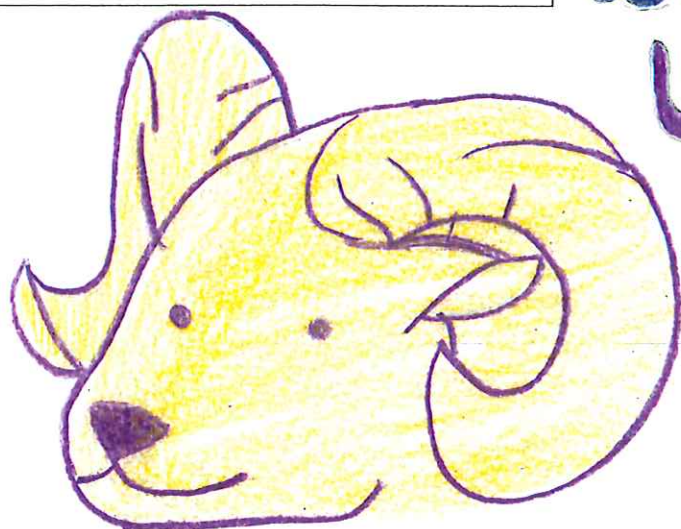
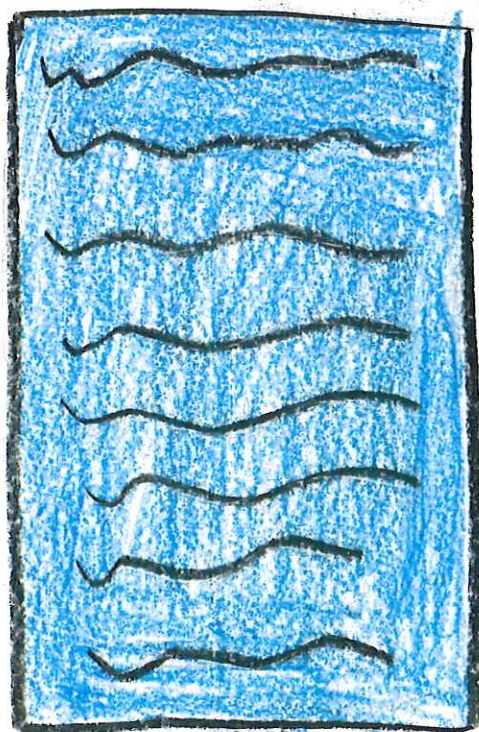
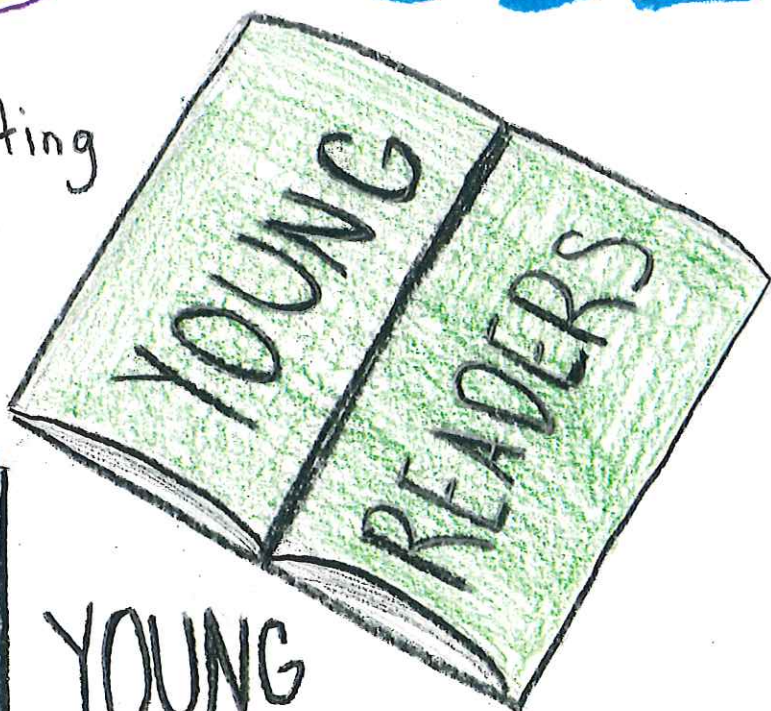


PA Writing and Literature Project  
Youth Programs

# West Chester University 2022



Pennsylvania writting  
and literature  
project



YOUNG  
WRITERS

Student's Name

Emma Antczak

38th Annual  
Young Readers  
And  
Young Writers

Ms. Lamoreux's  
7th Grade Class

Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project  
West Chester, Pennsylvania

## Forward

Dear Readers,

On the first day of class our students generated a list of activities they would like to pursue. Their interests were as varied as snowflakes. Story and essay writing, improving diction, and poetry all made the list.

