

**West Chester Writing Project**  
**Young Writers/Young Readers Camp**  
**Summer 2022**

The Young Writers/Young Readers Camp at West Chester University took place over a course of two beautiful weeks in July. Spending time inside and outside the classroom, the campers were able to explore and grow as readers and writers. The students were asked to brainstorm, draft, and complete final copies of work to be published inside this anthology. Students were also able to explore various genres to continue to grow and develop their love of reading and writing.

Every piece within this anthology was created by a member of the camp. They worked hard over the course of the two weeks to grow as authors, and I couldn't be prouder of them. They laughed, made new friendships, and bonded over their love of reading and writing.

A special thanks to the guardians who brought their children to and from camp every day, giving them this opportunity. Your support of your child's reading and writing helps them develop their skills that much more. A colossal thank you to the Young Writers/Young Readers camp staff who helped ensure that I had everything I needed and talked ideas through with me. Finally, thank you to West Chester University and Main Hall for allowing us the space to create together.

Emily Wisniewski  
July 2022



**West Chester Writing Project  
Young Writer's Young Readers 2022**

**Teacher: Emily Wisniewski**

<b>Name</b>	<b>Completed Grade</b>	<b>School</b>
Amy Barton	5th	MCH Elementary
Winston Chew	5th	MCH Elementary
Josiah Choi	5th	Stony Creek Elementary
Silas Ladavac	5th	Montgomery Elementary
Willow Latham	5th	MCH Elementary
Ada Li	5th	Charlestown Elementary
Julia Lockledge	5th	Westtown Thornberry Elementary
Vandana Nair	5th	West Vincent Elementary
Faith Oexner	5th	Unionville Elementary
Zoe Shoemaker	5th	Greystone Elementary
Jiya Singh	5th	K.D. Markley Elementary
Grace Yao	5th	Valley Forge Middle



# Experiments Gone Wrong

By: Amy Barton

## Chapter 1

Today was finally the day. Today was the day that I would go to explore the unknown. "Jacklyn, are you ready for this?" I asked my best friend sitting next to me. Then the countdown started.

10...

"Yup!"

9...

"There's no going back now!" I said excitedly.

8...

"I think I forgot to pee..." Jacklyn said like she was about to die.

7...

"You silly goose. You went at least ten times!" I said.

6...

"Oh, yeah."

5...

"I can't believe this is actually happening! I feel like I'm in a dream." said Jacklyn.

4...

"Want me to pinch you?" I teased.

3...

"UHM, do you think your gloves can get through my whole bodysuit right now?!"

2...

"LOL! I was just teasing."

1...

"JESUS LORD IN HEAVEN I PRAY TO YOU KEEP ME SAFE--"

"JACKLYN! I appreciate that faith but maybe don't scream? In your head it would be nice."

"There's SO MUCH pressure. I feel like I can't breathe right now."

"Then maybe stop talking and catch your breath? LOL."

"Nah I'm good now."

"You're definitely something." I shook my head while cracking a smile.

That's when I saw it. Beautiful sceneries of space right outside my window. Stars were nearly my favorite thing now. Clusters, lonely stars, different colors, dust. It was beautiful. One of the most beautiful things I've ever, ever seen.

I ended up falling asleep to the scenery of the galaxy. I woke up to Jacklyn bouncing around in her regular clothes while I was still in my big bulky suit. I guess I had been asleep for a really long time! After I got changed, me and Jacklyn started messing around in zero gravity. We were probably about one hour in when we heard mission control.

"Are y'all just messing around up there?" It was our friend Milly. "You know you guys are on camera, right? I mean it's a nice show for us but y'all gotta remember to do what you were meant to do up there."

"Sorry, sorry. It's just so fun!" said Jacklyn.

"Thanks Mrs. Captain Obvious. You don't weigh anything, of course it's gonna be fun!" said Milly.

"OK, I know this has been really, really, fun, but Milly's right. How about like five more minutes, and then we can get to experimenting." I said.

Little did I know that these experiments were not going to turn out how I thought they would go.

### **About the Author**

Amy Barton is 11 years old and is going into 6th grade. In her freetime, she likes to be on her phone and likes to hang out with friends, family, and animals. You could also find her at the beach with around 12 other cousins.

# Winston's Anthology

<p>How to Catch the Gingerbread Man</p> <p>By: Winston</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"><li>1. Set up hose</li><li>2. Prepare net</li><li>3. Load blow pipe (with sleeping dart)</li><li>4. Turn on hose</li><li>5. Throw net</li><li>6. Use blow-dart gun (with sleeping dart)</li><li>7. Remove net</li><li>8. Enjoy!</li></ol>	<p>Swimming</p> <p>By: Winston</p> <p>Swimming, the water rushing past Makes swimming such a blast Allows for quick movements Moments for the brain to rest A test set by coach A time that counts Rewards success Requires time Technique and smarts But, not pure strength The water, Cleansing, dirty, wet Cold, warm water.</p>
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## About the author

Winston is an illustrator and author. When not writing, you can find him golfing, swimming and playing piano. He is 10 years old.





# The Mailman

By: Josiah Choi

Once there was a man that was very lonely. His job was a mailman. He was about 35 years old. Everyday he walked home from work. He lived near a forest and knew many people because of his job. Everyday he drove around town, delivering mail. One day he was delivering mail and he noticed that there were unusually dark clouds in the sky. He knew he had to get back quickly. By the time he had finished delivering mail to the last person on his list, it was becoming very windy. There was so much wind that when he was walking home that the wind made him lean to one side. It usually takes him 15 minutes to walk home. He was only half way home when a man called out to him, "Mailman! Come into my home, for there were reports of a bad storm!". The mailman who had suspected this, gladly went into the kind man's house.

A few hours later the mailman walked out of the house thanking the other man. It seemed as though they would be friends as they were both living on their own. The mailman survived the storm in the other man's house.

## About the Author

My name is Josiah Choi. I am 11 years old and I am going into 6th grade. When I'm not writing you might find me Reading, Biking, and Playing Video Games. One of my favorite foods is cheeseburgers. One of my favorite books to read is the Harry Potter series. When i grow up i want to be a dentist.



