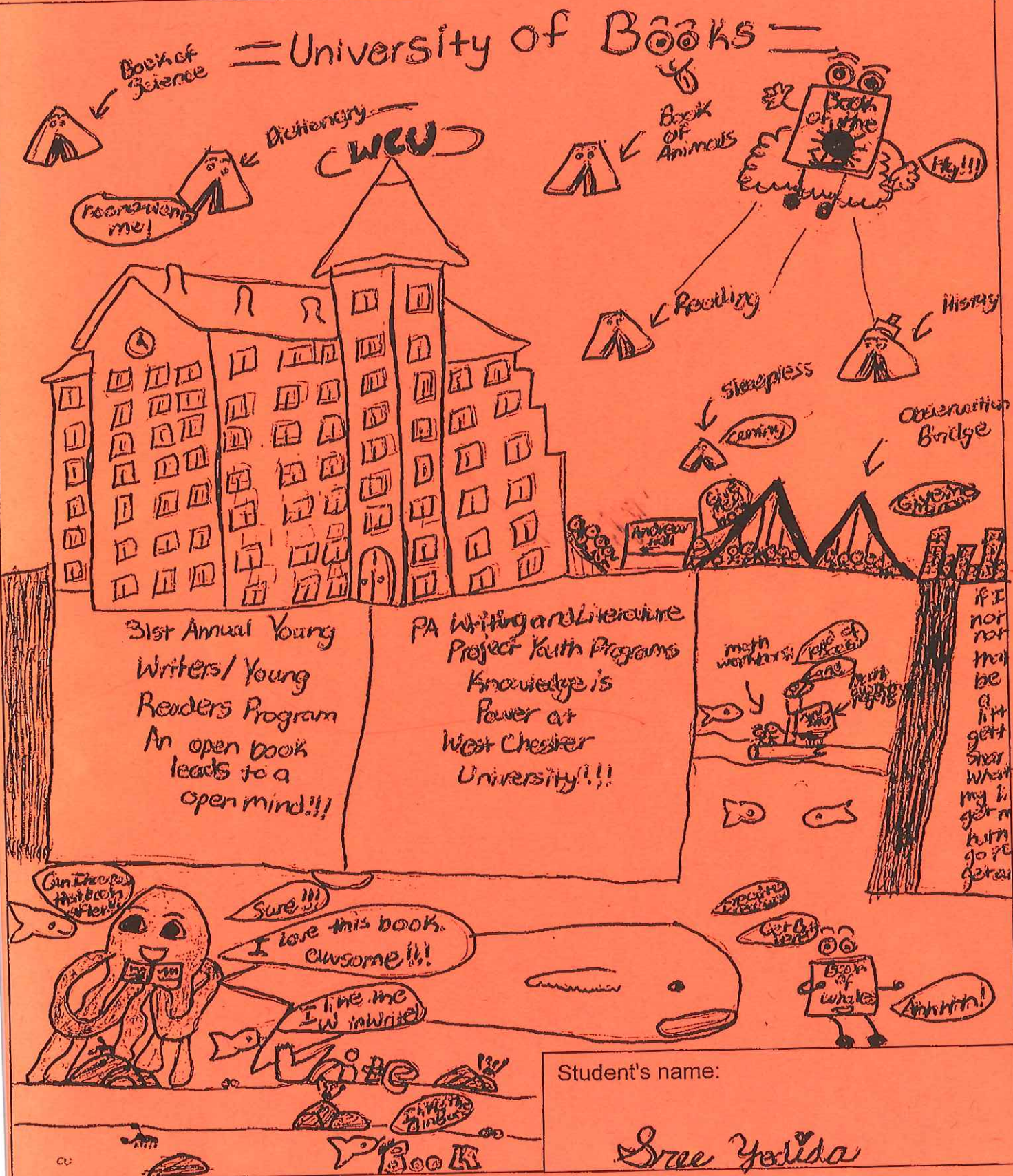


PA Writing and Literature Project Youth Programs



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

Thirty one years ago a summer writing program for students in grades K through 11 commenced on the campus of West Chester University sponsored by the PA Writing and Literature Project. We are so proud that the program has grown and continues to serve the students in area schools! Students from kindergarten through 11th grade attended Session III and worked diligently to produce two anthologies: one for the Teen and Middle School Writers and one for all other Young Writers/Young Readers. The content of the pieces reflect their personal thoughts, revision, and editing skills.

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

The children worked on developing the skills necessary to complete the writing process including prewriting activities, revising techniques and editing skills. They shared in groups, as well as with partners. Conferring with the teachers also encouraged writers to return to their work and look at it with a more critical eye and to take risks with their writing. In this anthology you will read the pieces that the children chose as their favorite pieces from the two-week session.

I would like to express my appreciation and thanks to Dr. Mary Buckelew, Director of the Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project, for her support of our program and her positive energy, problem solving capabilities, and leadership; and to Karen Pawlewicz, co-director of Young Writers/Young Readers for her leadership, encouragement, and friendship.

A very special expression of thanks is extended to Ann Mascherino, who fields countless questions, keeps current on mountains of paperwork, problem solves, and never loses her cool. In addition, my thanks goes out to our WCU student aide, Brett, who worked behind the scenes getting our materials ready for this session and helped with the camp every day. I would like to express my gratitude to the teachers who are outstanding professionals and are clearly dedicated to helping their students develop as proficient readers and writers. They make our summer program exemplary 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.

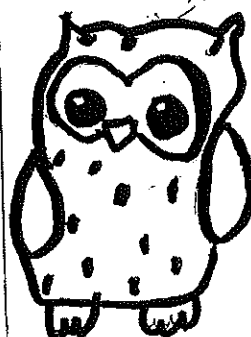
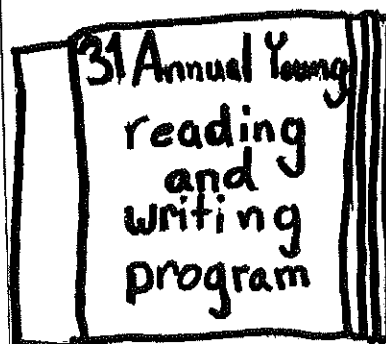
Kathy Garrison, WCU Site Coordinator, Session III

31st Annual Young
Writers/Young readers
Program



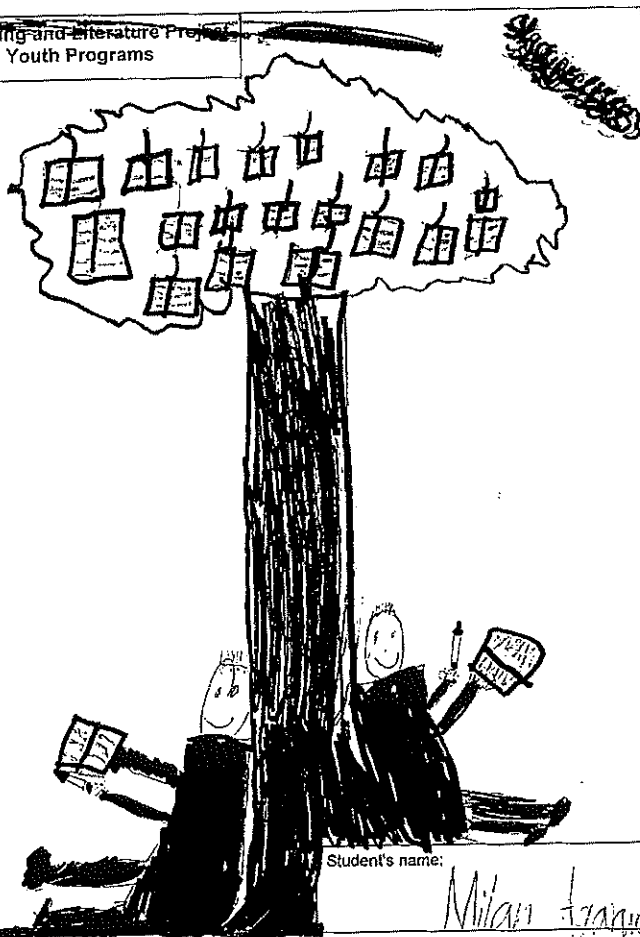
Student's name:

Raina Stromm



Student's name:

Jennifer Lily Ding



Student's name:

Milan Ljancic

Reading and writing

ROCKS

WCU

Student's name:

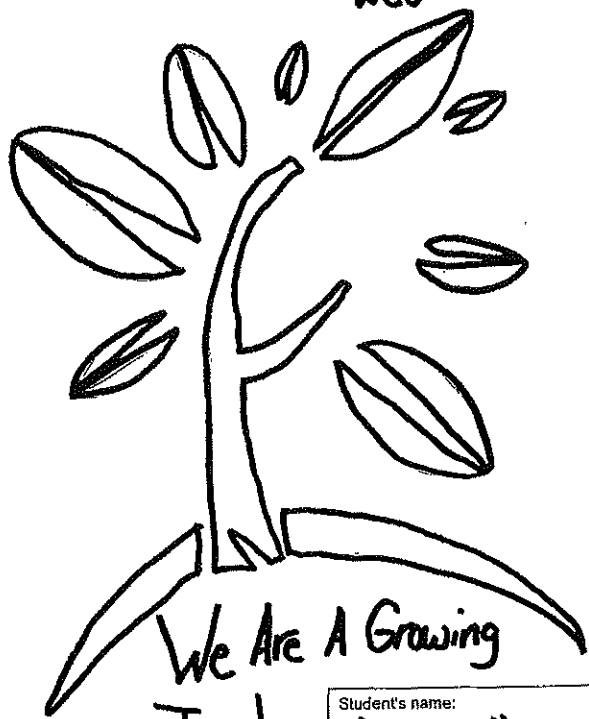
Livia Li

Young Writers/Young Readers

Teacher: Renee Jacobs

Name:	Grade completed:
Aditi Banda	K
Thomas Chen	1
Juliana Dong	1
Sara Gupta	1
Darby Kephart	1
Aashritha Koya	1
Alexander Li	1
Kevin Li	K
Yuvan Polireddy	K
Akshara Raparla	1
Andy Zhang	K
Anna Zhang	K
Violet Zhang	1
Rock Zheng	1
Luke Zhong	1
Claire Zhou	1

31st Annual Young Writers/ Young Readers Program WCU



We Are A Growing
Tree!

Student's name:

Jessica Nguyen

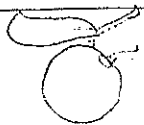


sailing with
words

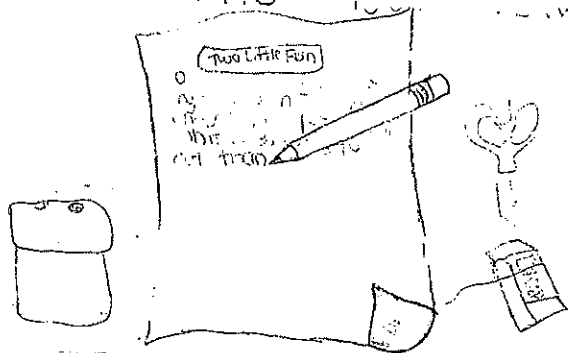
tart grip big ^{cat} Book at
pig ^{small} go live Stop Sh ^{good} e

Student's name:

Claire

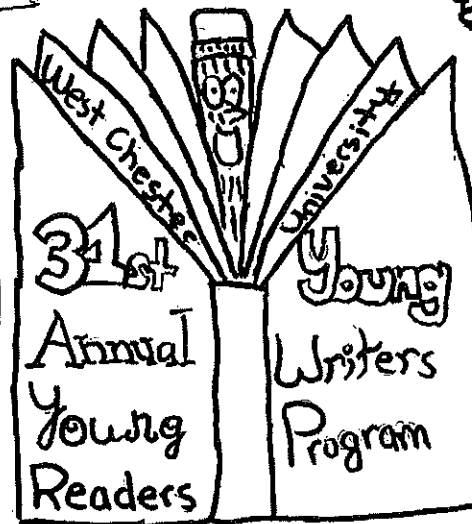
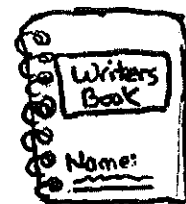


Have Fun While
Writing Every Single
Day



Student's name:

Alexandra



Student's name:

Anika Jaswal

I Am

I am a smart

I wonder about babies before they are
born

I hear my brother calling my name

I want my parents to get me toys

I worry about my dad

I am smart

I pretend I am a mermaid

I feel happy

I say I am fun

I hope you feel good

I am smart

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would go to the
ice cream store and I would give
money even though they can't see
me. Then I would tickle mom, dad,
and Saket's feet.

Aditi

small, caring, smart

Lover of dad

Who is afraid of scary movies

Who needs clothes

Who would like to meet Abraham

Lincoln

Who is pretty

Banda

About The Author

Aditi Banda is six years old. She lives with her mom, dad, and brother. She goes to Pocopson Elementary School and will be starting first grade in the fall. Aditi enjoys writing, gymnastics, and swimming.

I Am

I am strong

I wonder what I will be when I grow up

I hear Vincent repeating me

I want toys

I worry about Grand mom

I am strong

I pretend that I can't hear

I feel mad sometimes

I say good night when I go to sleep

I hope I can have bubble gum

I am strong

Thomas

sleepy, lazy, strong

Lover of basketball

Who is afraid of eels

Who needs family

Who would like to meet Santa

Who is nice

Chen

If I Could ...

If I could travel anywhere in the world I would go to China. In China I will eat good food. I would also play Minecraft.

About The Author

Thomas Chen is seven years old. He lives with his mom, dad, brother, and sister. He attends Exton Elementary School and will be starting second grade in the fall. Thomas enjoys playing basketball with his friends and going to Chinese school.

There Ought to be a Law...

If children could make laws they
would be that parents have to do
their kid's homework. Another law
would be for kids to watch TV,
rest, stay up late, and play
everyday without getting in
trouble.

I Am

I am smart

I wonder what mom and dad do at work

I hear Winston laughing and crying

I want Lego sets

I worry about my schoolwork

I am smart

Juliana

tall, caring, neat

Lover of dogs

Who is afraid of scary movies

Who needs my family

Who would like to meet Niki

Who is creative

I pretend to be a princess

I feel happy when I play with mom and
dad

I say thank you for my family

I hope to be a teacher

I am smart

Dong

About The Author

Juliana Dong is six years old. She lives with her mom, dad, grandma, grandpa, brother, and sister. She goes to Pocopson Elementary School and will be starting second grade in the fall. Juliana enjoys drawing, reading, and playing tag with her sister.

Camping with Dad

One day Sara and her dad were camping. They had to pack a backpack for the camping equipment, like marshmallows. They also had to carry a tent and sleeping bags. All of the equipment was heavy. As they were walking down the trail they were feeling worried. Next, they sat for a breath because the equipment was heavy. Camping was difficult. When they got back on the trail they were walking. They noticed a book under the tree. Her dad picked it up. It was a How to Camp Guide. They used the camp guide to make camping easier.

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would sneak in houses and take stuff but leave money for what I took. I would hug my mom and dad. I would give children any presents they want.

About The Author

Sara Gupta is seven years old. She lives with her mom, dad, and her little brother, Jai. She also has a fish named Dumbo. Sara has family in other parts of the world including India and Australia. Sara goes to Mary C. House Elementary School. Sara enjoys crafts, piano lessons, learning gymnastics, and playing with her little brother.

Darby

Pretty, kind, loving

Lover of cats

Who is afraid of foxes

Who needs clothes

Who would like to meet George

Washington

Who is sweet

Kephart

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would sneak
inside of a candy shop and take
candy. Then I would leave money.

I would also take toys and leave
old clothes for poor people to get.

I Am

I am smart

I wonder what job I will do

I hear Jack and Picky meowing

I want to fly

I worry about my family

I am smart

I pretend to be a princess

I feel happy when I get candy

I say I love you mommy

I hope I will go to Paris

I am smart

About The Author

Darby Kephart is seven years old. She lives with her mom, dad, sister, two brothers, and her two cats. She goes to Glen Acres Elementary School and will be starting second grade in the fall. Darby enjoys swim team, basketball, and playing tennis with her friends.

Aashritha

Nice, loving, playful

Lover of gymnastics

Who is afraid of horror movies

Who needs water

Who would like to meet Santa

Who is friendly

Koya

I Am

I am smart

I wonder what I will be when I grow up

I hear Anvitha crying

I want to play games with my family

I worry that I won't be a dolphin trainer

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would buy something for my neighbors and leave it for them to find. I would also want to wake up in the middle of the night and scare my sister. When my sister stretches her legs I will secretly touch her back to scare her.

I am smart

I pretend to be a cartoon character

I feel happy when my parents buy me what I want

I say thank you

I hope the world can all be nice together

I am smart

About The Author

Aashritha Koya is seven years old. She lives with her mom, dad, and sister. She goes to North Star Elementary School and will be starting second grade in the fall. Aashritha enjoys singing, dancing, and spending time with family.

Alex

strong, happy, smart

Lover of ice cream

Who is afraid of alligators

Who needs a bed

Who would like to meet The Beatles

Who is awesome

Li

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would go to Yuvan's house to play. I would also take ice cream. Lastly, I would build a cloning machine and time travel device.

I Am

I am strong

I wonder what I will be when I grow up

I hear joy

I want a home

I worry about my family

I am strong

I pretend I am old

I feel glad when I go to sleep

I say I love you to my family

I hope I will be rich

I am strong

About The Author

Alex Li is seven years old. He lives with his mom, dad, and two sisters. He goes to West Vincent Elementary School and will be starting second grade in the fall. Alex enjoys spending time with his friends. He also plays ice hockey and chess.

If I Were Invisible

If I were invisible I would go to the airport and fly an airplane. I would make it go upside down. It can go left and right. I can fly high and it can shoot lasers. It can shoot any kind of laser and ten lasers at one time!

Kevin

Powerful, helpful, smart
Lover of basketball
Who is afraid of sharks
Who needs water
Who would like to meet Santa
Who is special

Li

I Am

I am thankful

I wonder what job I will have

I hear Mason laughing

I want a new toy

I am a thankful

I pretend to be a superhero

I feel happy

I hope I can give my mom a necklace

I am thankful

About The Author

Kevin Li is six years old. He lives with his mom, dad, baby brother, and his grandparents. He enjoys school and will be starting first grade in the fall. Kevin likes to ride his bike and play basketball.

Paleontology

If I were a paleontologist I would study
Tasmanian tigers. I would study Dodo
birds.

Yuvan

Messy, good boy, hungry
Lover of animals
Who is afraid of sharks
Who needs his iPod
Who would like to meet Vishoo
Who is a brother
Polireddy

I Am

I am strong

I wonder about dragons

I hear my dad sleeping

I want a dog

I worry about being in the dark

I am strong

I pretend to be a soldier

I feel happy at the water park

I hope for friendship

I am strong

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would not take
tests. I would go to Alex's house to
play invisible tennis.

