

Young Writers/Young Readers

2022 Anthology

WCU

Anna

I woke up to the sound of the alarm. "Fire" my mom screamed "take one thing with you but get out quick." I was scared. I had so much on my mind. "What should I bring?" I told myself. Then I thought of it "my camera" I said to myself. I had so many great memories on my camera. So I grabbed my camera and hustled outside to safety.

Short story

All that seemed to be a normal day turned out not to be for 2 unusual kids. Jason woke up feeling that today would be a great day until his walk to school. He was going to meet up with his friend Leo but unusually Leo wasn't there. He looked around for what felt like a while but he didn't want to be late for school. As Jason was going to his locker he spotted Leo. "Where have you been." Jason said Leo said "who are you?" Jason was shocked he had known Leo since 1st grade. In Jason's mind he realized what was happening. In an instance he passed out

To be continued_____

6 word memoir

Hedwig flew, delivered and came back

About the author

Drew Antczak is a middle schooler at Fugett Middle he had 2 siblings but no pets. Drew currently plays baseball and is a swimmer and when he is older he wants to either be a swimmer or a baseball player.

Mom's Perfume

I tip-toe down the hall
Slowly approaching the vanity
Oh! What a colorful sight
Bottles filled with liquid pinks and blues
Aromas of lavender and rose
Honeydew and sunshine
Relentlessly clicking the spray nozzle
Sprays of wonder escape
Polluting the air
The smell of beauty
No! I hear footsteps
Quietly cleaning up
Leaving no trace of my enjoyment
Until we meet again

The Bad Days

The Sudden feeling
where no one understands
when you fall down
but no one gives you their hand

the hurtful words
that pierce like knives
the ones I return
that cause tears in the eyes

the rejections that occur
the regrets that I make
the voice in my head
the words that escape

The kind voice that encourages me
To do what is right
A voice that is disappointed
When I receive my plight

But there are good feelings too
Many things to like
A smile like a sun
A word that's polite

So even when it's hard
Don't go astray
Good days are coming
Right your way

Author's Note

Aditi Chodavarapu is 12 years old, and was born on October 15, 2009. She has a younger sister and a dog named Mickey. Aditi is a rising 7th grader, and goes to Patton Middle School. In her free time, she likes to bake and paint. Aditi also likes to read, bike, and swim. When she grows up, she wants to become a doctor. She hopes you liked her anthology!

Jessica's Big Birthday Bash

"This is the best birthday party ever", yelled Jessica Smith. Everyone was having the best time at Jessica's 14th birthday party, but one person. The one person ruined one of the best days of Jessica's life. Let me tell you how the story goes. Jessica has been waiting for her 14th birthday party forever. Her parents surprised her with a gorgeous diamond necklace as a gift, and received more than a truck full of presents. Jessica decided to wear the necklace immediately, and promised that she will never lose it. It was the perfect birthday party. Until, someone stole the diamond necklace that Jessica was wearing. The lights were flashing, and the room suddenly fell pitch black. The face of the thief could not be seen in the dark, so he or she escaped with Jessica's necklace. There was a detective at the party who was also friends with Jessica's parents. After investigating, the detective came down with three culprits. Lacy Washington (Jessica's best friend), Brianna Williams (Jessica's arch nemesis), and Bella Smith (Jessica's sister) were all culprits. Lacy was with Jessica almost the whole time. She left Jessica to re-do her makeup in the bathroom just before the necklace was stolen. She was also really excited when Jessica's parents gave her the necklace. Jessica invited the whole school, so Brianna had the option to come. Brianna thought that she could still have some fun even though she was enemies with her, so she went to the party. The last culprit was around Jessica when their family went to take photos at the photo booth. Bella was around Jessica after they took pictures, and disappeared a few minutes before the necklace was stolen. The detective knew who stole the necklace. It was Bella Smith, Jessica's own sister... The detective noticed that Bella was staring at Jessica's necklace the whole time, almost like she was jealous. Bella admitted that she stole the necklace, and gave it back to her sister. Bella apologized, and Jessica accepted her apology. "The party must go on", said Jessica and it did. Sometimes things don't always go as planned, but maybe that's how it's meant to be.

About The Author

Phoenikshaa Prem Kumar is the author of "Jessica's Big Birthday Bash". She is currently 12 years old, and is going into 7th grade. Phoenikshaa lives with her Mom, Dad, and brother in Exton, Pennsylvania. Phoenikshaa has been writing stories since first grade. One of her favorite books is *The Blackthorn Keys : The Assassin's Curse*. She gets most of her inspiration from real life scenarios. Some of Phoenikshaa's hobbies are painting and playing badminton. When Phoenikshaa grows up she wants to be an artist.

Luci took all her belongings on the spaceship. It was the last one departing to Furaha. The planet that she was on was collapsing by the second and she felt her stomach tighten. Luci stood in the line for hours, as it only grew bigger. Families were desperate to get on the ship. It was the last one after all. Her family was dead for all she knew and her brother, Leo, was missing. Thinking about him made her eyes wet. How could she not have seen him just disappear yesterday morning? Did he know what was going to happen? Luci remembered her mother's hands and her father's smile as she boarded the ship. She fought back tears as she was finding her seat but a man stopped her.

