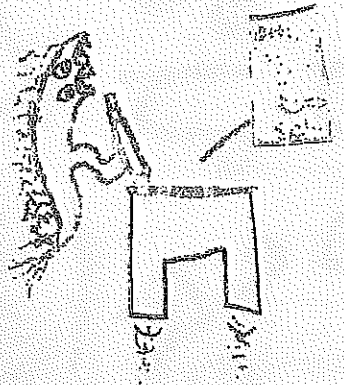
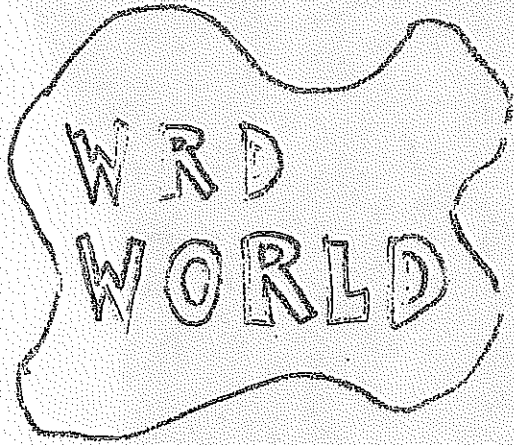
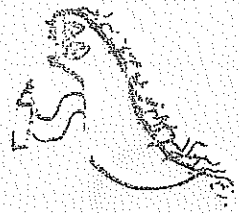
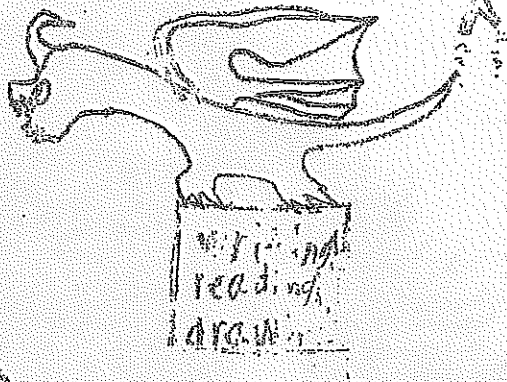