About The Author

Yuvan Polireddy is six years old. He lives with his mom, dad, and brother.
He goes to Valley Forge Elementary School and will be starting first grade
in the fall. Yuvan enjoys playing with his brother and reading books.

I Am

I am fast

I wonder if I will be the best piano player
I hear lots of noises
I want to be the best doctor
I worry about my family when they are
sick

I am fast

I pretend to be a singer
I feel happiness
I say "okay" when I should do something
I hope I have fun

I am fast

Akshara

Nice, fast, artist
Lover of Aneesh
Who is afraid of snakes
Who needs books
Who would like to meet Katy Perry
Who is creative

Raparla

All About My Family ...

I love my family because once we
went on a boat with our cousins.
The driver took us to the beach. I
love my family because they take
us to the movies and because
they let me play outside.

About The Author

Akshara Raparla is seven years old. She lives with her mom, dad, grandma, grandpa, and her brother. She goes to Pickering Valley Elementary School and will be starting second grade in the fall. Akshara enjoys drawing, reading, and playing tennis at camp.

There Ought to be a Law...

If children could make laws there would be a law that allows children to do anything. Another law would make all toys and candy one penny.

I Am

I am strong

I wonder if aliens are real

I hear Grandpa cooking in the kitchen

I want toys

I worry about money

I am strong

I pretend I am flying

I feel happy

I say that I am funny

I hope that my mom can stay with me everyday

I am strong

Andy

funny, small, weird

Lover of sports

Who is afraid of the dark

Who needs food

Who would like to meet Santa

Who is silly

Zhang

About The Author

Andy Zhang is six years old. He lives with his mom, dad, and his sister. He goes to Pocopson Elementary School and will be starting first grade in the fall. Andy enjoys spending time with friends, watching movies, and playing hockey.

Anna

Happy, pretty, short

Lover of puppies

Who is afraid of the dark

Who needs a stuffed animal

Who would like to meet George

Washington

Who is excited

Zhang

I Am

I am thankful

I wonder about the future

I hear The Lego movie playing

I want to be a princess

I worry about my mom

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would sneak in the car and go with my mom to work. I would go to a friend's house and take one toy and bring it back later. I would also go to an ice cream shop and eat ice cream and leave some money.

I am thankful

I pretend to be a fairy

I feel tired when I play too late

I say, "yes" to practicing piano

I hope my mom stays here forever

I am thankful

About The Author

Anna Zhang is six years old. She lives with her mom, dad, and her brother. She goes to Pocopson Elementary School and will be starting first grade in the fall. Anna enjoys playing the piano, playing basketball at the YMCA, watching movies, and dancing.

I Am

I am honest

I wonder what I am going to be
when I grow up

I hear peaceful music

I want to dance

I worry about my sick dog

I am honest

I pretend to fly

I feel my pounding heart on the
stage

I say how do you do

I hope my family is still alive when

I am 58

I am honest

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would go to a candy store and eat all the candy. I would skip school and go home to eat ice cream and popsicles. I would also want to go back stage at a Taylor Swift concert.

Violet

Messy, lazy, nice

Lover of ice cream

Who is afraid of lightening

Who needs her bed

Who would like to meet Taylor

Swift

Who is amazing

Zhang

The Best Gift I Ever Received

The best gift I was ever given was a new violin and a new dress that my dad bought for me. I wear my dress while I play the violin.

About The Author

Violet Zhang is seven years old. She lives with her mom and dad. She goes to Chadds Ford Elementary School and will be starting second grade in the fall. Violet enjoys dance class and playing with her friends.

Rock

strong, fast, smart

Lover of games

Who is afraid of spiders

Who needs his bed

Who would like to meet Santa

Who is good

Zheng

I Am

I am strong

I hear Ben playing Minecraft

I want Pokémon cards

I worry that I can't play

I am strong

I pretend to be a clown

I feel happy when mom takes me to

McDonald's

I hope I get Pokémon cards

I am strong

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would buy
Pokémon cards. I would play on
my iPad. I would also eat Ice
cream. Then I would hide my
brother's phone.

About The Author

Rock Zheng is seven years old. He lives with his mom, dad, brother, and sister. He goes to West Vincent Elementary School and will be starting second grade in the fall. Rock enjoys playing Minecraft and riding his scooter.

The Portal

One day Luke, Joseph, and the dog Lunar were playing fetch. When Luke threw the stick they heard a loud clank! They decided to find out what happened. They saw a portal! They decided to go through the portal. They saw a lot of metal houses with guards.

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would play tricks on my teacher. I would take their apple so they will think the apple is floating. Another thing I would do is chores around the house. My family would be so surprised to see a clean house!

About The Author

Luke Zhong is seven years old. He lives in Chester Springs, PA with his mom, dad, and brothers, Matthew and Kyle. He goes to Pickering Valley Elementary School and will be starting second grade in the fall. Luke enjoys playing video games, tennis, and basketball.

Candy Queen's Problem

One sparkling day, Shine was reading a newspaper. At the end of the newspaper she read it three times. She couldn't believe her eyes! It said: who can save Candy Island from Queen Bit? Candy Queen is in big trouble!

If I Were Invisible...

If I were invisible I would visit everyone to see what is in their houses. I would get candy and pay for it. I would look in the SPCA to see the dogs and animals. I would go to stores and take two toys to give to people who don't have too much toys.

Paleontology

As a paleontologist I would find fossils. I would like to find fossils that are dinosaur's teeth. I think paleontologists sleep in tents.

About The Author

Claire Zhou is seven years old. She lives with her mom, dad, grandma, and brother. She goes to Unionville Elementary School and will be starting second grade in the fall. Claire enjoys drawing, reading, and riding her scooter.

I Am

I am a teacher

I wonder if they will remember the love as much as the
lesson

I hear the laughter of learning

I want to be kind

I worry about our care for the Earth

I am a teacher

I pretend that I am dancing on stage

I feel joy that money can't provide

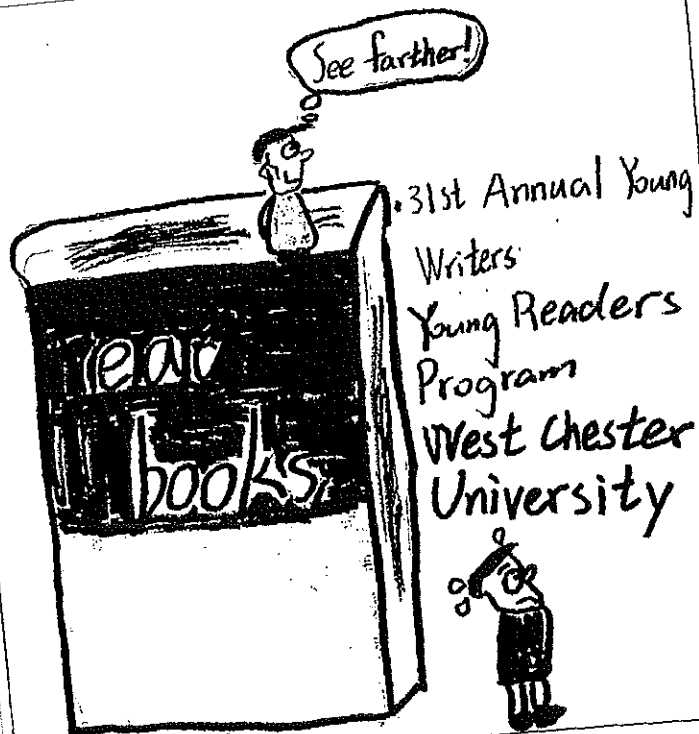
I say each one is special

I hope they remember

I am a teacher

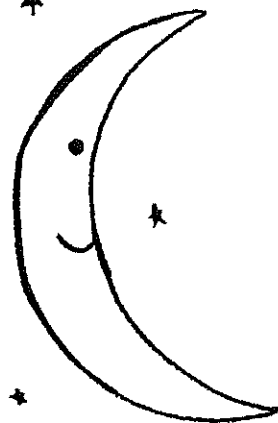
About The Author

Mrs. Jacobs is a reading specialist in the Tredyffrin/ Easttown School District. She has been a teacher for over twenty years and has taught every grade from preschool through eighth grade. Mrs. Jacobs is a Fellow of the PA Writing and Literature Project and the proud mom of one daughter who is entering the seventh grade. Mrs. Jacobs enjoys reading, writing, singing, dancing, and spending time with family.

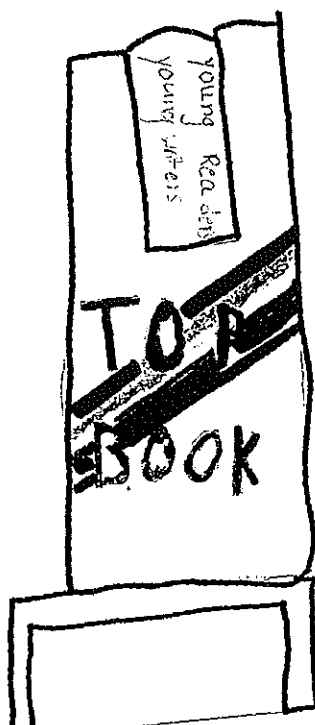


Student's name:
Chad Gu

Writing
and
Reading
Brighten
up
The
Moon



Student's name:
Alex Li



Student's name:
daniel macedo

Reading and Writing is
fun!



Student's name:
Jolin Li

My Anthology

By: Praneil Balike

The Story of the Three Bears that You Haven't Heard Before

I **guess** all of you know the story of the three bears, or at least you think you know.

Well, **the** real story is that I was walking along in the forest when I saw a cottage. I smelled some **food** I could not resist; you know what I mean! I went in and liked the soft chairs. I **couldn't** resist one and sat on it for a very long time. Then I went upstairs. I saw three beds. I tried **the** first one. It was too hard. I tried the next one. It was soft alright. I tried bouncing on it. I went **so** high I bumped my head on the ceiling. I tried the last one. It was perfect.

By **the time** owners got back, I was fast asleep. When they came upstairs, they growled, which woke **me** up. They thought I had wrecked everything, so they threw me out of the house.

The **end**.

Acrostics using my name

Positive

Rocking

Amazing

Never Gives up

Enthusiastic

Impossible to beat in math for age

Lively

About the author: My name is Praneil. I live in Chester Springs. I love science and math. I have a brother who is three. I am seven years old. I go to Shamona Creek elementary school.

I think you should read *Charlotte's Web* because the spider saves a pig's life, and the spider writes words like "smart pig" and other stuff. The spider even fooled the people into not killing the pig. That is why you should read the book *Charlotte's Web*.

Bright
Really smart
Ice skater
Artist
Nice
Noble
Athletic

If I were in charge of the world

I would change Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday into weekends.
I would also change one dollar bills to be worth ten dollar bills.
I would also change all houses into mansions.

Why I was named Brianna

My sister's name is Anqi. So my mom wanted her second child's name to start with An. Anna is what my mom and dad wanted to name me. But my sister thought Anna was a bad name; Anna was the enemy in a game. So my sister suggested Brianna to replace Anna. But it was hard to pronounce for some of our Chinese friends. But my family still stuck with Brianna.

I love you , Jie Jie, (Anqi), the purplest.
I love you the color of the rainbow, candy, pencils, cakes and bright lights of purple hopes.
I love you the color of purple gems, beautiful skates, and the hopes of the perfect future.
The roses of the past.
The nicest of the family.
The most helpful.
I love you, Jie Jie, the purplest.

Brianna was born in 2007 on Jan. 11. She loves to play tennis and ice skate. She is going to third grade at North Star. She lives in Delaware. Her favorite places to go are the beach and Great Wolf Lodge.

Anthology Page
Reed Hyzer

Dear Reed,

Stop kicking me in the face; it hurts you know! Your shoes stink like crazy. My round self is out of shape. Pick on someone your own size. It aches, I need a medic. Love, Your hurt friend, Soccer Ball

REED

Rough

Energetic

Excitable

Dirty

Marley the Meerkat

Marley the Meerkat invited the twins Meer and Kat. They played at Marley's house, underground, and it collapsed once, but they were sure that it would not happen again. Marley makes lunch at her house- sandwiches, cheese sandwiches. They were delicious. Kat and Meer came in the door. Kat said, "Delicious" "no, no, no" Said Marley. "Those are for later." So they played games until lunch. Marley's mom said, "LUNCH! Come down here." Kat was the last down, and the fattest. He made himself fit. It was too late; he ran right back up. It collapsed, so Kat was the first one out, then Meer, then mom. Marley didn't make it up in time. Three years later, Marley came up from the ground. They all celebrated.

Hi my name is Reed Hyzer. I am eight years old. I have three brothers, Evan, Harry, and Marley the dog who I love to play with. I love to ride my bike. I think I might get the best third grade teacher at WES (Wallingford Elementary School).

My Anthology Page

By Jolin Li

The Figure Skating

When I enter the ice rink, the cold breeze of air comes right in my face; then I skate, and I spin and twirl. I do my best to skate. There is a move I like; it is called a spiral. First, you pick up one leg and spread out your arms and lean down. I like going backwards. It is very fun; you should try it.



About the Author

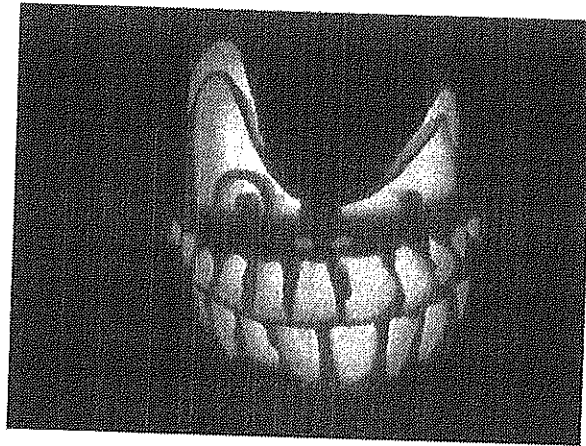
Jolin is eight years old and is going to third grade at West Vincent Elementary School. She is born in 2006, and her birthday is in December. She has one sister (Livia, 10) and one brother (Alex, 7). She lives in Chester Springs, PA. She loves doing many things like swimming, dancing, singing and drawing. Her favorite sport is ice skating. She also joined the Exton Edge Figure Skating Club. Jolin is an active girl.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Nathan A. Luo

The Haunted Scary House

Today was Halloween night. There was a haunted house with zombies, ghosts, clowns, sinister jesters, and Frankenstein. But this Halloween I didn't notice that. I knocked on the door, and it just creaked open. So, I went inside. I didn't see any scary creatures. I went upstairs and saw a box. I opened it, and there they were, the scary creatures!! I ran as fast as I could with all those creatures chasing me back home. What a scary night!

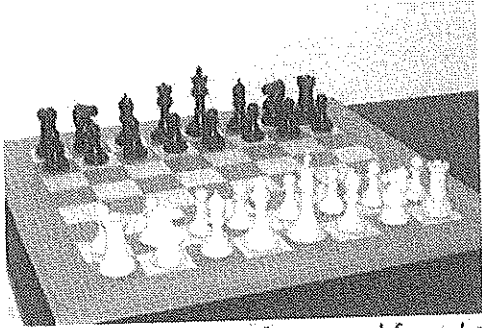


About the Author

Nathan was in second grade in Pickering Valley Elementary School. He likes ice hockey, soccer, and tennis. His favorite hockey player is Claude Giroux. He has two hermit crabs and one betta fish.

My Anthology by Daniel Lee Maceda

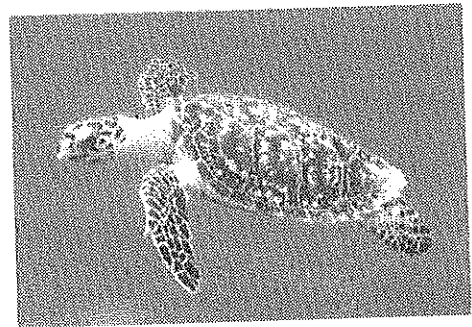
The Chess Tournament



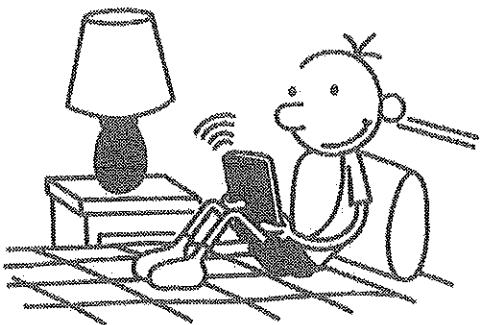
In five minutes we would be at the chess tournament, I was nervous and excited at the same time. Five minutes flew by and there I was sitting in the practice room waiting for round one to start. Then right before round one, the organizer would pair us up with an opponent. I would say round one is the hardest round because I don't know the opponent's experience level. During round two, it's a little bit easier since I know everyone, but it's still hard. Round three and four are basically the same. After round four, I said goodbye to my friends, got in the car and continued the five minute car ride back home.

Turtles

Turtles are gentle,
Turtles are eager,
Turtles are rough on their paddle-like flippers.
Turtles are hard,
Turtles are dry,
Turtles are shy especially on land.



About The Author



Daniel Maceda is eight years old and was born in 2007. He is going into third grade at Saint Edmonds. He lives in Garnet, Valley PA. He has three sisters and two guinea pigs. His favorite book series is Diary of a Wimpy Kid. His favorite sports are lacrosse and soccer. His favorite food is macaroni and cheese. His favorite subjects are math and writing. His dad comes from the Philippines, and his mom comes from China. Also his favorite animal is a turtle.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Sonya Patel

Acrostic Poem

Smart

Open Hearted

Nice

Young

Athletic

How I Got My Name

My name is Sonya Patel. One reason I got the name Sonya is my dad's niece's names all except one start with S. Another reason I got the name Sonya is because "Soni" is the word for gold in Gujarati, my family's native language. My dad works in I.T. and likes the electronic company Sony. I love my name!

About the Author

I live in Pennsylvania. My favorite color is blue. My favorite sport is skiing. I like tennis too. I like drawing and sewing. I like going bike riding with my family. I am looking forward to third grade at Pickering Valley Elementary School

Ellie Tsai

Early kitty

Late kitty

Intelligent kitty

Eating kitty

Tree kitty

Sleepy kitty

Inside kitty

ELLIE TSAI!

Dear Ellie,

We are getting very tired of you running around in us! We are getting very dirty and worn out. Could you STOP using us! We are getting TIRED

NOT

Use us until we write a letter saying we will let you wear us again.