This book contains one page of original composition from each student. Their offerings are a wonderful but very small representation of the many creative pieces they wrote in our two weeks together.

We hope you will enjoy.

## List of Contributors

Emma Antczk

Joshua Bosco

Mya Choi

Dillan Golbom

Elisha Liu

Ethan Ruslim

Lydia Sheu

Juan Silvera

Phoebe Woo

Mrs. Cheryl Lamoreux

July 11, 2022

Dear Emma,

I am tired of being used so much.

You can't be tightening me every second of the day. I am about to BREAK! if I break, who are you going to rely on to help you see underwater? Exactly, NO ONE! You also have to stop throwing me around so much. I can't feel sick before a race! Please, just try not to overuse me so much anymore!

Your favorite swim buddy,  
Blue goggles

Micheal Phelps

Never whelps,

He's got very fast feet

So he never gets beat

## **About the author**

My name is Emma. I am thirteen years old. I am the oldest child with two younger siblings, my 11 year old brother Drew and my 7 year old sister Sophia. I used to live in California before I moved here to Pennsylvania in 2020. I have two main sports, swimming, and softball. My favorite color is blue and my favorite subject is science.

I talked  
About you  
Right behind  
Your back

I realized  
It was not nice  
And you  
Are hurt

I apologize  
I was so rude  
so mean  
And so ignorant

If I were in charge of the world,  
Everyone would drive go-carts,  
Eat for free, and  
Go wherever they please.

If I were in charge of the world,  
There'd be no criminals,  
Mondays,  
Or even brussel sprouts.

If I were in charge of the world,  
You wouldn't have to wake up early,  
You wouldn't have to clean the house,  
You wouldn't have to be alone,  
Or apart

January 18th started out like a normal day. Noah woke up and started to play video games. His older brother, Liam, had stayed in his room to study. On this particular day, Noah's mom had had enough. She couldn't bear to see her son be different from everyone else. While everyone else aspired to become an athlete, Noah had plans to become a gamer. His mom had always believed in him and said, "I know my son can become an athlete if he wants to." Liam did the usual thing; he studied and then he would go play so he could both go to a good college and be a good athlete. But Noah he didn't care about his future; all he had ever wanted to do was play video games. So Noah's mom snatched his Xbox controller and said go outside. Noah obeyed his mother and said, "okay." After he went outside he thought to himself my mother only said go outside, she didn't say go play outside. So Noah went and found a bench he could sleep on. Then a basketball rolled next to his foot, the basketball player told him to shoot it. Noah was very surprised when it went in. Noah then thought it was luck that it went in. He then fell asleep on the bench for 10 minutes before he heard someone yelling his name "NOAH NOAH." He looked to see his mom and immediately got scared that she would yell at him, so he picked up a basketball that was near the court and started shooting it. Every single time he would make it, it was like he had a sniper in his hands except the gun was the ball and the target was the hoop. His mom then put him on a team, and he immediately started to average 78 points per game ...

20 years later Noah was an NBA player averaging 93 points per game with an impressive 100% record at the free throw line and 95% shooting at the 3-point line. On January 18th Noah would be playing his big brother Liam who also was good enough to make it to the NBA but only averaged 6 points per game. When the game started off, Noah got the ball and shot for 3, and it went in. Noah couldn't be stopped in the first half, so he was feeling himself and during halftime, he said to the other team "You can't guard me." At that moment he felt like somebody had punched him and he collapsed to the floor and he woke up a month later to find himself in the hospital. He had been in a coma and now had amnesia. He had to relearn everything even walking and using the bathroom. After 2 months he got the "okay" to return to basketball, but during his first practice back he kept on missing his shots. He thought he would end up making them during his game. He missed every single shot except for one free throw. After that game he wondered if he would be the player he once was? The answer was a cold hard "No." In his last 5 seasons he averaged only 4 points per game, but he ended his career with averages of 89. Noah then retired and hung his jersey up. He made it into the Hall Of Fame because he was amazing in his first 13 seasons.