Summer
2022

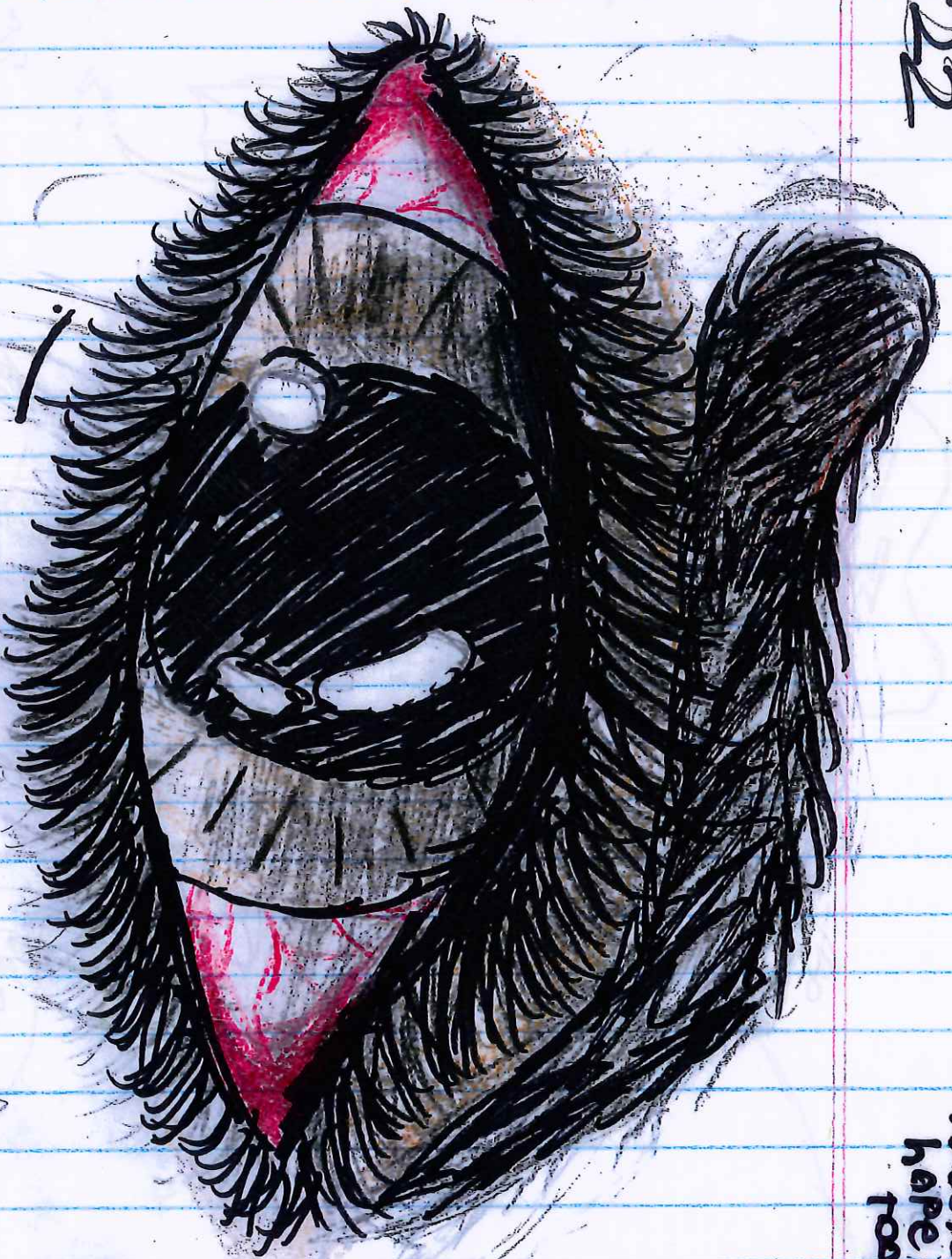


WCWP
Summer
2022

WCWP



WCVF
2022



Writing is my
passion and I
hope it's yours
too. -Mviana.

To open your eyes
to a new world of
writing.

Ms. Witty Walsh's Page

Always an Author

There once was a lady who always wrote,
Everywhere she went she forever took note.
Jotting down thoughts while on the go,
She created countless stories to show.
Her Writer's Notebook was perpetually in tote.

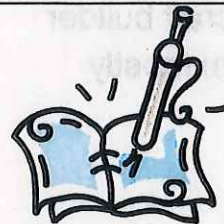
Meaningful Metaphor

*Calm is a lazy morning,
No reason to rush out the door,
Staying in pajamas, sipping hot tea,
Feeling its warmth awaken the spirit*

Personal Diamante Poem

Ms. Walsh

Enthusiastic, energetic
Read, Run, Write
Family, Friends, Food, Fiestas
Italy, Australia
Liz



Grass Haiku

**Lush, abundant strands
Thick greenness growing stronger
Inviting wildlife**

About the Author:

As the youngest of ten children, Mrs. Liz Walsh-Henry grew up searching for a quiet space to read and write; it was a bit difficult amid a joyful, yet chaotic house. When she finally managed to find a bit of solitude, this young lady discovered the beauty of new worlds in books and the power of reflection through writing. Liz grew up wanting to share this enthusiasm with others. She attended Gettysburg College, where she spent a year studying abroad in England and Spain. She continued her studies at St. Joseph's University, where she earned her Master's in Reading and an ESL certification. She earned her 2nd Master's degree in English from WCU, where she also honed her writing and teaching skills with West Chester's Writing Project. Ms. Walsh shares her passion for learning with students in Ridley School District. When she is not in class, Ms. Walsh enjoys lots of hugs & laughter with her three daughters: Kate, Claire & Elizabeth. As life isn't busy enough, Ms. Walsh is also currently renovating a 95-year old home with her hardworking husband Martin.