Sincerely,

Your dirty sneakers

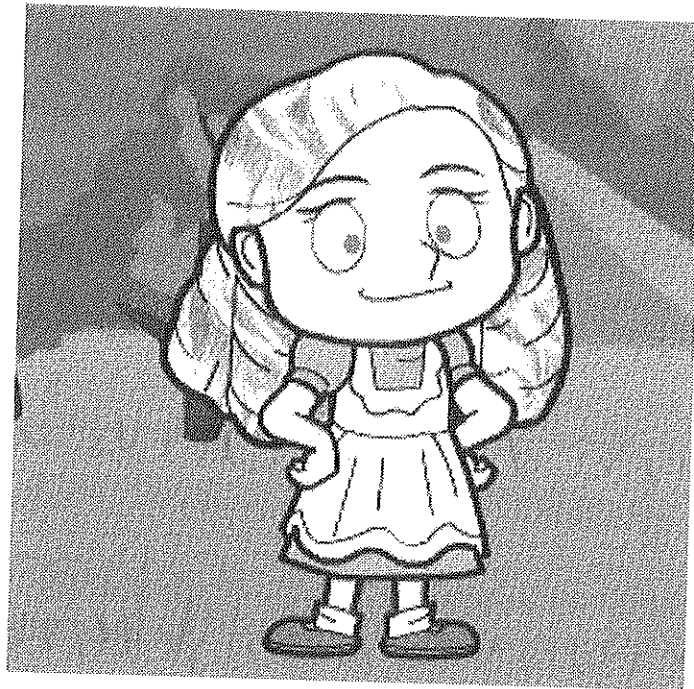
Ellie Tsai

My Anthology Page

by Nina Wallace

The Untold Story of Goldilocks

Hey guys, its Goldilocks, but you can call me Goldie. I know that everyone has heard the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears, but I know you havent heard my TRUE version of the story. My mom was baking some pumpkin pie and had made some porridge for me to eat while it cooled. I love porridge, but I wanted some berries in it. We did not have any, so I went out to look for some. The best berry bushes are usually pretty close to bear caves. So I found a nice berry bush and started picking the berries that I wanted. They were so good, I couldn't help but eat them while I picked them. I got really, really full. While I was picking, I smelled something so delicious coming from the bear caves. I went inside even though I knew it was a bad idea. In the middle of the cave was a honey and berry pie, not porridge like the bears said. I tasted the pie; it was so good. I couldn't stop eating it. I got so full that I fell asleep. When I woke up, there were angry bears standing over me asking where the pie was; when I said I ate it, they attacked me. So that's the true story; don't worry though, I'm fine; I managed to escape. This is my side of the story, and I'm sticking to it.



About the Author

Nina is 8 years old and will be going into the third grade in the fall. She is an only child, who lives in West Chester with her parents and her pet hamster, Hammy. Nina loves to swim and is creative, artistic, kind and funny. She also likes to write stories, and make videos of her dolls. She hopes that her friends from second grade will be in third grade with her.

The New World

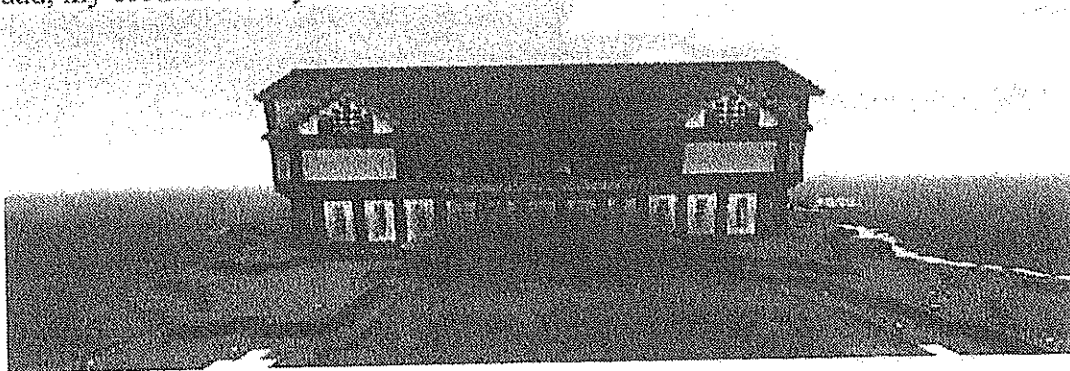
Minecraft Adventure

One day Steve went on an adventure, he had so much food. Steve liked farming with his trusty diamond hoe named: Nom the hoe. He found a village it was really poor so Steve went to explore the poor village, all the farms were dead. He found a hungry villager named bob. Steve looked at his trades all of them were like this: 1iron for 10 apples so Steve traded for the iron. The moment he traded the villager was hopping up and down. The villager was very happy for the food. So Steve went for a different trade it was: 1DIAMOND for 10 bread. Steve traded until the villager had no more this time he was throwing chicken bones everywhere. Steve decided to go to a different villager. After he found another surviving villager that would trade 20 cooked chicken for a strange looking thing that said different world, Steve remembered that he was here to explore So Steve used the weird looking thing. Dfdctzwexscrdvtrswtrdrctrdxtdygfhgfyhgfvjgfgfcgdg Ybtgyukbgubluhbluhblkbhluhluh hgluigbugkbglyugyugygygygygytybybggygygyvkvj Steve thought an alien was talking. Steve found himself in a different world it was more Human – ish

TO BE continued

Author page

My name is Christopher Yu. I live in West Chester, PA. I like playing video games and soccer. I'm eight years old, and I'm good at math. My family has four people: me, my dad, my brother and my mom.



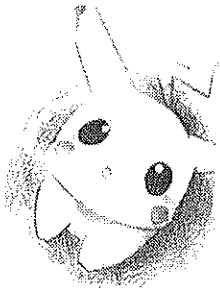
I like playing minecraft on the iPad. My brother likes playing it with me I'm very good at it.

My Anthology Page

By Coey Zheng

The Art Work

When I went to my friend's house, we have an art class on monday! We got out our art supplies. Next the teacher gives us each a picture. We all had different picture, some had animals some don't. I got pikachu picture then I drew it with pencil. After I colored it with oil pastel even the back ground. Then I used sharpies to do my out line and the pikachu's eyes. And finally I finished the picture.



About The Author

My name is Coey Zheng. I have two brothers ; one of them is ten years old, and the other one is seven years old. I used to have lots of pets. Now, I do not have any. I like drawing, ice skating and math. And my favorite color is purple. I was born on Jan 21, 2007. I am a clever girl.

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.

Young Writers/Young Readers

Teacher: Chris Beatty

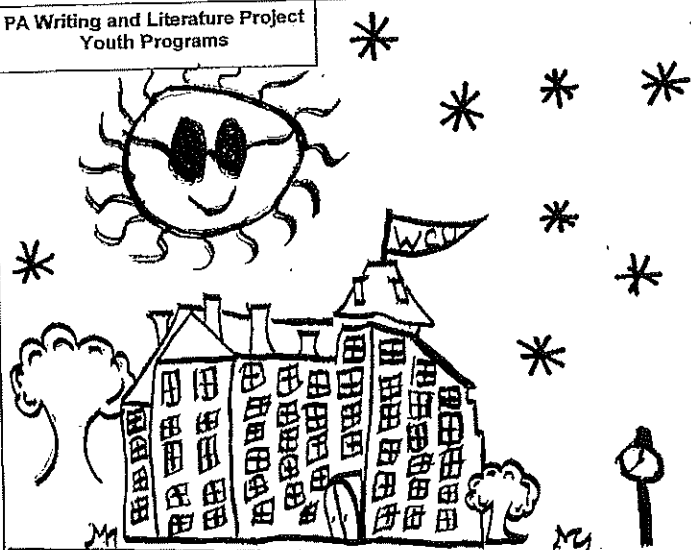
Name:	Grade Completed:
Saket Banda	2
Kathryn Boggess	3
Jolene Hsu	3
Tighe Hynes	3
Arjun Jaswal	3
Neal Jaswal	3
Aaron Liu	2
Isabella Maceda	3
Yug Mittal	3
Manuel Prem	2
Fatimah Sabir	2
Raina Stroman	3
Arjun Suryawanshi	3
Emily Wu	3
Sreevarshini Yedida	3

~~31st Annual~~
31st Annual Young Writers/
Young Readers
Program



Student's name:

Sahet Banda



31st Annual young
WRITERS/YOUNG
READERS program
WEST CHESTER
UNIVERSITY

Student's Name

Boggess
KATHRYN

Creativity

Ideas

Inspiration

31st Annual
Young Writers/Young Readers
Program

WCU

Student's name:

Jolene Hsu

West Chester University



Student's name:

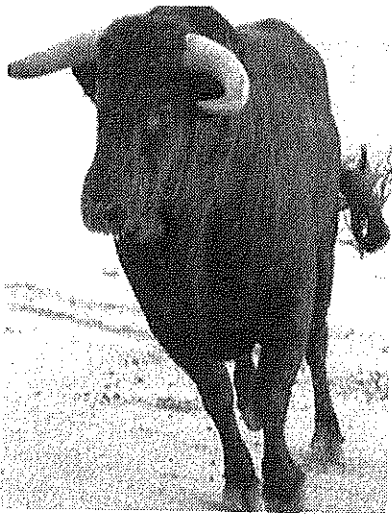
Arjun Jaswal

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

BY SAKET

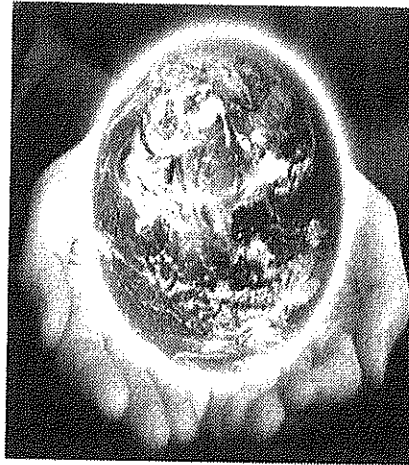
SILLY

THERE WAS A TOWN FAR AWAY CALLED SILLY. IN SILLY THERE WAS A KID NAMED SILLY. HE IS VERY SILLY. ONE DAY IN SILLY, SILLY WAS RAMMING INTO HOUSES LIKE A CHICKEN. BUT HE PROVED HE WAS NOT A CHICKEN. SO THE NEXT DAY HE WAS CALLED RAMPAGING BULL.



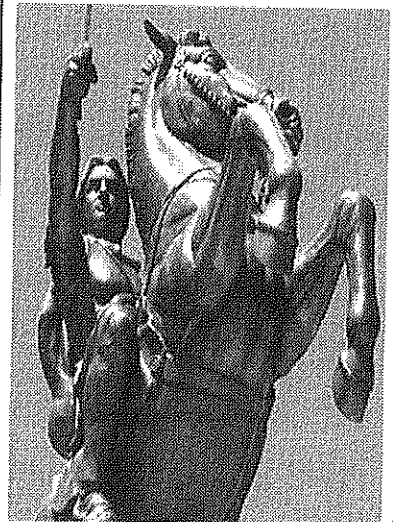
IF I WAS IN CHARGE OF THE WORLD

IF I WAS IN CHARGE OF THE WORLD NO MORE PEOPLE IN MY WAY, NO MORE STUDIES IN MY FACE. JUST ICE CREAM SUNDAYS AND GAME NIGHT EVERY NIGHT. ALSO PEPPORONI PIZZA AND IPADS DAY AND NIGHT. BUT OF COURSE THAT WOULD BE IF I WAS IN CHARGE OF THE WORLD.



MIDNIGHT'S FEAR

STATUES WHISPER AT MIDNIGHT. THEN YOU TELL YOUR FEAR. MIST RUNS UPON YOUR BODY AND IT'S THE GREAT GEORGE! HE SOLVES THE PROBLEM THEN YOU WAKE UP AND YOU ARE NOT AFRAID. THANK YOU GEORGE.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

SAKET IS EIGHT YEARS OLD AND HE IS GOING INTO THIRD GRADE AT POCOPSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. HE LIVES IN PENNSYLVANIA. SAKET LIKES TO WRITE, DRAW, READ, DO SPORTS AND PLAY CHESS! HIS FAVORITE SUBJECTS ARE MATH AND READING!

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Kathryn Boggess

0 0

The Letter A

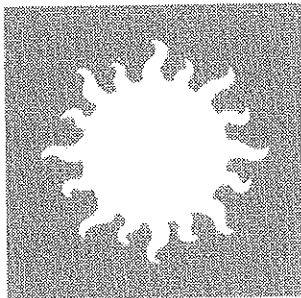
"A" is for apple, juicy and sweet.
"A" is for amazing, very neat.
"A" is for artist, nice and clear.
"A" is for air, something to share.
"A" is for appetizers you eat at dinner.
"A" is for aquarium, where fish swim.

If I Were a Star

If I were a star, I would be the sun. It shines bright every day, and I would make everyone warm. Oh, bright star in the sky, would you give us warmth tonight? People may not see me when winter comes again, but I will always be there for them.

White

The wind is blowing in the air.
People build snowmen and play games.
Others stay inside and drink hot chocolate.
It is time to enjoy the snow.



Orange

Summer is here.
People lie down in the shade of a big oak tree.
They drink lemonade and swim in a pool.
Some go to birthday parties.
Most go on vacation.

About the Author

Kathryn Boggess is nine years old and is going into the 4th Grade at Exton Elementary School. She has an older brother, Kenny, who is going into the 8th Grade. Kathryn likes drawing, reading, and doing math.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

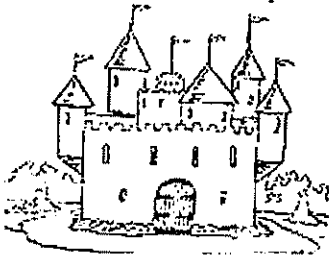
By: Jolene Hsu

IF YOU WERE A PRINCESS

If you were a princess, there would be no spring cleanings, no homework, or no having to deal with siblings.

If you were a princess, you would have get everything you wanted, you would have others doing your chores, and would take everything for granted.

If you were a princess...



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jolene is currently 9 years old and going into 4th grade at Nether Providence Elementary School. She was born in December 2005 and lives in Wallingford, Pennsylvania. She has an older brother who is currently 12. She enjoys ice skating and skates at Ice-Works. She likes to read when she is not busy.

PENCILS



Crazy or simple, colorful or plain, smooth or rough, old or new, blunt or sharp
Drawing, writing, or decorating

Pencils, Pencils, everywhere

A. G. CONCERT

Loud music,
Crazy crowds,
Flashy lights,
Fun night



IF I WERE IN CHARGE OF THE WORLD

If I were in charge if of the world, there would be no 'leave your brother alone', no 'clean your room RIGHT NOW', or no 'do your homework RIGHT NOW.

If I were in charge of the world, there would be no time to go to bed-there wouldn't even be bed time. There would be no get this here or go clean the dishes.

If I were in charge of the world...

My Anthology

By Tighe Hynes

<p><u>Basketball</u> My favorite sport Shooting, passing, dribbling Rebounding, defense NBA, NCAA, D-League. Makes me feel good Playing on a team or by myself Practice Getting better Setting goals and achieving them.</p>	<p><u>Twister</u> Wooden frame Cushioned seats Flying back and forth Shooting up hills Going straight down Speeding around super sharp turns That is the Twister.</p>
---	--

Mountain Biking

Mountain Biking is falling down and getting up. It is getting muddy and dirty. It's about trying new things. Being happy excited and nervous all at once. Doing jumps and going fast over rocks and through streams. It's about having fun.

Me

Tighe, brother of Patrick and Nate, lover of basketball, baseball, swimming, STRIDE, breakfast for dinner, and diners, funny, sometimes the class clown, good friend, smart, fast

ABOUT THE AUTHOUR

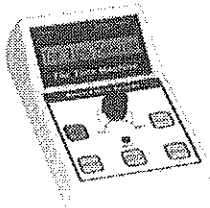
Tighe is 9 years old and is going into the fourth grade at Sugartown Elementary School. Tighe loves playing basketball for the YMCA and GVEL Leagues. He also enjoys playing baseball for the CVLL Little Leagues. Additionally, Tighe swims for the WCAY swim team and participates in STRIDE. He likes to read the 39 CLUES book series.

My Anthology Page

Written by Arjun Jaswal

If I were in charge of the world

If I were in charge of the world
you could ride giraffes on highways
and nobody would use bad drugs
or smoke nobody could rob houses
and banks and scientists would have to
make an awesome time machine
for me to use

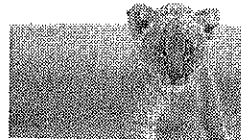


A day in June

Do you remember? I do. We were in my
yard playing with you my brother and
my neighbors. We had a big water gun
fight and all of us got soaked. My
neighbor got totally soaked. We were
having so much fun but you had to
leave.

Lions

Everything depends on a baby lion
to take its Dad's place.



Football

In football you can score touchdowns,
receive balls, force fumbles, throw passes,
intercept passes, and make touchdown
dances this is what makes football
great.



Bears

A bear wakes up calm
after hibernation tired
but happy to be awake



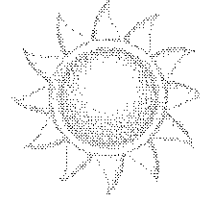
About the Author

Hi! My name is Arjun Jaswal and I am going into 4th grade at Radnor Elementary School. I like to write poems and nonfiction and read about sports and any kind of fiction. My favorite sport is football and my favorite team is the New York Jets.

My Anthology page
By Neal Jaswal

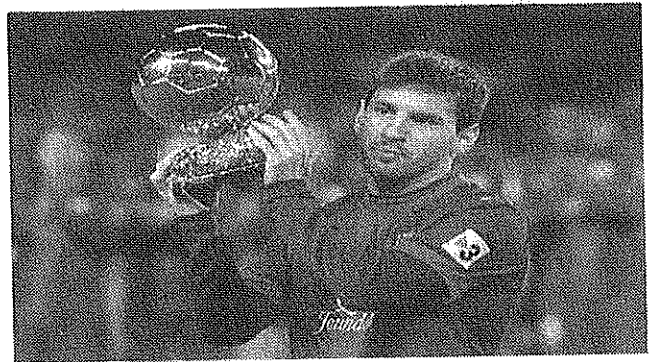
Shining Bright

The sun is shining bright.
When I wake up the sun shines on my face.
On a sunny day I play Basketball, soccer or tennis racket
baseball. On a sunny day I like to swim and play with water.
It is nice to get water on your face when it is hot!



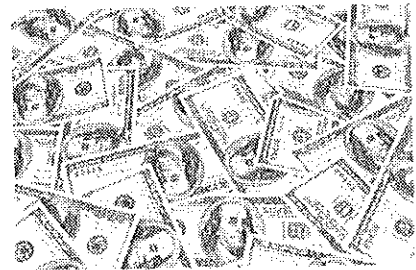
The Ball Game

The whistle blows, the ball drops to the ground.
The ball gets kicked into the air like rapid fire.
Suddenly the ball goes into their net. Everybody
cheers in excitement GOOOOAL!!!!!! The whole
team goes home with a sweet victory.



If I Was the Richest Man In the World

I would buy every thing I could survive with and play
with. I would buy any thing that would be interesting.
I would have a private jet, a convertible and a mansion.
I would live a good and happy life.



