the specific sports of baseball and basketball, trying new things, and videogames, but most of all, being around his family. He has also enjoyed the two weeks of Reading and Writing camp Mrs. Kimble has put in to teach him and deal with him all the way through.

<====}-- \(\^-\^)/ **DIFFERENT TECHNIQUES FROM CLASS!** \(\^-\^)/ --{====>

By COLIN SEARCH

One word sentence "poem"

N-

O.

No.

Nope.

No way.

Not at all.

Not a chance.

Not on your life.

Not over my dead body.

⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗⊗

No.

No.

No.

(For some reason I shaped this like a tree. So thus forth this is THE NO TREE!)

Some words I can make from my name.

COLIN SEARCH

Coin, shinier, arches, chase, chains, clash, Niche.

Different ways to punctuate a sentence

Give me a treat.

A prepositional poem called "OWLS"

GIVE ME A TREAT!

Before the sun rises owls fly through the night,

Give. Me. A. Treat.

And around they fly in till there is light,

Once night comes they roam and hunt for mice,

Compare and contrast

Through the breezes of the night that are cool and nice,

The pen was as small as a twig,

Until the morning they hunt and search,

but as mighty as a sword.

For once light came out they sleep in trees made birch.

About the author

Colin search is a student at great valley middle school. He enjoys swimming, reading, riding his bike, comics, being in musicals and video games. Colin also plays saxophone and drums. He lives with his two brothers, his sister, his parents and his cat.





An excerpt from:



The Day of the Rabid Chipmunks

"JUMP OVER THE PIT, OR YOU'LL BE EATEN BY THE RABID CHIPMUNKS!" He said. We were almost at the machine. Wait, I can't start the story there that's near the end so I'll start at the beginning...

I was walking to school for another day. During homeroom with Dr. Bregan the math teacher. Just before the bell rang for homeroom to be dismissed I took a look out the window and saw... *Chipmunks?* I thought. *Why are there so many chip-* RING! The bell rang for first period, but I asked Dr. Bregan. "Hey Dr. B there's a lot of chipmunks outside, maybe you should"

"Wait CHIPMUNKS!" He yelled, and then muttering "I expected this day, but never so soon."

I asked "What do you mea-"

RUMBLE, RUMBLE! The ground started to shake and then BOOM! The school collapsed. When the dust cleared I heard someone yell,

"Yeah! No more school!"

But then I saw them, the chipmunks, but with white foam around there mouths. These were chipmunks but, they. All. Had. Rabies! The horrible rabid creatures lurked closer. Step by step they got closer, closer, and closer!

All at once they screeched at us launching themselves at us, but as soon as they did the screeching air was cut by the sound of thick metal blades rising from out of the ground. Everyone was still - chipmunks, students, and teachers - as a helicopter flew out of the ground. The chipmunks jumped again, biting and scratching everyone. A rope ladder dangled next to me, and I thought *I might as well grab it. I mean it's connected to that helicopter.* I grabbed the rope and was whisked into the soaring through the sky I climbed up to the vehicle above. I knocked on the door and pleaded in short gaps to catch my breath

"Can. You. Let. Me. In. NOW!" And then quickly added "Please."

The door slipped open and a mechanical arm reached out, grabbing the back of my shirt and placed me in the craft. I looked around. The only other person was the pilot. I didn't know if the pilot new who I was or if I was here. I took a step and immediately heard the voice of the pilot

"Hello Eric, yes I know you're here, and yes I know who you are." I was astonished. I've never met this guy, but he knew my name? Meanwhile the pilot got up hitting an auto pilot button. He walked over to me and I got a good look at him for the first time. He had black shoes, a black tie, light blue shirt, and a black suit. On his face he had a gray scarf, and aviator shades. His hair was brown and looked like a fluffy porcupine. Taking off the shades, and scarf I immediately recognized him.

"Dr. Bregan?" I asked.

"Yes Eric," He replied. "I'm a secret service agent." Then he pulled an ID badge that read: *James Bregan-Secret Service Agent of team 1506- Occupation: Middle School Math Teacher At Samuel Wayne Middle School.*

"Cool, but what are we going to do about the chipmunk problem?"

Tossing me a key, he said "Gear up." Pointing to a safe behind me.

To Be Continued...

About the author

Michael Search is 12, and lives in West Chester, PA. He attends Great Valley Middle School. He likes to Play the trumpet, Hang out with his friends and family, swimming on Roslyn swim team, and play video games. He lives with 2 brothers Colin and Evan, his sister Hannah, his parents Adam and Ann, and a cat Pookie. He has enjoyed the last 2 weeks of Reading and Writing camp with Mrs. Kimble.

A Storm that James will Remember

"We must leave before the huge storm is going to start"! "Ok but we have pack our things before we leave so let's get packing right now." How are we going to leave here? "I have an old car we could use Joe said to James." "Great, so they headed to the car and left their room and headed to the garage. When Joe tried to start the car the engine wasn't working. He wondered why the engine didn't start. So Joe and James pushed the old car to the mechanic shop. They worked so hard to push the heavy car to the mechanic shop but they somehow took 2 hours and 30 minutes to push the car in the enormous storm. So they got the engine fixed and headed to a safe place.

In the meantime buildings were falling down and the storm got even worse. Suddenly a huge tree branch hit the car and it badly damaged the window so Joe had a difficult time to see where he is going. So he quickly lifted the large tree branch and continued driving and then found a hotel where they could stay. But the building just collapsed. So they had no idea where they had to go. Then they saw a cave so they jumped out of the car and headed into the cave. When they headed in the cave it was dark and gloomy so they were scared. "Joe said we are going to be find we just have to be calm. Then in the cave they saw white eyes staring at them. It was a bit scary but they slowly walked to it. Then they saw sharp teeth and they realized that it was wolf. The wolf immediately chased Joe and James so fast in a blink of an eye! They ran for their lives bats were chasing to. But only one made it. When James came out of the cave he yelled Joe! But he didn't hear anything. Then he yelled Help! Help! Someone help me! He was worried about Joe. He cried and helplessly headed to the car.

So he headed to a place where he was never seen again. Then James had to find a place to live but couldn't find any place. So he found sticks and made a house out of them. Then he found some food and water so he can survive. Then in the meantime the army heard that there was a bear pack in this forest so they headed to the forest. James's father works for the army and he is the chief of the army. Then his father saw the lion and hear noises. He found his son and said WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE! James said he had to find a place to live. Then the tiger was walking near James and suddenly it attacked James but his father took him before the tiger could attack him. Then the army got their guns and shot the tiger and James got in the shiny brown car with his father and he got to his father's cabin the woods.

His father asked him where's Joe? James said he died while we were at the cave. WHAT!!!!!!!!! His father said. "Are you alright what happened" his father exclaimed? Our house was destroyed by the hurricane and Joe took us to a safe place. "Good thing you guys ran away that was great idea I am proud of you James" said his father. Thank you Dad. You are welcome. So they slept and made sure the storm won't destroy their cabin. The next day they were getting prepared to get some food. So his Dad gave him a spear to hunt animals so they started hunting. So they got some chicken and beef. When they were done they headed back to the cabin.

Finally the hostile storm stopped and they weren't worried anymore. James called his Mom from work to come to the cabin and told the whole story to her. She was worried and was sad that Joe died but she calmed down. So they all found an apartment where and they will always remember this event in their lives.

About the author

Shivain Subramanian has a great skill in writing mysteries He is interested in making interesting and intense stories. He learns from his mistake and makes it better. He is 11 years old and was born in august 19. He first started to write when he was in first grade. His mom encouraged him to write well and he did. So he worked hard and got better in writing then in school he teachers liked his mystery stories he did in writing in class. He has one sister and has a Dad. He lives in Exton PA. He was doing well in school and his skill is writing narratives. This is all about the author.



Advice in Six Words for Writers

IT: Check out Smith Magazine for Six Word stories...one of my favorites!

Think it, See it, Write it, Love it.

Feel free to write about life.

A life - sentence isn't a life sentence.

Your pen can change your life.

Writer's Choices? There's never too many.

Obsess over the whether...or not.

Someone else will love it, too.

Zooming – in on a scene- like a movie...