Elliot's Anthology Page

When I am by myself
And I close my eyes
I am a theme song
I am a turtle hiding from the enemy
I am a voice to be heard
I am an abandoned rabbit hole
I am a minecraft builder
But what I am mostly
Is me



Haikus

A blooming flower
The bright exploding colors
In the spring breezes

The Winter's ice cubes
Shattering into snowflakes
By a fireplace

Laughing Limerick

There once was a spider
Who came across a rider
To hitch him
And get her web a trim
To forever live in a dryer

About the Author

I am Elliot Hyson and I am ten years old. Also, I am going to the Marsh Creek Sixth Grade Center. I am really interested in illustrating books and volleyball. My family is my mom, my dad, and my sister, Mary. I really like ice cream and my specialties are art, music, and gaming. I am also interested in coding and science and hope to make a game where you use elemental combinations.

Vibrant Veer's Page

Meaningful Metaphors

Anger is a train steaming fast on
the tracks rushing with a lot of power
getting ready to crash.

Joy is a Rainbow leaping colors far out
and wide trying to make the world
happy as much as it can try.

Disgust is a trash dump stinky with
flies sticky and squishy all the smells combine.

Guess What I Am (Answer Below)

The silvery glow all over and below
Pointy and sharp can hold things together
Can go on clothes make them fit
Long or tall
Light not heavy
Small not big
Easy to carry
Can be dangerous
Not to be swallowed
Can be fun
Could get lost easily
Can be replaced

(Safety Pin)

Personal Diamante Poem

Veer

Special, Irreplaceable,
Rower, Swimmer, Biker
Brother, Family, Kind, Pianist,
India, Singapore
Bhandar

The Lava Snowman

This sculpture is orange and made
with lava. You don't usually make
it in the winter but this is a
kind of snowman. This is a lava
snowman. The outside is always
hot and the face and body are
of lava rocks are smooth so the
lava snowman is smooth not
pokey.

About the Author

Veer Bhandar is 11 years old and has a mom, dad, brother and dog.
His favorite food is sushi. In his free time Veer likes to bike in his neighborhood and
swim for the Rose Valley Swim Team. He also plays piano and his brother Yush plays
violin with him. Veer also enjoys playing video games with Yush. He is going into 6th
Grade at Strath Haven Middle School. Veer is also starting a dog walking service with
Yush in his neighborhood.

I knew I was in trouble when the front door slowly creaked open. I thought my sister was asleep in her room while I was watching TV. My parents were at a party. I saw a pale ghostly figure come into the house. He was quite tall and seemed to float through the air. I quietly crept upstairs and opened the door to my sister's room. She was watching the living room camera with her hand over her mouth holding back a scream. The pale figure suddenly smashed off part of the wall and pulled out a blood covered figure. It resembled a moose. The pale figure ate it raw and whole. We got really scared so I told my sister what to do to escape the house. "Go get the rope from my room and I will tie it to your windowsill so we can slide down it." I said to my sister, "Hurry!" I ran to the windowsill and looked down. We were two stories above the ground. I tied the rope but the pale figure heard us. We slid down the rope and ran for miles and miles. We ran until we fell down. We pushed ourselves up and started walking. "Hey, do you know where mom and dad went?" I asked. "No," answered Ginny "But I do know where we are and we can stay at a friend's house." As we walked the darkness closed in around us. "Uhhhhhhh is the darkness getting closer to us?" I asked Ginny. "Yea! RUN!" She shouted. As we ran we saw the pale figure behind us and as he got close we both fell. I suddenly felt a sharp jolt of pain on my head. That was how I was murdered with my sister, tragically.

<p>Boredom is an iron block Trapping all emotions under it Going nowhere No reason to exist All life was gone without a purpose Stopping anything coming its way</p>	<p>Grief is an open door to nothingness No reason to go on Stalling anything in its path.</p>
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

**When I close my eyes
I am an older brother
Protecting my sibling from danger
Always Indian always strong
Fighting for fairness every time
I am a free spirit
Soaring through the skies
Caring always bright
The only thing that I want to be is**

Me

Ailish Vijayvergi is an 11-year-old going to Marsh Creek Sixth-Grade Center. He likes biking and reading. When he grows up he wants to become an astronomer. He has a little brother and sister. He is a vegetarian and he was born in India. He loves Indian foods like Dal Bati. He plays the piano.