*A long time ago, in a grocery store far far away...*

*Grocery Store Wars!*  
*Episode IV*  
*A New Hoagie*  
By: Silas Ladavac

*It is a period of civil war. Rebel hoagieships, striking from a hidden base, have won their first victory against the Carbohydrates Empire.*

*During the battle, rebel spies managed to steal secret plans to the empire's ultimate weapon, the DEATH CABBAGE, an enormous armored flying cabbage with enough power to destroy an entire isle.*

*Pursued by the Empire's sinister agents, Princess Leek races home aboard her hoagieship, custodian of the stolen plans that can save her people and restore freedom to the galaxy...*

The Taste Destroyer, a giant potato ship from the Carbohydrates Empire, was in pursuit of a small rebel hoagieship. As cannons shot carrots out of long tequito gun barrels, the shields aboard the hoagieship weakened. Small plastic wraps emerged from the bottom of the Taste Destroyer. Under orders from Grand Moff Tartare himself, the Taste Destroyer needed to keep this ship alive. *FWHOOGHA*. String Cheese, Fruit Rolls, and chewed gum shot out of the Taste Destroyer and attached to the hoagieship. The lines began to reel in the ship.

On board the hoagieship, two droids, C3P Corn and R2 Radish, were arguing. "R2 Radish, come back here this instant!" C3P Corn demanded, but R2 Radish was stubborn and disappeared behind a wall. C3P Corn wobbled over to find R2 Radish and peered around the wall. Someone who looked like a leek to C3P Corn was talking to R2 Radish. She inserted a disk into the droid and vanished behind a crate. "There you are, R2 Radish! We must prepare to surrender to the empire!"

"B-beep-chiirp" R2 Radish only spoke droid a language using small technical sounds.

"What do you mean escape pod? They're off limits! Wait, R2 Radish aren't we in wuuuuuuuuuuuuuh!" R2 Radish had reached up and tapped a button. The lettuce door draped down around the room, and with a hiss the room was ejected from the hoagieship. C3P Corn was thrown back and forth between the walls while R2 Radish dug his feet into the ground. The lettuce pod gained speed, then... *FWPWSCHOWWI*! The lettuce pod crashed into the ground and sand flew up around them. "Oh dear! R2 Radish, where are we! I've never seen an aisle like this..." C3P Corn was staring out of the glass hatch on the pod when a thin hand materialized over it. The door clicked and swung open. Hovering over the droids was a small egg with dusty sand colored hair.

"Woah! Who are you? My name's Luke Eggwalker an-" Luke Eggwalker howled and fell forward into the lettuce pod. Standing where Luke had been was a chicken salad sandwich with a sharpened celery spear. "I should've listened to my uncle! It's the sandwich people!" The sandwich warrior raised his spear over his head to stab the fragile egg, but then a screech from over the dunes forced it to retreat.

"Boop bwah beep?" R2 Radish asked.

"I don't know, R2 Radish, but I blame it on you for getting us into this mess!" C3P Corn complained.

"I'm going to take a peek out..." Luke Eggwalker lifted himself up outside the hatch. "Huh... It looks like a bean? Wait, is that Old Bean Kenobi?" A bean was wandering over a large sand dune towards the lettuce pod.

"Chirp be beep!" R2 Radish chirped happily.

"What do you mean, 'It's his relative?' We've never heard of such a person!" argued C3P Corn. The old bean was now a few yards away from the lettuce pod. Luke Eggwalker helped C3P Corn and R2 Radish to get out.

"Hello there, young travelers," Old Bean Kenobi said in a wise voice, "What brings you out here?"

"Well, I was just going out to Anchoviehead when these two droids fell from the sky! Then the sandwich people appeared!" Luke Eggwalker responded.

"Oh my, well come along with me we'll stop at the cantina," offered Old Bean Kenobi. The odd group of four arrived in Anchoviehead and entered the cantina. The four of them sat down at a round table and a Tyhme'Lek walked up to them.

"Can I get you anything to drink?" she asked.

"Two waters and two pesticides please," said Old Bean Kenobi.

"Beep be SCREEECH" R2 Radish squealed.

"The sand must've jammed 'is transponder!" said Luke Eggwalker knowledgeably. He twisted some knobs on R2 Radish and expelled the sand from his systems. Immediately a holomessage was projected from R2 Radish. The same leek R2 Radish was talking to was speaking:

"If this message has reached you, then I've been captured by the empire. General Uni Wan Kenobi, years ago you served my father in the Waffle Cone Wars. My father pleads to you to come to Aisle D2 and join our rebellion. Help me, Uni Wan Kenobi, you are my only hope..." the message whirred and retreated back into R2 Radish.

"Who was that?!" C3P Corn and Luke Eggwalker asked at the same time.

"I believe that was Princess Leek Oregano," Old Bean Kenobi responded.

"Are you related to Uni Wan Kenobi?" Luke pressed on the questioning.

"I have not heard that name in a long time..."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, for I am him, but I have not gone by that name since, well, before you were born, I was a Jello Knight in the Waffle Cone Wars..."

TO BE CONTINUED...

About the Author

**About the Author:** Silas Ladavac is an eleven year old entering sixth grade. He enjoys writing and has written a book made with a few other authors. He enjoys writing scientific fiction and alternate reality novels. Besides writing, he enjoys playing video games, studying movies, kayaking, and bike riding.

The Ocean  
By: Willow Latham

I've traveled almost every inch of this world to find this beach. It's not any beach. This beach has told to give great luck if you swim in it's blue crystal water. I've put my whole life on hold for this beach, and I still can't find it. After years of trying to find it, I've given up. Until one morning, I woke up late for work so I was rushing out the door. I was grabbing my keys when I heard what seemed to be water rushing back and forth in the living room. I walked over, expecting a pipe burst. Instead I was met with an ocean, The ocean that I've been looking for, for years! But why was it in my fire place?

**About the Author**

My name is Willow Latham, I am eleven years old and am going into sixth grade at Pierce Middle School. I love to hang out with my friends, my dogs, and draw in my free time. I love to go to the lake, especially on boats!