The city, nestled between the mountain ranges, sprawled and stretched much in the same way a newborn baby sleeps – fully unaware of the world. (Super Wideshot) At the center of town, shoppers and saunterers drift among each other with familiar nods; polite smiles. (wideshot) Among them, a drifter. A stranger in the shadows dodging the sunlight. Watching with wary eyes. (Medium shot) Eyes of a hunter, a hider – fully aware of the world beyond the mountains. (close-up)

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.

Young Writers on Computers

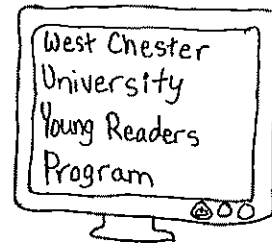
Teacher: Michael LoBiondo

Name	Grade completed
Brian Ayllon	10
Pooja Chawla	9
Dylan Elam	8
Lizzie Goemans	10
Andrea Hellmig	8
Evan Hellmig	8
Mariah Jackson	10
Woojin Jung	9
Sarah Kenworthy	11
David Liu	8
Annmarie Mullen	11
Evan Search	8
Alyssa Sweeney	10
Sawyer Thomson	11



31st Annual Young Readers/
Young Writers Program
West Chester
University

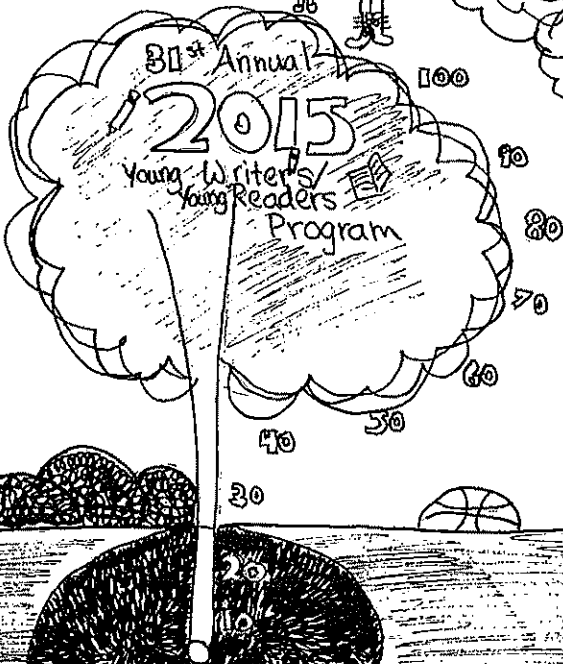
Student's Name
Mahitha
Seelam



31st Annual Young Writers

Student's Name Prina
Padmanabhan

West
Chester
University



Student's Name
Nitya Chigurupati

Anthology Page
Brian Ayllon

Tamales

My grandma picks corn kernels from the cob.
She slowly, gently, precisely fills the bucket,
Sifting through shriveled ones with woven fingers.

Mi abuelita da la cubeta a mi tia. (*My grandma gives the bucket to my aunt.*)
Ella muele el maiz bien despacito, (*She grinds the corn very slowly,*)
Empujando el maiz y dando vuelta a la manivela para hacer la masa. (*Pushing the corn through the grinder and turning the wheel to make the dough.*)

My aunt gives the dough to my mom.
She pounds the dough together in balls the size of her fist,
Gently placing the dough on corn husks, soft from soaking in water for hours.

Mi mamá da las bolas de masa a mi prima. (*My mom gives the balls of dough to my cousin.*)
Mi prima pone los ingredientes en la masa: (*My cousin puts the ingredients in the dough:*)
Pollo con slasa verde, jitomates con cebolla, y frijoles molido. (*Chicken with green salsa, tomatoes with onion, and ground beans*)

My cousin passes the tamales to my sister.
She pours water into a pot on an open wood flame,
Folding the ends of the husks, layering the packages gingerly on top of each other.

La cocina, no más largo que un baño, está llena de gente. (*The kitchen, no larger than a bathroom, is full of people.*)
Todos toman parte en una tradición de cada generación. (*Everyone takes part in a tradition of every generation.*)
La familia es todo en la vida. (*Family is everything in life.*)

About the Author

Brian is 16 years old, currently attending Kennett High School. Most people in his school know him as "the author" even though he only recently found his passion for writing. He self-published a book in eighth grade titled *Those Who Learn*, but hopes to one day publish his new work-in-progress traditionally. Besides writing, Brian likes to spend his time playing the flute, watching YouTube, and learning new skills.

MY ANTHOLOGY

BY: POOJA CHAWLA

A Missing Twin

FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 2015

Hi. I'm Karlee Adams and I'm going to tell you what happened last night that changed my life. I live in a big old farmhouse in the middle of Texas with my parents, four brothers, two sisters, and our three pugs: Bianca, Theo and Emilia. Life is generally good for us except for the fact that now we barely have enough money to survive, but I believe that we can push through this bad time in our life with our love for one another. Anyways, last week when the weather channel said a hurricane would be coming through this part of Texas, no one believed them. We weren't prepared enough for the hurricane. And when it hit most of our crops were destroyed along with most of our livestock. As if that weren't enough for us, a huge thunderstorm hit last night and basically flooded our house. The twins Gareth and Penelope think it's the end of the world but at least we all are okay. My own twin Vincent also thinks it's the end of the world along with the triplets Nick, Alex, and Nina. Well, I guess it can't get any worse from here.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 2015

Okay. Forget what I said about nothing being able to get worse from there. Vincent is missing. No one can find him but every so often we hear him yelling, "The wifi here sucks so can someone like hurry up and find me." You would think that we could track his voice and figure out where he is, but his voice is all muffled and we are all panicking instead of looking for him. Actually, I'm the only one panicking, everyone else is looking. I can't help but panic because he is my twin after all. If I lost Vincent I would feel like George after Fred died in the Harry Potter Series. I can't be the one with a missing twin.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 2015

WE FOUND HIM!!! He was in the attic and apparently the wifi isn't that good up there. All that matters to me is that he isn't dead. I don't understand how he can be so calm about all this while I'm here drowning in anxiety. I mean, he literally complained that we took too long to find him because his phone was dead by the time Gareth and Bianca found him. He complains way too much for his own good. I still don't understand why he couldn't walk out of the attic by himself.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I'm Pooja Chawla. I'm 14 years old and am going into the 10th grade. I attend Spring-Ford High School and am on the school swim team. I love to read and my main style of writing is expository. My favorite series is Harry Potter Series.

My Anthology Page

By: Dylan Elam

Excerpt from: "My Version of Cinderella"

Day 1: Here we go again. Another huge ball I have to attend and find try to find "the one." I mean, how can they expect me to find someone to marry if the only people that attend are either really old or really ugly? Does some lady looking like the Grinch really think they will have a chance with me, the *dashing, handsome, and noble* prince? Can't I just sit up in my room, drink and enjoy some desserts? You may think being a prince is a life of luxury and happiness, but how happy will you be when you spend all week listening to your blabbering parents nagging about "preparing to be the new King" or "finding a nice lady to make your queen." What does it take for such a beautiful, awesome person like me to get a break around here? I'll just mope around for the rest of the evening and think about how terrible tomorrow is going to be.

Day 2: All of the guests here are, once again, so not my type. Some of these weird teenagers came up to me already and started talking about how beautiful they are, and how their ugly stepsister had to stay home to clean the entire house. Then (you won't believe this.), some snobby old hag that claims to be their mother comes up to me and asks me to dance! Do they really think the charming prince will even touch one of those arrogant, crabby old ladies? I was beginning to think that tonight was going to be a nightmare as usual, but then *she* walked in. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, with her sparkling blue dress and sleek blonde hair (and those glass slippers were a really nice touch). Everyone in the room froze, all eyes on the newcomer. She didn't even have to ask me to dance. I bet she knew I would be attracted to her like a bear in a honey factory. She seemed a bit nervous, but I bet she'll get used to it once she's had a dance with me. Maybe there is still some hope for these parties.