About the author

Neal is 9 yrs old, going into 4th grade. He loves to play soccer. His favorite types of books are fantasy and he likes to write fiction. He is hoping this year that he can improve his writing skills and be able to read more fluently.

My Anthology Page

By Yug Mittal

I wish...

I wish I had 100 million dollars

I wish I had a mansion

I wish I had an xbox one

I wish I had a Wii U

I wish I had a ps4

Try my hardest

Try my hardest means to me,

Hard work,

Doing your best,

And worst of all working until sweating,

This is what hard work means to me although I don't really do any.

If I were in charge of the world...

I would make all the bugs except for bees go away, although I won't know where they would go.

I would eat at least 5 ice creams a day thus making me look like a walking marshmallow.

I would get \$1,000,000 every second, making me all greedy and most richest person ever.

That's what I would do if I were in charge of the world.

I rule the world with money!



About the Author

Yug Mittal is 9 years old, and is going to Exton Elementary School for 4th grade. His birthday is April 18, 2006. He has really big family due to his parent (obviously). He has a big sister that's going into 7th grade and is 3 years older than him. He has always wondered how it feels to be the older sibling of a brother or sister. Yug's hobby is watching tv, playing video games, and drawing amazing dragons that his sister admits to be. His favorite restaurants are Thai restaurants and Olive Garden.

Manuel Prem

If I Were In Charge of the World

Inspired by: Judith Viorst

If I were in charge of the world, there
would be soccer games every day for 7
hours.

Everything would be free and all movies
would be G.

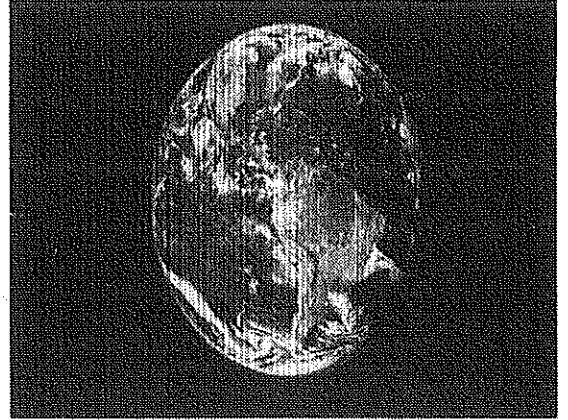
No homework.

You have to eat healthy every day and play
video games for five hours.

No shooting ever.

No candy only gum.

That's what I would do if I were in charge of the world.



Running Away

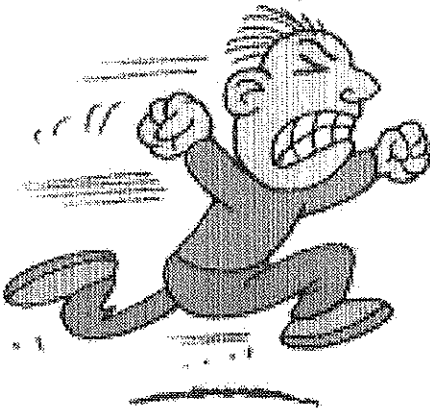
I'm running away from home.

I'm running away from home.

To watch a soccer game.

Don't tell Mom.

I'm running away from home.



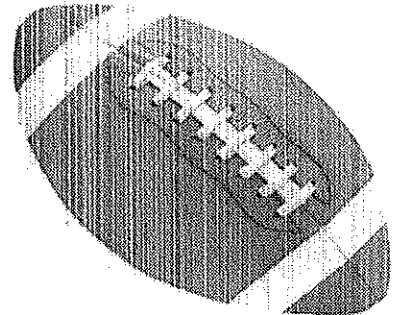
Football

Football is the best sport.

Crash bam boom.

Football is awesome.

TOUCHDOWN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



About The Author

Manuel is eight years old and is going into third grade. He enjoys playing soccer and tennis. As a writer he likes to write fiction. He also likes to read fiction.

MY ANTHOLGY PAGE

By Fatimah Sabir

IF I WERE IN CHARGE OF THE WORLD

If I were in charge of the world
I would get rid of bullies, shots, sickness, and annoying people.
If I were in charge of the world there would be more unicorns, rainbows and light.
But only if I were in charge of the world.

Inspired by: **Judith Viorst**

FRIENDS

*Short and Tall,
Skinny and Fat,
Doesn't matter whether they're that!!*

My Poem means it doesn't matter what your friends look like on the outside, it only matters how they are in the inside.

SIBLINGS

Once upon a time a young boy ran away from home because his little sister annoyed him. He had heard about a well, which could answer all your questions. It was in the woods. So the boy ran to the woods and found the Whispering Well. He looked into the well and asked his question, "Why do I have a sister?". Then he heard a voice, it said, "you will find out later". Thinking that that was no answer at all he headed home. He made the wrong turn and came face to face with his sister, she said, "I saw you running away and I chased after you to make sure you don't get lost." Then they went home together and the brother got his answer....

ALL ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Fatimah Sabir is an 8-year-old girl. She lives in West Chester. Fatimah enjoys reading Roald Dahl and recently went to New York to watch the Broadway Musical adaptation of Matilda. She loves her family and has two siblings, Abdullah (9) and Ayesha (6). Her favorite color is purple and her favorite animal is a cat. At the moment she has a pet fish named Peep who is purple (ish)!!.



So, I smile

Bubbles pop and funny things come up so, I smile flowers bloom and colors shine so, I smile waves crash and markers make mustaches so, I smile -Raina S.

About the author:

Raina really enjoys reading and writing, she loves animals, food, and she goes to GWES

If I were in charge of the world

I would be president and not have to do any work, there would be no broccoli, ice cream hot fudge sundaes for all 3 meals and you would not get fat or sick, everything you wanted would be free, and if I were charge of the world everyone would be nice – Raina S.

RASCAL

Once upon a time there was a girl named Raina she like everything about life except for one thing: she did not have a pet she wanted one so badly but she could not have one 'cause she was allergic to all of them except for one of them the Parrot. She wanted it so badly but each day she asked for one and her parents said no. But thankfully her friends cheered her up. Almost a year went by and one day she had her birthday party at her grandmother's house at the table there was a cage with a read cloth over it. Raina decided to have fun instead of thinking about the cage. Then it was time to bring out the cake they sang happy birthday to me. Then finally at the last word grandma pulled off the cloth and there I saw a blue and gold macaw. Well now I can't make wish I said. I'm going to name him Rascal . Raina and rascal played together all the time they told secrets to each other and lived happily ever after. The end

-Raina S.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

by Arjun Suryawanshi

Speed Boy

There was a Jamaican kid named Usain. He always wanted to be the fastest runner in the world. So he worked very hard. Every day he would ask his parents to take him to the park so he can run there. Back at his house he would lift weights, maintain a healthy diet, and wake up early so he can get better at running. He would also have small races with his friends.

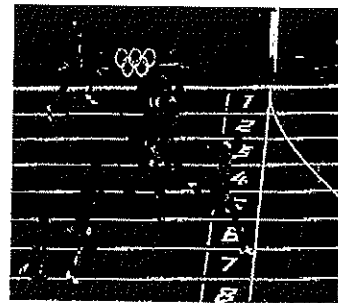
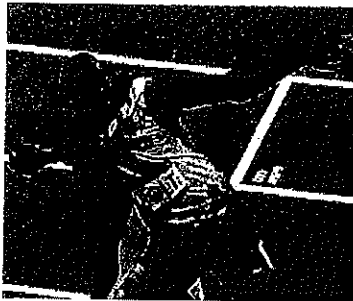
Finally, after a long time he was fast enough and old enough to compete in a 100 meter race that had eight very competitive and fast athletes. That race will decide who was the fastest runner in the world. And so the race began. Usain got off to a pretty good start. But then someone went ahead of him and it stayed like that until the last ten meters. In those last ten meters Usain got worried he was thinking that all his work did not pay off but then he knew that he could do and he got ahead of the other person in the last five meters and then he won the race and became the fastest runner in the world.

Zoom

He was going very fast.

His speed was picking up very quickly.

Hooray he won the race!!!!



About the author

Arjun Suryawanshi will be going to the fourth grade in pocpson elementary school. He will be nine years old in September 2015. He is a young reader/writer at WCU young readers/writers program. He is a soccer player at the Kennet YMCA and also likes to play guitar.

My Anthology Page

If I were in charge of the world
Inspired by Judith Viorst

If I were in charge of the world,
There would be no
Boredom,
Fighting,
Or really bad mistakes.

If I were in charge of the world
Ice cream would be healthy,
You could bring a pet to school,
And dragons and unicorns are real.

If I were in charge of the world,
You could do any thing you can wish.

If I were in charge of the world
You could be in charge,
Even if you are different than others.



A Day In December

Do you remember?

I do.

I remember us going fast in the snow,

On our sleds,

Like a blizzard.

Making a path

That was bumpy,

But fun.

The snow was fluffy,

Like a soft,

But cold pillow.

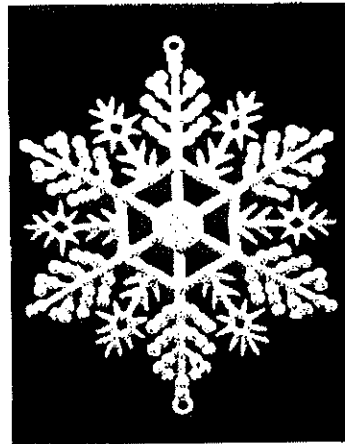
Our words were happy,

Like a smiling snowman.

We played until

It got dark,

And we sadly waved goodbye.



About The Author

Emily is 8 years old and is going into 4th grade at Pocopson Elementary School. She has one older sister named Margaret. Emily plays both the piano and the violin. She loves to draw, read, and write in her free time. She reads and writes about fantasy.

THE FUTURE WORLD

by:Sree

Once upon a time there lived a little girl named Kate who thought everything was a great waste of time. One afternoon when Kate came from school she muttered to herself "subtracting grapes from grapes & dividing turnips are so useless to solve, there is nothing to do!" Kate did not know what to do with herself. When she was going to school she thought about going home. When she was going home she thought about going to school and learning stuff. Kate zipped through the roads & headed toward her apartment. She hopped on the elevator and finally reached the 19th floor. Kate ran to her bedroom, opened the door and plopped on the bed thinking about what she could do. "Arrrrgh!, here goes another long boring afternoon" she said glumly to herself. Just then she spotted a gigantic brown package with a tiny envelope stuck to it. It said: TO THE GIRL WHO IS ALWAYS LONELY FROM THE PARENTS (Please Open). A time machine that brings you to the future?" "Probably just a toy time machine," she told herself. "At least there is something to play with," she said aloud. Honey that brown package is for you so you don't get bored for a month," shouted her mother from the kitchen. "For a month?!", Kate said to herself. She quickly took out the owner's manual and it said to put your finger on the word future world and close your eyes and open them again you will find yourself in the future. Kate did what the directions told her to do when she opened her eyes again she found out she had wings, a monkey tail and was the color of the deep blue sea! She quickly realized that she was in the future. She looked into the forest, "Where should I build a house to live in", thought Kate as she wandered through the forest. Finally after 30 minutes of looking she found an empty quiet looking place & built a nice looking house made of straw. She found some wood to make furniture out of. "Good thing I brought a lot of light bulbs, pans, lamps, and more clothes in my mini traveling bag!" Kate said happily. Just then a pack of wolves came inside her house! The head of the wolves began talking! "Since you don't have any parents here we will take care of you." Kate could not believe her ears that she was in the future. What a toy! Kate thought to herself. She went on looking around the unusually looking wolves were talking and did not even hurt her! One morning a person who looked like the queen knocked at the door just when Kate and the wolves were having some fun with catching the ball. "I know who that is" said the oldest wolf, "it is the queen of this forest!" Kate joyfully opened the door because she never met a queen before. "What do you need!" Kate said. "I do not need anything but you young girl!" The wolves were very nervous and said "Will you take care of her very well?" The queen laughed "of course I will take good care of her, I will give her all my riches after some day when she retrieves my crown and crown as the second queen of the forest!" "YAY!!! screamed all the wolves in delight. Kate was very excited. The queen and Kate sat on the magic carriage and went off to the kingdom they both packed Kate's big bag." Now all I need to tell you is where to go" said the queen, "First go to the fantasy sea you will find behind the kingdom and swim underwater to a big rock. Touch it and you will find a magical elevator. Play any beautiful tune and you will end up in the magical fantasy land named Erin. There will be two sides, the dark side and the happy side. First go to the happy side where queen blossom rules the kingdom of fantasy and she will give you some gifts that will prepare you to go to the dark side where King Wav Shaker rules the land with sadness and anger. When he is not around move the throne that is made of stone that is called pumice stone and there will be my crown. When you get my crown a shiny necklace with a button will appear on your neck. Click the button and me and the wolves will come to where you are and crown you as the queen there instead of the forest because the land of Erin needs you because you have the skills of kindness, smartness, and magic," said the queen completely out of breathe of all the talking. Kate was so excited that she dove into the fantasy sea and swam so fast that waves formed. "Good luck on your voyage" said the queen and went into the forest kingdom. "I wonder where that big rock is," thought Kate. While she was swimming she bumped into a very large thing. When she looked up she saw that it was a gigantic rock "This must be it," thought Kate proudly and touched it very gently, for her surprise in the rocks place there was the most biggest and most beautiful elevator in the world. It had a grand piano too just like the queen said. As soon as Kate stepped into the elevator, its glass door closed behind her. She quickly sat on the bench and began to play the most beautiful music she could think of. The elevator went up, up, and up. A beautiful lady voice that came out of nowhere said Erin, Erin, Erin. Kate had finally came to the magical fantasy land named Erin.

About Author

My name is Sree and I love the color pink. My favorite animals are puppies, sea animals, animals, and nature. As a child I loved to write, read, and had lots of wild imagination. I loved to read and write about time travel to the future and time travel backwards, adventures, mysteries, fantasy, scary novels. I am also a great artist and can draw anyone without looking at them. Pretty awesome right!!!

Walking Away

To be breathlessly silent,
perhaps nowhere.

As if it mattered,
I went out of the room.

Perhaps nowhere...
I couldn't sleep all night.
I went out of the room.
I was sure.

I couldn't sleep all night.

It has become convenient.
I was sure
and so it happened.

It has become convenient
to be breathlessly silent.

And so it happened.

As if it mattered.

-A Pantoum Found poem using F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*

Paradox

*a leaf fell gently
onto the still frozen pond
a perfect moment*

About the Author

Christopher Beatty is a middle school enrichment teacher in the West Chester Area School District. He has been teaching through the Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project since becoming a PAWLP fellow in 2008. In the fall, he will be beginning his 10th year as a gifted enrichment teacher in the West Chester Area School District.

Young Writers/Young Readers

Teacher: Katie Keenan

Name:	Grade Completed:
Amit Adiga	5
Sanya Ahuja	4
Schewon Choi	4
Chad Gu	4
Anika Jaswal	5
Anvitha Koya	4
Claire Li	5
Livia Li	4
Vincent Lu	4
Jessica Nguyen	4
Abdullah Sabir	3
Ben Zheng	4

31st Annual Young Writers/Young Readers Program

I Love Writing

Pencil!

Paper!

Books!

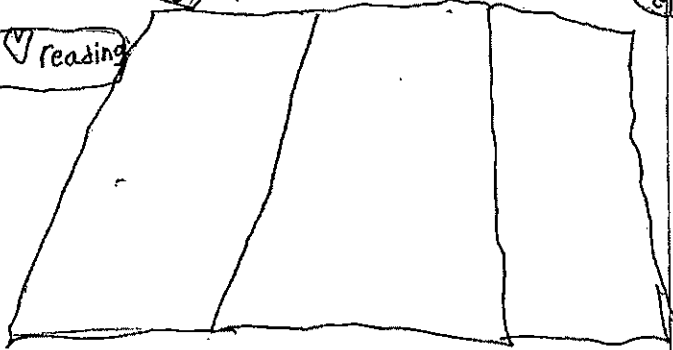
Neat handwriting



Cool!

Awesome!

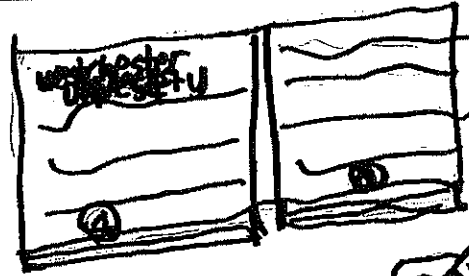
I ♥ Reading



Student's name:

Neel Jaswal

31st Annual Young Writers/Young Readers Program

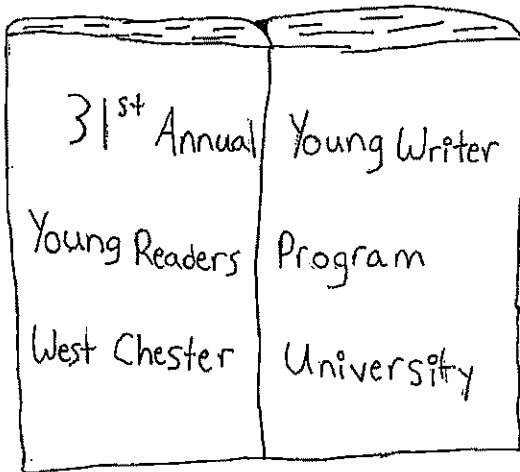
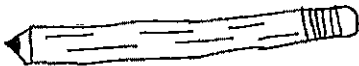


Reading and writing
is always fun!



