

**Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project**  
**Young Writers/Young Readers at West Chester University**  
**Teacher: Cheryl Lamoreux**

<i>Name</i>	<i>Grade completed</i>	<i>School</i>
Allison Carling	5	East Fallowfield Elementary School, Coatesville Area SD
Hallie Farr	5	Coopertown Elementary School, Haverford Township SD
Gabriel Gabelberger	5	West Chester Friends, West Chester
Faith Jacobs	5	Valley Forge Middle School, Tredyffrin-Easttown SD
Claire Kim	5	Homeschooled
Kirtana Kumar	5	Great Valley Middle School, Great Valley SD
Raghav Maindola	5	Unionville Elementary School, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD
Zoe Menezes	5	St. Maximilian Kolbe School, West Chester
Lauren Murray	5	Villa Maria Academy- Lower School, Immaculata
Ashka Patel	4	Exton Elementary School, West Chester Area SD
Peter Reinheimer	5	Hillsdale Elementary School, West Chester Area SD

**Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project**  
**Young Writers on Computers at West Chester University**  
**Teacher: Kristin Light**

<i>Name</i>	<i>Grade completed</i>	<i>Current School</i>
Ally Archer	8	Henderson Senior High School, West Chester Area SD
Evan Archer	5	Sts. Peter & Paul School, West Chester
Alyssa Boppell	7	St. James School, Ridley Park
Amelia Constable	8	E N Peirce Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Katie DeRosa	7	Perkiomen Valley Middle School - East, Perkiomen Valley SD
Lauren DiEdwardo	5	Bradford Heights Elementary School, Downingtown Area SD
Solomon Kim	7	Homeschooled
Jonathan Liu	5	Kathryn D. Markley Elementary School, Great Valley SD
Owen Phillips	5	Sarah Starkweather Elementary School, West Chester Area SD
Amanda Tonsey	5	Penn Wynne School, Lower Merion SD
Aakanksha Wunnava	8	Lionville Elementary School, Downingtown Area SD
Matthew Zhong	5	Pickering Valley Elementary School, Downingtown Area SD

### Rowboat

The rowboat moves in its blood-colored lake

They wanted you to burn at the stake

They stand and watch from the shore

They're waiting for you to meet the water's shore

The time is now the boat has stopped

You stand with a little hop

You never meant to commit a crime

You never knew you were out of line

Execution, your hands bound

He pushes you off, now you drown

### Garden of Youth

You live in this Garden of Youth

You are bound to the truth

It was the only price to pay

To run with freedom everyday

Sure, you left your family behind

You they will never find

You betrayed them, that's alright

The Garden of Youth doesn't mind

You are young forever

That is all that matters

The young girl jumped, finally reaching her father's hat. She pinched the cap in between her index finger and her thumb, before giggling as she took off in the other direction. He lifted his hand to his hair, where had his cap gone? He turned around, to see a girl, running off giggling. That was funny; she had the same laugh as his daughter, the same blonde hair that curled at the end, the same old dress his daughter used to wear, and repeated the same action of stealing his hat. But, that was impossible. His daughter had died when she was five years old. She stopped, why wasn't he chasing her like he used to? Hesitantly, she placed the hat on the ground, why didn't he notice her anymore? Sadly, she allowed herself to disappear. *Why didn't he see her?*

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Amanda Donnelly Tonsey is currently 11 years-old. She will be attending Bala Cynwyd Middle School in the fall. At home, she has three cats, two guinea pigs, and a gecko. In her free time she enjoys drawing, writing, and listening to music. When she grows up, she would like to be a writer or psychologist, but for now, she's stuck as a student.

### White Rose

Swirling, twirling

Like a whirlpool

Or a never-ending cave

Or like a beautiful white beach

Kissing a sparkling wave

It could be a gentle breeze

Blowing through the air, but it's a delicate

White Rose spotted everywhere.

### Night

Brightness falling

As the darkness surrounds it

Enveloping it

As it sets over the glistening water

Noise quieting down

As the night approaches the earth

## About the author

Aakanksha loves to read and write in her spare time. She is attending 7<sup>th</sup> grade at Lionville Middle School, and is currently 11 years old. Her hobbies include swimming, acting, volleyball, violin, and piano. Her favorite book series is *Harry Potter* and she loves to listen to music.



Rap about raps

I like raps and I cannot lie

Don't try to ask me why

I sing them to the fridge

Even though they sound like garbage

Evil red star

The red star is red

Like a cut-off head

The red star is evil

Like someone doing something illegal

Glitter tasting coffee

Coffee is bitter

And it tastes like glitter

Coffee is hot

Like soup from a pot

Matthew Zhong is 11 years old and will attend 6th grade in Downingtown School District. In his spare time Matthew likes to play basketball or iMessage. He was born in North Carolina on February 6th 2003

**Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project**  
**Creative Writing for Teens at West Chester University**  
**Teacher: Melissa Elison**

<b>Name</b>	<b>Grade completed</b>	<b>Current School</b>
Rithvik Bobbili	6	Great Valley Middle School, Great Valley SD
Meredith Koresko	6	St Philip & James School, Exton
Crystal Li	6	Patton Middle School, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD
Sadie Patterson	6	Avon Grove Charter School, Avon Grove
Alexa Silva	6	J R Fugett Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Lokeswaren Swaminathan	6	Downingtown Middle School, Downingtown Area SD
Clarissa Thomas	6	Milton Hershey School, Hershey
Margaret Wu	6	Patton Middle School, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD
Lisa Zeng	6	Patton Middle School, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD

My Anthology Page  
By:Alexa Silva

I Love You

Mimi, I love you the yellowest.  
I love you the color of a tall bright yellow sunflower.  
I love you the color of yellow bright sun.  
A bright yellow smile.  
The sunset that covers the sky.  
A yellow blooming sunflower.  
Mimi, I love you the yellowest.