Later: I can't believe this! I finally found the love of my life, and when the clock struck 12, she ran away! The one time I finally find someone interesting at these torturous parties, she just bolts! Why must my luck be so terrible!? The good thing is that one of her glass slippers fell off while she was running. You know, isn't a little weird to have shoes made of glass? I mean, they seem pretty uncomfortable, considering it's glass, and wouldn't they break if you stomped or hit the ground hard enough? That would hurt a lot. And those seem like they were pretty expensive. Also, I saw her ride away in a giant pumpkin or something. Maybe this is all some weird dream. Anyway, I turned to one of my advisors and said "We need to try this shoe on every woman in the town to see who my love is!" Then he said something that made me think. "Do you even know what she looks like?" How could I be so stupid to go head-over-heels for this girl, and not remember what she looked like? Wouldn't you think that someone would remember when they see the most beautiful woman in the world? Well, anyway, not knowing what she looks like (Stupid brain!) will make finding her a lot harder.

About the Author

Dylan Elam is 14 years old and will be going to school after the summer is over. His favorite food is pizza and he likes reading, biking, criticizing children's television programs, and pandas.

Every Story Starts Somewhere

A collection of Beginnings

<p>"When you're young, you always look forward. You project your aspirations onto the horizon, effortlessly running toward the goals you've set for yourself. There's no set time that you'll reach them, or any guarantee that you'll reach them at all, but you don't care. You just keep running with every stepping stone and every setback being part of the same all-important journey. Then, one day, you start to slip. The finish line gets farther and farther away, and, while some manage to cross it, you know you won't be one of them. You find something more attainable, and then you stop. You stop and you look back to see how far you've gotten, how much of your life lead up to this. That is perfectly normal, and that is what I want for you."</p>	<p>Dear sweet, lovely Original Character,</p> <p>I'm sorry I killed you off. Really, it pained me to do so, but you were just far too good, too pure for this fictional world I created. I hope there are no hard feelings about the way your death was just glanced over, there was really no time to lose for the others. A few stones and a branch for a marker is a pretty good grave considering the people who made it for you had many other, more world-changing things to think about. Why, it was really a rather nice resting place, before that flood came and most likely ruined anything that had previously been in that forest. It may not have, though, that's up to interpretation.</p> <p>Sincerely yours, Your Creator</p>
<p>Cabinet, Hearth, Doll, and I. Each of us with as many faces as a deck of cards. Having so many differences, it is a real wonder that our lives are so intertwined.</p>	<p>This kind of a situation is never good. Nothing that starts out with 'we need to talk' ever ends well. And the conversation in between is almost assured to be awkward and dripping with an uncomfortable air of 'it's not you, it's me'.</p>
<p>I'm what some might call an introvert. The kind of person who locks herself in her room for hours, completely fine with the lack of socialization. A type of girl 'who could really make something of herself if she just put herself out there a little more'. And, while the former still stands, I'm not completely lonely. On the contrary, I actually have a lot more friends than people with demeanors similar to mine can boast. I don't show them off in public, or make a big deal about our chats, I'm not the kind of person to brag about her social standing. But, if I were specifically asked about it, I would have no choice but to say that, on Mewblogs.net, I have a grand total of 40,000 followers. Fifteen of which, I consider my close friends. I don't attribute my moderate popularity to any shortcuts like 'follow4follow' or 'like4like' but, only moderately more shameless, to chapters upon chapters of pathetic fanfiction I wrote when I was twelve.</p>	
<p>About the Author</p> <p>My name is Lizzie Goemans and I'm a fifteen year old aspiring author going into eleventh grade at The Mill Creek School. I enjoy writing, drawing, and reading things such as: Miss Peregrine's Home for Peculiar Children, Homestuck, and too many different manga titles to count (You should probably know that I'm a recovering weaboo). I have two cats and a dog (all but one are very snuggly), and they are the absolute best little fluffballs to come home to. I plan on participating in the Young Reader/Young Writers Program until I age out, so this isn't the last you'll see of me!</p>	

My Anthology

By: Andrea Hellmig

Dear Taylor,

When I first met you it was in Spanish class in seventh grade. You turned out to be an amazing person and our friendship soon became unbreakable. I remember the stories you would tell of the places you had moved from, and how we all begged you not to move again. With a small smile you promised us that you wouldn't leave. And we were happy to hear it, because we knew that without you our lives would not be as bright and happy as they were then.

All was well through our seventh grade year, nothing more than the occasional problem with school, and the ever present boredom that accompanied it. I invited you to sit with us at lunch, and you gladly agreed, quickly becoming friends with those that I had known for years. We were inseparable, and everything was as it should be.

Summer came, and everyone headed off to various vacations and camps, leaving always with the knowledge that they would still come home. We talked about classes for eighth grade, and how we had to hang out more, little did I know that our unbreakable friendship would soon be broken.

The first day of eighth grade was filled with smiles and hugs and groans as we thought about the year to come. But our table sat silently, thinking about the news you had delivered to us. You were moving at the end of the year. We had no smiles that day, but we vowed to make the most of the one year that we had left.

You moved tables in the spring, along with many of my other friends, leaving behind our strong friendship and moving into the territory of small awkward smiles, and the occasional get together. I told myself that it would be better for when you moved, that I wouldn't be as sad, but I knew that it was a lie. I would miss you just as much.

The end of eighth grade was close, and we all wanted to go back in time, to spend at least a few more months with you, but those were only dreams and we soon had to face the reality that we would be losing you. I left for vacation before you moved, and I didn't get the chance to say goodbye. When I came home, you were gone, and this time, you weren't going to come back. We made promises to talk soon, but summer is flying by and not one word has been spoken between us.

As high school approaches, I can only wish that you could have been here with us. And I want to wish you luck in your new life, and I ask that you don't forget us, because we certainly won't forget you.

About the Author

My name is Andrea Hellmig. I am in 9th grade. My favorite color is orange, and my favorite thing to write is short stories.

Anthology

By: Evan Hellmig

It was the best day of his life. Brian was sitting in the front row of the Arizona Cardinals stadium, watching the Vikings and Colts go head to head in the Superbowl. The Vikings had been to the Superbowl 5 times now and had lost each one, and it had been years since they had even made the play offs. That didn't matter now, all that mattered was that they were there now. Brian had showed up an hour early to watch the Vikings warm up, during the warm up one of the players tossed him a football! He was living the dream. Before he knew it the national anthem had been sung and the kickoff was underway. The kick returner caught the ball and began to sprint behind his defenders. He juked and spun and hopped by the defense until he was in the clear. He zoomed past the 30, the 20, the 10.... TOUCHDOWN! 1 minute into the game and the Vikings were up 7 to 0. Brian walked over to the nearest food stand sporting his Vikings jersey and ordered a hotdog. Just as he exited the line he heard a loud roar from the crowd and the announcers booming voice yell touchdown Vikings. It was now 14 nothing and Brian couldn't be any happier. The rest of the game was pretty even compared to the first quarter, during the second quarter the Colts scored 2 touchdowns to tie the game. In the third quarter the Colts scored another touchdown to take the lead while the Vikings only made a field goal. It was now the last quarter, there were 30 seconds left and the Vikings had the ball ready to kick a field goal to win the game, when the call came. The extremely loud Marimba ringtone echoed throughout the dead silent stadium. Everyone, including the players, turned to look at Brian, angry expressions on their faces. "Uhhh..." Brian muttered his phone still emitting the loud tone. He looked down to see it was his wife. This was the 4th time she had called during the game, he couldn't dismiss it again. "Hello?" Brian said as play resumed on the field. "Daddy!" his daughter's voice echoed through the stadium. In mid kick the kicker looked over to see what made the noise and slipped on the football. The refs whistle blew signaling the end of the game, the colts had won. "I just wanted to let you know I used the potty today!" his daughter said happily. Brian hung up the phone and began to cry, as a mass of purple began to engulf him.

About The Author

My name is Evan Hellmig, I am 14 years old and am going into 9th grade. My favorite color is royal purple, and my favorite food is most defiantly tacos. I am involved in many sports over the summer, such as tennis and cross country, so it was nice to get a break and focus on writing for a few weeks. I hope to continue a path of writing throughout the rest of my life.

My Anthropology Page

By Mariah Shanelle Jackson

The Plenty and the Least

The groans heard from the streets.

Drunken men of ancient age.

Hungry men with carts full of stolen snacks.

The Rich ones.

Who throw their spoiled bread at the hungry.

Who throw their empty bottles of rum at the drunk.

Rich ones who have plenty.

The peasant men, who have the least.