Mason Choi Writing Pieces

A Poem About Me



When I am by myself
I closed my eyes
My house is welcoming
My room is organized
I like to play games
Would you like to play?
I will be a good friend to you
I'm an optimist
I don't care what other people say
I'm like a happy dolphin
I like to do it my way
I'm like a bright sunshine
I am who I am
No one can stop me from being me

It Was a Dark and Stormy Night...

It was a dark and stormy night. The rain was pounding on the ground and darkness crept across the sky. Everyone was home, except for David. His clothes were soaked and every inch of his body was freezing.

David finally made it home, but something was different. The lights were suspiciously not on and the garage was shut. He opened the door and yelled, "Mom!". But there was no reply. He flipped the switch. Nothing came on. The lights weren't on because the power was out and everywhere was a mess. He got worried and wondered what happened to his family. David ran up to check his parents room. When he entered the room he didn't see anyone. He stumbled on something and almost fell over. He checked. He panicked. It was a dead body. But he still heard breathing somewhere in the room. Who is that? He looked around but stayed very still. He felt a blade on his shoulder.

About the Author

Mason is an 11 year old boy born on April 28th, 2011. He lives with his mom, dad, and sister. He goes to The Haverford school and will be going into 6th grade. Mason enjoys soccer, basketball, dodgeball, and video games. Mason is currently on the 2011 FC Europa Premier travel soccer team. At home, he doesn't do a lot of writing. He enjoys gaming with friends online and hanging outside with some of his neighborhood friends. Mason is interested in writing because he understands the power of words and wants to improve his writing skills.

A Spicy Painting

There was a man who made food that made people cross,
And loved to paint like Bob Ross.
His paint was really spicy,
It was red and pricey,
Because apparently his paint was hot sauce.

The Bottle of Horror

It was a dark and stormy night, as Joe Cheeseo sat at his desk, troubled. He had been water-deprived for several weeks now, and it was taking its toll. Joe tried to think about other forms of water, like lakes. "Yeah, that's it..." He thought. "A nice, peaceful lake." But as peaceful as a lake may seem, it is just as horrifying as all the other forms of water. How horrifying can water be? Well, Joe Cheeseo is about to find out. For a monster is waiting for him in the shadows. A monster with no mercy. A monster with no limit to the amount of chaos it can cause. A monster that is wet. Joe Cheeseo's feet were already hitting the floor as the monster tensed, getting ready to strike. And then...It happened. A loud thud rocked the whole building, as Joe Cheeseo's head hit the floor. As it turns out, his bottle of water was in his room the whole time, which would've been evident to him, if he wasn't out cold on the floor. And let me tell you; At that moment, there were two liquids in the room: Water...and blood.

Summer Haiku

Cooling in the pool
Walking on the sandy beach
Relaxation time.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bobby Thatcher is 12 years old and lives in North Carolina. He is going into Pollard Middle School in the fall and he wants to be a comic book writer, a comic book artist, or an architect when he grows up. He has been going to writing camp for a few years, and he likes to write, draw, read, or build Legos. Bobby also really likes Marvel and DC.

About the Author

As a little girl Aviara (Avi for short) always felt different from other kids, that was because she drew things... different types of things... than other little kids would draw. Other kids would usually draw rainbows, or the oceans, butterflies. Not Avi she drew hybrids as she'd call them. Other kids would just see a weird girl with horns, awkward animal ears, a snake looking tail and weird looking wings. But Avi saw a close bond with nature and humans living as one. Having a parent in the military, she had moved nine times, so each house never quite felt like home. Until the last move in Clifton, VA. She loved the nature surrounding the area. It inspired her to write, and her favorite thing to write about was animal perspective. She loved animals and watching them in their natural habitat thriving, and that's what fueled her inspiration for writing.