## **AN UNLIKELY ADVENTURE**

### **BY: ADA LI**

Once there was a beautiful robin. She was so beautiful that she was always spoiled. Because of this, her heart became more and more greedy. She soon later married another robin that had fallen for her beauty and built a nest.

They had three little eggs but soon found out that the eggs were going to be ugly and unhealthy. This affected the mother very much. She didn't want the little eggs to spoil her beauty and make her look ugly, so she left them one by one in despair. Before she left, she said to the three little eggs: "You're such a disappointment. I hope never to see you again." Then she left the little eggs to suffer. At this time, the father bird had not returned yet from finding worms for himself. He did not care about the three little eggs, he just wanted to be with the mother bird because of her evil beauty.

After the mother had left, the baby eggs started to get cold when a leaf suddenly fell from the branch above the nest. The leaf was like a small and comforting blanket that covered them in warmth. When the father bird came back and found that the mother bird was not there, he left the eggs, too, without saying a word.

Now the little eggs were sad and heartbroken. The small baby birds could hear out of their shells now. It was almost dark now, and they had not yet heard the flapping wings of return. The baby birds felt lost and stranded, so they started to weep in misery. But just then, a gust of wind blew across the surface of the eggshells. The soft whistle of the wind was like a lullaby being sung to the little baby birds. The sweet and melancholy melody echoed in the baby bird's ears, "YOUR FATE IS NOT YET SEALED. EVEN IN THE DARKEST NIGHT, A BELL WILL CHIME, A LIGHT WILL SHINE, AND A PATH WILL BE REVEALED." Just then a stick fell, again, from the branch above the nest as the wind kept on singing the lullaby. The leaf and the stick formed into a sail. The eggs were thrilled to sense something other than the scratchy nest that their mother had put no effort into. They were sailing through the air.

As the little eggs set out on their new journey, they swore that they could still hear the wind with them, helping them fly in the air. But instead of its soothing voice singing them to sleep, it almost sounded like crying. As they went farther out of the woods, the fainter the sound of the wind was. As the last of the wind was used to let them be handed off to another gust of wind, they could still hear the wind's lovely voice: "...a path WILL be revealed."

## SMALL BUT MIGHTY

BY: ADA LI

I MAY BE SMALL, BUT I AM MIGHTY,  
I MAY BE MIGHTY, BUT I AM SMALL,  
I MAY NOT KNOW IF I'M RIGHT OR WRONG,  
BUT I COULD BE CONFIDENT.  
I COULD.

I MAY BE SMALL, BUT I AM MIGHTY,  
I MAY BE MIGHTY, BUT I AM SMALL,  
I MAY BE CALLED PUNY OR WEAK,  
BUT I COULD BE STRONG.  
I COULD.

I MAY BE SMALL, BUT I AM MIGHTY,  
I MAY BE MIGHTY, BUT I AM SMALL,  
I MAY STAY BACK AND BE FORGOTTEN,  
BUT I COULD BE FIERCE.  
I COULD.

I MAY BE SMALL, BUT I AM MIGHTY,  
I MAY BE MIGHTY, BUT I AM SMALL,  
I MAY BE TURNED DOWN WHEN I'M RIGHT,  
BUT I COULD STAND UP FOR MYSELF.  
I COULD.

I COULD, I COULD, I COULD.

I WILL.

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Ada. I am eleven years old, and I am going into 6th grade. When I'm not writing, you might find me playing a musical instrument, synchronized swimming, and just being crazy. My favorite foods are pasta, sushi, and any type of Chinese food. My favorite books to read are Harry Potter, Out Of My Mind, and Because of Winn-Dixie. When I grow up, I want to be an animal trainer, an architect, and an engineer.





# birthdays

"Birthdays Birthdays are no fun, birthdays birthdays hurt someone!!" Nancy said to her mom as she ate her extra chocolate cocoa puffs. Tomorrow was Nancy's birthday and boy was she scared. Nancy HATED birthdays because every year EVERYTHING would go wrong she would wear her favorite outfit, then stain it, she would slip in a puddle, and scrape her knee. Then she would get a new snowglobe for her snow globe collection just like every other year then crack! plus every year Nancy's little brother Timmy would blow out her candles before she could! "I don't get it" her mom sighed "your little brother timmy doesn't mean any harm" nancy knew he didn't mean to, "i know but it still makes me mad!!" so that night after school nancy was ready. She would wear an ugly outfit and have a boring breakfast, that couldn't stain her of course, just two pieces of toasted bread, maybe butter she thought? No that could stain her, jelly? No way! Just toast she thought as she sighed. She would be so careful. She wouldn't touch her snowglobe. She would make her mom put it on the tippity top shelf where she hides the candy. Not even Timmy could get up there! She went to bed ready for tomorrow.

The next day came around nacey woke up ready she carefully got out of bed one foot after another. She got dressed in her outfit and gagged at the site of it, polka dots and cheetah print? Ugh. She carefully went down the stairs. Grabbing on to the railing as hard as she could, she knew it. This would be it. She would fall down the stairs, crack her head open, break an ankle, and break 93 bones. 3 steps left 2,1. Phew, she finally did it. It was time for breakfast. She opened up the fridge to find her bread, she was looking around. And that's when she spotted it HER TOAST! Sitting on the kitchen counter was a plate. Laying on that plate was crust. Only one person in the family ate bread but wouldn't eat the crust. Timmy. "TIMMY" she yelled "what??" he said from the other room "WHAT DID YOU HAVE FOR BREAKFAST" "i had some toast with jelly why?" "THAT WAS MY TOAST!!!" "Oh sorry..." Ugh, what would Nacey do now? The only thing left was waffles... and syrup. Oh no!.... How would she ever be able to keep clean! .... She would have to try. She was pouring the syrup so carefully... drip drip drip. As she brought it closer to take a bite..... mm mm it was so good, so much better than stupid 'ol toast. The plate was almost gone... and then, dripped right onto her shirt! She would have to change it! As she watched it drip down her shirt, she knew what was in her closet.. Only one outfit left.. It was her favorite outfit that she was saving! She had no choice but to put it on and hope for the best. As she slipped it on she was scared, she wouldn't last a day in this outfit! She headed to school knowing what was going to go wrong. As she walked to school in her outfit one foot in front of the other she knew she would slip, or even worse maybe she would get hit by a car! When she got to school she was surprised that nothing went wrong... things were going calmly.. Kinda.... Maybe right? First, she got in and her teacher told her happy birthday, then it was her favorite morning work, word searches. After that her mom packed her her favorite lunch, a ham and cheese sandwich with pickles and mustard, yum. Then she was playing soccer and she found a four leaf clover! Her day was going great!!! When she got home her mom had her favorite snack prepared. Double stuff oreos, she told nancy that she could have 4 because it was her birthday! Nancy usually only got 3 but she always wished she got more, "your in a very nice mood today" her mom said as nancy was shoving her face with oreos. "Yeah well it's my birthday" she said as her mom grinded, "okay she said, present time at 5" she said "cool!" nancy

