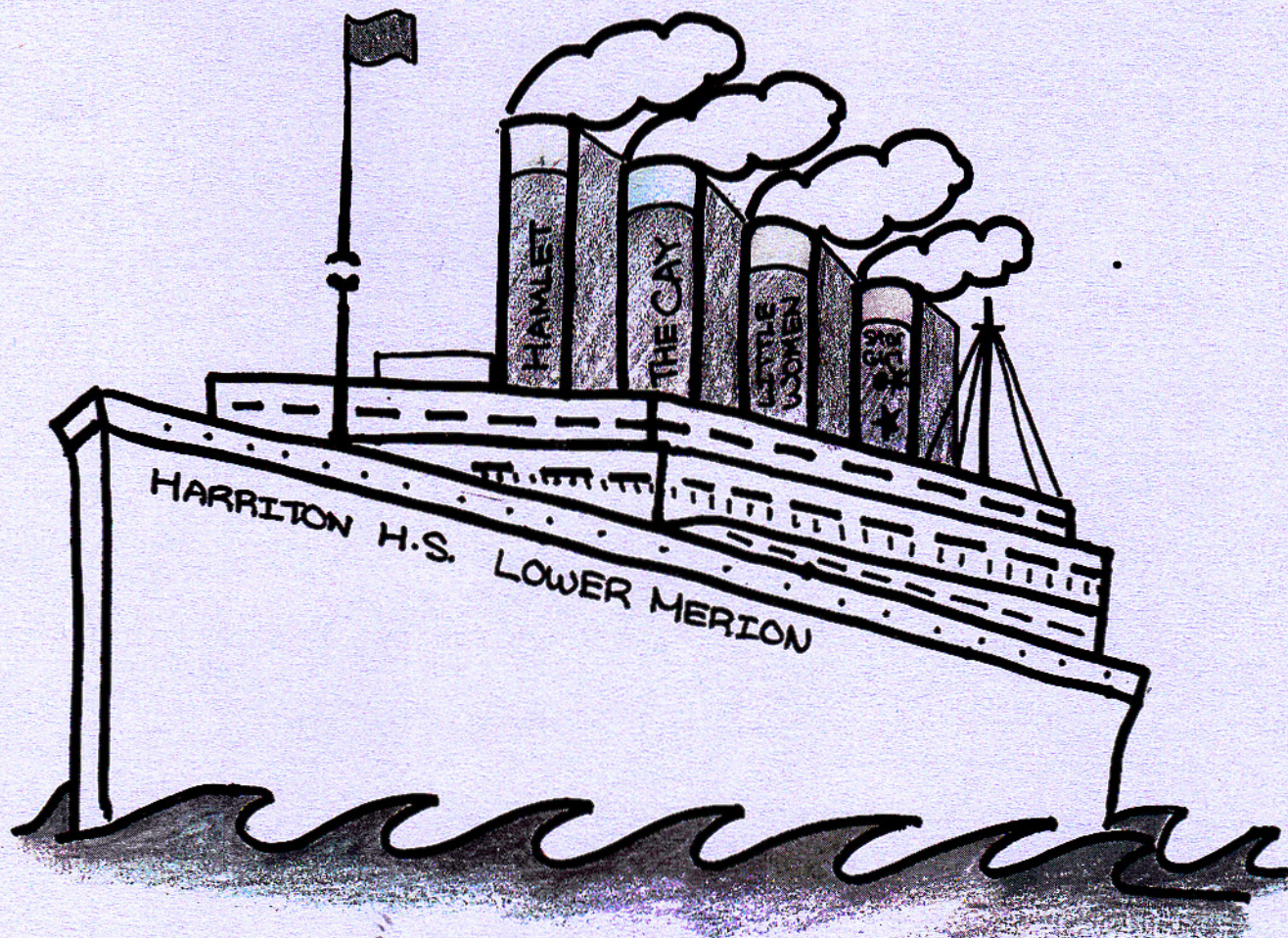


PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs



30th Annual Young Writers/Young Readers Program

Student's name:

Jessica Hao

Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project
Creative Writing for Teens and Gothic, Fantasy, and Science Fiction Writing
Summer 2014

This summer, on the 30th anniversary of West Chester University's Young Writers/Young Readers program, two groups of students who have completed sixth through tenth grades assembled at Harriton High School as a community of writers. Not only did they experiment with different genres and styles of writing, but they also explored various literary techniques to enhance their own individual composition styles.

Our general program goals include inspiring young writers to enjoy quality reading and writing, introducing them to essential tools that will render them better writers, gathering writing ideas and inspirations inside writers' notebooks, and expanding their abilities in writing.

Students developed skills necessary for pursuing the writing process by focusing on various prewriting activities, editing skills, and revision approaches. They shared their ideas and their writing in groups and paired, and they opened themselves to suggestions from peers and their teacher. They took intellectual risks that further inspired new writing ideas.