#### About the Author

Joshua Bosco is a student at Great Valley Middle School. He plays 2 sports: basketball and football. He lives with his parents and little brother in Exton, Pennsylvania.

# If I Were In Charge of the World

If I were in charge of the world,  
I'd abolish misogyny,  
Poverty,  
And world hunger.

If I were in charge of the world,  
You wouldn't have to be underpaid,  
You wouldn't have to go hungry,  
Or live on the streets.

If I were in charge of the world,  
There'd be equality in sports,  
Equal rights for women,  
And fair health care.

If I were in charge of the world.

Mya Choi, born in 2009 in Wayne, Pennsylvania, has a younger brother, mother, and father who she cherishes deeply. In her free time, she reads and watches an abundant amount of cartoons. She came to this summer camp to refine her writing skills and get a head start for school this upcoming September.

## Midnight

The leaves crunch under my sister's feet as she nibbles on the warm, bitter-sweet cherry tart. I see a small red line drip from the corner of the pastry onto the ground in front of her, creating a dot on the dark asphalt. The cold bites at our hands and faces as we pass the old, rusted carnival and its games and I stuff my hands into the green jacket I wear. My breath comes out in little white puffs of smoke and vanishes. We walk along the edge of the road hearing the roar of a far off waterfall. I see my sister's eyes grow wary and scared as she tightens her hold on her stuffed elephant, bringing it closer to her chest and getting the ears covered in sticky red paste from her tart; however, I don't blame her. It is far too late to have a 9-year-old out at midnight, but I need to finish this before the dawn's cold, grasping hands drag the night away and it becomes too late to finish what I started. I see my sister start to shake from fear as we turn into a dark abandoned street. I bend down and pick one of the soft, delicate purple flowers on the side of the street and tuck one behind her ear and that seems to calm her down a little, but I know that won't last long. I press a soft kiss to her temple cautiously taking her small, sticky, fragile hand. "It's almost over," I breathe to her, "I promise."

---

### Get Rid of The Dog

I brighten up your room  
and don't create any fumes  
I get rid of smells  
and make you well  
I never complain about the work I am given  
but one thing is just as bad prison  
it's the fury slobbering monster you call a dog  
all it does is sit there like a log  
I clean all day making your room nice  
he's only good for mites  
so please please get rid of the dog  
and make the room not smell like a hog  
this is all I ask for  
trust me if you do I will do more

---

### "If" Poem

If you can speak out when wrong is being done  
If you make your words stun and not come undone  
If you can impact tons like the sun  
If you can create a change in others hearts  
If you can make people depart with remarks  
If you can create an atmosphere that sparks  
If you can make your audience feel deeper  
If you can move your words like a creeper  
then you can be a motivational speaker

---

Dillan lived in California for 10 years before moving here with her sister, dad, and mom. Some activities she likes to do include dance, soccer, and writing. She prefers writing pieces based on imagery; therefore, she likes using vivid details in her piece's to capture the audience's attention. Most of the pieces she writes focus around fiction.



**About Me:**

Elisha is a native Delawarean, who loves to bake and play with her two guinea pigs in her spare time. When writing, she is often inspired to write like her favorite authors. So, she wrote several inspired poems, stories in her anthology. For example: A Shakespeare Clerihew, The Tootler, A Feeling of Nostalgia, The Day My Computer Quit and more. She hopes to make others enjoy her pieces of writing.

**William Shakespeare**

Was the King of Lear

King of dreams and love

The only one who made literature wove.

**The Tootler:**

The all-purpose whistle it honks, wonks, and it talks! It's louder than your average old whistle; it is The Tootler! Good for yelling at your kids, to honking at those pesky geese on your driveway, buy The Tootler for only \$6.99 today!

**A feeling of Nostalgia**

A sparkle in my eyes

Thoughts, feelings, memories to go back

A want to touch, to feel, to see.

The faint, blurry memories fade into the darkness of my mind,

But the longing desire stays.