AVIARA



3 SHORT NOVEL STORIES...

I SCENE I WAS IN TROUBLE WHEN THE COSENT STUCKED MOVING...

JACK HADN'T SPOKEN IN DAYS, THEN AGAIN IT WOULD BE HARD TO SPEAK WITH A SCUSE IN HIS THROAT...

I SCENE I WAS IN TROUBLE WHEN THE FOOTSTEPS BEYOND ME STOPPED, THEN I SET A SHARP JOE OF PAIN IN MY BACK AND WARM BLOOD RAN DOWN MY SPINE...

NATURE NARRATIVE

Light Green and pretty, Wind whistling through the air, Inviting nature.

DOG AEROSTIC

DEFERRED AND STRONG, OF THE MOST CARRYING ANIMACS, GATEFUL AND DOYAL.

Austin Todd

Amusing, Agile

Eat, Throw, Run

Lobster, Tag, Kickball, Party

Texas, Florida

The Boss

Describing Happiness:

Happiness is my dog
when he squishes me with his weight.
He nudges my ear bringing me joy
and wags his tail excitedly as I walk through the door.

Summer Haiku:

Can't take rising heat
Need ice cream to cool down quick
Swimming every day

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Being the youngest in the family is not very easy. Austin Todd would know. Austin enjoys tacos, playing board games, and swimming. Austin has been going to a writing camp and he likes it a lot. The teacher is pleasant and there are a lot of memorable people. Also, he's thankful that he is not in the same class as his sister!

Anagha C's Page

Anagha Chodavarapu is 11 years old. She grew up with an older sister and recently got a dog named Mickey. She lives in Pennsylvania. She enjoys swimming and reading fantasy books! She loves to eat candy and enjoys writing! She cannot wait to write her first book!



I know I am in a writing camp when..

I know I am in a writing camp when I wake up in an empty classroom that looks exactly like my writing classroom! Uh Oh! I sprint out the door and look around. Empty, completely empty! I run around each classroom and every floor and it is all empty! I remember that the door outside was old and didn't fit completely, I ran downstairs and peeked through the tiny crack! I looked around the sidewalk for someone! Yes, there! An older woman with 3 children walking behind her. I yelled and kicked the door! She begins to walk towards the door her lips in a shape that looks as if she were going to say "Hello" and I hear my mom call my name, "Anagha! You have to go to writing camp in one hour, get ready"! I look around I am just in my very own bedroom!

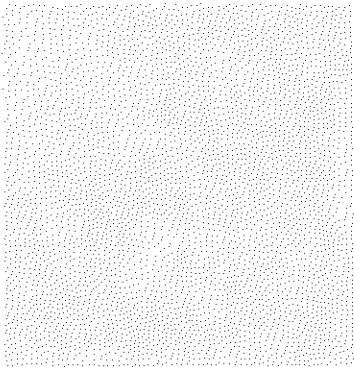
Pencil Sharpener

Everyone is carrying me! I am the most wanted object in all the land, then I wake up in a garbage can! Used on pencils long and tall, but I can be in any size or shape? I have a small blade on the inside. I can be used in a class or in a house or maybe even some other place!

By Myself Poem

When I am by myself
I close my eyes
I am a sincere sister
I am a funny friend
I am a piece of cardboard
Flexible but still strong
I am a fabulous song
I am a pencil, always working on a story
I am a paintbrush, making my mark
I am a work of art
Complete and Perfect
just the way I am

A Night's Progress



As the night deepens, I am
 with an older sister and recently for a few years
 which the love in my heart is the only
 remaining and feeling that I have left
 on earth and my only friend
 who has been lost.

I know I am in a waiting camp where

I know I am in a waiting camp where I wake up in an empty classroom that looks empty
 like my waiting classroom. It is a quiet one, the door and back window. I know
 completely empty. I am alone and every hour and it is empty. I
 remember that the door which was old and this is the only one I can remember
 passed through the day (and) I looked around the school for a moment. I know
 an older woman with a white hair and I looked and looked the door. The
 light of white hair. The door looks like a shape that looks as if it were going to say
 "Hello" and I hear my name and my name. "Angeles" has been to go to waiting camp
 and now, my name. I am alone in my waiting camp.