Hearty thanks go to the following individuals: Mary Buckelew, Ph. D., Director of the Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project and Summer Administrator Karen Pawlewicz for their support and encouragement in all aspects of sustaining and supporting the Lower Merion site. Thanks also to Barbara Giorgio, Secondary Director of Humanities, Lorraine De Rosa, Ed. D., Lower Merion Supervisor of Literacy, and Lauren Marcuson, Summer School Principal at Harriton High School, for supporting literacy enrichment in our community. We offer special thanks to Harriton's fantastic secretaries: Mary Anne, Janet, Kim, and Lynne plus fabulous custodians Rick, Brian, Chester, Henry, Frank, and John. Librarian Pam McGlone deserves special thanks for her encouragement and literacy support each and every day: high praise!!

A very special thank you to all parents and guardians of the students enrolled in the program, for their support and encouragement. We appreciate your interest in your children's literacy development, and we encourage you and your children to remain lifelong readers and writers.

Kathleen S. Hall Scanlon, *Lower Merion Secondary Site Coordinator and Teacher*
Rachel Nichols, Ed.D., *Lower Merion Site Teacher*

PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs

ONCE UPON A TIME ~~~

Inspire

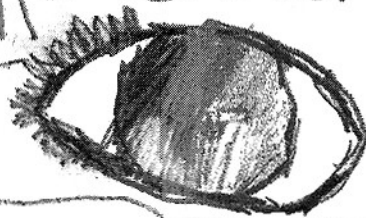
Program

30th annual Young Readers/Writers

Entertain



write

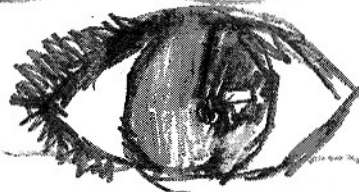
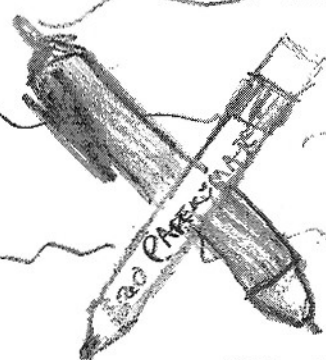


Writers

Hearing for High School Lower

See

Things



Differently

Memoria

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

Student's name:

Oriana Riley

**Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project
Youth Writers/Young Readers**

**Creative Writing for Teens
July 21-August 1, 2014
Harriton High School, Lower Merion School District**

Eugenia Feng	entering grade 7	Bala Cynwyd Middle School
Jessica Hao	entering grade 8	Episcopal Academy
Ryan Lehrman	entering grade 7	Paxon Hollow Middle School
Madeline Marks	entering grade 8	Strath Haven Middle School
Chloé Millett	entering grade 7	Academy of Notre Dame
Shona Papillion	entering grade 7	St. Mary's, Cambridge, England
Oriana Riley	entering grade 6	Valley Forge Middle School
K. Nzinga Suluki-Bey	entering grade 8	Haverford Friends School
Quenten Trader	entering grade 8	Bala Cynwyd Middle School

Eugenia's Crafty Creations

Across the Stream

Out of nowhere, I heard a strangled cry. It couldn't have come from a human. Suddenly, I saw a flash of antlers across the stream, then another cry. Curious to see what was happening, I rolled up my pants, kicked off my shoes, and waded across the stream.

Hiding behind a bush, I spotted a moose caught in the brush by its antlers. It was thrashing around crazily trying to free itself, but kept further tangling itself. I began to crawl towards it, intending to help untangle its antlers. When the moose saw me heading towards it, it began to flail around even more. Thinking that I couldn't get near the moose while it was butting its head around, I tried to find a way to calm it down.

I was thinking of finding some food for it when I heard a crunching in the bushes behind me. I whirled around to find another moose charging towards me. I dashed away before the moose could reach me.

Watching from a distance, I could see the moose that had just arrived trying to help out his friend. I was split between heading back home and waiting to make sure that they both got out safely. Finally, I decided to wait, retrieved my book, and continued reading.

I lost track of time and stopped reading when it got dark. Not hearing the moose anymore, I headed back home.

Reaching the stream, I was too impatient to trudge back through the water, so I hopped from rock to rock. All of a sudden, one of the rocks slipped and sent me splashing into the water. I picked myself up, uninjured, and wondered if the moose had heard me.



A Tree Cave

I climbed up into the tree. Sitting on a branch, I heard a weird rustling noise. Clearing away the leaves, I peered into a small hole in the trunk. I put my hands on the edge of the hole to get a better look. The bark crumbled at the touch of my hand. Cautiously, I tried pulling on the rest of the edges to see what would happen.

As the hole grew wider, the sides began to morph farther and farther apart. I saw that the hole had expanded to the size of a cave. Slowly, I crawled inside, curious to see what was stored in it.

"RING! RING! RING!" What was that noise? "RING! RING! RING!"

And then I woke in my bed.