"Ticket, please," Said the man in a gray suit with a bored face. He clutched a mountain of tickets in his hand.

Luci forced her mind to come back to reality. "What?"

"Ticket," The man grumbled, his voice growing impatient. Luci remembered the tickets; she saw them online a few days before. They were \$800,000 and she didn't have the money to purchase it. She could only imagine what they were worth now.

"I—I haven't got a ticket," Luci stumbled. She knew she wouldn't be allowed on the plane but she'd have to try. There was no other way.

"Why am I wasting my time on you then? Get to the back of the line, now, or pay the price for the ticket. It's about 1 million right now," The man said.

Luci gulped. She didn't know what to do. Only one thing came to her mind; it was the richest thing she owned. She knew it wasn't worth a million, not even close, but it was valuable nonetheless. She took out a pair of earrings. They were her mother's and she'd given them to Luci on her twelfth birthday. Luci was now seventeen. She took out the earrings from her pocket and gave them to the man.

"Here," She said, handing him the earrings.

The man scoffed. "Give me some real money, lady. Guards!"

Two men then took her by the arms and dragged her out of the line. Then, they released her and hopped back to their spot. Luci put her head in her hands and a single tear slipped down her cheek. This was it. This was the end. It was over.

"Luci Kingston?" A voice said.

Luci turned to look up at a man and said with all the strength she had, "Yes?"

"Come with me."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Anya is an eleven year old girl who lives in Pennsylvania with her mom, dad and brother. Anya enjoys writing and reading in her free time. Anya's advice to young writers is to try your hardest and to think differently towards your story.

Thomas' Anthology Page

The October breeze filtered through the gaps in the gallant knights armor as they stood in formation waiting for their orders. This had been protocol since the conflict between the Norfolk and the ancient tribes. Though today's briefing was the same as every other morning there was uneasiness spread across the ranks because for the past four days scouts had been saying that the re approaching army would find this small outpost by today. Even though the group had put up as many defenses, traps, and barriers as they could, they knew they wouldn't stand a chance if the army came in contact.

Sir Lawrence Greenwood stood swayed as his horse slowly trotted back and forth in front of the lines of soldiers organized in silver suits with a red insignia stretched across the shields. He knew the same as the army that this could be the last time they spoke to each other, so this briefing would be challenging.

" I could lie to you by saying everything will be okay and perfectly fine but that is simply not true. He began, I have loved serving with you and training by your sides and will do that on the battlefield today if we have to. Whether we live or die, fight or stay safe you are all very brave and heroes for surviving the norfolk. I would also like to tell you that...' as he started he turned and ground at the sound of a horse galloping as the clop, clup, clop, clup got closer they realized it was coming from the woods on the east side of the river outpost the repusishend ing to battle formation. Emerging through the trees was a disgruntled man wearing a battered suit of norfolk armor.

"They're Here!"

Thomas is going into seventh grade. His favorite genres of writing are historical fiction and poetry. He likes to spend his time riding his bike playing D&D and reading. He would like to be a judge and have a professional career.

MY ANTHOLOGY PAGE

By: Trisha Radha Mukherjee

A Walk Through the Woods

A whiff of ozone

A deep rumble

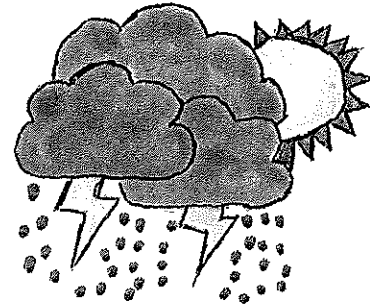
A "rush" across the field

A bolt of lightning in the dark sky

A warm drizzle of rain

The blazing sun arrives

Ready to banish the clouds



My Street

My street is filled with joyfulness

People mingling

Smiles spreading

Trees blowing in the wind

The sounds of my street are of a never-ending paradise

Keeping us joyful the whole day through

Sijo Poem

Where pancakes and piggyback rides lay,

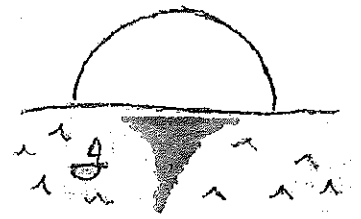
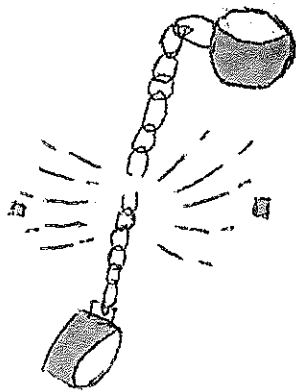
Anger and absence take its place

Why must happy words

Remind one of conditional love?

Shackles of guilt gone from my life,

I am free.