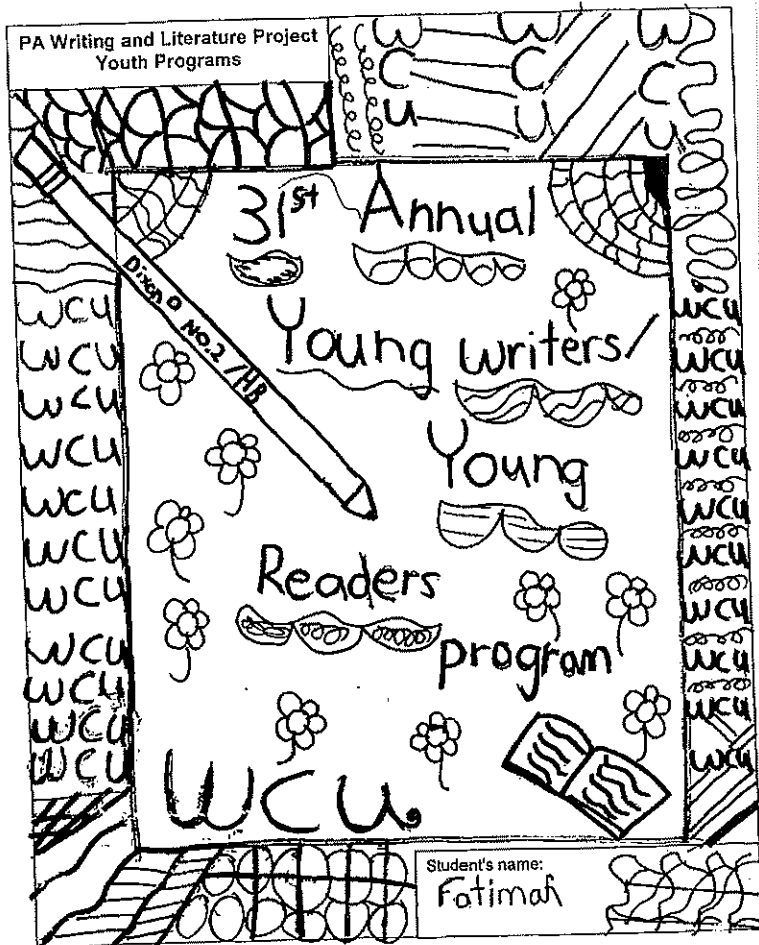
Student's name:

Aaron Liu



Student's name:

Isabella Maceda



Student's name:

Fatimah

Amit's Anthology Page

By: Amit Adiga

The Tooth

I was in my pink cozy bed sleeping. Someone pulled me out of my bed. I was crying now that I didn't have a spot with my friends. Then I got put in a new bed that was yellow shaped like a tooth. I slept there for the rest of my life. Still I miss my old pink comfy bed. Sometimes my bed opens and a boy looks at me I see my friends when he opens his mouth. I can't see my bed because the slot is closed. I say "Hi!" to my friends and they say it back. My bed closes I start sleeping again.

The Vicious Dog

The dog was chomping its teeth. Jumping up and down so actively. Its eyes half closed growling. Looks like he took a shower in mud.

About The Author

Amit Adiga is 10 years old. He is going into sixth grade. His hobbies are playing sports, video games, and much more. His favorite food is chicken nuggets. He was born on March 14th 2005. His favorite sport is football.

My anthology page
By Sanya Ahuja

The rock was lying in the middle of the grass. I saw it, I picked it up, and it sparkled from the sun. It felt as if it came alive as I started to carry it back home. I trudged home in the rain. I just wished it would stop raining and as I did the rain went away. I think the rock was magical.

Then, I squeezed tightly on the rock and wished I had the biggest house in the world. It gradually started working. I tried making a wish without holding the magical rock and it didn't work. You have to have the rock in your hand for it to grant your wish. Now I could have whatever I wanted. Our neighbor came out and said "what an enormous house". She said wow 3 times. I had the rock in my hand and wished there were 10 TVs in the room and there were.

I didn't tell anyone about the rock. I was never going to give it to anyone even if they gave me a million bucks. The rock was basically priceless because it could get you anything you wanted. I really wanted to tell my friend about the rock, so I did. I told her not to tell anyone. I asked, "Do you promise?" She said "Yeah."

Later I found out she was crossing her fingers behind her back because the next time I met her she was telling everyone else. I ran back home to make sure the rock was still there and it wasn't. I went to her house as slow as a snail. When I rang her doorbell my face got tomato red. "I know you have it," I said. "What do I have?" she said back. I whispered, "The magical rock." She said, "You can look all around my house." I looked for hours, until it was late. I got exhausted, so I ran home. I went home to brush my teeth and there I saw the rock. Then I remembered I had used this same sink to clean the rock off earlier. I quickly called my friend to apologize for blaming her for stealing my rock and she apologized for telling everyone about the rock



About the author

Sanya Ahuja is 10 years old. She has an older sibling named Ria. She plays lacrosse and also plays outside with her friends. She will be attending The Independence School for fifth grade.

My Anthology Page

By Schewon Choi

The artist's sunflowers are many colors, green, yellow, brown, orange, and even red! They sit in a water-filled pot the color of a bee. The petals are like thirty golden blades in one! The pot rests on a golden colored table like a boat on the calm sea. The pot does in fact rest in the studio of Mr. Vincent Van Gogh.

About the Author

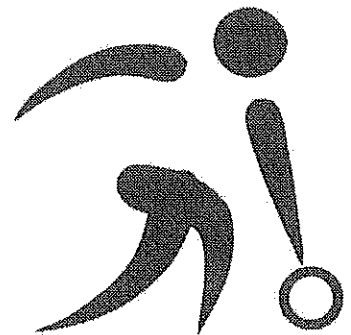
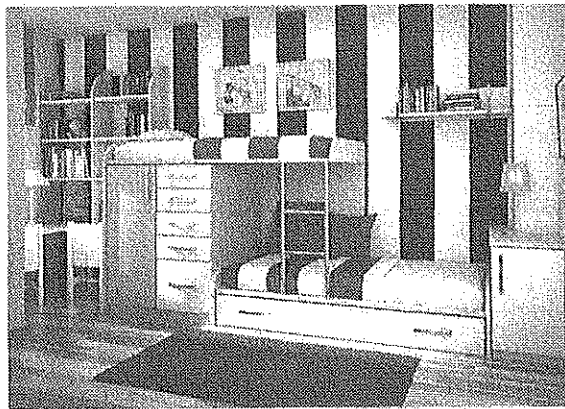
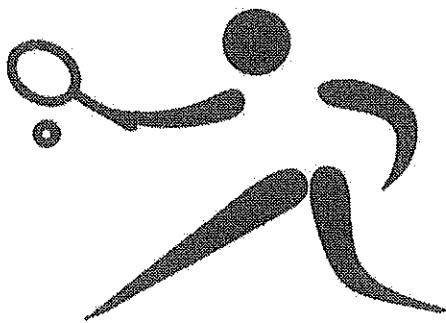
Schewon Choi is 10 years old and he will be turning 11 this fall. He has an older brother named Juneseo [14] at home and will be going into 5th grade at T/E Middle School this year. He is currently taking private swim lessons at Malvern Prep. He loves to read fiction and science fiction books at home.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Chad Gu

My Secret Room

This is my room. There is a bed. It's old. My father bought it for me 8 years ago. And there are three pictures. One is my mom. Another is my dad. The last one is a picture with a tree. Now I'm going to tell you guys a secret. If you look at the floor carefully, you will see that there is a trapdoor on it. It is locked. See the picture with a tree. There is a key behind it. You can use the key to open it! Do you want to know what's under it? Snack! Such as: ice-cream, chip, cheese, candies, chocolates, soda...And there is a TV! You can watch cartoon on it! I always have fun there when mom and dad are not at home ... It's really cool!



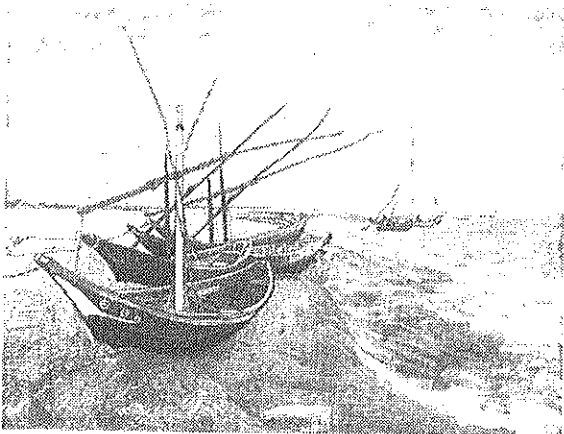
About The Author

Chad is eleven years old. He's birthday was on September 22nd, 2003. He's from China. He travels to America in Summer Vacation. He has two cousins, Jonah and Aaron. They were born in America. Jonah loves insects and Aaron loves Math. Chad himself likes sports. He likes tennis the best. He plays tennis at Fan Li Club, and football at Suo Fu De Club when he was at China.

Anika Jaswal's Anthology

The Abandoned Sea

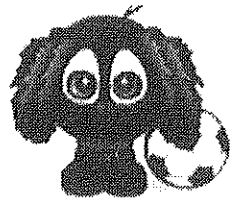
Furious screams of agony crash onto the sandy shore turning the sand into slushy mud. The glum sky leaves spots of darkness which slowly start to take over. Little specks of green and orange start too slowly get lured into the fogginess as though being pulled into an abandoned shore town. Darkness starts to invade the beautiful coast leaving it as another abandoned toy thrown into the trash, left to rot, slowly disappearing.



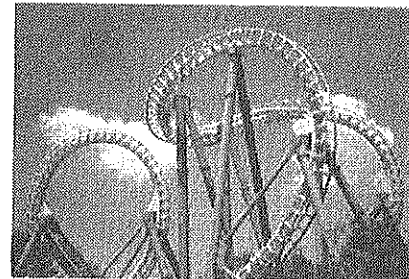
My Baby Puppy

There it is a tiny little hairball coughed up by a cat. A tiny little stuffed animal curled up into a ball. A black bat in the dark darting back and forth. A tiny black shadow in the fog.

There it is my tiny puppy sitting looking at with its huge brown sparkling eyes.



The squirmish feeling in the pit of my stomach roars furiously as though an angry lion is ready to pounce on its harmless enemy. Timidly as a mouse I scurry into the screeching roller coaster aware of any predators near by. I swoop into my seat clenching my claws furiously onto the squishiness of the seat. The roller coaster starts its sloth like accent as my twisted stomach tightens to knot. I start to squirm like a fish when all of a sudden we're descending down soaring like a seagull through the air, my stomach as light as a birds feather. We stop to a halt as though a fish face to face with a shark. We slow down to a snails pace and I run out as fast as a squirrel being shaded by a dog. I look back to the darting roller coaster that I just attacked and say to myself I did it!



Bio

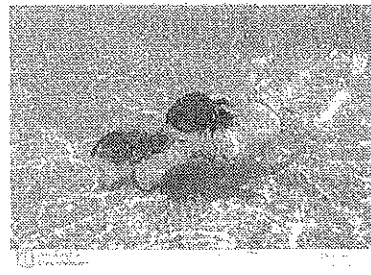
Anika Jaswal is 11 years old entering Radnor Middle School. She likes to play basketball and tennis in her free time and loves to draw. She learns bharatnatyam (Indian classical dance) and loves to play away on her cello.

ANVITHA'S ANTHOLOGY PAGE

A Beautiful Day

By: Anvitha Koya

The water was rushing down the waterfall and as it hit the ground a huge ash of water appeared. The beautiful woman was walking to their house in a white cream dress with a red strap around their waste and straw hats. The grass was light dark light dark in a pattern. The red roses popped out of the grass boldly. It had a red roof top, the chimney was blowing smoke, green and brown windows, it was a house. Another two ladies were walking down the grass with tight black skirts and greenish blue sweaters. The water was flowing down the river. It was a beautiful village.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Anvitha is currently 10 years old. She goes to the Independence School in Hockessin. She is going to 5th grade. She was born on July 12th 2005. Anvitha has one younger sister who is 7 years old named Aashritha. Anvitha loves reading Books and also likes to dance, she also likes to swim.

WELCOME TO THE MOST UNIQUE PAGE IN THIS ANTHOLOGY!!

By Claire Li

Gaunt curled his lip into a snarl, revealing two rows of bright, wickedly sharp teeth. He snapped at anyone who tried to come near, spinning around in a circle to glare at the men around him.

“Catch that wretch!” screamed a woman.

“Get him out of here!” shrieked another.

The homeless hound took off. The wind clawed, whipped at his dark, matted fur. Droplets of mud splattered on the faces of his pursuers.

As fast as men are, Gaunt was quicker. He leapt over a man who was leaning over a paint bucket, skidded under a parked car, and sped all the way to the forest, trying to create an obstacle for the men chasing him.

Finally, Gaunt reached the pack of hounds he led. He turned to face his followers, growling deeply in his throat.

THE RECIPE OF RAINBOW UNICORNS!

Ingredients: 100 gallons of rainbows, 500 gallons of pure awesomeness, 3 tablespoons of pink cotton candy, 50 gallons of maximum derpiness

About the Author!

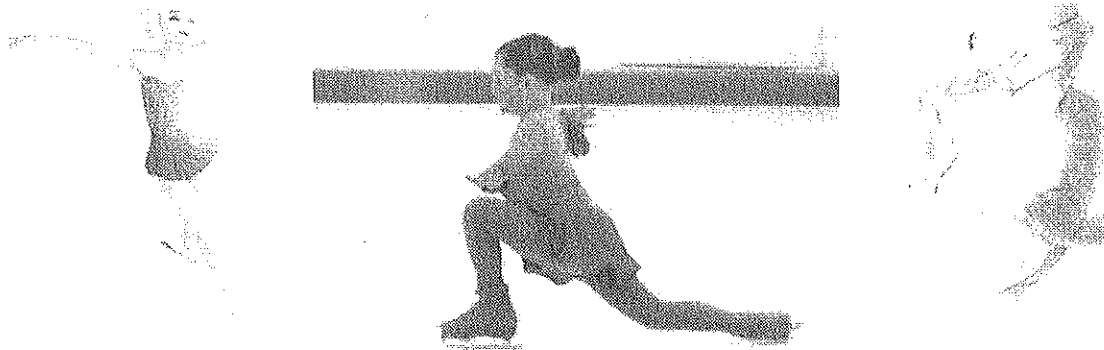
This year is Claire J. Li's fourth year with the Young Writers/Young Readers Program! Claire is going into sixth grade at Charles F. Patton. She loves reading and writing!!!!

My Anthology Page

By Livia

Figure skating

A cold breeze of fresh air flashed on my face. I was walking through an icy wonderland. I gracefully glided on the smooth, freezing cold ice, started off slow, but then I zip through other people like a roadrunner with skates on. I love to do bunch of trick on the ice, like lunge, spiral, and one foot spin. My favorite move is lunge, but I also had a hard time performing lunge. However, I got it when I tried a lot of times. The way you do a lunge is like kneeling, but a leg on the back is straight and your blades can't be touching the freezing ice. You will never know what will you learn when you do figure skating. Skating is my favorite sport. Even you will love it.



About the Author

Livia is a 10 years old girl. She goes to West Vincent Elementary School. She is in 5th grade. She lives in Chester Springs, PA. She has one sister (Jolin(8)) and one brother (Alex(7)). She loves skating. She almost skates every single day. She also swims at the YMCA. She does many other things like drawing, dancing, and singing. She also plays the piano. She speaks two different languages, English and a little bit of Mandarin Chinese. Livia is a quiet girl and make a lots of friends.

Vincent's Anthology Page

By: Vincent Lu

The Big Ocean Waves

The ocean goes wild with a loud shout,
The swimmers and surfers retreat in a hurry,
Giant wave's crash down with a big splash!
Everybody's heart was beating rapidly.

The swimmers and surfers retreat in a hurry,
Many people fall in the sand with a thump!
Every body's heart was beating rapidly,
Some people even got splashed away.

Many people fall in the sand with a thump!
Many kids got hurt, but I'm fine,
Some people even got splashed away,
I might have swallowed some water, though.

Many kids got hurt, but I'm fine,
Giant wave's crash down with a big splash!
I might have swallowed some water, though,
Everybody though it was scary.

About The Author

Vincent is going to 5th grade at Exton Elementary. He was born on November 24, 2004. He has a younger brother and a sister, Thomas (7) and Cindy (12). Vincent likes to draw and sketch. He also plays the piano. He also likes folding origami in his free time. Vincent also likes watching minecraft on youtube.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By Abdullah Sabir

THE FART POWDER

It was May in Oslo, Norway. Students were awake early, marching in a school band, wearing itchy uniforms, practicing. I could hear the trombones playing on Canyon Street. That is where I live. I stand tall everyday with my arms wide open and the cool breeze blowing around me. I wear green gloves, as green as emeralds.

Then I heard children talking excitedly. The only words I could hear were Fart Powder. I was confused. But there was no time to think because there was a loud explosion. "I wish I could join in the fun", I sighed sadly, looking up at the kids who were propelled into the sky after the loud bang. Two children on the sidewalk were laughing uncontrollably at the fate of the two in the sky. Then I saw the two that were in the air fall back down, they were yelling and screaming.

They looked afraid, they were in mid air. I thought I could save the children from a disastrous death. So I quickly opened my arms wider, as wide as I could. They came down really fast; their speed was as fast as a cheetah chasing a gazelle. I thought I would miss the catch.... Then I caught them in my arms, my branch's bent back wards but I stood strong, they looked like two babies cradled in my arms. I was so happy that I was part of the fun!!

A FEARLESS NIGHT

It was night. The sky was colored a royal blue. The wind blew slowly through the town as waves would on an ocean. The stars shone so bright, little twinkles in the sky. Their light lit up the sky like candles in a dark room.

A bird nested on the church steeple. The steeple was so tall it could be seen miles away. It reflected the stars' light. The Old Oak tree stood tall in the night. It looked like a big skyscraper.

ALL ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Abdullah Sabir is a 9-year-old boy. He was born on November 13, 2005 at Riddle Hospital in Media, but now lives in West Chester, PA. He lives with his parents, grandparents, and his younger sisters named Fatimah (8) and Ayesha (6). The school Abdullah goes to is called Bradford Heights Elementary School. He is going to 4th grade. He likes to travel and see new things. He enjoys math and reading. His favorite sport is cricket. Abdullah plays for a cricket team. Abdullah's favorite cricket team is New Zealand.

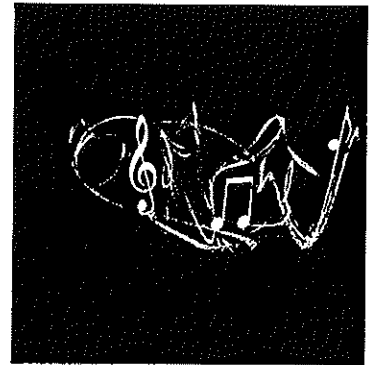
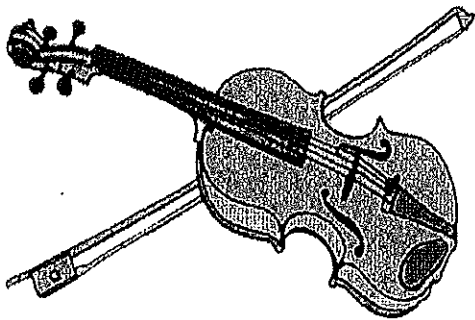


Anthology Page

By Jessica Nguyen

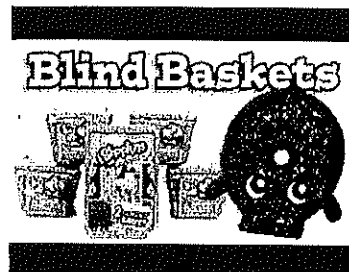
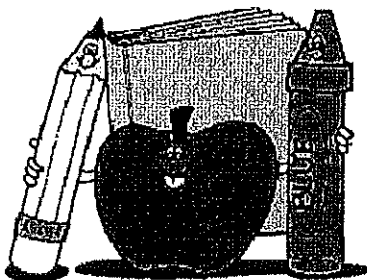
Reversal Poem: My Violin Recital

I'm standing there waiting
Shivering and shaking as if I just got out of the shower
I play as if nobody was there
I stand up straight when I play
I dance as I play and become one with my music



About The Author

I am Jessica. I am 10 years old. I love writing and reading. I also love expressing myself on my violin. I want to be a violinist when I grow up. I like to collect toy. I was born May 24, 2005. I have an older brother named Jack, who is 14 years old. I won some medals for my school. They were music medals. I want to inspire kids around the world to play an instrument even if they want to do it for fun, or for their job.