My Night's Progress

When I am by myself
 I close my eyes
 I am a little girl
 I am a little girl
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a little girl
 I am a little girl

I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard

My Night's Progress

I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard
 I am a piece of cardboard

Meticulous Maggie's Anthology Page

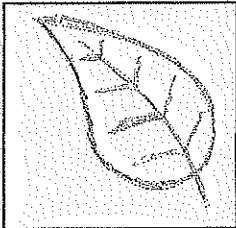
Fall Haiku

**Walking to the bus
Crisp breeze giving me the chills
Start of a new year**

Silly Limerick

**There once was a boy from Cali,
This boy's hobby was to tally.
But one day he ran out of paper,
And started to taper,
So he started a life in the valley!**

By Myself



**When I am by myself
And close my eyes
I'm a horse running free
I'm the ripples in the water
I'm a loving, caring daughter
I'm a dancer's poise
I'm a box full of toys
I'm the refreshing summer shade
I'm a silver garden gate
And everything I think to be**

All About Me

Maggie Anderson is 11 years old and she will be starting 6th grade at Fugett Middle School. In her free time, Maggie plays soccer, makes jewelry with her older sister Lucy, and loves running in her backyard with her Airedale Terrier, Phoebe. When she grows up, Maggie wants to be a teacher.

Nina's Page

Meaningful Metaphor

Frustration is a fire alarm going off,
People jolted awake from slumber
It happens once in a blue moon
chaos booming everywhere
insanity blurs into the pandemonium.

Personal Diamante Poem

Nina
Creative, Careful
Read, Write, Reorganize
Books, Laughs, Grins, Family
North Carolina, Paris
Roecker

My Haiku

Wildlife awakens,
skies raining, muggy and gray,
surrounded by green

About the Author:

Nina is 11 years old. She's growing up with her twin brother and family. She's going into 6th grade at West Perkiomen Valley Middle School. She started to enjoy writing about a year ago. She also likes to read and listen to music. She's going to continue to write.

It was a dark and stormy night...wait, this is sounding like a Snoopy novel. Do you really think I was going to write a novel like one of those stories he failed all those years ago? I'm not going to do that because his novels had very random events in them. "It was a dark and stormy night" is an over-used hook. Same with "Once upon a time" or "A long time ago." I was planning on writing a fantasy or fairy tale novel but I can't do that because I don't want to be sued for copyright! The end!

Haiku

**The bees are busy
The sakuras are blooming
The world is waking**

About the Author Eva Ruslim

I live with my chaotic 13 year-old brother, two dogs, a lot of fish, and my parents. I am currently 11 years old and I'm going into 6th grade at Charles F. Patton Middle School. I like reading, coding, and gaming. I like most food, except for seafood. I went to this camp because my parents wanted me to, but it is fun and I enjoy spending time with my best friend Olivia.

Laudable Lead:

The Car Crash

The car screeched and crashed into the side of the road. A truck had been knocked over, it spun and crashed into the car. The phone line crackled and the call ended. I rushed to the hospital and sat down next to the bed. She was pale and unconscious, blood covering her hospital gown, pieces of her black hair clumped with dirt and blood. Her ocean blue eyes were tightly closed. The doctor screamed something about losing her, and the heart rate monitor beeped. People screamed and whispered around me and everything went black.