was excited, 5 rolled around right away. "ITS PRESENT TIME " Nancy's mom said as she called nacey down. Nancy was so excited and couldn't wait, the first present Nancy got was a tie dye kit. She was so excited then she got a necklace with an n on it, then her mom brought out a little pink box with red ribbon tied around it. "Here" her mom said as she handed it to nacey with a smile, nancey slowly untied the ribbon and pulled out a little snow globe with a rainbow and a dragon "i love it!" she said, it was her new favorite snow globe. After that was cake, it was nancy's favorite triple chocolate cake with sprinkles, this would be it. This could ruin Nancy's birthday, Timmy would blow out her candles. As they brought the cake out singing happy birthday all Nacey could think about was timmy blowing out her candles, just like every year. But when it was time to blow them out, Timmy looked at her and smiled. He didn't even try. She made her wish and blew them out. She did it! Timmy didn't even move. By that time it was late, so nacey got in her favorite pjs and curled up in bed, thinking about the day. Maybe birthdays weren't so bad after all, maybe just maybe they were good days.

### **About the Author**

Julia Lockledge just graduated from westtown thornbury elementary. When she isn't writing she enjoys tennis, hanging out with friends, or cooking. You can find her in the kitchen cooking her favorites, brownies and mac and cheese. Every year she enjoys going to the beach with ehr cousins. She has three siblings, and a mom and dad.

# *Recitals*

*By Vandana Nair*

Do you know that feeling,  
Before a performance?  
That feeling of excitement,  
But a twinge of pressure?  
Being a bottle of nerves,  
Ready to burst at any moment?

Oh, and the worst part is when  
The person right before you  
Is absolutely amazing,  
And does better than you would!

And then, it's your turn  
You freeze up,  
Time slowing down,  
But you soon realize,  
It's okay.  
You're okay.  
So you perform.  
And it turns out just fine.

*Fin.*

## About the Author!

My name is Vandana Nair. I am 11 years old and I am going into 6th grade. I live with my mom, dad, my big sister, and my German shepherd puppy. When I'm not writing, you might find me drawing, reading, or sleeping. I honestly don't have a favorite food, but my favorite animal is either a manatee or an echidna. I also can't decide a favorite book to read (there are just so many good ones!), but my favorite genre is definitely fantasy. Currently, I want to be an author/illustrator or vet when I grow up, but you never know when another job idea pops up! I hope you enjoyed my poem, and can relate to it in some way, shape, or form. Have a great day! :)



**Pet Comics**  
**By: Faith Oexner**



## About the Author

My name is: Faith

I am 12 ½ years old and I am going into 6th grade.

When I am not writing, you might find me: building with LEGO, playing Minion Rush, and reading.

My favorite food is: CHEESE!!!!!!!!!!

One of my favorite books to read is: Nancy Drew

When I grow up, I want to be an author and an illustrator.

# Sparks

By: Zoe Shoemaker

Ella woke up with a start. She had just had a very bad dream. Her dream was about her father dying but no other details were in the dream. Geez she thought *that was really scary*. I turned to look around my room. It has pale brown-red walls, one desk piled with school notebooks, a pale white bed, and her most important possession is a small pure gold locket. She has had this locked for as long as she could remember. I got out of bed and walked over to my small round window. I looked out. *A normal gray day in elemont* she thought. I sighed it would be very rare to have a sunny day in elemont. Everyone in the city thought it was a bad omen. Ella was the only one who thought it was nice to have a sunny day once in a while. Because of that, no one wanted to be her friend. At that moment her mother called up the stairs "Ella? Is that you? You are making a racket! Come down and say goodbye to your father." "coming" I shout. I get dressed as quickly as I can and run down the stairs. We live in a small house on a small street called walnut street. It is nice but small with a kitchen connected to the dining and living room. My room is upstairs in the attic and my parents are in the basement. I run over to my dad and give him the biggest hug I can. I breathe in his lavender and vanilla scent. "Wow honey this is a big hug" he says "i know" i say my voice is muffled by his black coat. I let go and he goes to get his bags. I opened the door for him. "Bye" I say "bye" he says and then he walks out the door.

\*\*\*\*\*

I get off the bus and walk to the open doors of the middle school. Right then someone shouts "hey look its book nerd" i already know who it is. It is luke. Luke is in my class and he always calls me names and starts rumors about me. "Shut up" I say "I don't shut up i grow up and when i see you i throw up" he replies. I walk away and into the hall. The hall is packed with other kids. I squeeze through and go to my locker. I put my gray backpack into my locker and I take out the books I needed for my math lesson. I'm in 6th grade so I'm at the bottom of the chain of bullies. I look for



the door that says 132. That is the room my math lesson is in today. I eventually find it and walk in. *oh no* i think. *I'm late!* Everyone else in my class is in the room. I'm the last one! I walk across the room everyone is staring at me as I sit down. I wish I could just disappear. Right then I felt a weird prickling sensation go through my body. Everyone gasps but before they could say anything Mrs Mellow walks in and starts attendance. "Ella admance" she says i raise my hand and say present. "Ella Admance" she says again looking around the room. "I'm here" I shout as loud as I can. I hope that everyone can see me. Again I feel that prickling sensation go through my body. Mrs mellow gasps "Ella" but before she could finish a weird man in a police uniform bursts through the door and says "i need ella admance" "ella admance" he says again. I snap out of my daze and walk over to him. I feel everyone's eyes burning through my back as I walk out into the hall. The weird guy shuts the door. "What is it? I say ``go straight to the point i want to know ``"Ok" he says "your father died" my head started spinning how i kept repeating no no no and then everything went black.