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Ben anthology

BEN ZHENG'S ANTHOLOGY PAGE

I am a tree. I have leaves. Children can climb on me, families made tree houses next to me. I am scared to be cut down. In fall, my leaves turn yellow, red, orange, or brown.

Birds made a nest on me. I was happy the birds made a nest on me, so I would not be lonely. I try to stay still when the wind is blowing hard so the eggs would not fall and crack open.

In the fall, the birds fly south because it is warmer.

I hate when it is winter because it is cold and there are no birds to keep me company. All my leaves fall off and I'm bald! It always snows. There is hail and black ice.

But then one day, there is a boy.

The boy was wearing a big, cozy jacket and snow boots. He found a Christmas tree. I did not know that I was a Christmas tree! The boy told his mom and dad to decorate me with lights and bells. He wrapped long strings of lights around my waist and neck. Then, the boy put bells on me. Finally, he plugged in the extension cord...and...I lit up! At last, I was warm and bright!

A few months later, spring came and the birds returned to my branches to say hello and fix up their nests.

"Did you have a good time?" asked the birds, excitedly flapping their wings.

I did not answer. I only smiled happily.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ben Zheng is 10 years old and is a fifth grader at West Vincent Elementary School. He lives in Pottstown with his parents, brother, and sister. In his spare time, he enjoys playing XBOX and watching videos on YouTube.

PAWLP teacher an...

Mrs. Keenan's Anthology Page

Map to My House

Start out at Holy Cross Church, where marble statues loom from the top of the tall staircase. Head down Springfield Road and stop at Swiss Farms for a gallon of skim milk and a pack of Tastycakes (must be chocolate, cream-filled!).

Make a U-turn and coast down Bishop Road, past the tiny library with no book drop. Cross over the train tracks and make a left onto Providence Road. Pick up makeup and a Three Musketeers bar at CVS, then walk over to Stinger's Restaurant to enjoy mussels and seared ahi tuna (with a cold Diet Pepsi, of course!) in your usual booth.

Drive west on Providence, make a left on Ashland, and a quick right onto Wynnbrook. Put the car in park, and leave the engine running with door open (just for a second!) as you sprint over to the mailbox and mail some thank you notes and a forgotten postcard.

Jump back in the car, making sure you're driving 15 miles per hour (even though the speed limit is 25) to respect the neighborhood and watch out for kids, like Dad always says! Slow down when you pass your neighbor Lou's house, and give him and his sons a wave as they're in the driveway, working on their cars.

Don't forget about Eddie across the street! He's out front, walking his tiny (yet vicious-looking) chestnut-colored dog, Buddy. Yell, "Hiiiiii, Eddie!" and he will unfailingly reply, "Heyyy, how ya doin?" from beneath his navy blue baseball hat.

Ease up into your driveway, firmly press the brake, pull the emergency brake, and gather up purse, school bag, gym bag, and shopping bags. The marigolds, standing proudly even though their peaceful village has been rudely invaded by weeds, smile encouragingly at you as you struggle up the steps.

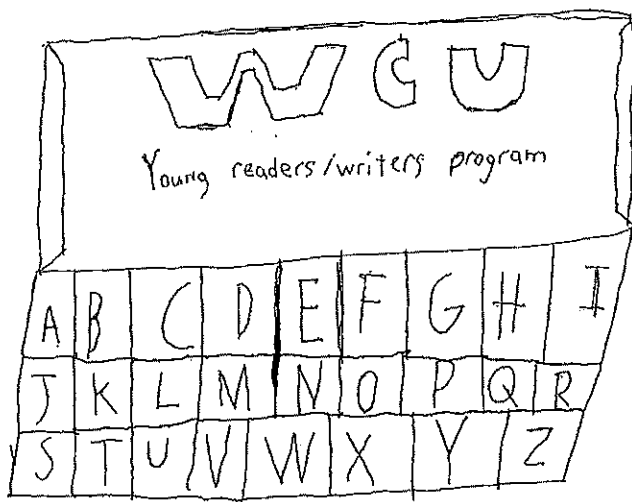
Drop your bags in frustration as you attempt to lift the key to the door. Peek inside the mailbox; twist open the lock, grab those bags, and enjoy the icy blast of the air conditioning on this hot afternoon.

You're finally home!

About the Author

Mrs. Katie (Subach) Keenan is a 6th grade language arts teacher at Garnet Valley Middle School. She is a 2011 Fellow of the Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project, the best experience of her professional career! Mrs. Keenan was married on June 20 and enjoyed a Mediterranean cruise for her honeymoon. She loves cooking, running, and relaxing at the beach. She is trying NOT to love Diet Pepsi!

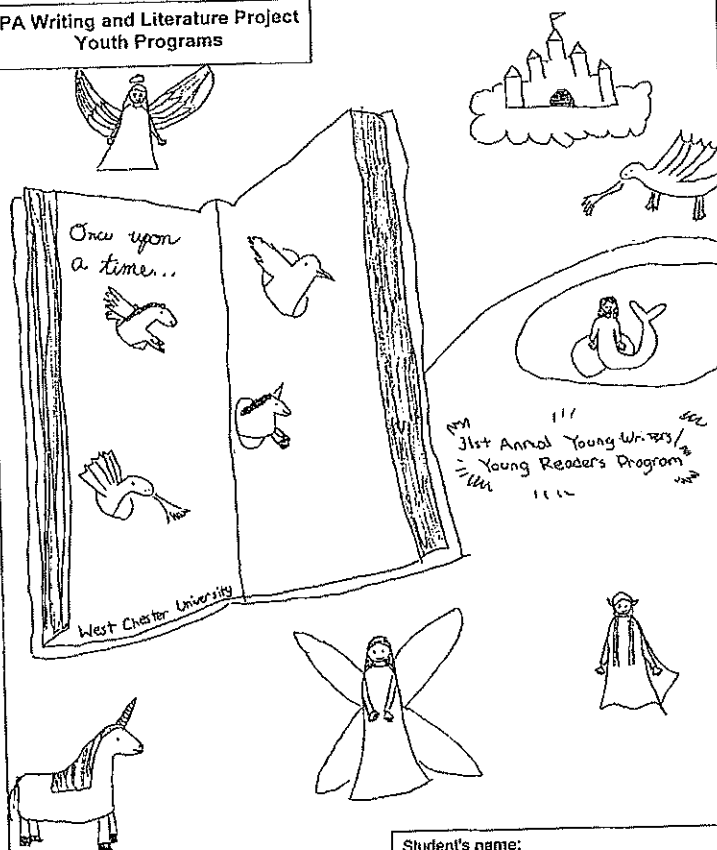
PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs



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PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs

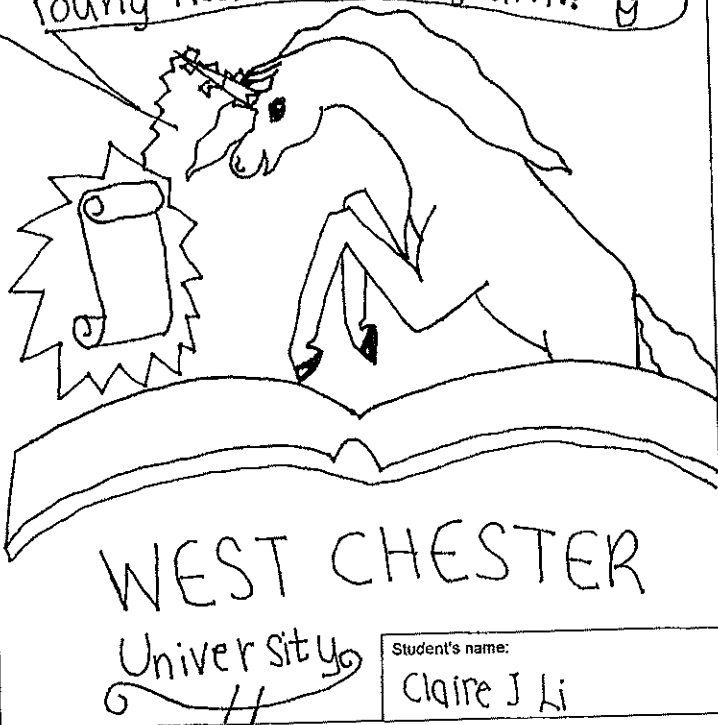


Student's name:

Emily Wu

PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs

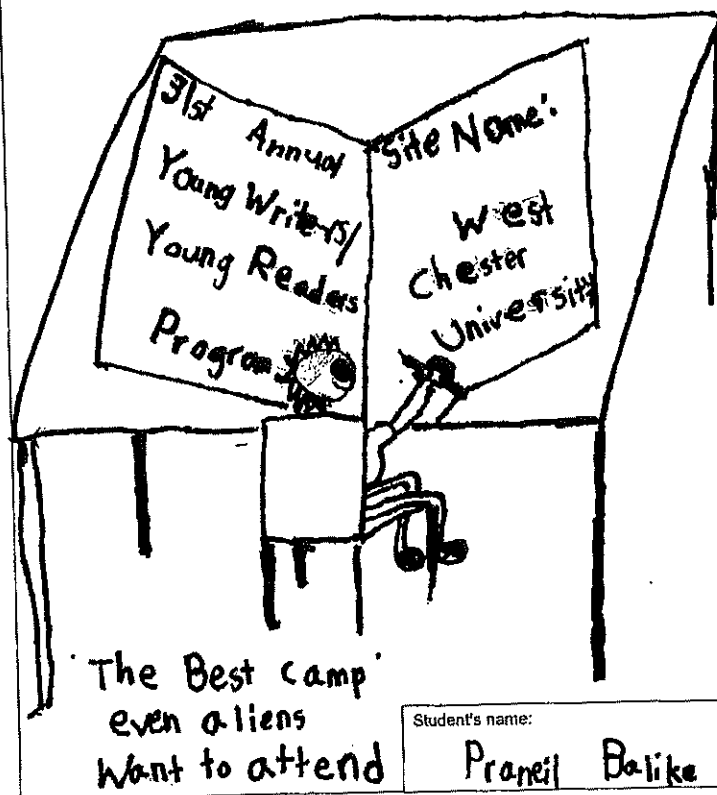
31st Annual Young Writers/
Young Readers Program!!



Student's name:

Claire J Li

PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs



Student's name:

Praneil Balike

Dustbowl Challenges

By Saj

There have been a lot of dust storms; they have been. Wreaking havoc on our town of Deerhead, Kansas. The dust storms have come again and again and torture our family. These dust storms have been making me feel scared. For how one of the worst ones might affect us. I just went out to start my daily chores, there wasn't a lot to do for chores because of how all of these dust storms have affected our farm. After an hour or so of chores, then I went inside for a break. Then, I heard a rumbling sound, usually the sound that a dust storm makes.

I ran outside to find a mountain of dust coming toward us very fast. By the looks of it, the storm looked like the treacherous storm, I'd even say the worst storm we'd had in a month. Then, Ma ran out of our house with Little Joey.

Ma yelled, "Get the chickens, Betsy and Jessie!" Jessie and I tied ourselves together with a rope so we wouldn't get lost in the dust. We ran through the dust with our mouths closed on our way to reach the chicken coop.

Once we reached the coop, we went to the shed to get a wheel barrow. We then picked up twelve chickens and loaded them into the wheelbarrow (that was all we could hold). After that, we covered the wheelbarrow with a tarp and drove it as fast as we could to the cellar. The chickens were important to us enough to save them because they were small and containable, and they produced some food for us.

In the cellar, we saw Little Joey and Ma waiting for us. I was worried that the dust storm would destroy our house so that we would have nowhere else to live and we would become extremely poor and not be able to have a home. Soon, I was relieved of my fears because I thought these dust storms couldn't do that much damage and if they did we still could always do something to get out of that mess.

After an hour, the storm ended, it almost completely destroyed our farm. Our farm was in extremely poor shape, the barn was devastated by the storm. Broken wood pieces were everywhere. Our home stood through it all but our crops didn't do as well. All of our crops were destroyed.

We decided we would stay in Deerhead because these dust storms would only last so long. The next day, we started to repair our farm so it would be able to withstand the dust storms. The farm was rebuilt in most spaces. It was closed off, and our family's important objects were stored in the cellar so they couldn't be destroyed. You could call our house stormproof.

We also helped our neighbors repair their farms so they too would be able to survive the dust storms. If the dust storms ended the neighbors would still be alive and part of our neighborhood. We had a lot more dust storms, but soon they all ended. Though the dust storms effected our farm, the government came and offered to repair our farm. We took the offer from them. Soon our farm was looking like it was brand new. The government also repaired other places that took on damage from the dust storms. Nowadays, I can't bear to think of the treacherous times we had when the dust storms were here in our town.

About the author

Saj stands in the middle of the field, to start the soccer game. Saj plays midfield for his soccer team. Saj attends Charlestown Elementary School, and is in the 5th grade. Saj keeps a journal of all his writing since writing is his favorite subject. Saj's favorite book series is the Percy Jackson series because it is jam-packed with adventure. In the book, the characters go all over U.S.A. trying to complete their quest. During the quest, they encounter many monsters. To find out more about this series, read Percy Jackson and the Lightning Thief.

Game 7

"Okay folks, Biiiiiiiiiiiiill Mazeroski!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" said the announcer.

Okay, you're Bill Mazeroski, of the Pirates in the ninth inning of game 7 in the 1960 World Series. The score is nine to nine, all tied up. He walked up to the plate. He could hear the crowd roaring. Ralph Terry, the pitcher on the New York Yankees toed the rubber.

Bill got ready for the first pitch. Ralph Terry did his wind up. He strained to throw it as hard as he could. The pitch was inside. Bill jumped out of the way. With the attendance of 36,683 people watching, he had to do his best. He got back in the batter's box. Ralph did his windup yet again. He hurled the pitch.

It was a perfect strike. Bill put his heart into that pitch. He swung as hard as he could. Crack went the bat. The ball went soaring to left field - over the outfielder's head, over the wall. He jogged around the bases grinning from ear to ear.

When he got back to the dugout, the pirates were there exploding with joy. They paraded around him. He was very proud of himself. His hit gave him the win, the World Series, and his place in the hall of fame.

About the Author

Harry Hyzer defends on first base every time he plays baseball, his favorite sport. Every morning he goes to Wallingford Elementary School in Wallingford his hometown. He likes to go out for burgers at Five Guys. It is his fourth year at writing camp. He has a big brother and a little sister. They both go to writing camp too.

The Attacks Of Germinator

By: Doyle K.

"Germs, germs!" The Germinators minions were everywhere invading the city of New York! The police were everywhere. I was trying to get civilians to safety. "Mr. Mayor, we need you to give us permission to call the US army." I screamed under the sound of gunfire.

"Fine. Call the army. make sure civilians are not harmed." The Mayor said loudly.

"Thank you Mayor."

"Call the army Bill."

"Ok"

Thud. The army shot a missile at the germ minions. "All the civilians are in safe houses bomb away." Joe yelled.

The army got on the ground with a bigger arsenal and better vehicles.

Errrrrrr Joe suddenly heard an enemy gun shoot right at Bill. He was barely moving. I rushed over to check on him. And of course, I brought him to cover. Joe called the medic. He said "let Bill rest. He will be fine. If the shot was a little closer to his heart than his arm he would die." It was a toxic acid that the Germinators minions shot.

"Oh no it's the Germinator!" They all yelled. Joe quickly got his disinfecting gun and shot right at the Gerninator.

"Yes" Joe yelled the army has made a disinfecting nuke. "General launch the nuke." Joe said loudly. Whooooooooooooosh the nuke hit germs were splattered everywhere.

Woohoo they all cheered. The army packed up, the police went home, and the civilians cleaned up the city and went back to normal!

About The Author

Doyle loves baseball. Once, he hit a triple almost out of the park! He loves *Ember Books*. If he got to write the first line it would be, "Doon where did you go?" Lina cried because there are always power outages in the book. I'd write the complete book in the dark. Doyle Kephart attends Glen Acres Elementary School and is entering fourth grade. He is nine years old.

A Turn to the Worst

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! That was my heart beating when I was sitting inside the principal's office next to Henry and waiting for Mr. Cello, the principal, to come in and talk to us. I knew if I had not gotten into any trouble I would be at home on this glorious half-day.

Squeak! The door creaked open and the principal walked in and sat down in his big chair across from mine and Henry's. "As you two should know already that name calling and kicking someone is not acceptable at this school. Alexa, please quickly tell your side of the story." Mr. Cello said in an extremely serious voice. "I was outside waiting for my parents to pick me up after school when Henry walked over to me and called me a nerd bird. Then I started to kick him."

"Why did you start to kick him? You could have told Henry to not call you that nickname." Mr. Cello interrupted. I was so annoyed by Mr. Cello because he has been interrupting me when I was talking and sharing my feelings. I started to talk again. "I did tell Henry not to call me that nickname. Second of all, he calls me names like that all the time and I got really stressed. After I started to kick Henry our parents showed up and brought us here."

"Don't put all the blame on Henry! Now Henry tell us what happened in different words." The principal shouted.

Henry started to talk in a low voice. "I was outside waiting for my parents and I was lonely so I went over to Alexa and called her a Nerd bird. She immediately started to kick me until our parents arrived."

"Being mean to someone just to get them to notice you is a selfish thing to do." The principal added.

A few minutes later Mr. Cello came in again told us that we were going to break for lunch and we HAVE to eat together. My parents gave me an angry look when we walked out to the cafeteria and got our food. The parents were talking nonstop so I guess I had to talk to Henry.

"So how's your leg? I guess instead of kicking you I could have just walked away." I admitted

"It hurts a lot. Also instead of calling you names I should have kept to myself." Henry said.

"Lunch is over please come back to my office! The parents have to come too!" Mr. Cello hollered. We walked back to the office and sat down.

"Do any of you have anything to say to each other?" The principal asked while looking at me and Henry. "I'm sorry I called you a nerd bird Alexa."

"I'm sorry I kicked you Henry."

"In that case no one is expelled now!" the principal excitedly said. On the way to our cars I stopped to talk to Henry. "You're actually not that mean."

"Neither are you." I walked to my car with a huge smile on my face and happy thoughts in my mind.

About the author

The author of this amazing anthology page is The magical Maggie Liu. She is going to fifth grade at Pocopson Elementary. Maggie is so excited to be in the highest grade of the school. Her favorite subjects are writing and math. Even though she likes to learn new things, Maggie would rather be at home eating her favorite food, beef nachos. Some activities she does out of school are playing the flute, piano, drawing, and dancing.