A pyramid of social groups.

Lead many others.

In an unfair advantage.

The rich whose money flows through their homes.

The poor whose money flows out of their pockets.

For food or comfort.

The rich whose money.

Is wasted on material items.

Such as a new ball gown.

Or a fancy wig.

About the Author

My name is Mariah Jackson. I am currently 16 years old and I am going into the 11th grade of Penncrest High School. My favorite style of writing is poetry, so I do plenty of imagery. I do plenty of digital art at home and I even have some poems from a couple years back. My favorite hobby is playing video games, digital painting or writing poetry in my spare time.

My Anthology
By: Woojin Jung

Theo let out a bloodcurdling shriek as his best friend, Vanessa, moved her elbow and accidentally knocked down a bottle of soda. The fizzing liquid splashed on to Theo's computer, and the computer let out a few buzzing noises and other strange sounds until finally, it became silent and the screen became pitch black. Tears streamed down Theo's face as he mourned the loss of his precious, precious computer. He had locked himself in his room for almost two years, always browsing the internet and updating his blog on that computer but now it was gone. He shot a glare at Vanessa. What was he supposed to do now?

"Look at what you did!" Theo screeched.

"Ha-ha, did what?" Vanessa laughed.

"You just killed my beautiful computer!"

"Just by a new one, Theo."

"How am I supposed to buy a new one if I can't order one online-" Theo cut himself short as he realized what his friend was trying to hint him at.

"Oh no no no. I am *NOT* going outside. It's way too hot out there (and I haven't left my room since forever). Also, you do realize its summer, right?"

"So you're going to survive without any Internet at all and stay locked up in your room for another two years?" She asked, tapping her fingers on the table. Theo bit his lip, and thought about his oh-so horrible situation. Vanessa's suggestion of just buying a new one was horrible, but without his computer he thought of himself as an empty shell.

"Okay. We're going to the shopping mall." He sighed. Vanessa smirked and slapped him on the back.

"Nice! We can have some fun there while we're at it too-"

"I'm leaving the mall as soon as I buy another computer."

The summer heat was blasted at Theo as soon as he took a single step outside. He was already sweating after five steps.

"Let's go back. I'm *dying* over here...I won't...make it...Tell my mom I love her..." He panted.

"Shut up, drama queen." Vanessa spat, flicking Theo's forehead.

The two friends arrived at the large shopping mall after a short three minute walk. Well, to Theo it felt like the walk was *at least* an hour long. His hands were on his knees as he was panting like he had just raced somebody in the Olympics. Vanessa was already skipping ahead with joy.

"Well, there's air conditioning. That's good. But there's a lot of people and Vanessa is skipping ahead...Oh shoot she's skipping ahead."

"WAIT!" He shouted.

And then he fell unconscious.

About the Author

My name is Woojin Jung. I'm fifteen years old and going in to tenth grade. I like cats.

C. Palmer's Review for the Moonlite All-Nite Diner



Went here for dinner the other night. It was pretty interesting.

I was the on a date with my boyfriend and we decided to go casual, since we'd just gotten back from a romantic walk in the park and were tired out after running away from a couple of oversized, delinquent spiders. I just wanted some coffee and he wanted something to eat and somewhere to rest his legs after all the running earlier. Moonlite All-Nite was open, indeed, All-Nite, so we stopped in. Quiet atmosphere, lit with a vaguely mauve glow from an unidentifiable source, which isn't really an issue unless you think about it too much. Lots of booths, a few with teeth, and some stools set up along the diner. There were only a few other people in there this time of night, so once we sat down at one of the toothless booths we had a waitress come up to us literally immediately, smiling brightly. We told her our orders once we decided, even though she never actually asked for them, or moved at all while we were deciding, and shortly after she arrived with the food, even though she never actually left. Indeed, she remained there throughout the meal, I guess in case we needed anything. Very thoughtful.

Even though I had only come for coffee, I was inexplicably compelled to try a grilled cheese sandwich with mushrooms and tomato and a side of coleslaw along with the coffee, while my bf got a burger and fries and a milkshake. The grilled cheese was good, although the mushrooms were still raw and bled a bit much for my taste, but my boyfriend says that's how they're supposed to be. I wouldn't know, I don't eat a lot of mushrooms, since I try to avoid meat products as part of my diet... but I can't help but splurge a bit now and then :) regardless, the sandwich was good. My coleslaw was still sentient enough to move around the plate, so I had to chase it with the fork, which was pretty fun but a bit of a time-waster, so don't order that if you're in a hurry. The coffee was very black, like the void on nights of the new moon when you're out somewhere vast and empty with no light for miles, staring up at the twinkling stars that just seem to get darker and further away the longer you look at them, and you start to realize how alone and vulnerable you are and the existential dread begins to settle in and make a dark, subtle home for itself in your psyche to make itself known months later when you're lying in bed and cannot sleep and no one you love or trust is awake to talk to you. I don't particularly like dark coffee, but the waitress was happy to provide sweetener and some cream. My boyfriend said the burger was decent and the fries only occasionally attempted to melt or crumble to ash in his hands, and although the ketchup was thin and smelled kinda metallic-y, it still tasted like ketchup. The milkshake trembled violently until he told it that the "shake" part wasn't supposed to be literal, and then it calmed down. I tried a bit of it, and I can confirm that it was pretty good!

We finished off our meals and told the ever-present waitress that we were done, then found ourselves outside the diner less than a minute later with pounding migraines and the cost of the meal subtracted out of our wallets and, assumedly, off the ends of our lifespans for us. All in all, it was a nice night.

The place gets five stars for its friendly, perky wait staff, it's fairly decent food, it's fast, efficient service and it's cozy 50s atmosphere, but loses one because it wasn't really all that clean, especially in the bathrooms, and that kind of put me off. Check out Moonlite All-Nite if you're in the area and have migraine medication on you!

Jean Harvey Kenworthy likes writing fantasy & sci-fi & sappy cliché romances with lots of LGBT+ characters. They're 17 and attend Downingtown West High School. They just want to know if anyone really been far as decided to use even go want to do look more like?



The Present and the Future

Excerpt of a story by David Liu

Maine. The year is 2015. The Evans family is ready for a great camping trip, but they are in for a surprise.

"Isn't the lake beautiful?" Sam's father said. "Oh, my!" Sam's mother said. "Wow!" Sam and Suzy both shouted in unison. Sam thought the lake looked nice but there something eerie about the lake. The family chose a nice spot next to the lake to set up camp. Sam soon forgot his troubles over swimming, fishing, and exploring the forest. "Hey, mom?" "Yes, Sam?" "Don't you think it was weird how we didn't run into any hikers on the way here?" "Well, it is strange but you have to keep in mind that nobody really visits this place anymore." But Sam couldn't get the thought out of his head. What had caused the people to stop visiting this place? "All right, everyone, time to head over to the campfire for dinner." After indulging on hot dogs and marshmallows, every member of the family was ready to go to sleep on a full stomach. "Sam and Suzy, time for bed." "Aw!" "You two have to be ready for the hike back tomorrow, anyway dad and I have to clean up our stuff and put out the fire." "Ok." So Sam went to sleep, and the rest of the family soon joined him. The mysterious figure watched as the new creatures went to sleep, but this time he was not alone he had brought back the rest of his people, the campsite was quiet, it was time to attack the new creatures.

Sam awoke at the sound of some beeping and it sounded close by. As Sam listened, it sounded like a machine and seemed to be getting closer and closer. Sam didn't think there should be any machines on a mountain. Sam went outside to see what it was their appeared to be nothing at the campsite. So Sam looked around once again he didn't see anything unusual except... Wait! What was that in the forest? Sam looked closer it appeared to be bright lights and it appeared to be getting closer. Sam woke up his parents, "Mom!" "Dad!" "Sam, what time is it?" There is some sort of a machine outside. Sam leads his parents out and pointed to the part of the forest where the bright lights were. Now you could see that the machines were robots, it was tall and had blue eyes. Sam and his parents ran into the tent. Sam's parents looked surprised but said nothing. "Sam, wake up your sister and tell her to hide!" Sam woke his sister, and she ran off to hide. Sam ran outside to join his parents as he tried to call for help. "Dang it, no signal here in the mountains!" "Here they come!" yelled Sam's father. The robots closed in on the family. "Hold on!" A man came out of the other side of the forest as Suzy stood right next to the man. The man pulled out a tube and then proceeded to shoot many balloons at the progressing robots. The water in the balloons caused the robots to rust, which caused a distraction that gave Sam's family a chance to escape. "Over here," said the man. By the time the robots got over their confusion, Sam's family was already deep in the forest with the mysterious man.