About the Author

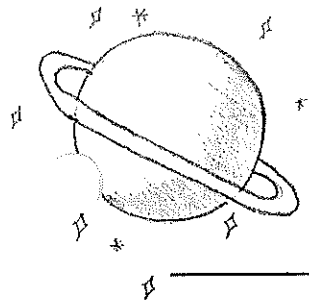
Trisha Mukherjee is twelve years old living in West Chester, PA. She has a little sister, Shreya (eight years old). Trisha is a rising seventh grader and goes to University Scholars Program. Her favorite subjects are science and math. In 2021, Trisha won first place in a national speech competition. Trisha loves to learn Bharatnatyam, an Indian classical dance. In her free time, she likes to bike, swim, and read.

Alec Newcomer - Writing Camp Story

Global warming. Severe floods. All of these have led to the earth becoming inhabitable. Now, a man named Thomas embarks on a crucial mission. On the edge of the Norwegian fjords, there is a spacecraft called the *Dessuten*. This ship was meant to habilitate the last 200 remaining humans until they find another planet to live on, but the spacecraft was made a long time ago, and the controls for launch had been hidden in a flooding underground research facility. Thomas raced through the halls of this laboratory, splashing water all over him, for it had risen up to his knees. Trying to find the controls for launch, Thomas thought about the spacecraft.

He knew that by starting the launch, he would not be able to get on the ship, but he was willing to risk his life for the rest of humanity. He had always liked a good adventure, and even though he might be the only person left on earth, he was fine with that. Thomas finally found the control room, and at last the control panel. Waterlogged. With the weight of the world upon him, his mind raced. How would he start the system? After a minute of thinking, and the water almost up to his waist, he had an idea, with a one in fourteen million chance. He ran over to the hand sanitizer dispenser on the wall, crushed open the lid, and grabbed the bag of sanitizer, and threw it into the circuit box. Then he took a lighter out of his pocket. Now, this lighter might not seem that important, but to Thomas, it was. The last thing that his dad taught Thomas before he died in a car accident was how to use a lighter, so he valued it dearly.

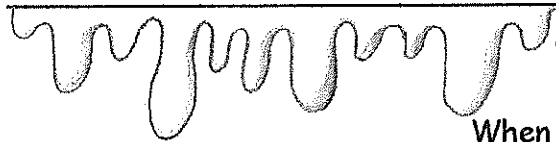
"Thank you Dad," Thomas said, as he threw the lighter into the circuit box. Since the sanitizer had alcohol in it, it burst into flames. Doing this made the wires spark and eventually turn on and start the system to commence. Quickly swimming up to the surface, Thomas watched the *Dessuten* fly into the sky, and he knew that humanity would endure.



Arianna's Anthology

Chapter 1 (New Beginnings)

I can't believe that it's only my third day on his new planet, and I'm already seeing my first real space phenomenon eye to eye. As I stared out my bedroom window at the massive, dusty wind spinning in circles like a top, I worried about where my parents were as I hadn't seen them in a few hours. I didn't want to keep myself in a worried state of shock so I immediately decided to go and get a pack of air dried fruits from the kitchen. Just then the ground started shaking and my palms began getting sweaty. Before I could think to stop myself, I opened my front door and gazed out at what was in front of me with great shock. Suddenly, the space tornado began to slowly settle down and drift away toward a different planet not too far from ours. Just as I began to really see what was happening, I realized an entire half of the planet had been destroyed during the natural disaster that had just taken place. People began screaming at the top of their lungs as they searched and called out to their loved ones running out of breath as they did so. I just stayed exactly where I was, in the middle of my front doorway, with no sign that either of my parents were okay. As I stood there, an old man approached me. He was scrawny and old and looked rather sad. This was when I was going to hear five words that would change the way I see my life forever.



Six Word Memoir:

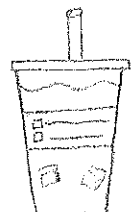
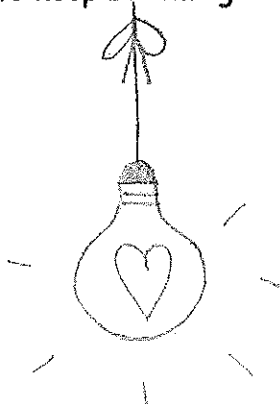
When I write I feel free

-Arianna



About the Author:

Arianna Patel is 12 years old and loves writing. She has two siblings who do a great job giving her inspiration on almost everything she writes. Her favorite saying is F.A.I.L means First Attempt In Learning. She loves dancing and hopes to continue it. Arianna not only loves dancing, but is very passionate in baking, drawing and interior designing. She hopes to keep becoming a stronger writer everyday and achieving goals in both writing and reading throughout her life!



Complaint Department Complication

To: Jim Bon Davitch

Letter's reason: Excuse letter of pardon for un-worker-like behaviors

I AM EXTREMELY SORRY FOR MY UN-WORKER-LIKE BEHAVIOR. I WOULD THINK OF WHAT BAD THINGS I HAVE DONE THE LAST 2 DAYS OF WORK BY THE WEEK I AM GIVEN TO BE EXCUSED. AGAIN, I AM EXTREMELY SORRY FOR MY HORRIBLE BEHAVIOR AS A WORKER OF THE COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT TEAM C LEADER..