To be continued.

## About the author

My name is Zoe Shoemaker. I am 11 years old and I am going into 6th grade. When I am not writing you will find me reading, singing, watching tv, dancing, sleeping, eating, swimming, and making friends. My favorite food right now is sushi. One of my favorite book series to read is keeper of the lost cities. When I grow up I want to be an author and singer.



# Jiya's Anthology Page



## Acrostic Poem:

Maybe this day is not  
One of your favorites but  
Never forget that every  
Day you wake up is an  
Amazing gift and it's up to  
You, yes you, to make it count!

## Haiku Poem:

an ocean voyage  
as waves break over the bow,  
the sea welcomes me

## I Am Poem:

I am 11 years old.  
I love dogs  
I need my family and friends  
I want some lemonade on a hot day  
I dream of going into middle school  
I fear of spiders  
I feel extraordinary  
I am Jiya Singh

## About the Author

Jiya is 11 years old. In her free time, she likes to make bracelets and draw! She wants to be a interior designer when she grows up. She LOVES dogs. She also loves to play sports such as basketball and soccer. Never give up, and be yourself!





# First Day of School

By Grace Yao

"Rise and shine Gabi!" my mom said as she pulled my deep blue curtains letting out the shining sun right into my room, "It's the first day of school, don't be late!"

"Ok..." I muttered as I ripped off my blanket, "First day of school..... I can't wait until next summer break." Not only was it the first day of school, but it was also the first day of middle school.

I dragged my feet to the bathroom as if they were a hundred pounds. I brushed my teeth and brushed my air, so I looked somewhat neat. Then I went to my room to get change. I had no energy to take the time to pick out a perfect outfit, so I just threw on some clothes. As I was about to walk out of my room, my little brother ran into me, spilling orange juice all over my clothes. "Seriously?" I said, "Now I have to go change again."

Once I finished, I tried to dodge my brother as much as I could in case of another accident. I went downstairs to get some breakfast. The sweet smell of waffles practically pulled me into the kitchen. I tried to stuff as much food as I could in five minutes since I didn't want to miss the school bus. Once I glanced at my watch, I realized that I was late. I quickly grabbed my backpack and attempted to put on my shoes. "Ok... bye Gabi! Have a great day at school!" My parents said as I rushed through the door slamming it behind me.

I rushed outside feeling the warm autumn air brush past my skin as I sprinted to the bus stop trying to dodge anything that could make me late. Luckily, the bus had just come when I arrived at the bus stop. I walked into the bus panting and wheezing. I was trying to find my best friend, Abby. As I walked through the bus aisle, I finally found her at the back of the bus listening to music on her headphones and reading a book. "Oh, hey Gabi. Guess what? We have four classes together!" She said as she shut her book, took her headphones off, and slid down the bus seat to make room for me.

# Blue

By Grace Yao

Blue is the color of the clear sky  
Blue is the color of a beautiful butterfly  
Blue is the color of the calming sea  
Blue is the color of a bird that is free  
Blue is the color of a blanket that is fluffy  
Blue is the color of a cute stuffy  
Blue is the color that represents cool  
Blue is the color of the water in a pool

# Haiku

By Grace Yao

Cute and colorful  
I soar through the sky and clouds  
Soft and feathery

# About the Author

My name is Grace Yao. I am eleven years old and I am going into 6th grade. When I'm not writing, you might find me reading a book, playing tennis, and being lazy. My favorite foods are sushi and pasta. Some of my favorite books to read are Harry Potter, The Mysterious Benedict Society, and The kid who failed Show and Tell. When I grow up, I want to be a doctor.

Stuck and Sickly Sweet  
By: Emily Wisniewski

Martin couldn't believe what he was seeing! After years of trying to prove the game-time-continuum existed, he finally made his way into a video game. He couldn't believe it!

The others at *Timed Incorporated* laughed at him. They thought he was as crazy as they came because he believed board games lived in a real-tangible alternative universe. The others laughed at him, telling him that the real world wasn't like the movie *Jumanji*, but Martin couldn't shake the feeling that, maybe, just maybe, the world of board games was real.



And after years of searching. Of research. Of secluding himself away from everyone he loved and cared about, he finally did!

He made the seemingly impossible, possible. He was living proof that one could transverse into the world of a board game. A game that actually existed in another plane of reality. A reality that no one had yet tried to cross because they just didn't have the same vision he did.

The game world was beautiful, but Martin didn't expect any less. Candyland was an easy, safe game to travel to. Sure, there was some risk in traveling to an unknown world, but Martin felt *good* here.

He felt *alive*.

That was, until he saw the gummy bear army approaching.

**About the Author:** Emily Wisniewski is a high school English teacher in the Kennett Consolidated School District. She is working towards completing her doctoral degree in the spring of 2025 at West Chester University. She loves to travel during her summers and will always have a book in hand (usually a fantasy novel). She also enjoys being outside in nature, enjoying the day through hikes or taking photographs.