**This is Just To Say**

I have seen! Oh! I have seen!

Swords of words slicing through the air,

Hitting someone unaware

Empty tears spilling from the windows of their eyes

No mercy was given to the poor fellow,

Rejected by society, but only a mere friend.

**The Day My Computer Quit:**

July 11, 2022

Dear my computer-aholic friend,

I've been working from the darkest of the night to the dawnest of the day. I'm tired; you're tired; we all are tired! I could've been sleeping when you rushed on your almost due essay! Your computer can get sleep deprived too! You also have terrible taste in entertainment; for example, you watch boring things on YouTube. At least watch something interesting for your computer's sake.

Your overworked friend,  
The computer

## This is just to say

By Ethan Ruslim

I have  
Tripped  
Over  
You again

And that  
Maybe made you  
Wake  
From your nap

So sorry  
You were just on the floor  
So flat  
And so camouflaged

## About the Author

Ethan Ruslim, author of *The Day the Tennis Ball Quit* and the commercial for Clipweight, plays games with his pets and friends. He also likes to read mystery books and learn about how the human brain works.

Ethan Ruslim lives in Pennsylvania with his parents, sister, dogs and fish.

## The Day the Tennis Ball Quit

July 11, 2022

Dear Ethan,

I am DONE with being treated like a piece of meat being fed to lions. At least use me as intended once, on a tennis court. I'm tired of you grabbing your racket, hitting me, letting me roll down the hill, picking me up after you have done the same to my two friends, Tennis Ball 2 and Tennis Ball 3. You could also treat me better indoors. You know there is a thing called a dog toy right? I'm not some sort of replacement for one. I saw Dog Toy 7 get ripped to shreds by your dogs! You can't even stand the dog saliva that I'm drowning in every other day. You kick me and roll me around like a soccer ball to get the dogs energized, then send me flying for them to chase! They nip, pull, chew, and BITE me whenever they catch me. Maybe next time you could save me and serve me some hospitality, but I know that won't ever happen. I'm taking the only way I get away from this madness. I quit.

From your exasperated friend,  
Tennis Ball 1

## Clipweight Commercial

Have you ever been tired of your papers being blown off your desk by the slightest brush of wind? Well don't worry folks because we at Engination made something to help with that! Introducing Clipweight! At only \$5.99, Clipweight is a bird that can sit on your papers so that they won't fall off any flat surface with the help of gravity. It doubles as a paper clip holder and can hold anything you want to, as long as it fits. Even if you get lonely, you'll always have a friend and you can also pet Clipweight for emotional relief! Place an order at [www.engination.com/clipweight](http://www.engination.com/clipweight). That's right, [www.engination.com/clipweight](http://www.engination.com/clipweight).

## Emotion Voice Poem: Anger

We were good earlier  
Leave me alone now  
I do not like you  
It's too late to ask  
For forgiveness

Lydia Sheu, a Taiwanese-American writer and illustrator, mainly writes stories born of a desire for escapism which feature young, flawed characters in vast fantasy worlds. Aside from writing, she speaks four languages and aspires to become a member of Hololive.

### Daily Troubles of a Mage-In-Training

I might fall off the Air Spire. (I can't do Air magick)  
I might get electrified in Steelwork class.  
I might forget to change the water in our dorms.  
(My roommates would hate me after that.)

My staff might decide to break right before my exam.  
My uniform might get burned during kitchen duty with the Flame Mages.  
Skywatch might decide it's time for winter.  
(I'll certainly freeze in my sleep.)

A guard sentry might flag my potion kit as a weapon.  
Skywatch might decide I'm a safety hazard, *again*.  
I might get Professor Birch for Forest Magick.  
(The R in her name should really be a T.)

The elements might be unbalanced tomorrow.  
The whole school might fall out of the sky.  
I might run out of things to worry about.  
And then I'd have to do my homework instead.

### Despair

As if the world is falling in slow motion  
And all you can do is smile

## If

If you can reach for the stars  
But remember your place back here,  
If you can be crushed over and over,  
And still not shed a single tear,  
If you lose everything  
And can still not regret saying "no,"  
If you see the reaper at your door  
And can still say "hello,"  
If you are in an emergency  
And are not distraught,  
Then and only then my friend,  
Can you be an astronaut.