About the author

Eugenia Feng

Usually likes to sleep, play tennis, play cello, ice skate, and read

Great at math

Excited for seventh grade

Not "Eugen" or "Eugene." Not a boy either

Is going to school at Bala Cynwyd Middle School

Apples are delicious 😊

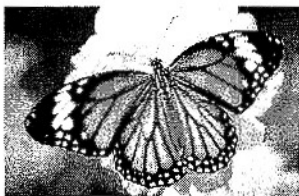
Eugenia's Crafty Creations (continued)

Spring

Freshly cut grass
Blooming flowers
Blue skies
Puffy white clouds
Green tress on the horizon
Birds chirping
Squirrels scampering
Bees buzzing
Butterflies fluttering
Fireflies napping
The rumble of a subway.

Butterfly Limerick

There once was some butter named "Fly"
Who grew wings and one pair of eyes,
He had two antennas,
A wing covered in henna,
The other was painted with dye



A Riddle Poem

At the beginning of every apple,
Near the end of every pear,
Hiding in bottles of Snapple,
Helping to make air.

The beginning for every author
Always part of the answer
Not needed for a doctor
Required for a dancer

What am I?

(The letter A)

Light Blue

Light blue
The color of the sky
The color of the rain
The color of blueberries

Light blue
The color of oceans
The color of a dolphin
The color of a whale

Light blue
A blinding light
A pair of jeans
Lightly falling snow
Light blue
The color of bluebirds
The color of violets
The fifth color of the rainbow

About the author

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My Favorite Place

I had travelled more than 3,000 miles to come to this place, this natural paradise. I love the feeling of the soft, warm grains of white sand that roll beneath my bare feet. The rushing of the turquoise waves as seagulls cry out in the sky above me. That day, the sun shined brightly above as palms trees gently swayed in the warm breeze. Everything was perfect.

Guess what we are

We are the
Troublemakers of the sea,
Flying around,
Worriless and free.
We are invisible
To the human sight,
Yet we can be felt,
Throughout our flight.

An Original Cinquain

Vampire
Eternal Bloodthirsty
Hiding, Hunting, Hoping
Always Silent but Deadly
Dracula

This is Just to Say

This is just to say,
Your favorite necklace.
It didn't really disappear,
Or fall down the drain.
I just simply,
Gave it to a friend.

I was frozen



I was frozen,

The world a snowy white.



Snowflakes fluttering to the ground,



A peaceful sight.



Silent,



No cars rushing away,

No signs of life.



About the Author

Jessica Hao has been called a lot of names-Jess, Jessie, JCA, #Haomayo, and That Girl. She enjoys eating and hanging out with her friends. When Jessica grows up, she would like to go to the University of Pennsylvania. (Answer: Wind)

Our Neighbors Next Door

We used to think our neighbors next door were odd; however, we soon learned to like them. The day that they came to this neighborhood we decided to invite them to dinner. They had a thick African accent and they also brought peculiar foods that looked very oily and green. They also ate with their hands, which was pretty disgusting because you didn't know how many germs were on them. However, I made friends with the girl next door. She's small but really fast, and we raced back and forth from room to room that night. I learned her name was Rachel. When they had to go, I said goodbye and waved at my new friend and her family. The next day was a Monday I looked forward to seeing Rachel that day. My mom drove me to school super early. I saw her in my classroom patiently sitting.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked.

"The class assignment," Rachel answered.

"You know, that's due next week and you don't have to do it now," I replied "and you have to read a book, write a book report about the book and on top of that you need to create a presentation and present it to the class,"

"Yes, I know the requirements," she said. Then I asked, "Why do you want to do it?" "Then, I can get a good score for my grade if I do it," she answered. I thought about it and it sounded reasonable to me. A week later she got a hundred on the assignment and I congratulated her on her accomplishment.

We decided to have a play date that Saturday and our parents allowed it. My friend brought over one of her favorite games, it was called mancala. The goal of the game is to have the most marbles in your side of the board. It was a fun game and we played for a long time. We got to go to the park that same day and play with my dog, Nicky. He liked Rachel and would always jump on her and lick her face. That night I heard from my daddy, Frank, that my friend's daddy, Bob just got a job as an electrician. Everything was going fine, my friend and I played together most of the time at school and at home. This all changed a month later when Bob lost his job. I didn't see Rachel at school anymore and she rarely came out of her house. Frank said, "They were going to become homeless within a few days and we could buy the house from them, then rent it out until they can buy it back and live in it again" He continued talking, "In the meantime, they could stay here with us."

Everybody agreed on it: Frank got to talk to Bob about business, mom got to learn how to cook those strange foods and I got to hang out with Rachel for a long time. Two weeks later, Bob got an even better job than before and was able to buy back the house. Now Rachel is back at school and we hang out even more than before. I don't think the neighbors are weird anymore I think they are just fine.