West Chester Writing Project  
Young Writer's Young Readers 2022  
Author Biographies

Name	Biography
Caroyln Eskenazi	Carolyn Eskenazi (he/him) is a high schooler at Strath Haven High School and lives in the WSSD school district. He will be a Junior this upcoming 2022-2023 school year. He has been writing since elementary school, taking inspiration from fantasy worlds and from political issues we face today. He enjoys reading fantasy, political, and queer theory. In his free time, Carolyn often listens to music and plays the violin.
Sophie Kelly	Sophie Kelly is a rising sophomore at Unionville Highschool. As a co-captain of the Interp subdivision of the UHS Speech and Debate team, she is no stranger to words and writing. The two activities you can find her doing most often are reading and drawing. She can also be found accidentally ignoring the world while listening to music.
Shreya Neir	Shreya is a 17-year-old girl and a student of Downingtown East High School. She is passionate about mixed martial arts and helping children understand how important it is to protect themselves. In her spare time she likes to run or hang out with friends. You can always find her on Tik Tok or Snapchat.
Rachel Setter	Rachel Stetter is a rising Junior at Bayard Rustin Highschool. As a poet, essayist, and voracious reader Rachel is proud to participate in a writing collective designed to spur creativity. You can find her skateboarding or talking about the latest (or oldest) in all forms of punk.
Emily Wisniewski	Emily Wisniewski is a high school English teacher in the Kennett Consolidated School District. She is working towards completing her doctoral degree in the spring of 2025 at West Chester University. She loves to travel during her summers and will always have a book in hand (usually a fantasy novel). She also enjoys being outside in nature, enjoying the day through hikes or taking

	photographs.
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## Onyx Heart

By: Caroyln Eskenazi

If one big world can hold my very last breath,  
then can one whole person hold my heart of onyx?

In its innocuous size, its surroundings lay deep

One root writhes in its place

Three observations you might see

Though it's innocuous, that lone onyx heart disturbs everything it holds

Poisoning every root with each of its own.

Repetitive motions it may seek, its victims creed, caressing unknown  
till bleak

And if one may touch its inner, find if you must, strange fumes aglow

One last nerve shall wake, making it clear to the observer  
While such owner is in control, it's extensions lay meek

Owned by anyone, last opened by me



## The Escape

By: Sophie Kelly

"Of course. *The moment* Mello makes a joke about the namesake celebration being attacked it comes true" Cyrus thought bitterly.

He sat up slowly, rubbing his bruised shoulder and surveyed the situation, just as he was trained. The ballroom was in complete disarray, screams and smoke filled the air. Mello was nowhere to be seen but Cyrus pushed that fear down, Vanessa was lying on the ground, making her the number one priority. Cyrus scrambled towards her through the chaos. She was unconscious and was bleeding from the head. Cyrus cursed internally, he didn't know how to help her.

"Hey Vee, you alright?" he whispered. Vanessa only blinked slowly, her eyes unfocused; she didn't seem to register what he had said. He panicked and shook her, repeating his question.

Before Cyrus realized, a hand grabbed his shoulder, pulling him away from Vanessa.

"Are you stupid?" the person hissed. Cyrus turned and Arden was glaring at him, "You shouldn't shake an injured person. Move over" he said briskly. Cyrus watched quietly relieved as Arden got to work, stopping the bleeding and whispering to Vanessa.

While Arden began to bandage Vanessa's head wound, Mello stumbled into the alcove. He was covered in dust from the debris and limping.

"Well, it seems I was late to the party," he said lightly. Arden snorted but continued to bandage Vanessa. Cyrus, however, ignored Mello's comment and walked over to hug him, relieved that his best friend was alright. Mello seemed surprised, but hugged him back.

"I was on the balcony when they attacked," Mello said, pulling away, "I think they're here for Vanessa," Mello was quiet for a moment, "Duke Edgewater says it's the same people who killed the crown prince".

Arden froze in the middle of his work and looked over at his friends unbelievably. His face pinched with worry as he looked back at Vanessa. Cyrus was shocked too, Prince Cassian had been killed seven years ago. The entire country had searched and searched for the culprits but never found them. If these people had been able to kill the prince, who was named one of the most powerful namesakes at age sixteen, *and* get away with it, what did that mean for Cyrus and his friends?

"Cyrus," Mello said somberly, he had slid to the ground to rest his injured leg, so he was looking up at Cyrus now, "You need to get Vanessa out of here quickly". Cyrus didn't respond,

too overwhelmed to do anything but stand there, whereas Mello seemed calm as he sat on the ground.

"Are you sure it's them?" Vanessa said softly, it seemed that she had woken up and heard their conversation. Mello pursed his lips as he studied Vanessa, he was probably trying to see if he could get away with lying to her. But his prolonged silence was telling enough. "Then I can't leave," Vanessa announced. Cyrus avoided her gaze and Mello began to play with the ring from his brother that hung around his neck, probably trying to think of a way to convince Vanessa otherwise.

"They killed my cousin," Vanessa said. She turned pleadingly to Arden, who had been quiet during Vanessa and Mello's exchange.

"Vee," Arden said softly, gripping her hand, "They, they killed Cassian. And you *know* how strong he was. You also know that he wouldn't want you to put yourself in danger for something like this. Besides, you and Mello are injured... You could get hurt".

Cyrus could tell that Arden had gotten through to her, at least a little bit. It seemed Mello had made the same deduction as he said, "They have us in checkmate, but if we get you, 'the king', out then we can play for another day."

Cyrus wasn't as eloquent as Mello and he hadn't known Vanessa for as long as Arden had, but he was still her friend.

"Vanessa, I know you want to make them pay but rushing into a fight injured won't work. We'll make them pay, by not letting them get to you. But I promise later, we will hunt them down, no mercy, no matter what,".

Vanessa smiled at him, "I'll hold you to that then,".

Cyrus smiled back but was distracted by Mello staring at him with a frown. He felt his face go hot with embarrassment.

"What?" Cyrus asked defensively.

"Nothing," Mello said slowly, "I... I just didn't know you could talk that well," he finished with a grin. Cyrus glared and rolled his eyes while Vanessa actually laughed.

Vanessa's laughter was infectious and for a moment the four friends forgot about the chaos outside. But it only lasted for a moment. When Cyrus looked at the doorway there was a person standing there. The entire group immediately tensed. The person wore a mask and a heavy cloak shrouding their body with a glint of metal at their side.

Cyrus stood up quickly, attempting to shield his friends. The person stood with their hand on the hilt of their blade, seeming bored. "Well," Cyrus thought, "I'll make you regret your carelessness." They stood staring at each other for a moment, sizing each other up. Their assailant moved first, lunging in the direction of Vanessa and Mello. Cyrus moved in response, hooking his arm around their neck and slamming them to the ground. Arden then kicked the sword from their side and it slid across the ground where Mello picked it up. Mello then hit the person with the hilt of the sword, knocking them unconscious.