Spring

**Bees seeking honey
Sakura trees are blooming
Spring is arriving**

Jealousy

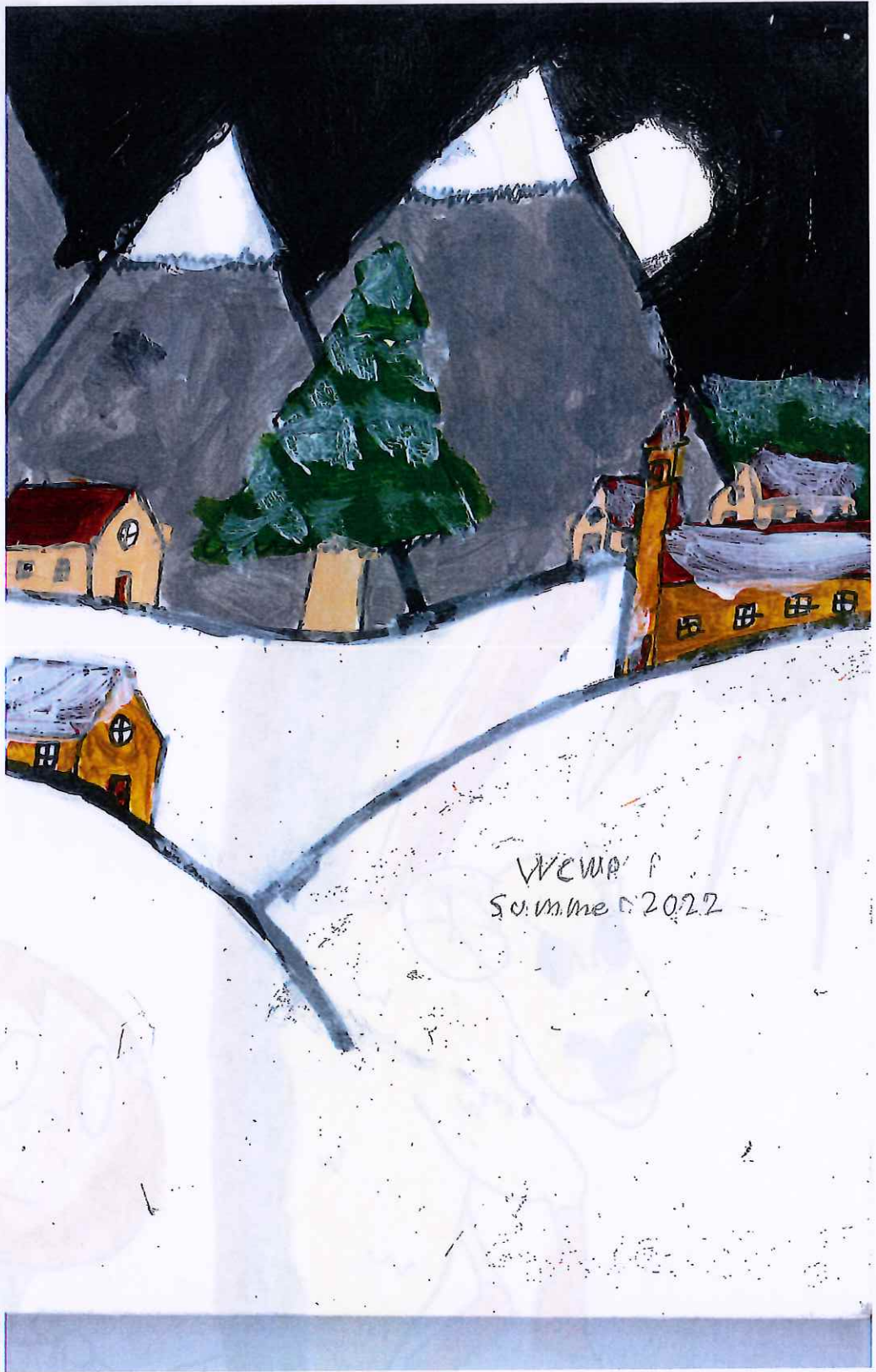
**Jealousy is like a wilted rose.
It is lifeless, falling apart,
overwhelmed with emotions,
colorless and gray.
Each petal is falling onto the dirt
breaking into bits of dust.**

About the Author:

My name is Olivia Fan and I am 11 years old. I am going into 6th grade at Patton Middle School. I like to draw and read in my free time. I am an only child and I have two cats. Both the cats are gray tabbies, one of them is named JJ and the other is M&M. My favorite food is tanghulu, which is a sweet Chinese street food. I like to write descriptive writing and hope to write a descriptive horror story and a sad story. Those are my goals in this summer camp.