## Laziness

I can't be bothered to  
do anything  
I just don't care anymore  
I'm not in the mood  
You can't force me,  
so leave me alone  
Laziness

Juan Silvera lives in Wayne, PA with his younger sister and parents. He plays tennis and video games with friends in his free time. Juan Silvera is going into eight grade at Radnor middle school. Even though he can write well, he does not write often aside from academical purposes.

Phoebe Woo is an aspiring author, poet,  
musician, and playwright. As of the summer of  
2022, she is 13 years old and will be attending  
The Shipley School in the fall. When Phoebe's  
not hunched over the computer, some of her  
favorite hobbies include musical theater, baking,  
and playing the piano. She lives with her  
parents and older sister in Media, Pennsylvania.

---

Rosa Parks

Worthy of some great remarks  
Earned her own rise to fame  
By sitting down like she came.

---

Here lies Lady Courage, known for always being  
brave  
Though her last skydiving stunt is why she's  
lying in this grave.

---

"The Black Umbrella"

so much depends  
upon  
the black umbrella  
slick with water  
droplets sliding down its cover  
wobbling from the wind's fierce blow

knuckles white and fingers clenched  
but holding on,  
just barely

---

"If"

If you can fight like a cat with a dog  
But never hold a grudge past a day  
If you can get angry over nothing at all  
And still reluctantly agree to go play  
If you can slip in a closet like a thief in the night  
And deny any form of resemblance  
If you can spill every secret until you feel light  
About friends and your grades and your parents  
If you can stay up till the sunrise sharing stories  
and jokes  
And hug someone until they turn blue  
If you can have a conversation through looks  
alone  
And know every glance that you see to be true  
If you're overprotective and rise up to run  
The second you hear they're in need  
If you can be an enemy, a rival, and a best friend  
all in one  
Then you'll be a sister, indeed

---

## Tractor

So much depends

Upon

A brand new

Tractor

Bright orange loader

Mower

Parked in the

Garage

Instead of my husband's

Car

## Horses

So much depends

Upon

Not falling off

Again

Avoiding the *Whump!*

Owwwww!

Darn those darn

Bees

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

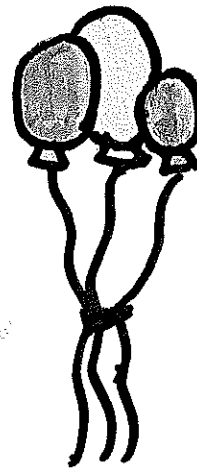
# West Chester

University  
Pennsylvania

Writing and Literacy  
PROJECT

# 2022

by the  
class of  
Mrs. Lamoureux



Student's Name  
elisha

PA Writing and Literature Project  
Youth Programs

CALLING ALL...

20

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writing & literary project

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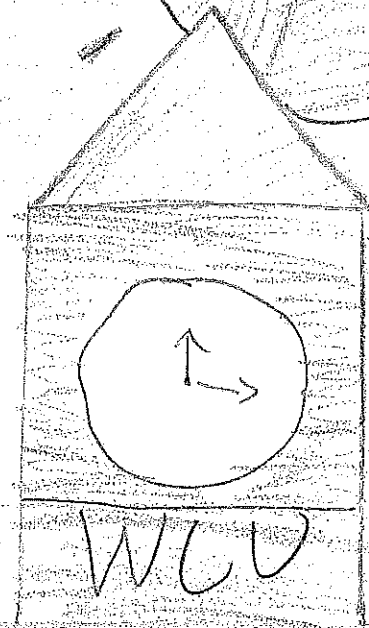
YOUNG READERS  
YOUNG WRITERS

Student's Name

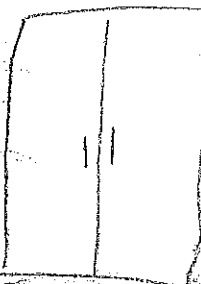
Phoebe Woo



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Pennsylvania Writing and Literacy Project  
Young Readers Young Writers



2020  
11

Student's Name

Ethan Rubin

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West Chester University  
Pennsylvania Writing+Literature

West Chester University  
Pennsylvania Writing+Literature



Student's Name

Lydia Shew