About the Author:

Ryan is a mysterious figure. He is an African American and like Marvel and DC comics. On top of that he lives in Pennsylvania plays a variety of different sports. If you want to send him some food please send him some watermelon, mangos or chocolate.

Freedom Rose

If tears were red, the ground before the grave would be stained crimson with salty pain. The tears belonged to a benign yet somewhat mysterious old man by the name of Garrick George. He was born in this same town seventy years ago, and never left once. He watched children grow up, adults move out, elders die. He never married, but considering how in love with this dusty old, broken down grave he was, you would think the spirit attached to it was his wife. It's not.

The engravings had worn off a long time ago. Rain, and wind, and hail, and snow, they do bad things to a grave. It now just stands as a slab of ominous, unforgiving stone. Garrick George did not know the person under that grave. Yet he cried for him, or her, every day as he set down a single white tulip in front of the stone.

That one Tuesday, it was gray out, almost funereal, as he hobbled down the vacant road of his small town. All the shops were still closed, for it was far too early in the morning for any to be open. But one always opened as the first rays of light spread across the city, and its sole purpose was for Garrick George, who obtained a single flower from them every single day. He has long stopped paying for them, because he came to the same shop every morning for the past sixty years, never missed a day. It seemed, essentially cruel to charge him the mere fifty cents per tulip when everyone knows he has and will be coming for the duration of his life.

The rusty bell jingled as he limped through the door, slightly out of breath. The young man that worked at the shop was in the back room, but that didn't bother Garrick George, nor has it ever. He slowly made his way over to the chipped wooden counter where every day, for the past sixty years, a single white tulip has been laid for him. But as soon as he saw the flora that decorated the wood, he stopped short and gaped at what then became the biggest problem in his life. A blood red rose laid on the counter.

He glanced into the back room, refusing to move his feet. The worker did not appear to explain the sudden change. Garrick George shifted his glance back to the flower, sitting slightly up because of the thorns that protruded from its stem. He slowly wrapped his wrinkled fingertips around the stem, just below the flower, and walked out of the shop, bell jingling behind him.

The walk to the cemetery was colder and lonelier than usual. His hand shook, and a crimson petal fluttered to the ground. He stopped and looked at the rose in his hand. Muttering quietly, he said, "I will call you my Freedom Rose. Because you're not my same old tulip. Because there is something free-spirited about you."

Tears threatened at the corners of Garrick George's eyes as he set the rose down in front of the grave. No remnants of yesterday's tulip were there, yet that is how it always was. The stone was in the very back of the cemetery, under a large, dark green, weeping willow tree. It was a small graveyard, but no other headstones were placed around this grave.

The winds blew, and the rose shuddered, losing another petal. The chilly breeze ran across his hands, the only part of him other than his face that was showing. The fingers of the willow swayed, and the grey sky became even darker. Garrick George shook in the cold, and pulled his reddish-brown sweater sleeves up over his wrists.

All the trees that bordered the graveyard shook, and the large black fence rattled. He closed his eyes, confused by the winds but refusing to leave.

A sudden shock smashed into him, the scenery blowing up into an explosion of pure red as he crashed to the ground, his head at the foot of the grave and the rose gone...

Mouse

The wind swirls,
Clouds catching rays of vibrant sun,
Grass shudders
And leaves off trees fall,
Oh, if only the silence were louder;
I could hear the pulsing of my heartbeat
Instead of pure death overhead
That will so soon put it to a stop.
I make no move but my breathing commences,
Unstoppable waves of pure fear
That decorate my heart and soul;
And suddenly the screeching kills the silence,
And the silence overtakes me...

Tomorrow's Yesterday

"Talk to you tomorrow,"

We would say,

And soon today was yesterday,

And before I know it,

You drift away,

Alongside my hopes that you

Would stay.

New and Old

Perfect title, perfect words,
Cracked spine, yellow page,
Delicate hands, keeping clean,
Ripped page, faded words,

Cracked spine, yellow page,
Dust cover dustless, crisp turn,
Ripped page, faded words,
Characters spotless, plot great,

Dust cover dustless, crisp turn,
Stained words, falling apart,
Characters spotless, plot great,
Dog eared page, cover scratched,

Stained words, falling apart,
Delicate hands, keeping clean,
Dog eared page, cover scratched,
Perfect title, perfect words.

About the Author

Maddie Marks is entering eighth grade at Strath Haven Middle School. She is obsessed with writing, having won a national essay contest, and being a finalist in the Time For Kids Reporter Contest. (Fingers crossed she wins!) She loves poetry and horror stories, as well as sushi, volleyball, and golf. She has a dog named Tony, and a cat named Tuck. Maddie loves to share her writing with others, and hopes you enjoy it!

Extract from "Before the Break of Dawn: Nina"

Back when we were all six, we all went to the same elementary school. But did our personalities differ. Flo was a beauty pageant contestant, and rarely showed up to school. Jacob was always getting in trouble, while Harold never muttered a word. Eden was still attached to her favorite teddy bear, Tamie had too many pieces of candy at lunch, and Ollie was constantly asking questions in class. Why? Because he had such a creative mind, and wanted to know everything about the world he lived in.