As they ran through the forest with the man, Sam's family wanted to stop and ask the man many questions, but when they tried to ask a question the man told them, "Not now, safety first, questions later." Eventually, they arrived at the bottom of a massive cliff. The man went over to a fingerprint scanner and pressed his finger on it. Part of the cliff then opened and the man walked inside, Sam's family followed him, and the door closed behind them. They stood on what appeared to be a balcony. Many people were walking around underneath where they were standing. Sam's family was in awe at this huge city. The man turned around and said, "Welcome to the resistance!"

To be continued...

About the author

David Liu is 13 years old, and he will be attend Salasianum high school in the fall. He loves to write science fiction and horror stories. His hobbies are reading, playing the clarinet, and going to the beach.

My dearest Elizabeth,

My time grows short, my thoughts grow long. To have another day, another hour, another moment in your presence would be my greatest desire. I would die gladly if I could but see you one last time. And yet I know no such kindness will ever be shown me again, not while my heart still beats—nay, not even when they have lain me in the ground, for that great stain so cruelly ascribed to me will surely seep through the ages forever. As John lacked land, I will lack head and grace and chastity, and I will be all the worse for it, for while John's children still thrived, unblotted, it is as if I have pressed the mark of Cain upon your undeserving brow. This is my greatest crime—that I have left you not with jewels or money or titles, but with infamy. A cruel inheritance, and one I would rather take to my grave than give to you.

O Elizabeth, I still remember the day you were born. Pink-faced and squalling, they gave you into my arms with murmurs of apology. 'A girl,' they said; 'a disappointment,' they meant, and your father's eyes were stormy, though he held his tongue. But as I held you, you looked into my eyes and gave me a gummy smile, and I could not help but love you. A boy? What use was a boy, when I had the most perfect girl in the world as my own, my flesh, my blood? My Elizabeth.

They may tell you that I never cared for you, that in my hedonism I neglected you, that she-devils such as myself cannot love a child. But I would do anything for you. Like St. Margaret, I would slay a dragon if it was but bothering you; I would raise troops and don golden armor if you were threatened; I would bow my head and submit to the headman's axe, as I must do tomorrow, if doing so would save you from your father's wrath. Would that I could bear the hatred of the world! Whatever slurs and slanders they sling at me, I would gladly take them all if it meant they had none left for you. You, the purest part of my life.

You must remember who you are, Elizabeth. They will tell you that you are no Tudor, that no crown could ever rest upon your unworthy head, that you are a bastard. But you are a Tudor—and a Boleyn. You are worthy of all the crowns in the world. You are noble and good, and should the time come when the crown of England may be within your grasp, I beg you, do not hesitate. It is yours, as much as it is your father's. Nay, it is more yours, for there never was a more unnatural and cruel ruler than he; he deserves not the crown. You do, no matter what they may say. Let them grumble—this is how it's going to be.

You must remember too, Elizabeth, that love is fickle and fleeting. Your father swore to me, in front of God and all his angels, that he would love and honor me until death. He has loved me, yes; he has honored me, yes; and he has killed me. For the love that exists one day may have petered out by the next, and if you give one man your heart, most assuredly he will give it a back with a dagger sheathed in it. Take what they give you, but give nothing in return. As my mistress Margaret of Austria, God rest her soul, once told me, "If you trust yourself to those who offer you service, then my maidens, you will find yourselves in the ranks of the deceived." Be like the rose of your symbol, my Elizabeth; sweet and soft and willing on the outside, but with sharp thorns within. Be like the ocean; calm and cut like a bolt of blue silk, but boiling and roiling in the deep.

Above all else, my sweet, do not forget me in your heart. Hold my memory close to you, and I shall always keep you safe. May God be with you.

Your loving mother, from her doleful prison in the Tower, May 18th,

Anne Boleyn

About the Author

Annmarie Mullen, last of the Time Lords, the Predator, the Oncoming Storm, is a senior at Upper Darby High School. She enjoys discussing the inherent sexism in DB Weiss and David Benioff's adaptation of *Game of Thrones* and the problems with cultural appropriation on *Dance Moms*. She wishes the Philadelphia Phillies didn't stink out loud. She's hoping to go to a college that will give her a lot of money in financial aid. She would fight a dude for Sansa Stark. Chloe Lukasiak deserves the world. Bran Stark is probably asexual, pass it on. *Le temps viendra*.

Anthology Page

Evan Cornell Search

"The Eternal Sentinel"

Every night, I fall asleep by his soft red glow. If I wake up, he is standing there, ready to give me the latest information. Every morning he reminds me to get up, and I reset his timer every night. He is not gentle, though, as he yells repeatedly until I wake up. He never sleeps, I swear he must drink coffee all night. He is the guard, night and day, ticking away. Alarm clocks are truly the most faithful of guardians.



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Excerpt from "Dear Hayden"

We decided, and it was unanimous that we would adopt both cats.



I'm glad we did.

We had lots of good times together, you, me, and Pookie. We would play together, I would feed you guys, and on some days, I would come downstairs after waking up, grab a cat in both arms, and go back up to my room, where the petting fest would begin. And even if you were scared of pretty much everyone except me, I loved both of you with all my heart.

But then, the unthinkable happened: you ran away.

About the Author's Friend

Thomas Pietra is a very good friend of the author. He and the author go to school together, but do not share any classes. The author met Thomas through a mutual friend. Thomas enjoys theater, reading, and videogames. Thomas will occasionally come hang out at the author's house to play *Super Smash Bros for Wii U*, and the author will sometimes come over to Thomas's house to play *Super Smash Bros Melee* with him on Thomas's GameCube. Both Thomas and the author prefer the GameCube controller for Smash, thought they are both proficient with the Wii Remote and Nunchuck and the Wii U Pro/Classic Controller. Thomas's Smash main is Ness.

When the Willards Strike

Bert's eyes darted frantically around the room. To the left, at the corpulent middle-aged woman feasting on escargot in the corner. At the snail slime drizzling down into two trunk-thick black hairs poking from her chin. To the right, at the clean couple chatting with unpredictable honks of that unmistakable snooty rich person laughter. Sweat beaded on his brow. He hastily wiped himself with a pink satin cloth, courtesy of the mustached waiter who greeted him thirty minutes before. He froze. *The waiter. The waiter. I don't know the waiter. What if he's trying to poison me? Can you store poison in a napkin?* He threw the napkin across the table into an unoccupied seat behind his shoulder. A group of elderly women were gathered at the long black table just beyond the chair. All of them wore glittering rings that looked more expensive than most normal people's homes. *How did they get enough money for that? Did they steal it? Did they kill someone? What if they kill me? Am I about to die? I don't want to get shanked by someone's grandmother.* He tore his eyes away, jolting at the green illness beginning to froth at the bottom of his stomach. He looked up at the crystals suspended by nearly transparent chandelier strings. *Is that stable enough? Could it fall on me? Will it impale my skull while Chandelier by Sia begins to play in the distance?* His leg began to bounce as he ducked his head down to stare at his place-mat.

"Your food, sir."

Bert jumped, banging his femur the bar of metal beneath his table. He yelped and immediately clapped a hand over his mouth. *If he hears my voice he'll know how to find me. He'll record me and track me down. He must be a spy. I bet he works with the government. He must be Mitt Romney, formerly Willard Mitt, in disguise. I have to be quiet. Quietquietquiet.*

The waiter clambered over, his free hand hovering just shy of Bert's shoulder. "Sir! Are you okay? Would you like me to fetch a first aid kit?"

Bert furiously shook his head. Relief smoothed the waiter's features. He straightened his back, returning to an air of haughty professionalism, and gave a brilliant watermelon smile.

"Very well. Your food," the waiter stuck out an ornate silver tray directly in front of Bert's moist face and removed the lid with a flourish. "Enjoy."