From: Mike

It brings pain to myself to send this totally un-me like embarrassing letter. To send a letter that is totally untrue and a letter that is foreign to me. It was not like this situation was all my fault... SO UNFAIR! I guess it was kind of my fault but someone in my spot would have definitely made the same mistake. I mean you have to admit that the thing that happened was totally sudden and unpredictable.

The day:

Ahh...Another day at "work"..... Peace.

-KNOCK KNOCK-I

The door rattles with power fueled by the other person on the opposite side.
"Come In," I say.

My assistance comes in with a tiresome some-what angry face, a type of face like she woke up from sleep. The only sound from her was a loud grunt and a groan along with a hand reaching out with some kind of.... List? I look at it closer.... Work? That's new. I was surprised when I saw the list of reservations that came with it. I had work but not this much (or not at all). The power in me already drained. Today was gonna be a hectic day.

Before I could go into thinking, the loud speaker went on with my assistance voice saying, "first guest coming in less than 5 mins, be ready." and then it was off. First I had to rework my brain to think of what I needed for the reservation, we never had complaints here in the department which is why it was always easy work but today? To be honest, we never have customers buying products at all making even less complaints. So, when suddenly this one Wednesday we have not just work, but a lot of work, I was completely dumbfounded. Thankfully my Assistance reminded me of what to bring, A form (got it), a list (got it), and a computer (got it)....Perfect!

The guest comes in, She looks like any normal old lady except she is angry. Even through that mean glare I try to look casual and open my computer....Dead....Great. She must have found me panicking, "Are ya' new here?" She talks for the first time. "No, sorry....let's go on,

what was the problem?" After that she goes on babbling how the slime split in half. Me and my assistance had to try to calm her down and make her think that SLIME SPLITS! Then before I could start eating, I was brought up with another reservation(NO BREAK!). It was on Zoom. I go in to find a spongebob profile. The person speaks in a voice box saying the pacifier for her dad was not fitting. I was totally losing it. "Are you serious?" I say breaking the code of conduct for respect. Wasting lunch to hear a bunch of people pull pranks....Wow. Were people usually like this and I was just still in the old ages?

A little calmer this time I say, "you'll have to come in person to the boss's office, Jim Davitch. I'll leave his schedule." and without anything more I ended the meeting. I was done with work....Yet I still had a hundred more calls. Finally, home....Rest. I get into bed when my phone shakes the hard wood cabinet. I answered it tired.... "Yes, Mike here."

My head boss's voice alarms me. I clear my throat, "what is the matter boss?" He answers angrily about the matter. The phone call ended....I slump down on the bed. Remember the crazy spongebob person. She was the VVIP of the store, she buys 60 percent of the market....I'm doomed.

Author's note: I am Siohn and I live here in PA. I have an older sister. This is a "book" I made here in WCU writing camp. As a hobby I enjoy video games along with soccer and basketball, my favorite subject is either math or ELA. I like to ski in the winter and surf in the summer.

Midnight In The Orchard

Never, in all my years
Have I seen anything quite like this
The beauty, peace, and solitude
Are all enough to halt my tears

Each tree offers a shining treat:
Globes of grapes, berries blue
Peaches soft and cherries fresh
Pears so crisp and apples sweet

In the moonlight, they shine
Silver, like starlit wonders
Their fragrance carried on the breeze
Whole and perfect, with blossoms divine

As I wander through the rows
Of trees dripping with glistening fruits
I stop to hear the sounds of night
While the scented, cool wind blows

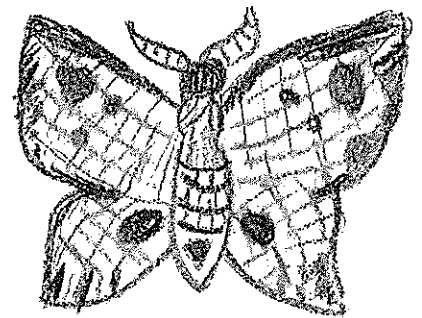
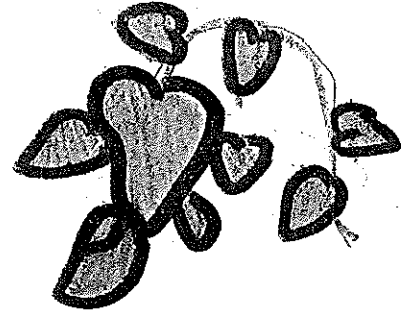
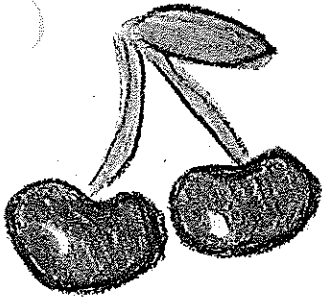
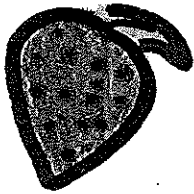
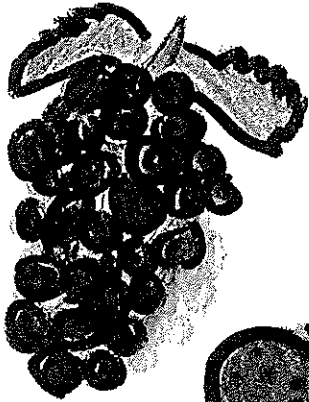
A bird call, high above the ground
Quiet and trilling and lonely
Aided only by the night moth's wings
As he flits up and down, all around