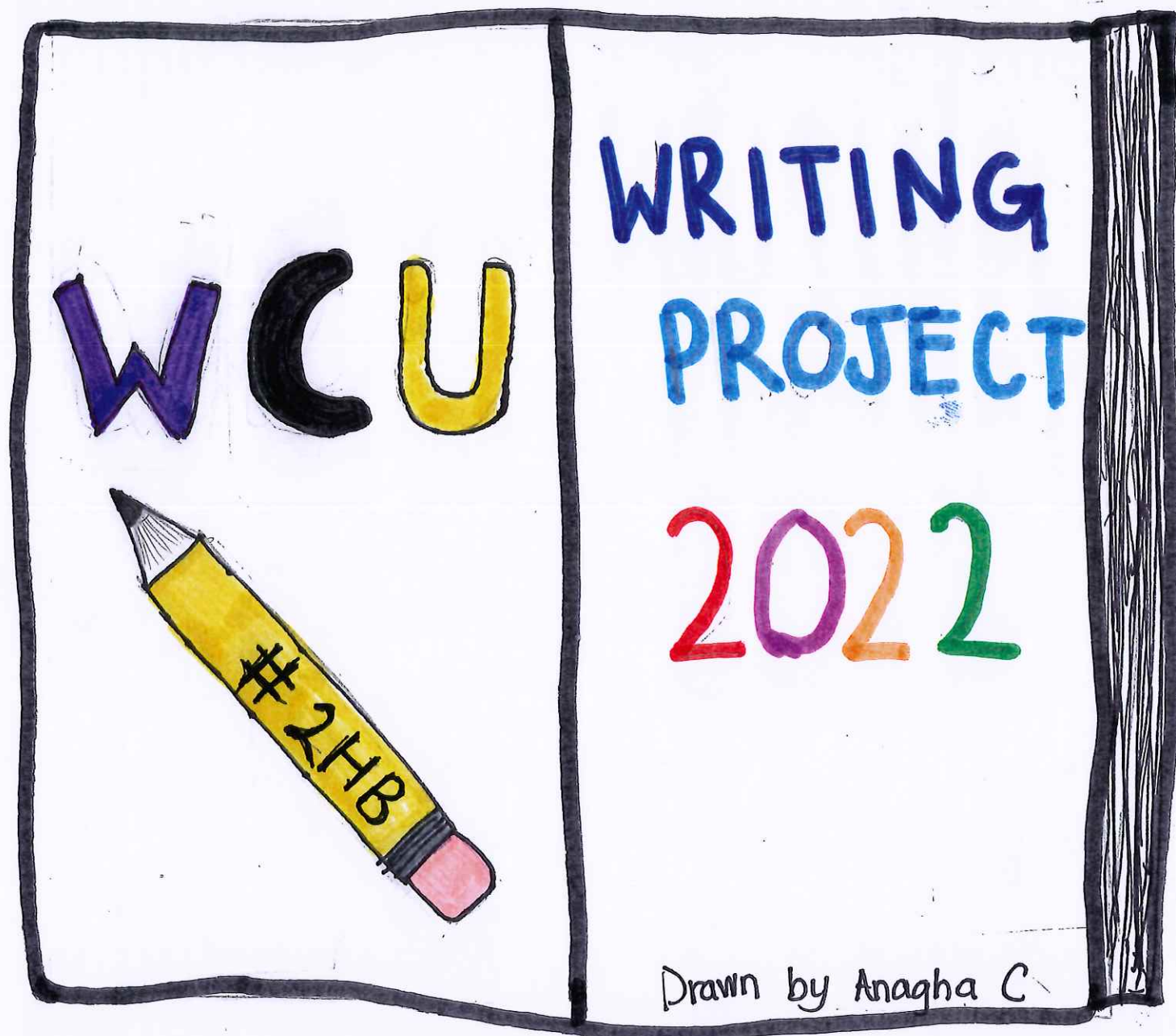
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FABULOUS FUTURE



AUTHORS