Meanwhile, when I was six, my parents were divorcing, and my mum was in the process of moving to California. I don't think she cared about me, all she really ever cared about was looking pretty. Dressing up. Going for a night on the town. Every night. I've seen pictures of her as a teenager, and she was beautiful. Her short, wavy locks of cinnamon hair contrasted from my ash brown, long, straight mess. She wore a lot of makeup, and was never seen out of a tube top or a miniskirt. Sometimes, I compare myself to her. But mostly, I try to avoid her as a role model. I don't want to like her, because then I'll miss her. Missing people hurts everywhere, and pain isn't necessary.

Tonight, I will go walk by myself to the party. I'll take out my braids, and I'll put on as much makeup as I want. I won't think about Jacob, because I don't want to cry. Tonight, I'll be free.

Eleven, based on true events

All I wanted when I was eleven was to be a clone of everyone else. To fit in. To not have a single quirk that separated myself from the "popular" crowd. I look back at myself and cringe. There's nothing people think worse of than a person who tries to be cool. I want to forget those days. I want everyone else to as well.

On the very first day of sixth grade, I wore a striped dress to school. I made sure no one could see the scars on my face by covering them up with makeup. I straightened my naturally curly hair. I made myself fake, but self-confident. And I was happy. Until I saw the popular girls wearing black leggings and cropped sweaters. I was crushed.

When the second day of school rolled around, I was determined to fit in. Wearing a pair of skinny jeans and a cropped sweater, I walked into school with pride. But my pride was short lived, because the popular girls had ditched the cropped sweaters and worn white headbands.

After a while, I stopped trying. I was more mature and realized that popularity was just a silly word, not tween royalty. Maybe it did disappoint me at first, but my friends pulled me away from the desire lurking inside.

Back then, I thought it was a mission to fit in, and if I didn't, I'd disappoint my country or something. Now, I try even harder to stand out, and differ from my past.

How to snowboard, abbreviated

First of all, DO NOT FALL OFF OF THE SKI LIFT! I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT IT DOES HURT! Okay, now that that's cleared up, we can begin.

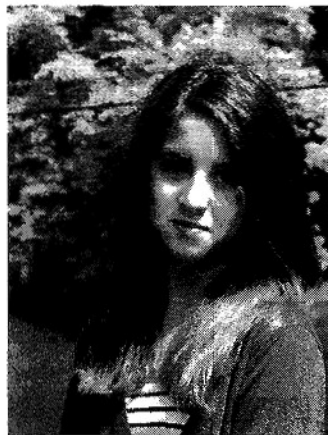
Step 1: Grab your gear. You'll need a snowboard, snowboard shoes, and a helmet. Trust me, as embarrassing as it looks, you'll need it on your first trip to the slopes. Some other things you will have to have for this sport: hope, determination, courage, and a lot of stability.

Step 2: Find an area that you can snowboard on. I always go to a ski resort, so it's a public place. You will need to start on the bunny slopes. You will want to start on the bunny slopes as well. No beginner wants to get run over by a professional snowboarder.

Step 3: Know your surroundings!! If you don't you might run over a small family (again, learnt from experience). The ski patrol will not be happy, and you will become their least favorite snowboarder, which is based on a true story.

About the Author

Meet Chloe Millett (also Chloe Violet, but whatever), the writer of what you've just read. Chloe loves filmmaking and persian cats, but is not a fan of horror movies. Acting is her main hobby, yet she can't dance. This fall, Chloe will be featured in a poetry book, and is very excited. A perfect day to her would consist of swimming with her friends, lots of Netflix, and shopping! She is a seventh grader at an all girls school in Villanova.



About the author

Shona Claire Martin Papillon goes to school at Saint Mary's cambridge in England. Shona lives in a village in the countryside, called Great Chishill. Shona has a big sister and a little brother. In her spare time Shona likes to swim and swims for a town in England. Shona also likes cooking, horse-back riding, reading books and writing poetry.

Clown fish

I'm fish in the ocean,
My colors are orange, white and black.
Somehow I'm funny but really I'm just a clown fish.

Zebra

My colors are opposite,
Like fire and ice.

I stay in a group,
That you can't tell apart.

I am mysterious and you question my stripes,
Black on white
Or white on black.

Cube

A cube is a box.
It can be:
Sat on,
Sat in,
Jumped on,
Jumped in,
Eaton on, eaten in,
Slept on,
Or slept in.

I have done all of these things with a box,
that is why I love cubes.

Flight

I looked down from the sky,
To the brilliant white clouds
And emerald green sea below.
I was flying between the ground and the sky,
Like a bird but in a plane.

Firefly

Suddenly but beautifully,
I light up in the deep navy-blue sky.
All around me is darkness,
Except for my soft yellow glow.
I light up when darkness falls.