The blackberries, dressed in gowns so dark
And pomegranates with seeds like jewels
Have befriended a deep green vine of ivy
Twisting around the rough tree bark

In their stillness and promise of flavor
I'm tempted to pluck them off their branches
But why should we ruin their splendor?
The beauty is something to savor

About the Author

Paige Vachris is a rising seventh grader at Valley Forge Middle School. She enjoys reading, writing, and playing the cello. A lover of all things fantastical, Paige likes to draw the strange products of her imagination. Her favorite subjects in school are social studies and english. She lives with her parents and younger brother, Carter, in Wayne.



Dear Students,

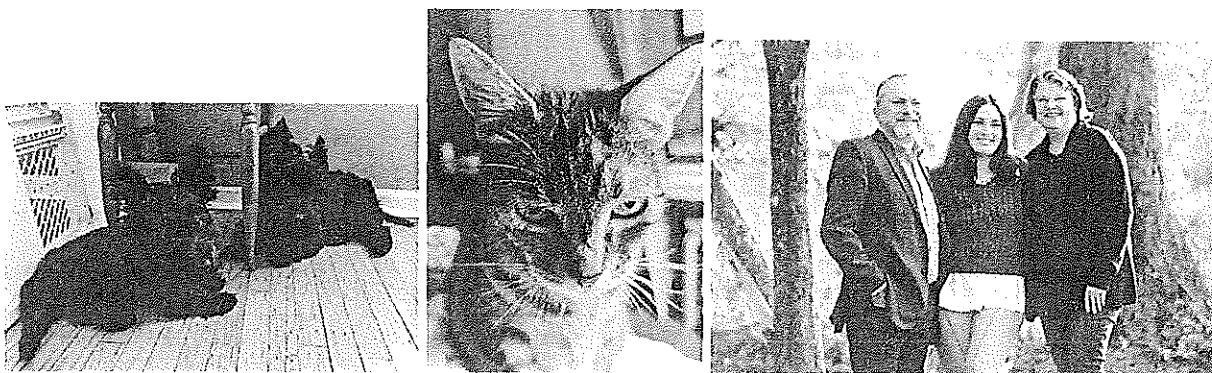
I'm writing to thank you for such a wonderful camp experience! Teaching is never a one-way situation. The group dynamic changes with each new class, depending on the individuals in that group. You have been such fun to work with in these past two weeks!

This is my first time teaching at this camp. Though I've taught in a classroom for many years, the fact that no two groups, let alone no two students, are ever the same keeps me coming back again and again. I have learned so much in working with you, and I've loved our time together!

You've taken risks in performing improvisational theater, you've imagined fictional worlds, and you've used your imaginations through so many writing activities! You've shared your favorite books and authors, and you've inspired your fellow students, and me, to read them. Your willingness to try, to take risks, and to share your work was a great inspiration to me throughout this camp experience. I had fun coming up with ideas for us to write about, and then writing with you, sharing with you, and thinking about how to improve my own writing. Teachers are learners at heart, and even published authors can improve reading and writing skills with practice. That's all it takes, practice! Sometimes we hold ourselves back, but we don't have to. Remember that you already ARE talented writers and readers!

So as you strive to get better at reading and writing in the years ahead, don't forget all of the great resources you have in your life. Authors have websites, and they love to hear from their fans. You may be surprised by their reaction to your interest in their work. We all have access to books and websites for learning, so you can figure out the answer to any question you may have. The truth is, *you are in charge of your own learning*, and you always will be. Never forget how powerful you are, and never stop learning!

With gratitude,
Mrs. Mulzet



Mrs. Mulzet has taught language arts, social studies, and drama at Montgomery School since 2000 to students in 5-8th grades. She lives in Phoenixville and is a lifelong learner who is always looking for ways to improve her own reading and writing skills. She also believes in the power of theater to teach important life skills. Finally, she loves her husband, her daughter, her two Scottish terriers, and her cat.

Where's the House?

It had only been a few days since the Carter Family moved into their new house. There were some slight issues with it though. For starters, the chandelier was practically dangling from the kitchen ceiling. Then, the stairs leading to the second floor were unfinished, about ready to collapse. To top it off, the carpet had a weird funky smell. I wouldn't be surprised if the house was about to be destroyed. A few days later, there was an earthquake in our town, and we hurried all of our precious belongings out of the house since it was on the verge of breaking. We were definitely going to sue the real estate agent for selling us this junky house. But first, we got to find a new home.