The Champion

"Crack",

The ball hit Chris's racquet at an amazing speed from the server. Chris was ranked the number one player tennis player in the world. Pretty good for a 16 year old. It is 40-15. Chris breaking Nadal's serve. It was the semifinals, and if Chris won this point he would be facing Novac Djokovic, ranked number two in the finals. Chris won.

The next day, Boris Becker, Chris's coach, called Chris for practice. When Chris hit the ball, it went straight up in the air. "What in the world?????" Chris thought. He expected something way else. He expected a smash that would go right over the net. For the next the next couple of shots, that was happening. After practice, Chris hopped on his bike and biked to his Dad's house to tell his dad what happened at practice for the semifinals. As Chris reached his house, Chris had a feeling that his Dad knew the solution to this. Chris rang the doorbell.

"Hey there, Chris" Chris's Dad said cheerfully.

"Hey there, Dad" Chris said. "I came here to tell you about something that's happening when I play tennis." "I keep messing up at practice." "Every single shot I hit is either too long or always in to the net."

"The yips" Chris's Dad said.

"The what?" Chris said in a confused manner.

"The yips" Chris's Dad repeated. "A common sports thing..." "Listen up Chris" "Why don't you search up the yips" "Then tell me what it is."

Chris got to work right away. "The yips" Chris mumbled. "A sudden sports loss." "Usually caused by personal stress". Chris immediately ran to tell his Dad.

"Ah... now your second step" "Figure out your personal stress". Chris tried to figure out his stress.

"I got it!" Chris exclaimed. "You and mom's divorce!" "Now only we have to figure something to get rid of this stress....".

Both son and Dad sat at least for 45 minutes. Finally, a light bulb started to glow in Chris's Dad head.

"I got an idea" Chris's Dad said, full of glee. "Why don't your mom and I come to the final, to see you, and all of your matches. Plus, we can even sit together."

"REALLY!" Chris yelled (in a good way). "So you're saying that you'll be nice to each other!" "WOW!"

Finally, the day came for Chris to compete against Novac.

2 HOURS LATER...

"Yes!" Chris shouted. He had won the Aussie Open.

About the Author

Krish Mendiratta is the author of this awesome anthology page. This athletic guy likes playing tennis with his dad and also likes running around in gym class. He's always eating nachos, because he is always hungry. Visit him in West Chester, PA or at Sugartown Elementary School.

The Tutor

By: Revant Mendiratta

"You have 40 minutes to finish the test, begin," said Mrs. Chad. Jax groaned. He guessed every problem knowing that he would still get an F. The truth was that Jax never studied. He was too busy because he was a soccer captain for the RAYS. The RAYS were an undefeated soccer team thanks to Jax. "Your time is up," said Mrs. Chad after 40 minutes.

Jax was happy because math was his last subject. After school, Jax had soccer practice. At soccer practice, before Jax could get a ball, Coach Kevin called him over. Jax slithered to Coach Kevin. Coach Kevin spoke deep and soft. "Jax," he said, "You are removed from the team because you are failing all your classes". When Jax left the field he did not look back, and he did not want to talk with anyone.

When he got home, his mom and dad wondered why he was home so early. Jax just ran upstairs, into his room and slammed the door behind him. His dad barked, "I will kick open the door to your room if you do not talk to us". Then Jax opened the door and told them everything. Both his mom and dad did not say a word. Jax knew that they both were angry, but they just did not show it. When he was supposed to be asleep he overheard his mom and dad talking about getting a tutor. Jax gulped. He did not know what to do so he just slept.

The next day Jax went to school, he did not pay attention in class or go to soccer practice. When he came home he saw some man that he did not know. So Jax's mom explained to him that he was his new tutor, **Ryan**. Ryan was nice and friendly. The first meeting went well with Jax and Ryan. Ryan taught Jax how to manage his time so he could do homework and play soccer.

The next day at school Jax felt like he was the king of the world. Jax knew that it was just the beginning. Again that night he had another session with Ryan. Now Jax had complete trust in Ryan.

The next day Jax had a big science test. When Jax got his test results back, he saw that he got an A+ with extra credit.

Jax is 20 years old now and only thing you could hear were screams. It was the finals in the World Cup and America was winning, 9-1. Jax was America's striker. When Jax looked into the crowd he saw Ryan. His friend. His tutor. His hero.

About the Amazing Author

A kid who was born to play soccer for Great Valley School District is writing a book. Make sense? Move aside people because Revant, a fifth grader, is ready to prove that he is athletic and smart. He loves cheese curls and his beautiful mom and fun dad.

Fairly Enchanted

She scanned the table of miscellaneous items rubbing the dust and grime, that had gathered over the years, off. A bow and arrow. A transparent shoe. A glossy red apple with a single white oval in the middle—a bite. Her grandmother's words rang through her head. *One bite, and you'd be done for.* Those words had sparked Danica's fear of apples.

"Leo," she commanded to her younger brother. "Don't touch anything."

Leo looked up from the hairbrush with a pink swirly *R* etched on it. "Why?" he asked.

"Because I said so." Danica replied sternly. "Don't eat anything either, especially that apple."

Her fingers though, curious and looking for something to do, continued to brush the objects. A pillow. A red cape. A green, rather large, bean. She remembered the fabled shop of fairy tale objects her grandmother had told her about when she was young. She hadn't believed her, even then, because she knew that fairy tales were just stories. Now, as her fingers grazed an aquamarine conch shell, she was beginning to doubt herself.

"May I help you?" A woman's voice interrupted Danica's thoughts. She whipped around to see a tall woman with a complexion smooth as buttermilk and Ferrari red lips. Her short brown hair was curled under and her gray-blue eyes twinkled in the fluorescent lighting.

"No, thank you." Danica answered. "We were just—"

"Mad enough to come in?" the woman responded. "You're both plain nutty, dear. But let me tell you a secret. All the best people are."

Danica, at a loss for words, stood in astonishment. Her grandmother used to say that constantly.

"Grandma?" Leo squeaked.

The woman straightened a stack of paper. "Like I said, you're both plain nutty. I'm nobody's grandmother. Anyone who ever read Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* knows that phrase." She placed the papers back on the counter. She sighed. "Now, who might you be?"

"Danica." Danica replied. "And that's my brother, Leo. Who are you?"

"Veronica Grimm, owner." the woman responded. "Are you looking for anything, loves?"

I am a Pen

I've seen things. Amazing things.

I've seen a cloud of colors scribbled with almost an entire box of crayons.

I've seen a letter all the way from Australia.

I've seen a big red *A* on a test that she needed desperately to pass

I've seen a terrible note passed from the other end of the class...about her, from her best friend.

I've seen a letter from the favored contender with a question she'd been waiting to hear.

I've seen professions of adoration secretly passed from one to another, reading three sweet words.

I've seen a tear drop solemnly onto a pink page of a diary filled with words of devastation.

I've seen a check signed for something she'd been waiting and yearning for.

I've seen a *very* official letter of acceptance, and the screams of joy that followed.

I've seen a page with all the signatures of the graduating class on one colorful sheet.

I've been packed in a box, forgotten for so many years.

I've seen five year old hands pick me up and express their crazy imagination.

I've seen things. Amazing things.

Because I am a pen.

About the Author

If you walk into the Naugle family kitchen, you will find eleven year old Mollie, spinning a tale on the family laptop. Mollie will be entering 6th grade at St. Joseph School, where she will expand her vocabulary in English and travel to the times of kings and queens in history. A self-proclaimed Disney freak, she likes to consider herself a novice globetrotter and up-and-coming author. When not traveling or writing, she may be found voraciously reading *The Penderwicks* series by Jeanne Birdsall. This is her fifth consecutive year attending the camp, and she hopes to continue for many years to come!

The Mystery of George Morse Phillips

by Dilan

Have you ever wondered about the mystery of George Morse Phillips? I have, I'm his great grandson. My nickname is Phil and I'm a freshman at West Chester University of Pennsylvania. My great grandfather taught at this university, but one day as he taught his class, everybody in the class had a question. Then it happened-his body shutdown. I never believed it. And, whenever, I go to Phillips hall, I hear what people tell me is his ghost playing the organ.

One day at twilight, I followed the sound of the organ hoping I would unlock the mystery. I went in a silent corridor to the auditorium's basement. The organ got louder and louder. Knowing that I was close, I turned on the light which was almost burned out. There was a silent organ. I played a few notes and then played an e-flat above high-c one of my favorites. Suddenly, I saw another set of staircase. Full of excitement, I went down the stairs.

There was a machine which was very hard to explain. So dear reader, I ask you to image it yourself. I traveled through time and I saw all sorts of clocks everywhere, the time machine and I unexpectedly stopped. I saw watches, digital clocks, alarm clocks and other types of clocks in color. I looked further down, I saw things in black in white. And if you looked further up you saw advance Apple and Microsoft watches and clocks. Then I saw an organ and the person who was playing the organ-George Morse Phillips! I couldn't believe it.

"Are you George Morse Phillips, the man-," I asked?

"-who remained a mystery, yes, yes I am," Mr.Phillips told Phil

"How did you know I was-," I tested again

"-going to say that, my dear great grandson. Well, Phil, I visited the past and the future. And for that reason, I know what you are going to say. For example, I know how The Great Pyramid of Giza, one of the seven original wonders, was built. I also faked my own death, but when people heard an organ playing they believed there was a ghost of me. One of my many hobbies is playing the organ and one of my favorite notes is the e flat above high c and I made it so that if you play that note the door would be revealed. I came here because I knew that I would eventually die one day. In here I never age, but it is better to live a happy life with your loved ones.

So every day while at collage, I visit him and he tells me the secrets of the world. I know how the world ends. I give him presents for his birthday, but already know what it is because he looks in the future. He take on adventures. Now, I know the secret behind George Morse Phillips.

About the Author

Now, introducing Dilan Patel, an 11 year old author of this anthology page. He is a person who rather read a book than go to school He has one optimistic brother, Rohan, and a pushy sister, named Sonya. He lives in 2203 Kingsley Ct. Chester Springs, PA and will be attending Marsh Creek Sixth Grade Center, *Go Narwhals!* Likes most books, but his favorites the Qwerty Stevens Series by Dan Gutman and Frindle by Andrew Clements. This is Dilan's first year at the Young Writers/Young Readers program and hopes to come back here soon.

The Future of No Books!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

It is 2211. Everyone is so corrupted by technology they read in bytes. Nobody remembers history, and there are no books! I was playing on my holographic iPhone 357 when I saw a something with a cover and paper.

I looked in it and saw some type of text. It wasn't like "bytes", our normal language.

A.F.T.I.A.C.T.T (*A Friend That Is A Computer That Talks*), translated the text into bytes for me. The words on the front of the thing I found said that this was a book (whatever that is) from the Library of Congress, and was about the United States government. A.F.T.I.A.C.T.T thought this was the rarest moment in all the time he's been with me. I started reading the book, and I learned the about 1.6 megabytes of United States history. If I could show these books to the world, everyone would enjoy them. I needed to find The Library of Congress.

I had A.F.T.I.A.C.T.T teleport me home. A.F.T.I.A.C.T.T knew nothing of the whereabouts of The Library of Congress. I researched the Library of Congress for two hours. I found nothing. Then, I remembered there was a map to all the government buildings in the book. A.F.T.I.A.C.T.T scanned the map, and teleported me to the library.

There was one huge problem. The library was in ruins! As I stared at the library, I remembered in the book it said there was an earthquake here in 2011. I looked around for a door, but I couldn't find one. A.F.T.I.A.C.T.T scanned the building and found a vent.

You wouldn't believe how hard it was to crawl around in vents for 2 hours, as A.F.T.I.A.C.T.T led me through the maze of vents.

Finally, I found The Library of Congress. I brought all the books out, and showed history to the world.

About the Author

One of the authors of this stupendous anthology is Rohan Patel, age 10. He loves mangos, science, and the book series *The Heroes of Olympus*. *The Heroes of Olympus* is interesting because it has action, adventure, and mystery. His favorite movie is *Home Alone 3*, the comedy. He likes it because it always makes him laugh. This is Rohan's first year at camp and he really enjoyed it.

BOBBY'S REVENGE

June 10,th 7:30 am

Frank closes the door to his car. His dog was in the back seat. Frank lets him out of the back seat and said, "Good afternoon, Scout. Come with me."

They look at the house. They can see that the wind is blowing the curtains from inside. They think that maybe this house is haunted. They go inside to explore the house because they want to know what is really in there. They can see eyes watching them from the shadows of a dark corner in the living room. The ghost comes out. He is wearing a t-shirt with a skull on it and holding a guitar in his hand. He says, "My name is Bobby. Who are you?"

Frank says, "I am Frank and this is Scout. Why are you here?"

"Mr. Baldwin killed me. From that day, because I was playing my electric guitar too loud. I have been haunting my house so somebody could help me to get revenge. So I lived in it. Frank and Bobby made an alliance. Let's make a plan. Frank would ring the doorbell, letting Scout in the house. Scout WILL bite Mr. Baldwin and lead him into his room where Bobby is. "YOU KILLED ME," screamed Bobby and scared Mr. Baldwin out of the neighborhood!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Praneeth Polireddy likes to read and write. What else could have made Praneeth a remarkable reader? Praneeth's passion is to play his video game *Mario Kart 8*. He also enjoys playing with his younger brother Yuvan. His brother gets mad at him sometimes and chases him around the house. Once he pushed him 3 feet! He (Praneeth) loves to eat nachos as much as he loves family. This summer is Praneeth's second year at reading and writing camp, and his brother Yuvan's first. Praneeth favorite TV show is We Bare Bears!

Ghosts: The Two Wishes: by Aneesh Raparia

Mysterious things had been at the West Chester Campus, ever since George Morris Phillips had died. They were especially happening at the Phillips building which was said to be haunted. George had haunted this building for more than twenty-two years along with the other famous ghosts. George's death was a very unusual death. From all the evidence, George had died because of his frustration from students asking him so many questions that weren't relevant to the subject of the normal teaching day. And so George's body just shut down in front the whole class. He died.

Life was tough at Charlie Morgan's college, since there were many strict teachers and bullies. He wished he was dead, like the ghosts. That would be his best dream, unless life got better by some miracle. The reason that Charlie was bullied was because he was autistic, but what his bullies didn't know was that Charlie was smart and had a brain that could problem solve very quickly. Charlie had some allies who helped him, such as Jeffrey, Ben, Leon, Jake, and Devin. The gym teachers also helped him in sports. Since Charlie was one of the smartest kids, his math, reading, history, science, social studies, and writing teachers called on him the most.

Today was picture day, and Charlie had his best look on. "Class get in line, we are going to the tree orchard to take beautiful photos", said Mrs. Blakins, in her crispy French accent. The class got in a line and walked down the hallway. Charlie felt a weird gust of cool air swish by. However this hall had no A.C., so that was very strange. Charlie didn't feel so good anymore. "Jeffrey, did you feel that", Charlie asked Jeffrey in a whisper.

"What was that, there is no A.C., right?", answered Jeffrey, worriedly. That was a question Charlie couldn't answer.

"Say Cheese", said the photographer. And so they did. The picture turned out great, except for one extremely strange thing, an extra person was there. This person had died two years ago in a snowball fight. His name was Ralph Kent. Everyone was shocked and started paying attention for the ghost of Ralph. Then Patricia, Charlie's twin sister saw the strange outline of a human floating near the tree. Then the vibrating outline came closer bouncing in its blinding colors. Then everything became bright as the ghost tried to strike Patricia.

About the Author

This writing camp is the best inspiration for a 10 year old kid named Aneesh. Aneesh is going into fifth grade at Pickering Valley School. Aneesh lives in the Eagle Hunt community in Chester Springs. You can find Aneesh dribbling down the soccer field, or up at the net volleying the ball in tennis. He can also be found concentrating deeply on his chess game. Aneesh would also love it if people would come and applaud for him at his break-dance recital. Aneesh had lots of fun writing this awesome anthology page!

Rebels: By Makenna Walko

Dust rains down, and ashes cover everything. The remains of the library are just that: remains; ruins of a world from history. So much lost, so little gained. Crouching, hidden behind a crumbling memorial, I take in the horrible scene, chills racing down my spine as I remember my time in the Society's Dungeons. Where my younger sister, Angel, is still rotting away in the darkness. As an escaped prisoner of the Northern Wars, a series of battles fought between the Rebels, a group of people who believe in the power of books and reading, and the Society, our government, that thinks novels are causing too much unrest among citizens and has begun destroying them, I am being hunted. My simply being here right now, in this honored place of wisdom and culture, had brought about its demise, in part. It's only September 6, 2099, and Malvern Library of Literature has been scheduled for destruction sooner or later. I've just sped up the process. But still...

"And," I remind myself aloud, guilt breaking my heart, "This is just the beginning." *Unless you follow through on your promise to Maxx*, I add silently. Maxx is another rebel, but she knows how to break Angel out of the Society's dungeons. And, she has agreed to help me save my sister...on one condition: I tell her the information that could destroy the Society forever. I tell her the secret that will shut down the Society's machines, the ones that have been destroying the books. So I agreed...But Maxx and I both know that I just said that to get Angel out. At any minute now, I could break my promise.

So here I am, a hunted rebel following another hopeless case, whom I hardly trust at all, into a top secret dungeon, planning to break out a sick prisoner who can hardly walk a few paces alone, I think forlornly, then mentally kick myself for believing that, even for a second, this mission is pointless. No, I have to do this. I love Angel more than anything in the world, and there is no way I'm leaving her behind, even if it means telling a secret that could put us *all* in danger.

"C'mon, let's move." Maxx whispers from behind a chunk of rubble, waving me forward to join her as she pushes with all her might. And, to my utter astonishment, the boulder rolls just a bit, revealing a hidden tunnel, as dark as night and just as threatening, underneath. She slips down into the shadows, and, after a moment's hesitation, I follow. Down, down, down I stumble, feeling my way through the darkness, until finally...It takes a minute for my eyes to adjust to the sudden brightness as we pass a torch, flames dancing, that marks the dungeon's entrance. I narrow my eyes in puzzlement as Maxx pushes up against one of the tunnel's dirt walls, scraping away to uncover a metal, rusted door. It squeaks, painfully loud, as she opens it, and we both freeze. But after another silent moment, and no sign of a furious mob of guards coming to arrest us, we continue through the doorway and out into the jail... I catch my breath at the horror of it all, my worst memories of the place returning. Images of whips and terror and rats and darkness float through me, causing me to tremble as we make our way past the hundreds of thousands of jail cells, where feverish prisoners cackle or cry or just stare up at me with miserable desire written plainly across their countenance. But I force myself to ignore them and stare straight ahead, oblivious to the rats scurrying across my feet and dirty water dripping off the ceiling. *Find Angel, Find Angel, Find Angel...* I repeat the words over and over to myself, like a prayer.