River of Time

My current is strong
As I bring you further down
To the end of time.

New York

I am the city
Never once falling asleep
New york never sleeps.

By shona

The Experiment

My name was Lindsey Darkwood. Why the 'was' you ask? Because when you go through the experiment they change it. When my name was drawn, I felt special, even lucky. Don't believe them when they tell you that it's just a test for some surgical improvements. I guess you could call it that but hear me out first. When you go through the experiment, they surgically enhance your muscles, your mind, your nails and your teeth, everything that makes you dangerous. But that's not all. Then they put you in a laboratory and make you test it against innocent people. I am Subject #10685 and my name is Winter Heartfire.

What they call fun

"Are you sure?" I ask. I look over expecting to see gaping mouths and fearful eyes behind the ski masks. But Chloe and Nicole's faces are bright and giddy. A wide smile stretches from Chloe's red ears and Nicole's lopsided smile hangs bright on her face. I finally gather the courage to push myself on to slope and ride feet firmly on the board. Until I slip. But Chloe swings by my right side to grab my hand to pull me up. When we finally reached the bottom I sighed in relief. "You still changing to skis?" Nicole skids to a stop spraying snow on my face. "Yes!" I nod. Grateful to be off the board.

3 THINGS I KNOW ABOUT YOU

FIRST, YOU ARE HUMAN.

SECOND, YOU ARE READING THIS

THIRD, YOU ARE SMILING

(HOPEFULLY)

S. F. S. C. (School for special children)

Are you Special? Like I know your parents have been like "You are special. Everyone's special." But are you really special. Take Kristen for an example: One moment she was walking on the beach the next she was walking through Times Square. Her power: Teleportation. Ian can levitate. Diana can read minds. So think this over again: are you special?

The microphone was on. The speakers lowly humming into my ear. The spotlight switched on, shining on Quinn. "Singing for us tonight will be Ms. Rachel DeCalantis." He signaled for me to come up onto the stage. I slowly ascended the wooden stairs. I looked at the crowd, which was larger than I expected for a country club. I took a deep breath and went to the microphone. And I started to sing, "I was looking for a breath of life/ A little breath of heavenly light..."

"Really?" I whispered to Elle. "I think so!" She squealed. It was the summer after 8th grade. Elle had scored us an audition to the movie adaption to our favorite novel. Though it only had come to me after the day of excitement. There was only one female main character.

The day of the audition rolled in. I had prepared all my June lines at least 50 times in front of my room's small mirror. I was waiting in line behind none other than Hailee Steinfeld the same person I had posters of hanging in my room, the same person who was my top choice to play June. She peeked back at me and waved. "Hi I'm-" I had to cut her off. "Hailee Steinfeld." She smiled, "So you've heard of me?" I exploded, "Of course I've heard of you, you're my freakin favorite actress. Enders game was awesome! And you are my total top pick for June Iparis! And I'm just happening to stand in line behind you. This is practically a dream come true." She didn't laugh at me or even smirk, she just smiled and said "Thanks!"

The end of the day came with news, I hadn't gotten June, Hailee had. But I got Tess, which was still awesome! Elle hadn't gotten in at all but she was suggested for a new Disney movie they were making called Maleficent. Elle's full name was Elle Fanning, just for the info. And who am I? Well my name is Sarah, Sarah Hyland.

If you looking for Oriana, she's probably reading or singing, maybe writing, drawing or skating, swimming or acting. But if you observe the wild Oriana in her natural habitat you could quite possibly be hearing talks of Once Upon a Time and books. Though if you can read her mind you're guaranteed to hear her thoughts of TFIOS, Once Upon a Time, Vampires, or her dog Multy. You'll learn her age is 11, she goes to Valley Forge Middle School. But you also might want to get that checked.

Review on Life Unexpected

In the *Life Unexpected* show, Britt Robertson plays in *Life Unexpected* as Lux Cassidy the main character. Lux Cassidy the main character has been in the foster system all her life and family has always been her best friend Angie and her boyfriend Bug. When she meets her birth parents her whole life changes. Lux starts to base her life on the principles of helping others, telling the truth more than usual, and correcting her mistakes. Lux starts to see her friend Angie as a sister and one day she finds that Angie is in an abusive foster home. Angie doesn't know this is an abusive foster home because Lux never told her about her time there. Lux tells her friend about how great the Sarah, but Dan was abusive and touched her in a sexual way.

Lux becomes more aware of the life she never had and wanted. Her parents "Cate" and "Baize" become her friends instead of her family. Education opens a world of possibilities to her future. In the last episode Lux expresses in her end of the year speech that she believes her future is bright. I believe that her father, Bug who becomes her fiancé and her tutor Tim have shaped Lux into the person that her parents hoped to see. Lux and Cate went through hoops to bring their relationship to a mother and daughter bond instead of BFFs. Lux and Baize were instant friends because Baize acted like a child. Baize was reminded by his parents that when raising a child you can't be one yourself. Both Baize's and Cate's parents told them that they would take care of Lux if either of them did not get their act together. Cate and Baize didn't like what they said and neither did Lux. After that occasion, Lux and her parents were settled on becoming a family one way or another. I believe this show will inspire you to love family no matter the sacrifices, and in *Life Unexpected* that what both parents learned and Lux. At the end of the last episode we find out that two years after Cate finding out she can't have any children; Cate and Baize got married.