"I think it's time to go now," Mello said, sword still in hand. Arden nodded and picked up Vanessa who squawked in surprise.

"Why're you carrying me and not Mello?" She huffed.

"Mello isn't the one bleeding out of the head, he can live." Arden replied, adjusting his hold.

"How cruel of you Arden, first my leg and now my heart," Mello grouched. After a moment, he got an idea. Turning to Cyrus, Mello attempted to look as pathetic as possible.

"No." Cyrus grunted.

"You're so cruel," Mello lamented, "I didn't even say anything,"

The group lapsed into silence as they left the safety of the alcove. Cyrus looked around the ballroom, half the ceiling was gone and chunks of debris littered the ground. There were bodies too but Cyrus didn't like to look at them for long. In the center, Sir Elijah and Roman were fighting the party crashers, the rest of the people must have evacuated.

Roman with his large claymore and powerful movements coupled with Sir Elijah's precise and fluid bladework were a force to be reckoned with. But their opponents were many in number and skilled as well. All of the assailants wore masks, but that was where their similarities ended. "They're surprisingly multicolored for a band of assassins," Cyrus thought. There was one in a dark blue, and another in an irritatingly bright yellow. Blue and Yellow, accompanied by Purple, were tag team fighting against Roman. The one currently fighting Sir Elijah was dressed in all black, the two seemed to be equals in swordsmanship. At any other time, Cyrus would have been ecstatic to watch his mentor fight on par with another, something that no one in the capital had seen in seven years, but their current situation didn't permit distractions.

Mello was also watching the fight between Sir Elijah and the figure in black worriedly, while twisting his brother's ring. Cyrus figured he was worried for Sir Elijah, after all they had never seen anyone fare this well against him. Cyrus squeezed his friend's shoulder and gave his best reassuring smile. Mello looked at him and smiled back, but it didn't reach his eyes. Before Cyrus could actually say anything Vanessa motioned for them to start moving.

They made it about halfway across the ballroom before things took a turn for the worse. The person in the cloak had woken up. They stumbled out of the alcove and let out a guttural howl.

"Well," Mello said, "Looks like I should've hit them harder, my bad."

If it had just been the cloaked attacker then they might have been able to escape. But the cry had alerted the others, on both sides, to their presence. Roman was so shocked that Yellow was able to kick him in the gut before retaliating. The assailant in black was even able to disarm Sir Elijah, leaving the four friends and Roman gaping.

"RUN," Sir Elijah shouted, diving to grab his sword.

Arden didn't need to be told twice, he adjusted his grip on Vanessa and sprinted towards the door. Cyrus felt like his lungs were about to burst as his feet thundered against the ground, he knew his grip on Mello's wrist would leave indents but he didn't care.

"We will get out," Cyrus repeated this mantra in his head. As they got closer to the door he almost believed it.

But fate was not on their side, when Arden was only ten feet from the door, the cloaked individual appeared out of nowhere. They used some sort of blast to send Arden flying backwards with Vanessa still in his arms. Cyrus felt a pit in his stomach when the cloaked figure slowly approached the two.

"This can't be it, please, please, please," Cyrus thought desperately, looking towards Roman and Sir Elijah but they were still locked in combat. Mello couldn't run anymore, his leg must have been more injured than Cyrus had initially thought. Cyrus squeezed Mello's hand before letting go and running towards the cloaked figure. Mello screamed after him, but Cyrus ignored his friend. He wouldn't let his friends get hurt, he couldn't.

The next seconds seemed to happen in slow motion, as Cyrus reached Vanessa and Arden the cloaked figure sprinted past them. Cyrus stood confused, "Vanessa was supposed to be their target. Mello had said..." his thought trailed off. Cyrus whipped around and saw it.

The cloaked person had reached Mello.

As Cyrus ran, dread filled his heart, Mello tried to back away but he was injured and the cloaked person was stronger. Mello was picked up and thrown into the wall. At the same time Yellow, Blue, Purple and Black let out one final, vicious and coordinated attack blinding Roman and Sir Elijah. The other attackers retreated towards the cloaked figure and Mello. Purple lifted their hand and a portal was generated behind them. Blue and Yellow entered and the cloaked person made their way over dragging a writhing Mello.

Cyrus had promised himself to protect his friends, and at that moment he made another promise to himself. His legs were like jelly and his lungs were on fire. Ten feet, seven, five, three feet. "Just a little bit closer," he thought. Cyrus stretched his hand out towards his best friend, hoping that it would be enough.

## Helping My Confidence Through Taekwondo By: Shreya Neir

Growing up I have been put into various activities trying to find where I fit in and also exploring what I like to do as an outside school hobby. I have tried sports like tennis and swimming, but none of those felt like me. I first took tennis lessons to see if I liked it, and it turns out it was not my idea of fun, but I think deep down it was because I was not very good at it. I was ready to try the next sport, which was swimming. Now with swimming, I liked it as it was challenging and fun at the same time. But when it came time to see if I could make it on the swim team, it just did not seem like me. I was not that serious about it. Then at last the sport my parents signed me up for was martial arts (known as taekwondo).

Taekwondo was the sport I finally stuck with for around ten years now. I was put into this sport so I could learn the art of defending myself the right way and also to help boost my confidence. Growing up I was a girl who was very shy, and who would not talk to anyone at social gatherings. I still am today in certain situations, but I can say that this extracurricular did shape me in a good way. When I started, I did not like it. I wanted to quit this was partly because I felt like I did not fit in. What I mean by this is I never got what I was learning, but my brother would, and I would struggle. Also with my mentality back then I never believed in myself or that I could improve in something with more time. So I continued going because my parents said "give it time", so I just listened and I was like "whatever". Then I realized my friends were joining, so now I was happy because I knew more people making it more fun. Also gave me more of a reason to show up, as I had trouble understanding the curriculum. Fast forward to a few years when I got a black belt; I was so happy. Then I realized my friends were quitting and my mood just ranked all over again, scared I was going to have no one in this new class I would be joining. Now my moody self stopped trying again not wanting to come, really putting in no real effort. In this new class I started to branch out by talking to some girls I knew at school, and I made friends like that. We would be partners in class and hang out outside of school/ class as well. I guess something changed because I told my parents "I want to continue to go higher up in belts", these girls were one degree higher, so I wanted to go higher.