Bert waited until the waiter had disappeared around a swan ice sculpture before chancing a closer look at the meal. It was an unreasonably extravagant arrangement of veal glazed with cranberries. *Allegedly.* He poked it with a fork. His heart dropped.

This isn't veal. This is a human being and a hearty serving of blood. They killed someone. They're cannibals. He snapped his head up and looked around wildly. A tall, oily man met his eye. Panic rose in Bert's throat. *He's in on it too. He knows I know. He's going to get me. He's going to tell the others. They'll eat me. Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no.* Bert launched himself out of his seat and flew across the room in a whirlwind of screams, tears, clattering china, and perfectly sound sanity. He slammed his entire body weight into the front door, erupting through the threshold into the thunderstorm outdoors. He sprinted down the road, screaming at a wheelchair-ridden passerby and spontaneously combusting 4.5 times.

Hushed murmurs settled in the restaurant.

A woman gazed at the door curiously, "Why, I wonder what was wrong with him."

About the Author

Alyssa Sweeney is a 17-year-old incoming junior at Springfield High School. Her interests include weeping, playing Pokémon, weeping while playing Pokémon, overanalyzing Hayao Miyazaki films and Radiohead lyrics, cracking stupid jokes, holding her five cats hostage (yes, five), and vehemently ranting about current world issues. She is an avid collector of memes and octopi. She hopes to adopt many fluffy dogs in her lifetime.

"Going Mad in the Year 3000"

I'm going mad, so they tell me.

I don't see what that means. I don't remember being not mad. Madness, my mother told me, was a sign you were alive. I read it in a book once: "We're all mad here." I don't remember what the book was called, but no one's allowed to read it now. Partly because I read it, and partly because it made no sense.

They don't like nonsense here. That's why they say I'm mad, because I like nonsense very much. I asked why I have to be locked up. I'm odd, but I'm not dangerous. "Standard procedure," they said. It's what they do now. They still let me write. They like what I write. They call me a genius. But they won't let me be around people.

That's strange, because people like what I write too. I'd like to talk to people about it, to hear what it is people like and what my writing means to them. They won't let me. Because I'm going mad. But I was always mad. Everyone is mad. They think they can stop that. They think they can make people be "normal." That's why I'm not allowed to be around people. People think I'm normal.

I'm not going to give them what I'm writing now to publish. They'll burn it, and I worked very hard on it. They don't want people to think that they discourage creativity, so they publish anything that doesn't say where I actually am and what I'm actually doing. They're clever. And stubborn.

When I go mad, they say, they'll fix me and make me normal. Then I can go back and be around people. I don't know what they mean by "normal," but it sounds wrong. I feel scared when they say it. Madness *is* my normal, but it's not theirs. They don't like things that aren't their normal. So I suppose, yes, I will be going mad.

"Follow the Yellow Brick Road"

It didn't sound that hard. Just follow the yellow-brick road. Now, if the Munchkins had said "Follow the yellow-brick road for like 50 frickin' miles," I wouldn't have bothered. I've been doing this for three hours and I still can't see this "Emerald City" everyone's so excited about. Walking endlessly through cornfields and woods seems like way too much trouble for an idea. There has to be an easier way to get inspiration.

I kind of want to just turn around and go home, but I've been dry for weeks. Usually if I stare at the paper and let my mind wander, I eventually think of something worth writing, but all I've gotten recently is a joke about a scarecrow, a tin man, and a lion who all walk into a bar. It's not that great a joke. Hence the endless trek through Oz.

It's not that bad, I guess. The weather's okay and Oz is a pretty nice-looking place. If only the flying monkeys would shut up. They keep flying lower and lower; it's a little creepy, like they're stalking me or something. I don't get why they have to be monkeys, a flying tiger would be much more intimidating. I'd kind of like to see a flying tiger attack. Well, not an actual flying tiger attack, that would be horrible. It'd make a great story, though.

...Oh, you've got to be kidding me.

About the Author

Sawyer Thomson is odd. He lives, attends high school (not right now, since it's summer), and writes stories of a bizarre and often frightening nature in Media, PA. In his 17 years, Thomson has garnered many achievements, including, but not limited to expulsion from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, forcible removal from the Mos Esley Cantina, and an official ordinance forbidding him from setting foot in the kingdom of Narnia.

To Cody

When I brought you home, you were a wheaten-red loaf of bread. You picked me, a bursting package of oversized paws, ears, and face, when you ran to me as your brothers and sister occupied their urges with other activities. As I held you, I told the breeder that I wanted you to come live with me and be my best friend, and she told me it had already been decided. She knew her Rhodesian Ridgebacks. We mustn't challenge the universe.

At home, fourteen inches of fresh snow wanted you to explore our yard, your playground. A little dynamo of puppy happiness discovered that snow is soft and delicious and crunchy and wonderful that day, and you didn't realize that you should be cold without the guard coat and extra fat of your cousins on another branch of the canine tree.

Inside, you found that fire was your friend and you practically climbed into the fireplace until you curled up on the hearth and dozed as satisfied as a king in his kingdom, which of course, you were.

You slept on a fat pillow next to my bed, always within reach of my touch during the night. Each morning, your wrinkly-faced yawn warmed my heart. Until I had to get ready for work, you'd climb up under my hoodie and nestle your nose under my chin as if it had always belonged there, which of course, it did. When you were too big to fit under the hoodie, you merely curled up next to me for those too-few minutes.

In time, our daily walks were your religion and your faith was strong. Our enemies were the cars traveling the labyrinthine streets of our neighborhood, which didn't respect your need for freedom. I tempered your drive with only a leash and my voice. This was a good plan, but our afternoons offered a better one. At Rose Tree Park, the only enemy was the law that said dogs must be leashed. We broke that law for your enjoyment. Worth it, brother.

On a spring walk, once, you stopped abruptly and gazed upward to a tree branch about 12 feet above us. A red-tailed hawk fixed on a branch studied you with equal parts awe and fear, yet yielding nothing. Two of God's magnificent creatures, one of the earth and one of the sky, taking just enough time to ponder the moment and no more.

At the nursing home, you gave happiness to those who had forgotten happiness. I was proud and glad to share you with your friends, such as Grace. She was perfectly named. You took it hard when she died.

The day I had always dreaded finally came one Thanksgiving. When you wouldn't eat, the doctor said, *we live this long, but they live this long*. His hand gestures told the tale properly. My struggle was balancing not wanting you to leave my life with your need to be free from suffering. Though your face said *I will never leave you*, your body said *I have completed my journey*. Our last few days together were the best and the worst. I knew that, soon, you would start to suffer as your body would fail you. Time was short for us.

When it was time, your doctor gave you comfort with his potion. I read some poems and said some prayers and your doctor, who loved you, too, made everything perfect for the hated moment. After having forged a life of joy and companionship, we completed the cycle. I returned your body to the earth and your spirit to the universe, as is the way.

Whitman says:

If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

*You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.*

*Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.*

Godspeed, friend.

Mike LoBiondo is a retired high school English teacher. He joined the Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project in 2003 and has been a teacher in the Young Writers/Young Readers summer program since 2004.

Fantasy, Science Fiction, and Horror Writing

Teacher: Don LaBranche

Name	Grade completed
Marques Brockington	9
Scott Clifford	8
Miranda Essig	9
Connor Evans-Ralston	6
Kenzie Newburg-Snyder	6
Austin Robertson	6
Christine Schmitt	8
Jessica Scovell	11
Lauren Wrightstone	8

The Story Of The Humble

Inspired by the social experiment: WHAT IF THE HOMELESS GAVE YOU MONEY? - YouTube

Written by Marques Brockington

“It’s humility that allows men to become like angels, while pride is what turns angels into devils”.

This was the quote that came to my mind when I faced the man before me. All day, I have been trying to give back to the people of this world because I have everything I need in life and “no one every goes poor from giving”. Some have repaid me by also giving while others, in disgust, turn briskly away and leave me in my solitude, but this man was much different from all the others. If he was only rejecting my gift, that would have been one thing, but this man is taking his own wealth for granted. For where he is wealthy in stature, he is poor in his heart and I pity him because it is so full of pride, no kindness or acceptance can shine through.