About the Author

Kemba Nzinga Suluki-Bey currently attends Friends School Haverford. She likes to write free-style poetry. Her favorite shows are *Life Unexpected* and *The Vampire Diaries*. She likes to try all types of new things, but she is a very picky person. Her favorite book series is by Marie Lu, the "Legend Series". She is in ice skating, theatre and gymnastic. She used to be on a swimming team, but stopped, because she was too busy.

Quenten Trader

Sonnet

Starless Nights and Sunny Mornings

We see there's no light, into the darkness, black as can be,
Stars give us hope, light is our only key out,
Daylight is ours to let us free, I guarantee,
To find our way out there's another route,
We have to have believe to escape darkness,
Through the rocks there's very dim light gleaming above,
It was day, the sky was very sunny, and just starless,
We climb rocks, to surely conquer what we dream of,
The rocks are climbed and it is now night time,
We come to the surface not scared of twilight,
Are hands are dirty, and covered in grime,
The sun is shining while we walk back, very, very, bright
Fear and pain are both broken by believing,
Keep going for whatever you're achieving,

About The Author!!

Quenten lives in Bala Cynwyd and loves to write poetry, specifically Sonnets. He likes to be very creative with his writing. Quenten likes to play soccer. He does not like to listen to the radio. Quenten loves to read historical fiction on his free time. Quenten loves to go to the beach but does not really enjoy the pool that much.

Acrostic Poem

To Be Continued

TAMPERING WITH THE MIND FOR WHAT
HAPPENS

OPENING DOORS FOR HUMANS TO COME UP
WITH WHAT HAPPENS NEXT

BEGINNING THE NEXT CHAPTER WITH STYLE

EMPOWERING A MOVING FILM TO ITS BEST
ABILITY

COMING ALIVE WITH THE WATCHER

OPENING A NEW WORLD OF IMAGINATION TO
PEOPLE

NEW OR NEXT SHOW COMING TO RAISE
EXCITEMENT

TOUCHING ON WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IN THE
STORY OR MOVIE.

INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IN
THE STORY

NEW INTRODUCTION FOR A NEXT THING IN A
STORY

UNTOLD WHAT HAPPENS NEXT

EXPECTING THAT THE STORY IS CONTINUING
JUST NOT YET

DECIDING TO SEE THE NEXT EPISODE OR NOT

I have no idea why anyone would move there voluntarily. I mean, come on! It never gets above 60°! Suzanne says that's the one thing she likes about it, that she won't have to worry about putting on a bathing suit in public ever again, especially not that full leotard-wetsuit-contraption that her mother insists she wear whenever she is in the sun. She says that her mom doesn't want her to get skin cancer, which I totally get, but I think her mom's nuts. The thing has sleeves! Oh, I won't be sorry not to see Mrs. Case and her 1000 SPF around, but boy do I miss Suzanne. And it's only been a week.

(from Ryan's prompt: *write about Alaska*)

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Every morning
it's the same.
It's can't-find-my-sneaker same
It's did-you-take-your-vitamins? same
It's forgot-to-pack-a-lunch same
It's quit-touching-me! same
It's I'm-walking-out-the-door-right-now same
It's just-one-more-minute same
It's you-should-have-done-that-last-night same
It's don't-slam-the-door same
Then
It's go-find-the-sunbeam-and-lay-down-in-peace. Same.

(from Maddie's prompt: *write a poem from an animal's point of view*)

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Sun Salutations

They sit with their backs to the sun
facing the breeze
awaiting whatever the day may bring

One, no, two close their eyes
attempting to dream just a little longer
Two, no, three scribble furiously
trying to capture the sky in words
Three, yes, three are reading
discovering that sometimes children have to be their own parents
And one, only one, looks at me
asking in silence
Is it time to go in yet?

(inspired by our morning gatherings on the lawn)

To make a memory it takes
an experience and time,
One experience, and some time,
And love.
The love alone will suffice,
But time is always nice.