Today I am a third-degree belt aspiring to become a Master (fourth degree). I love this sport so much, and I have built so many bones with different people. Growing up after going through the changes of having friends and having to make new ones, I realized change is a good thing. Growing up I never liked change, but training in taekwondo always taught me it is good sometimes. Back to my point, I have been more involved at Dragon Gym, and love the atmosphere that they portray. This is basically for however much time you are at the gym; everything outside it does not matter. I love this because you can forget and have fun even if it's for an hour, but you still learn. This place really has shaped me into who I am today, a more outgoing person than who I was years ago.





## The Adventures of the Sky-Maiden, Aristide Henri de Marseilles

By: Rachel Setter

She prayed to whatever god there was that the channel crossing would be the simplest task this journey presented her. If she could make it to the tip of the Island, she could refuel and rest as necessary. Though she was flying far outside of the range of the aeroplane she'd stolen from the nearby airfield. It was, however, unlikely that the Airforce would catch on quick enough. Yet it still added to her quite lengthy list of other problems as a result.

She too was worried about the flight capabilities of a fighter plane over water and had spoken to her friend Duchamp at a local engineers convention about the possibilities of refitting it for its desired course. Yet the work she had managed was still shotty, in light of the very limited time she was given to complete it so she worried about the possibilities of a crash or engine failure. Both were relatively common amongst this particular model of monoplane, the Renault F11. Consequently, she kept extra precautionary measures, for the event of a crash, like the modelo at her breast holster or the rations at her feet. There too was a second case she'd hidden in the fuselage with gifts for Marie, and other supplies she might need in the case of an emergency.

The modelo though, was her pride and joy, polished to pristine condition and better maintained than Aristide had ever attempted for herself. Her father had given her the pistol after he'd been discharged. Spending a great bit of time training her with it. It was one of the activities they enjoyed together, and she could see nothing but his crinkled smile for a moment. The thought of their target practice brought her the fondest memories. Him ruffling her hair and telling her she'd done well, no matter where she hit. It often plagued her how affirming he was when she knew that other's fathers were not so kind, or even so present. He was always kind, and supported her mother even through her more erratic episodes. He'd always tell her of the dangers faced far and wide across all oceans in joyous stories of old. Even when mother was harangued into a cart of steel and harsh wood grain did he tell her the curious tale of charybdis and the Argonauts. If only to distract them both for a moment. His stories stretched far and wide including the sea monsters and pirates that lurked behind every wave. In fact, as a retired sea captain in the grand French Navy, he would tell her tales of Loch Ness, hungry for the blood of seafaring adventures. She knew those sorts of stories came courtesy of her fathers friends, specifically the Irish Owen who had fled Ireland as a result of the recent insurrection there. Because as her father said, most had died out long ago.

She'd been reassured not to fear what was hidden in the blackness of the Mediterranean depths, whether Krakens or other deadly remnants of bygone eras of prehistory. But she was still afraid. Moreso the frequent, by others standards strange, encounters with other women. These plagued her in Lyon, and Calais, in Bordeaux and on the Champs de Lycée . Every time her family was bound to move lest someone find her out. It was such a constant journey that everything bled together in a near constant state of flight that rendered her yawning like the red foxes outside her home in Strasbourg. Hence why there was always space in her mind for

caution, and the thought of the past brought her to feel for the comforting presence of the modelo at her side. She steadied the plane against the wind with the other hand and looked out into the final wisps of the day. It was incredible freedom and Aristide had always enjoyed the dusk, because it had always meant the reign of day had ended. And that the liberty of night had begun.

Aristide watched the clouds as they cut against the sky, as a frigid breeze pierced her aviator jacket. It ran her through like a dagger, but brought her the coldest sense of relief. She was among the heavens and everything felt more clear. The way the light fell between the clouds, and their clearly undefined statures mixed to create a picturesque still life of unparalleled color variation. It was a mosaic of spiraling locks. Pink, orange, and grey-white all found place in a tapestry which drifted lazily. It all reflected in the ocean spray below like the swirl of pastel peppermint or piece of toffee. Aristide wished Marie could accompany her, but she knew that they'd have many sunsets like this when they reunited in the upcoming days. They'd watch the sky and Aristide knew she'd always remember this moment, the one where the pearly gates found home on earth.

Suddenly she heard her motor stumble, giving off smoke and the beginnings of a scraping noise. Her plane began to fall into a dive and she prepared to fix for a crash landing or simply to steady the plane again. The plane began to buck her like a scared horse, and she struggled to keep hold. The fading sun painted the waves below with a bloodred and she feared the worst. The air kept tearing at her face, chafing against the gaps between her goggles and her face. Her stomach churned as she gained velocity. She hoped she could arrest the departure just in time to use the pontoons poorly attached to the bottom. If she could land the plane on the water, she could maybe make emergency repairs and return to flight. Smoke billowed from the propeller as it began to slow its top-like spins. In a way it reminded her of the latter end of a spinning franc, losing momentum until it finally dropped and stood still. She missed Marie, and hoped that maybe one day she would see her again...

Knights of Descant  
By: Emily Wisniewski

Bluebirds chirped a sweet melody  
of a long forgotten age  
torn apart by memory  
which enraptured the young page.

He was supposed to deliver his message  
to those on high  
"Nil but a second to stop," he told himself  
as the songbirds flew by.

The young boy did not know  
that the birds sang for him  
for the unrecalled bloodline  
of the Knights of Descant  
ran through him.

These Knights were known as songbirds  
their voices merged as one  
to bring great change to the world  
to nurture and bring together as one.

Yet, one day something happened  
the Knights of Descant were chased  
to longer welcomed to the realm  
where they protected Fate.

But not everyone was caught  
the bloodlines still grew on  
taught from firstborn to firstborn  
until parents lost their son.

But the son was not lost forever  
he was here, safe with the birds' song,  
and as long as his identity stayed hidden  
he would soon adventure beyond his reaches thus far.