The End

About the Author

Kimora Fomban lives in West Chester, Pennsylvania. She has 3 siblings and currently goes to Saints Peter and Paul School.

My Anthology Page

By: Nora Giber

Complaint

Complaints are what I use everyday

Of a million things I could say COVID-19 is the worst

Many people who are rude

Pet peeves is a word for complaint & I've got many

Little things like trash next to the trash can is annoying

And many do not clean up after themselves

In a world of good, problems arise left & right

Not everyone is bad but,

The people who are, they are menaces

The Light

A cold and dreary night

A single light shone

A chime sounded through the night

Midnight had come

The light flickered

A light drizzle started

Then the rain poured

The sky was fighting back

Still the light continued to shine

In the end the rain stopped

And at 3 the light had finally turned off

About The Author

Nora is a 6th grader going into 7th. She was born on August 11th, 2010. She lives with her mom, dad, and her 13-year-old sister, Hanna in Malvern, PA. She likes to read and write. One of her favorite pastimes is figure skating, and she also likes to swim and do cheerleading. Nora also enjoys quality time with her family and loves to visit them in Hungary. One day Nora would love to write more books but for now she is busy with her school studies and her family.

My Anthology Page

By: Kevin Gu

A Tale of 3 Towns

Chapter 1, The Inventor

Once upon a time, there was a town where you weren't allowed to choose your profession. Billy, the town inventor, hates inventing, but he was the only one who could do it. He didn't invent much, making people's jobs harder, so, many people hated him. One day, the mayor decided to capture him for not doing his job, and put a badge on him, signaling he couldn't do a profession. He wandered village to village, looking for a job. One day, a mayor gave him junk from the basement. Using this junk, he sold it and began gathering supplies and materials. He made inventions, driven by anger, and he became unstoppable, he then took over his old village and became mayor. He then made it so everyone could choose their professions and his village grew the quickest, taking over other villages and to this day, everyone can choose their professions.

Chapter 2, The Farmer

In another village far, far away, John, the village farmer LOVED to farm, and when Billy took over the village, many people became farmers and he got paid less. This made him angry and gathered all the others who hated Billy and became mayor and his cabinet. He then added the law forcing people to do certain professions. They became tyrants and quickly invaded other villages to become stronger. The people who disagreed with him were arrested. The only nations that now existed were John and Billy's nations. They both hated each other but did not attack as they both had no idea of the other's strength.

Chapter 3, The Blacksmith

Before John took over the village, Mard was very peaceful, with Christian the blacksmith. He proposed equality and freedom, making the once restless village peaceful. When John took over, Mard put up a fight, but was overpowered by John's bigger army. Christian then declared independence and moved his village away from the bigger nations. Christian became mayor and started a project to protect his village and hired many inventors, who invented armored walls, barbed wire, and defensive traps. With this technology, they were unstoppable but Christian still wanted peace, and this was a popular decision. There were many attempts to invade New Mard, all unsuccessful. Christian also supported freedom, and when war was unavoidable, he would side with Billy.

TO BE CONTINUED...

About the Author

Kevin Gu was born on December 23rd, 2010 in Pennsylvania. He currently attends Charles F. Patton Middle School and is going into 7th Grade. He enjoys video games and basketball.

My Anthology Page

By Anya Jani

The Cooking Competition

The most important cooking competition in the land was coming up. Every chef in the land wanted to compete, but only three chefs could be selected. The three chefs selected were Larry, Beth, and Marie. All three of the competitors arrived in the golden kitchen and set out to work. First, there was Larry, he was making a water-based broth with mushrooms and lemon grass topping. Beth was next, she was making a fresh poundcake with strawberry jam and bubbly blueberries. Finally, there was Marie, she was making a beef-based broth with French onion flavoring and melted cheese and croutons on top.

Time was running out; all of the competitors were scrambling to finish. Larry ran into the garden to get the mushrooms. Beth was pureeing strawberries and carbonating her blueberries. Marie ran to get bread from the pantry as her oil was heating up. She was going to use the bread to make croutons. For 15 minutes the competitors worked furiously to finish. Now, with only five minutes remaining the competitors were working at top speed. Finally, all of the time is up and the competitors walked up to the judging table.

First up was Larry, all of the judges slurped his soup. "This soup needs work, you cannot use a water base and the lemongrass stalks are burned. If you ask me this soup is loathsome," said a judge. "Thanks a lot, I tried my best," Larry replied, annoyed. Next up was Beth. The judges nibbled of her pound cake and popped bubbling blueberries into their mouths. "The richness of the pound cake and the tartness of the jam work so well together. Oh, and those blueberries are amazing. Great work Beth" said a judge. "Thank you so much!" Beth squealed. Marie was finally up. The judges took a slurp of her soup and gnawed on the melted cheese. They all crunched on Marie's croutons. "This beef broth with the onions and the gooey melted cheese is amazing. The only thing I have to say is, the croutons are a little bit soggy. Nice work, Marie," said a judge. "Thank you for judging me and thank you for the feedback," replied Marie.