About the Author

Marques Benjamin-Whigham Brockington was born September 16th 1999, during hurricane Floyd to Colleen Karen (KC) Whigham and Mark Jay Brockington. He is currently fifteen years old. Marques became interested in writing when he was in the seventh grade, when his reading teacher made the class do short stories for homework. He was delighted to discover that not only did he find them easy to write, but enjoyed it as well. Not just writing them, but also (if he were proud of the material) sharing it with others. This inspired him to continue his journey of placing his pen to paper and making his dreams a reality!

The Returning Hero, a Gothic Piece

The grave, now avenged, was bathed in an ethereal light originating from an unknown source Christian could not see.

His marred and wounded knee planted itself firmly into the earth. His boot stood beside it, tall and erect. He plunged the bare tip of his sacred blade on to the rocky soil. The prayer he breathed carried the words of those that passed thousands of years before.

The chains of his boots rattled as Christian drew himself to his full height. Pivoting, he trotted with a gait slowly back to the warm hearth that awaited him.

Darkness was nigh as Christian finally approached the wooden fortress that he and his fathers before him called home. He pounded upon the old oak door a hard knock, and in response the quick and anxious princess opened it without a word.

The hero strolled past her, bringing about him an air of confidence that the red blaze burning in the hearth quivered back, afraid. Looking at a painting, an old family heirloom, he said, "It is done."

The woman covered her mouth as her eyes widened into pure shock. She then wept, silently, so that the young man in front of her couldn't hear her cry tears of joy.

About the Author

Scott Clifford is a soon to be ninth grader participating at Fugett Middle School. He mostly reads fantasy, but he mixes in bit of sci-fi as well. Otherwise he likes to play non-traditional board games and the Challenger RPG.

My Anthology Page

By: Miranda Essig

“Emergency Rooms”

If I open up my chest for you, will you take a look inside?

Peek at the rust that keeps my heart from beating in time,

Check the lead that weighs down my bones,

Help me to feel as if I am in fact made of them and not a bag of heavy stones.

And if we have time, maybe dust out the cobwebs and scare away ghosts that haunt me with dread?

You know the ones who have made themselves at home in the dark corners of my head?

(Alternatively, get to know them perhaps they just need a little love too.)

If I am What I 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 Grandmothers' cursive writing,
& a over-sized sweater.

If I am what I love, then maybe I love myself after all.

About the Author

Miranda Essig is fifteen, going on sixteen, and a soon to be sophomore. She has been a part of this writing program for six years and counting. She is addicted to monster energy drinks, books, writing, milkshakes, and music. One day she would like to travel the world and hopefully publish a book along the way. That's about it.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

July 14, 2015

By: Connor Jared Evans- Ralston

Jason Donahay walked down the congested streets of Trenton, New Jersey. His life was miserable. He kept thinking of everything bad- coffees too cold, he was family less, he barely had any friends, etc. He was walking back to his lousy apartment on 44th street. There was a cockroach infestation that nobody had the will- or the money- to fix. To add to all of that, he had just been fired from his job at Maverick and Johnsons, the best law firm in New Jersey. Even though he had a horrible salary, he liked the job. He liked to help people. Yet I was a pessimist that had no friends, Jason thought solemnly.

A car horn woke him out of his pity party. He had walked right into the street. Distracted as usual, he thought has he jogged to the other side of the street. That's what got him fired in the first place. He had delved too deep in to a case that wasn't his, and found something he shouldn't have. He should call the police, but who would believe a bitter attorney who had just gotten fired. Jason thought that things couldn't get any worse, but he was wrong. But the worst things could lead to the greatest achievements.

About the Author

Connor Evans- Ralston is currently 12 years old and is attending seventh grade at Penns Grove middle school this August. He has one younger sister, Elizabeth. He lives in Oxford, and has for most of his life. He enjoys playing video games, writing, and reading. His favorite author is Michael Crichton.

Untitled

By Mackenzie Newburg - Snyder

Tired of his stupid laugh that would never cease, his vocal cords were not his to control.

The people in skyscrapers controlled him from the day he was born. They made him flip burgers every day of his meaningless life. They forced him to be "best friends" with an idiot he hated more than life.

And then they would throw him into a patch of jellyfish, armed with only a lousy net. Oh, the pain he would feel. It stung his body. It mocked his meaningless existence.

He hated the ones who forced words into his mouth, thoughts into his mind, actions into his body. Oh, when would the pain ever stop?

I'm ready.

I'm ready.

I'm ready.

About the Author

Kenzie is the average nerd going into seventh grade at Harford Day School in Maryland. She can tell you almost anything about everything in the Marvel Cinematic Universe and spends most of her time writing, reading, and on FanFiction and survives off of bubble gum and daydreams.

The Coffee Shop

By Austin Robertson

He was wearing a black overcoat with black shining boots. I could see some kind of uniform behind the overcoat. He was still wearing his sunglasses and his hair was gray. I shivered. Something was wrong with him. He turned his head and I felt like he was staring right into my eyes. I looked away and shrank back. I let the scents of coffee and tea enter my nostrils. I let the noise of the people in the shop calm me down. I looked at the man again. This time I wouldn't shrink back. I should've though. He looked at the person brewing coffee next to me; I shall not mention her name for your sake. He held out his hand and pointed it at the employee. I saw a hole in his hand that was glowing. I just stared. Everything happened in slow motion. It was as if the whole room had gone silent. The employee burst into flames. The employee was followed by a person entering the shop. The person caught on fire and soon turned into dust. More people burst into flames. Screams surrounded me and I stood riveted to my spot. Another person burst into flames. That person turned to dust just like the others. People ran out of the shop. People hid. People screamed. But I didn't. It was as if I was already dead. I couldn't control my body. I wanted to run but I couldn't. He started to turn around. I wanted to duck. I wanted to run. I was frozen to the spot. I couldn't control my mouth and force it to let out a sound. I didn't move a muscle. He looked right at me. But soon he turned to another person. Why? I may never know. That day changed my life forever. I lived. But nobody else did. I wonder about it here and there, occasionally I will try and relive that day. One day I hope to forget, because some things are best forgotten.

About the Author

Austin is, at the moment, 12 years old and is going into 7th Grade at the Episcopal Academy. His date of birth was May 19th, 2003. He lives with his sister, Katie (9) and two pet dogs, Scooter (5), and Perry (3) in Chadds Ford PA. He enjoys playing squash and golf games. He also loves reading and playing video games.

My Anthology Page

By: Christine Tang Schmitt

Dear Diary

I feel sad. She won't talk to me, she won't even look to me.
I try to be nice to her, dress her up with fancy clothes, ask her about her day.
She's always so scared, I tell her not to be afraid, but she just rolls her eyes back into her head. I don't understand, I'm so kind. She stays silent most of the time.
Other times her head will fall into her lap like she's crying.
She's looking pale, maybe I should take her out more often.
I want to take her out, but people will think she's weird. She's starting to smell rotten, it attracts flies. Maybe it's time I bury her.

Who She Wants to be

She wants to be the cover girl in *Teen Vogue*,
with her perfect smile, her perfect hair, and her perfect body,
She wants to be the daughter her mother always wanted her to be,
She wants to be the student her teacher believes she is,
She wants to be like her sisters, beautiful and independent,
She strives to be like the girl everyone thinks she is,
But, because,
No matter how hard you try,
No matter how loud you yell,
No matter how many mountains you move,
She will not change just because you want her to,
For the ugly words you scream at her will never compare for the love she has for herself
She will be,
Who She Wants to be.

About the Author

Christine is a thirteen year old girl going into her freshman year of highschool. She believes strongly in women's liberation as well as practicing radical self loving. Christine is an avid reader in Horror and Mystery novels and would like to pursue a career in writing.

Daily Deal

by Jessica Scovell

The man on the screen with the crocodile grin boisterously extolls the virtues of the latest and greatest model of vacuum cleaner. Steven Beatty doesn't care about vacuum cleaners or the man with the too bright teeth and the too perfect hair. "Change the channel," he instructs his wife, Linda.

Linda doesn't look away from the screen. "No," she says, "I'm watching this."

The smiling man is demonstrating how well the vacuum can suck up orderly lines of cereal, flour, and rice.

"You don't need a new vacuum cleaner."

"Maybe I *want* a new vacuum cleaner."