(inspired by Emily Dickinson, F1779)



When I was young in my bedroom
I lined my stuffed animals against the wall on the top bunk, just so
making sure that Timothy could see over Ellie's head

When I was young in my bedroom
I filled page after page with a story about a gymnast named Kimberly,
who wanted to spin and dance instead of go to school

When I was young in my bedroom
I hung a picture of C. Thomas Howell on the back of my door
because I was certain that Pony Boy would understand me

When I was young in my bedroom
I brought my sister upstairs and opened the door to the attic off my room
where, with a flashlight, I showed her that Santa wasn't real

When I was young in my bedroom
I opened my window on a winter's day and leaned out onto the snowy roof
and heard "New Year's Day" echoing through the gully

When I was young in my bedroom
I was myself

(from age/place prompt, inspired by Cynthia Rylant, *When I Was Young in the Mountains*)



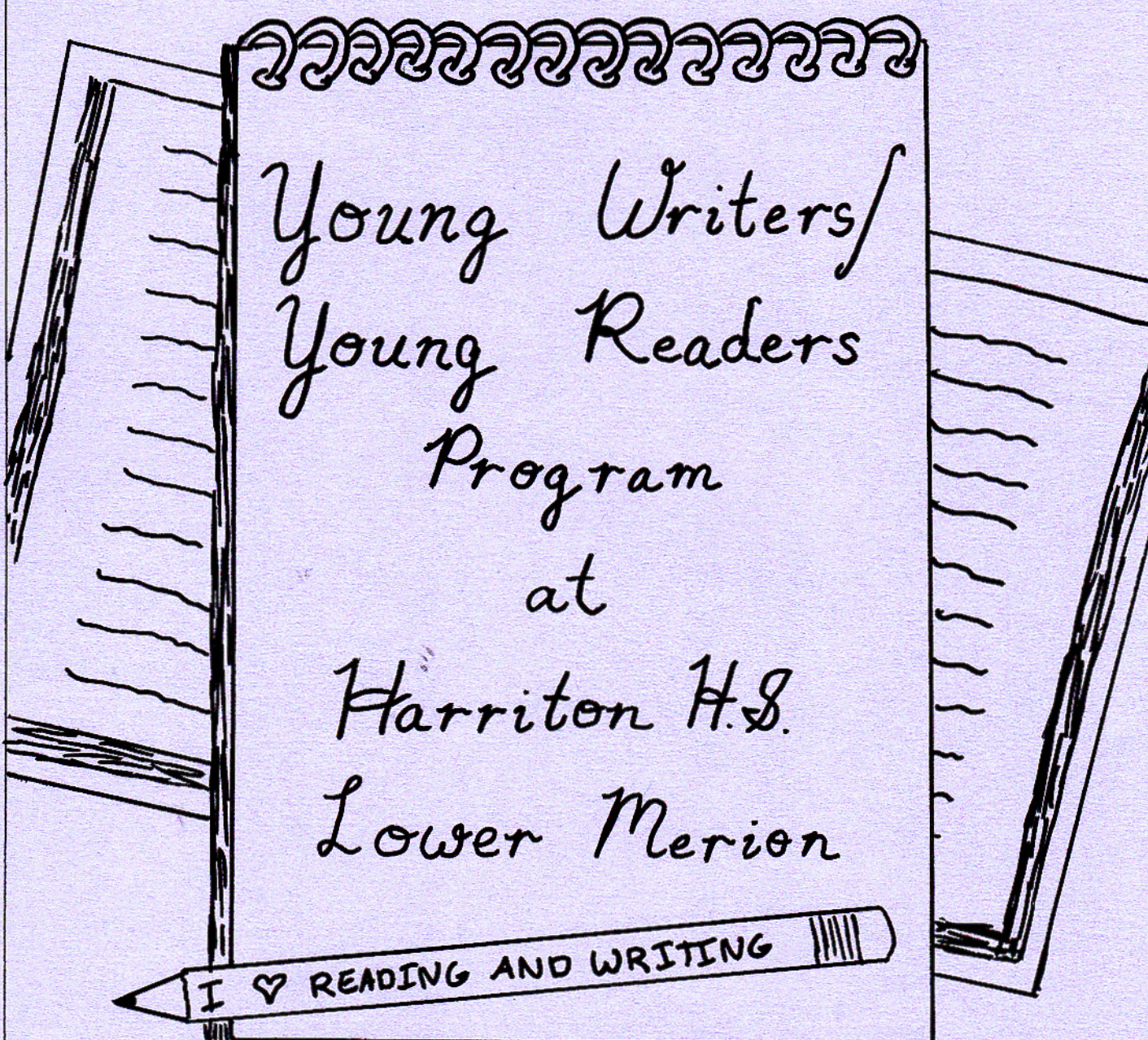
Grasshoppers jump up
Above the camouflage grass
Giving green glimpses

(from Oriana's prompt: *write a poem about a favorite color*)



Rachel E. Nichols has written many things; after all, she has been in school for over 40 years. Nonetheless, she still has a lot to learn. When not reading or writing, Rachel likes to look at vintage clothing and furniture and watch her sons' baseball games. She also enjoys teaching gifted support and writing at Bala Cynwyd Middle School in the Lower Merion School District. Rachel never writes in blue ink.

30th Annual



Young Writers/
Young Readers
Program

at

Harriton H.S.
Lower Merion

I ♥ READING AND WRITING

Student's name:

Eugenia Feng