As the judges walked back to their stands all of the competitors were hoping. Who would win? Larry and his loathsome soup (probably not). Marie and her mushy crouton (maybe). Or would it be Beth and her bubbly blueberries (possibly). "May I have your attention please," said the judge, "And the winner is..." You could feel the anticipation in the room. "Beth!" "Really me? I cannot believe it," Beth exclaimed excitedly. "Ugh," Larry said, disgusted. "Nice work," said Marie. So in the end the winner was Beth and her bubbly blueberries.

About the Author:

Anya is 12 years old and is going into 7th grade at Great Valley Middle School. She loves to cook and bake and that is where the idea for this story came from. Anya also likes to play tennis and piano.

Little Puppy

By: Allegra Marlin

This little puppy never grew
I hope she lives till 22.
Which is old as a beagle can be
She never really loved the sea.
She never cared for the water
But she was a trotter.

She loved to run free of fears,
She always loved sniffing the ground.
She loved to be scratched behind the ears
She was a lovable little hound.

She loves the smell of a deer
Once her nose hit the ground she couldn't hear.
She loved to bark and howl,
At the little barn owl.

This little puppy,
She was as big as a little fish guppy.
She is a great joy.
She loved her little squirrel toy.

She is the perfect addition to our home
She is as sweet as a honeycomb.
She loves to run around to play,
She could do so all day!

I love my little puppy
She is my little buddy!
She is so crazy like a little fairy Pixie,
But that is why we call her Crazy Dixie.

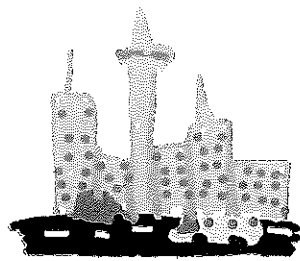


About the Author

Allegra is currently 12 years old and she is going into 7th grade at Villa Maria Academy Lower School. She was born on May 14, 2010. She likes to play with her dog and hang out with friends in her free time. She also likes to hang with her amazing, wonderful, cool, best friend.

Little Luck : Noah Pallipat

Once there was a backyard gardener named Jack who wished he could do everything because his parents, kids and wife all had other things to do. He asked the spirit gods on the red moon for abnormal superpowers. In the middle of the night, he woke up with a mysterious orb on his bed and a bluish green glow around him.



"What the . . . ?" He picked up the orb without touching and threw it in his closet. From then on in his neighborhood he was considered a jack-of-all-trades. He could do many things at once and decided to spread his well being to a bigger area and get a better job than a farmer. He went to the city and got himself a job for producing movies.

It was the biggest movie yet and Jack was hired to produce the movie. The producer had a meeting with the team which created the script.

"What had happened to the money that I get from this movie?" Said the main character, frowning.

"It's coming in a ship from Jamaica," Jack responded. He walked over to the refrigerator and placed a slice of bread in front of the actor. "Eat it," he said, "Before it gets mushy." The actor stood up. He had never been bored around so much in his life. He quit the next day and the producer lost his job.

The mysterious orb was now in his closet and it had turned purple from yellow. He asked the spirit gods to reveal its mysterious past. "With this you can take over the world," the gods said, lying Jack there in the mist. Jack figured out a way to hack from YouTube and hacked into the spirit gods computers and gave them a strange computer virus

To be continued...

About the Author

Noah Pallipat was born in 2010 in Delaware. He liked plying baseball and soccer till age of 7 when He liked football and swimming. Now he likes drawing and football along with basketball and cricket.

Nature is pretty
The flowers will bloom today
Let's go frolic there

My dog is werry cute.

She is also verry asafe.

She can run all day,

Just play, play, play,

Then she'll colapse on a boot

About The Author

Sanjeeva Rao is a 12 year old who lives in Chester Springs, Pennsylvania. He moved there whe he was 1 years old and has a youniges sister, a mom, and dad. He really likes Star Wars, Pokémon, and Marvel. He also has a dog named Jasmine.

M Y A N T H O L O G Y P A G E

By: Ava Walsh

Icicle

I have been dancing since forever. It's my favorite thing to do. Mainly because it's the only sport I do. I remember the feeling I got when I was 2, the feeling I got when I knew I wanted to be a dancer. The feeling I was going to dance forever and ever! I just got enrolled in the Glenwood Dance Academy, the most prestigious, strict, and advanced dance school in the state, and it's only 10 minutes away from my house. My instructor's name is Madame Isabella and she isn't anything like my other dance instructors. She is brutally honest, and extremely graceful. Anyway, there is a winter recital in 8 weeks, and next class Madame Isabella is casting roles. There is a lead snowflake, who gets at least 24 counts to herself. Then the rest of us, icicles. We dance behind the snowflake. She had everyone perform the snowflakes part for auditions and I stumbled at least 10 times.

Madame also critiqued me in front of all the girls.