"Maybe you should get a job and pay for it yourself."

The vacuum cleaner comes with six attachments, the smiling man informs them, each more important than the last.

"Maybe," Linda says slowly, "I already have a job."

Steven scoffs. "You have a secret job?"

"Maybe."

They should buy one now, the smirking man says, or they'll regret it.

"What is this supposed job?" Steven asks incredulously.

Linda frowns. "What's so unbelievable about me having a job?"

"I find it unbelievable that you think you could get a job without me noticing."

"Oh, you notice everything, do you?"

"I'd notice *that*."

Linda leans forward and turns the volume up.

Hurry, the leering man urges, your time is running out.

Steven decides he doesn't like the hungry look on the man's face. "Come on, Linda. Turn it off."

"You turn it off," she says and leaves the room as Steven finally turns to look at her.

"Time's up!" the man on TV announces gleefully, ravenous eyes locked on Steven's back. "Sorry, folks, guess you missed your chance."

Jessica Scovell, despite appearances, is nearly an adult humanoid, soon to be ejected from the Mothership so as to embark upon a great and epic quest of self-discovery and what not. She still has a ways to go, though, and intends to spend her remaining time raising race unicorns and writing poetry that doesn't rhyme.

You know how people say “the night is young” when it’s early in the evening? Well, they’re wrong. The night is not young. The night is very, very *old*.

Jamie, as far as he knew, was human. There were no extra limbs or special powers to define Jamie as non-human. But, every once in a while, he would get angry. Now, I don’t mean annoyed, or aggravated, or jealous. I mean proper anger, grind-your-enemies-to-dust anger. That was when something dark would flash in his eyes, something dark enough to scare away any potential friends Jamie could have had.

Ophelia wasn’t normal. She was constantly in and out of the psych ward, usually for anger management, but occasionally for other things. She had a strange, otherworldly presence, one that had caused her mother to name her Ophelia instead of Amy after weeks of debating. Ophelia wasn’t normal, but she was human... right?

Verity was popular. She knew that, her parents knew that, her high school knew that. But, they also knew that people who wronged her usually ended up catatonic and mumbling about the dark. So, maybe Verity had some power behind her, but she was still human, because her parents were.

But what if something could lay dormant inside someone for thirty years, or twenty- four, or seventeen? Would they still be considered human?

About the Author:

Lauren Wrightstone is fourteen years old and is just starting ninth grade at Avon Grove High School. She enjoys reading, writing, and swimming.

On Thursday nights Jean Baptiste dreamt of the Story-teller. She came and asked the very same question, "Once upon a time...?"

Jean woke up and put his hands against the two cold walls of his cell. He was breathing fast and hard on his cot. He wondered if he had been crying. He hoped not as then the guard would make a note of it in his log, which would come to the attention of the psychologist. Then there would be questions he would not want to answer. The psychologist would note his reluctance to cooperate. The assistant warden would get involved. Jean would rather keep the Story-teller away from the authorities.

The dreams had started after one of his first encounters six months ago. The woman had touched him in the dark, down by the canals, and it seemed as if he stayed "touched", if you take my meaning. It was like she wanted something to grow in him after a seed had been planted. She wouldn't let up until she got the story she wanted.

He lay back down on the cot, his head rested on the block of soft wood he had been given for a pillow, and waited.

Sleep. Then the back roads of New Orleans Parish, 18th century. Mosquitoes. The gate and high walls of an early cemetery. The snake diviners. A single drumbeat from somewhere far away.

Like always he heard her voice, getting louder in the dark, as if she was walking toward him. "Once upon a time..."

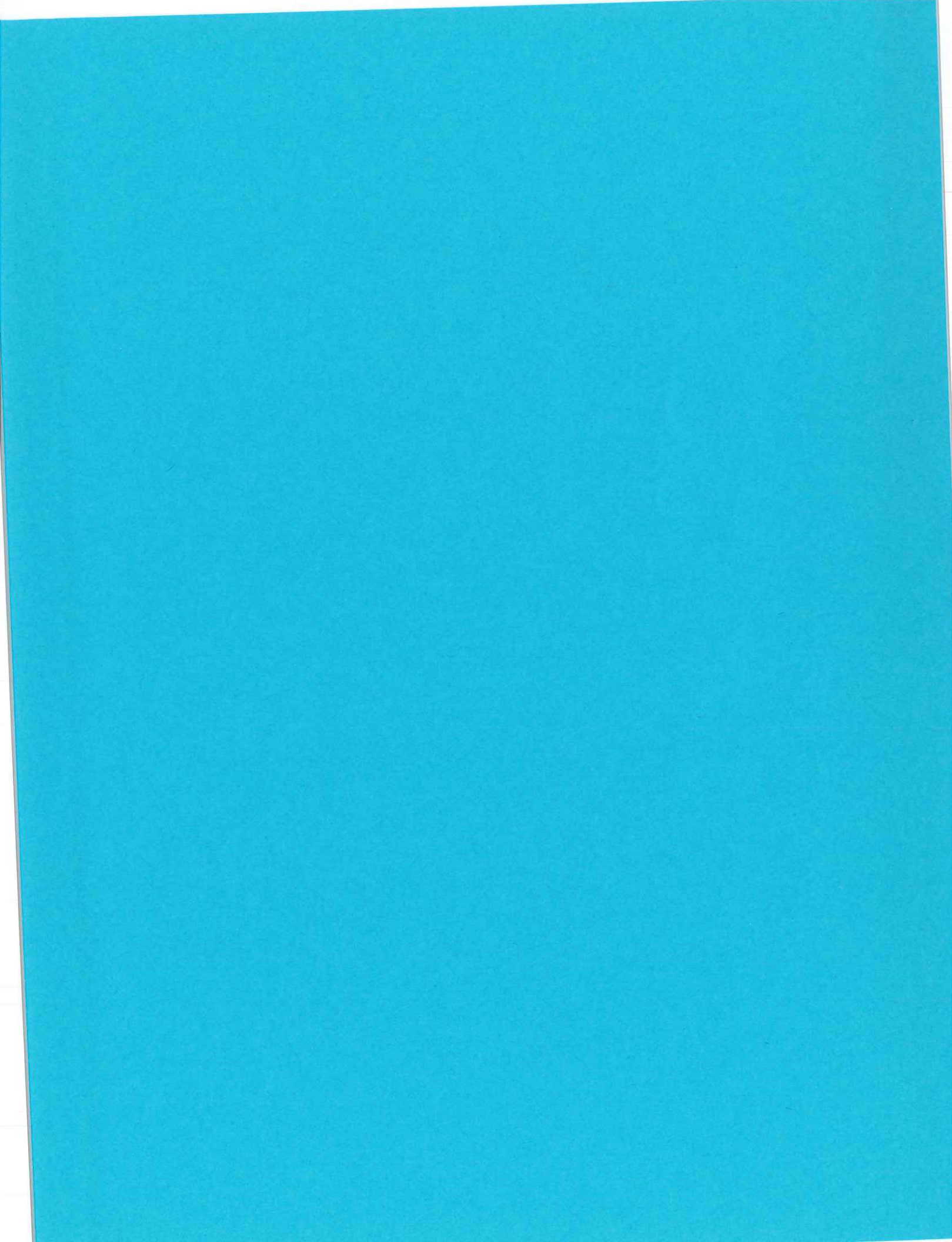
Then Jean Baptiste, "Mother Snake came out of the water. She was hungry but her jaws ached still from last week's crocodile.

Then Mamma Story "She knew where the child was hiding. She heard it shivering in the knee deep water."

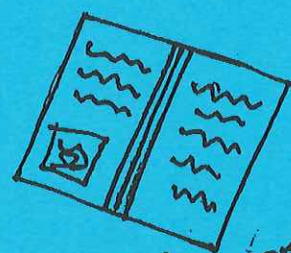
Then Jean, "But Mother Snake owed a debt that she could be free of if she let the child be. But she was hungry. But she owed a powerful debt."

Jean stirred on his cot, then slept alone in the dark cell until well after breakfast.

Donald LaBranche is grateful to these students for getting us free of the labyrinth. That was a close one.



PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs



31st Annual Young Writers/Young Readers Program



At West Chester University, PA



A B C...

Student's Name

Jhan Setthachayanon