"What cell is she in?" Maxx asks me, her voice barely audible above the cacophony of noises. I look around, a wave of hopelessness washing over me. But then, a soft voice registers from down the hall.

"Paris? Paris, is that you?!" Someone rasps.

"Angel!" I cry as relief and anxiety both fight for my attention, and I race toward her cell. Angel's big, stormy grey eyes stare up at me, bouncy auburn curls looking dirty and scraggly, her freckles bright against her pale face. She's unnaturally thin, all skin and bones, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"It's okay, it's okay," I repeat, grasping Angel through the bars of her cell as I watch Maxx pick the lock on Angel's door. Finally, after what seems a lifetime, the door swings open, and Angel is back in my arms. She's only just turned eight, and her eyes seem much too haunted for someone so young. But I'm only thirteen, and people have said that about me, too. After all we've been through, it's no surprise. But it doesn't matter. Nothing matters but the fact that Angel and I are together again.

About the Author:

Percy Jackson, Harry Potter, Maximum Ride...It's no wonder Makenna Walko, a ten year old writer living in Malvern, Pennsylvania, is such an inspired author. After many years of reading such powerful, interesting novels, she can't help but let her imagination run wild. Of course, much of her time is also devoted to learning in the 5th Grade at Villa Maria Academy, practicing guitar, playing soccer, and running the 400 meter dash during track season. Still, two years of writing at camp has definitely begun to rub off on her. And, thanks to her encouraging parents and supportive younger sister, Greyson, Makenna will likely continue to compose poetry, books, and other forms of literature for many years to come.

million dollar man

Matt walked into the casino, hypnotized a casino manager, and money. He had received 8 million dollars and he needed to get all eight million back in 15 days. The day after that, Matt spent all of the 8 million except for 100,000 dollars, but the Shaak Hair Removal System failed and the ten people who bought the Shaak Hair Removal Systems wanted refunds. He was stunned and BROKE.

Later by standing on a sidewalk, Matt tried to get people to donate money to help pay back his loan. Only one person donated money, and he only donated twenty dollars. Matt said, "at least I will have a meal tonight and coffee tomorrow morning." That next morning Matt thought to himself that maybe he could get free money from the web. When he tried the web money 5000 he got no money and was out 25 dollars. Later that day, he thought about why his business failed. He only had twelve days left until he needed 8 million dollars and a first paycheck for his 112 employees.

The day after that, he went to the bank begging for ten more days, he got four days taken away for begging; he had only 8 days left. Later on he thought, that maybe, just maybe he could start another business with the 100,000 dollars.

When he woke up on the second to last day, he started a business using the old workers and some help building the outline from some friends. The company was called Thermont. It made stuff from jackets to skis to zero turn mowers to computers. Matt thought he would make millions of dollars in 24 hours because his company had over 150 things they were selling. He went to sleep at 5:55. When he woke up the next morning he turned on the news and the top story was "Matt Keiser *overnight millionaire*". Matt looked at the profits on his e-mail and it read 15,000,000 dollars. Matt broke into a happy dance. He paid the bank back and gave his employees their first pay check. Matt was a millionaire for the rest of his life!!!

About The Author

Most nights you would find Kyle Wodehouse at Shady Maple Smorgasbord getting his third plate of cheese fries and crispy fried chicken. He's the kind of guy who loves the two divergent movies and the books. He is one decade old. He lives in Mohnton, PA. Kyle is also a G.E.P. [Gifted Education Program] student of Governor Mifflin School District!

The Disagreeable Brothers

By: Matthew Yu

"Would you turn the sound down Bob? I'm trying to do homework here!" Fred shouted.

"No!" Bob shouted back.

These brothers fight every day because of some bizarre reason. They were complete opposites but they had to share a room because there were no extra rooms. Fred was doing homework one day after school and Bob was busy playing video games. After they ate dinner and got back Bob immediately continued playing video games. Fred decided to go to sleep because his brain was fried from all his homework and extra credit.

When Fred tried to sleep, he found it impossible to block out all the sound from Bob's video game. Fred screamed "TURN THE SOUND DOWN I'M TRYING TO SLEEP!"

Bob answered saying, "No", again.

Fred was angry from getting the answer no again so he went up to the console and turned it off. But since Bob was deeply concentrating on his game and was trying to win, he got very angry when the screen went black without saving his progress. So Bob started yelling nonstop even though it was 10:00pm.

Their parents got very angry from all the commotion because they were trying to concentrate on their work so they stomped all the way to Fred and Bob's bedroom. Then Fred and Bob's parents yelled, "What was wrong?"

Suddenly Fred saw his chance to tattle-tale on what Bob had done to him that day. Their parents got so angry at Bob after listening to what he did. So they took away Bob's game console and he could only play until he and Fred finished their homework. But they also added, if Fred wanted to sleep and told Bob to turn the sound down, he had too. Bob really didn't like the compromise but he had to go along with it. So he decided it was ok, since he still got to play.

About the Author

Matthew can usually be found in the computer room playing video games. This is his second year attending the Reading and Writing camp. He also has a brother named Chris and is attending his second year. Matthew is ten years old and is going to fifth grade at Pocopson Elementary School in the Unionville-Chadds Ford School District.

The Bird that Glows

By Connor Zou

"Unh" Will said in a groan. He picked himself up. He looked at what he tripped over. It looked like an egg but, something was different - it was glowing. Hal ran over to his friend, "What happened?" said Hal when they were back in their beds. Hal inspected the egg before he slept.

Will and Hal agreed to keep it a secret. They started to fail classes because of the egg. Leo came by. Will thought about an excuse but saw no escape. "Can I talk to Hal?" He didn't wait for a reply. He walked to Hal's room and told Hal everything.

"Should I tell him?" asked Will

Will told Leo about the egg and showed Leo the egg? but somebody heard them. It was Hal's sister.

"What did you just say?" said Hal's sister. And she came into their room

"Elizabeth, we're not talking to you." said Hal.

"What did you just say about a phoenix egg?" said Elizabeth.

Will showed her the phoenix egg, "Don't tell anyone about it." Will said

Will and Hal were awakened by something that sounded like an egg cracking. Will and Hal went to examine the egg. It seemed that some variety of bird was being born. The bird was dark as the night sky - the more they concentrated, the harder it was to see.

Will and Hal gave the bird some food to keep quite. At dawn, they were awake and saw a pretty, bright light in their room. They went to investigate. All they saw was a bird that was glowing intensely.

"It must be the bird that emerged yesterday" said Hal.

"Wasn't it black yesterday," said Will

"I see no reason to argue," said Hal .

Will told Elizabeth and Leo to come to his bunkroom. They arrived, and Hal showed what had happened overnight.

"It's so cute" said Elizabeth.

They decided to learn how it came. They visited the library and asked for myths. They read until they found something promising. It said:

The phoenix should grow powers and will change color. When it's dark, it will turn dark as the night sky, and, at dawn, it will turn burning bright like the sun."

They asked if they could borrow the book for three weeks.

One morning, something bizarre happened - the phoenix turned undetectable and then was able to be seen again.

Will read the book they had taken from the library. It said:

The first power they get is invisibility. The only way you can see him is by putting water at the bottom of their feet. Then, he will reappear.

They set up traps so when he stepped on it, they could see him again. Three hours later, Leo shouted, "I got it! I got it!"

Will and Elizabeth didn't believe him until they saw the bird.

What do we do?" said Leo.

Will did the first thing that jumped into his mind -he told Will and Elizabeth to jump on him. When they jumped, both of them soared at the same time and crashed head-on.

"Ouch" they said at the same time. The phoenix had had enough time to escape.

They were all sad because they had all liked the phoenix a lot.

About The Author

You can usually find Connor in a in the goal box (soccer) on a Saturday morning. His team name is the Gatiors. He plays the piano while munching on grapes. He lives in a suburb in Pennsylvania his favorite book series is the series brother band and rangers apprentice. He grew up with a salon type sister and video game type brother. He goes to west Bradford Elementary School.

The Two Voices of a Story

by Dr. Jolene Borgese and Ms. Kimberly Kraf

Books create pictures
in my mind.

The soundtrack
helps to create a mood.

Sometimes I can even smell
the ocean, the forest, or the city streets.

I'll cry and have to
turn away from the pages.

I pause to ponder
and let my emotions escape.

I close the book
and say good-night.
Tomorrow I will feel refreshed
to read on.

The pictures are vivid,
but not what I imagined.

I passively sit as colors and voices
brush the surface of my thoughts.

The music reaches deep into my
soul
pulling my emotions to the surface.

My tears and fears are
echoed in the dark.

A moment with my thoughts
would delete the next event

The movie shuts me out.
To revisit,
I would have to sit though it

again, and again, and

again.

About the Authors

Dr. Jolene Borgese

Dr. Borgese's (better known as Dr. B) passion is teaching and writing! She has spent most of her adult life teaching students from 10 years old to 60 years old .

She writes every day – something, a list to remind her what to do that day!

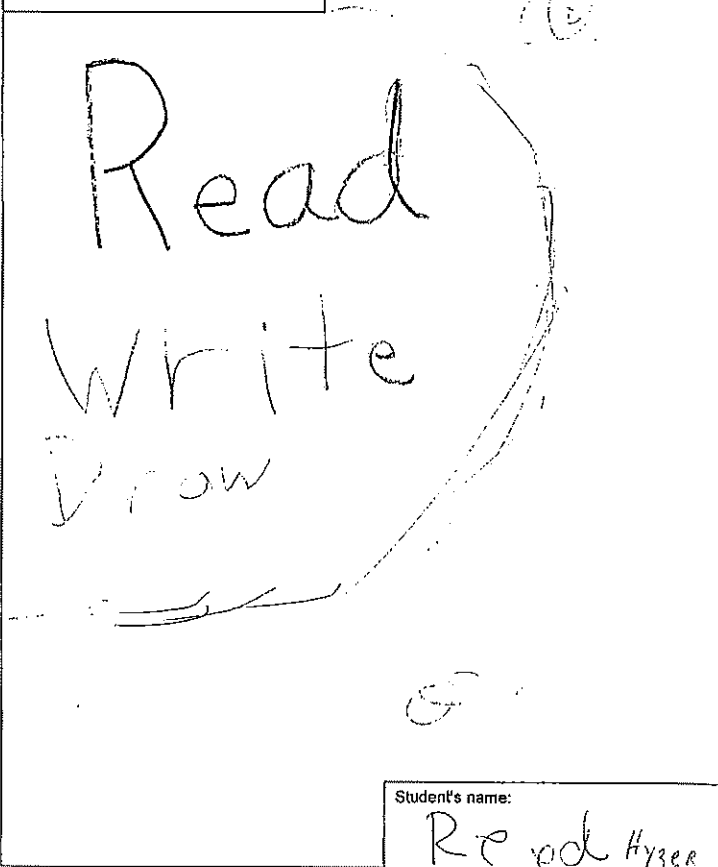
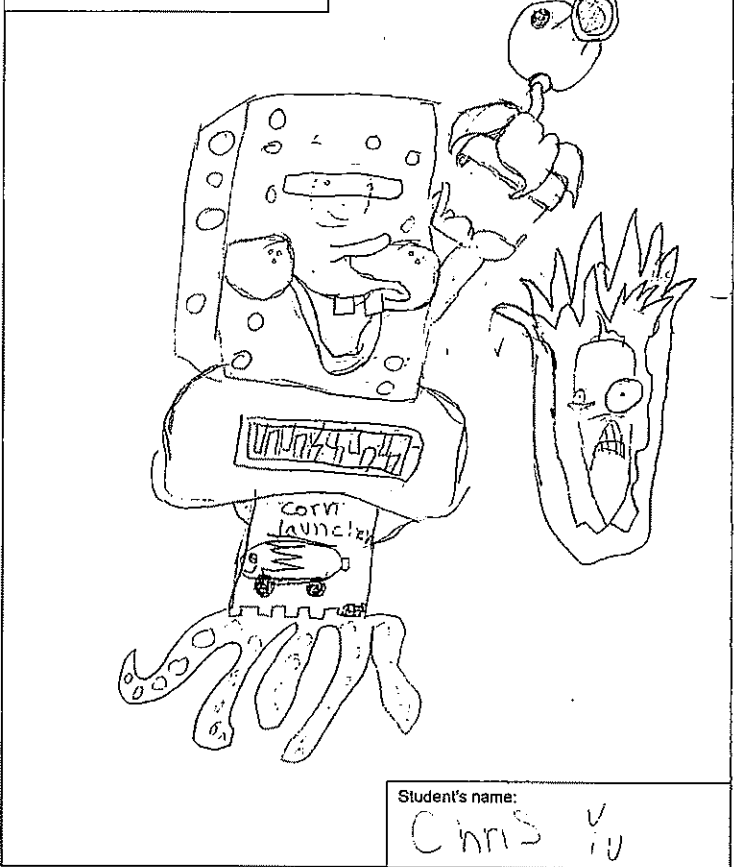
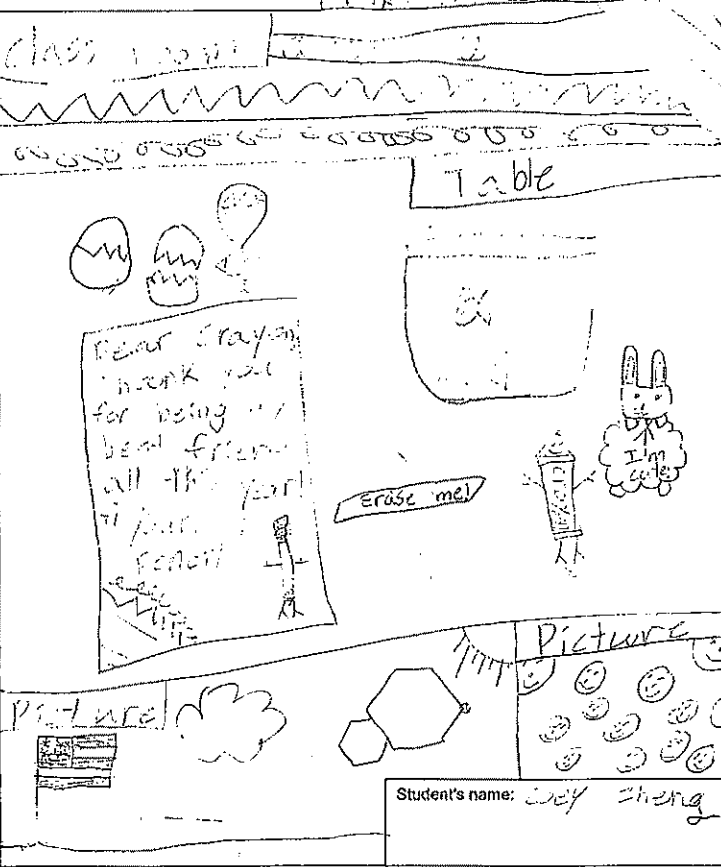
She loves to read, watch funny movies and spend time with her friends!

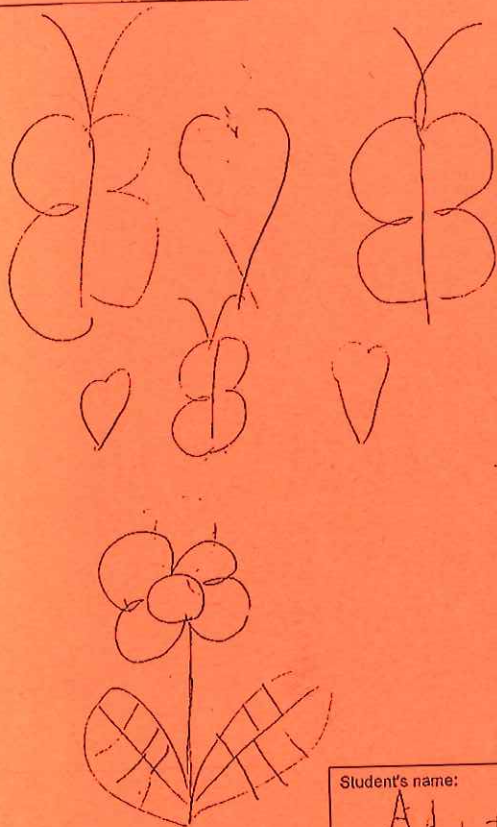
She has traveled to all 50 states except three- North and South Dakotas and Hawaii. Her favorite place to travel to though is home.

She loved co-teaching with Ms. Kraf.

Ms. Kimberly Kraf

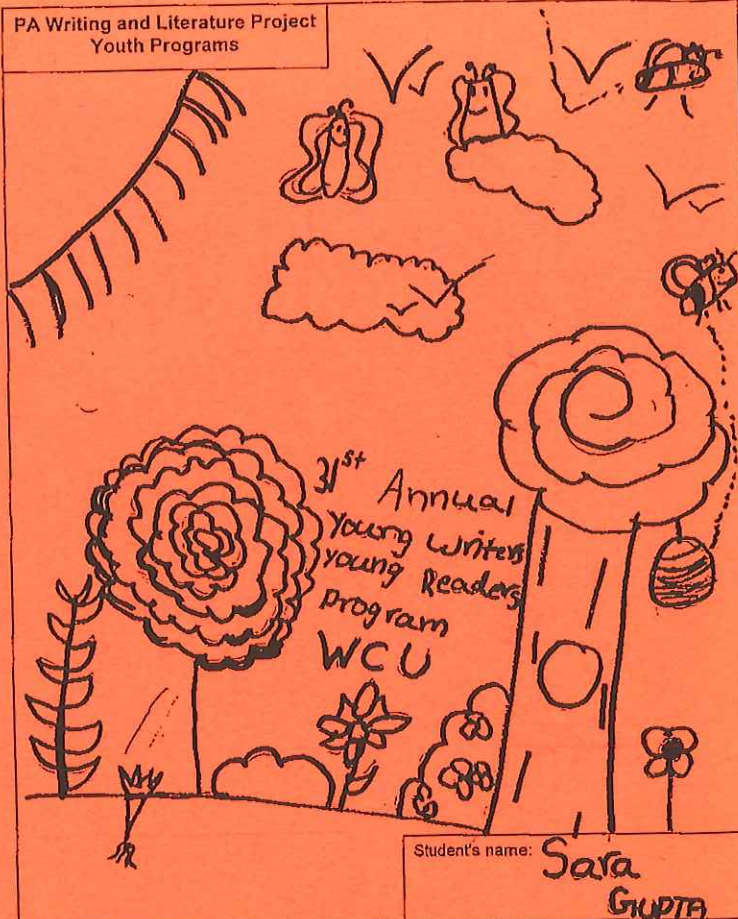
Ms. Kraf loves stories of all types, but, those that teach her will always remain closest to her heart. She celebrates the day that the computer allowed her to write without the fear of multiple revisions. And, she looks forward to the moments when she can share her love of writing, reading, and learning with students. Teaching your children this session and collaborating with Dr. Borgese has been a highlight of her summer.





Student's name:

Aditi



Student's name:

Sara
GUPTA

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