The next week she gave out roles. "Lola you are the lead snowflake. Everyone else is an icicle." I was an icicle. The backup. The extra. I went home and wanted to binge watch my favorite show, when my best friend called me. She asked what I got. She helped me train everyday, so I didn't want to let her down. I told her I got the lead. She screamed for 10 minutes. The recital was 8 weeks later. I had my costume on as my class and I made our way backstage. Lola got her cue and she started dancing. I whispered to the girl next to me, Keira, "She looks so great. And so happy." Keira smiled, and gave Lola a quick thumbs up from backstage. "5, 6, 7, 8," Madame called. We started out on stage. I, too, was happy. I felt the same feeling I felt when I was 2, like I was going to dance forever and ever and never stop.

T H E E N D

About The Author

Ava Walsh is a 12 year old girl who lives in West Chester, PA. She is a level 2 xcel gymnast and a level 4 dancer. She owns a bracelet business and is very successful. She enjoys gymnastics, dance, and spending time with friends. She also has a dog, Piper, who she loves very much. Finally, her favorite authors are Rick Riordan and Sharon M. Draper.

“Loose”

The unspoiled forest went ablaze in a sudden, violent burst of energy. A wave of heat enveloped itself around the two researchers. Majestic hues of red and yellow and orange danced across the sky. “Did we kill it?”

“I don’t know man. We’ve never been able to significantly harm it before.”

“Well, that explosion was tens, if not hundreds of times more powerful than anything we’ve exposed it to.”

“True, but even when we did harm-”

Clomp. Clomp. Clomp. The two men turned their gaze towards the blazing forest. A pair of eyes met that gaze.

“No. No. No! How is it possible that that thing is still alive?”

The second researcher quickly covered the other’s mouth. “Quiet, Peter. We can’t let that creature hear us.” Too late was the advice given, the agitated beast came dashing across the field at an unnatural speed for a bipedal animal, if it even was an animal, of its size. “Run, Peter!” the scientist yelled, attracting the beast’s attention away from Peter. Peter did not move. “What are you doing Peter? Move!” Peter continued to stand still as a statue.

Great, it’s my life on the line now. The scientist hurriedly searched the floor for something that could make noise. Grass. Grass. And more grass. He risked a glance to check on the beast and it had quickly traveled over half the field. *Dammit*, the scientist thought to himself. *There has to be something I can use to make noise.* The scientist looked around himself, nothing. He patted himself, his pockets, his lab coat, his jeans. *Cling.* His jeans, something about his jeans made noise. He thoroughly searched each of his pockets, nothing he hadn’t touched before. He removed his hand away from his pockets, something cool, and metallic met his skin. *My belt, yes!* The scientist took another glance at where the beast was, and he was not happy with what he was seeing. The monster had nearly made its way to Peter. He hastily tore off his belt, and threw it as hard as he could. *Cling! Cling! Cling! Thump!* He glanced back to where the monster was and to his horror, found a frail, bloodied white wall towering over him. And then, as soon as it was in front of him, it was gone. Gone after his poor belt. But the creature left something behind, a foul stench that reminded him of rotten eggs and rotting flesh, almost making the researcher gag, almost. Based on his lab experiments with that thing, he wasn’t ready to die just because he couldn’t handle some smell. But yet again, based on the experiments conducted, this otherworldly creature should be moving at an utmost of sixty kilometers per hour and it had moved much faster than a mere sixty kilometers per hour.

Frail, sharp claws tore the scientist’s belt into thousands of small flakes. Now that the beast was only a few feet away, the scientist finally took in what it looked like. The creature is vaguely humanoid measuring approximately 2.41 meters in height. It shows very little muscle mass. Arms are grossly out of proportion with the rest of the subject’s body, with an approximate length of 1.89 meters each. Its hands each have three claw-like appendages, that’s been able to tear through titanium alloys like tissue paper. Skin is mostly devoid of pigmentation, with no sign of any body hair. The unnatural being’s jaw can open to four times that of a normal human.

Caw! Caw! Caw! A murder of crows flew towards the forest. A gust of wind followed them. *Poor crows.* The scientist thought to himself. *Oh well, let’s get home first.* He walked back to where Peter was, still petrified in motion. The only thing separating Peter from a statue were the beads of sweat on his face. There were so many that even the collars of his lab coat were drenched in water. The scientist patted Peter lightly. “Are you alright, Peter?” the scientist asked in a whisper.

Peter took a deep breath and swallowed. “Is it gone?”

“Of course, let’s walk home now.”

“Okay”

About the Author

Eric is a rather normal kid and is going into seventh grade. He lives with his mom, dad, sister, and cousin. He enjoys playing badminton, table tennis, and chess with his family. Some of his hobbies are playing the piano, reading sci-fi novels, and math. Eric has played the piano for 4 years now and has been a percussionist for his school band for 3 years now. His favorite type of music to listen to would be classical piano music or piano covers of modern songs. Things he would like to improve on are his sight reading for the bass clef, mathematics, and drawing skill. In the future, Eric would like to be an astronomer.