Sunshine

sunny  
under a tree  
never cloudy  
staring at you  
hot  
ice cream melting  
nice weather  
every day

The Clumsy Boy

Every time the boy gets up from a chair he trips. When he takes a walk he trips on a stick and falls on his face. The clumsy boy has to have bubble wrap on his body because his mom knows that he will fall when he gives his first push. When he is walking down the street, he trips on his shoelaces and falls down on his face. When he stands, he has horrible balance and trips over and falls on his face once again.

About the Author

Alexa is 12 years old. She was born on May 20th, 2002. She goes to Fugett Middle School. She lives with her mom, dad, dog and her little sister Valentina. When she grows up, she want to be a vet.

## My Anthology Page

By: Miranda Essig

### If You Are What You Love

If I am what I love then,  
    I am a late night cup of tea.  
    & a beautifully written novel.  
    I am warm summer nights,  
    & spine chilling horror films.  
    I am bubbling laughter,  
    & loudly played music.  
I am my Grandmother's cursive writing,  
    & an over-sized sweater.  
If I am what I love, maybe I love myself after all.

### Trusting

Only a few care.  
    The rest are just curious.  
    Be careful Darling.

### Heartaches

There is a pain in my heart,  
and it's beating your name.  
    I miss you.

### About the Author

Miranda is currently fourteen years old, soon to be fifteen in September, and going into her Freshman year. She admits to being a bookworm and having an obsession with writing. Miranda is also a music addict, you mostly find her with her ear-buds unable to hear a thing over the booming music. She has had her heart set on publishing a book someday since she can remember. Overall, her goal is to become a successful writer.



## My Anthology Page

By: Gabriella Kupiec

### Poem

I am from  
Hugs and kisses before bed  
And getting tucked in with my stuff animal dogs  
That would always make me feel better  
I am from my little ballet shoes  
And dancing around the family room  
I am from always being happy  
With a smile on my face  
And running to hug my mom  
When I get home from school  
I am from green grass  
And the sun shining down on  
My sisters and I as we play  
Duck, Duck goose in the backyard  
I am from getting my dog, Murphy  
Who means the world to me  
I am from long days on the beach  
And finding sand crabs in the ocean  
I am from meeting my best friend  
And doing everything together  
I am from the awful taste of seed weed and raw fish  
The first time I tried sushi  
I am from big family parties  
And staying up late to watch movies  
I am from memories that, I will remember forever

### About the author

My name is Gabbie. I am 14 years old. I go to Garnet Valley High school. My birthday is February 7<sup>th</sup> 2000. I have 2 sister and 1 brother. I have a dog named Murphy. I have been dancing since I was 3.

**Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project**  
**Creative Writing for Teens at West Chester University**  
**Teacher: Mike LoBiondo**

<i>Name</i>	<i>Grade completed</i>	<i>School</i>
Phillip Bell	8	Twin Valley Middle School, Twin Valley SD
Jacqueline Fiore	9	Lower Merion High School, Lower Merion SD
Kaylene Jackmore	10	Boyertown Area Senior High School, Boyertown Area SD
Sarah Kenworthy	10	Downingtown High School West, Downingtown Area SD
Bailey Morganstein	9	E N Peirce Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Annmarie Mullen	10	Upper Darby Senior High School, Upper Darby SD
Alyssa Sweeney	9	Springfield High School, Springfield SD
Mallory Watts	9	Radnor Senior High School, Radnor Township SD

## *Plastic*

Stand still plastic doll surrounded by glass,  
Don't let them see the glue holding together your broken parts.  
Feel like vomit and grime running through the street,  
Act lovely floating like a ballerina masking her  
Bloody toe nails and cracked joints with pink points.  
You don't want them to know your past full of darkness so thick you can't see what was before.  
Words mean nothing they are the low point of your thoughts.  
The desperate attempts to hide the insanity breaking through your skull.  
Be blank,  
Be dull,  
Be nothing but a perception they receive.

*Mallory Watts attends Radnor High School and is heading into the 10<sup>th</sup> grade. She has a love for writing, reading, film making, photography and she hopes that her writing will be published one day.*

**Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project**  
**Fantasy, Science Fiction, and Horror Writing at West Chester University**  
**Teacher: Donald LaBranche**

<i>Name</i>	<i>Grade completed</i>	<i>School</i>
Kenneth Boggess	6	J R Fugett Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Scott Clifford	7	J R Fugett Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Eve Dawson	9	Great Valley High School, Great Valley SD
Brenda Dluhy	9	East Senior High School, West Chester Area SD
Emma Driban	11	Cab Calloway School of the Arts, Wilmington, DE
Lia Fourakis	6	J R Fugett Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Marie Fourakis	6	J R Fugett Middle School, West Chester Area SD
Kevin Guo	6	Great Valley Middle School, Great Valley SD
Anisha Pal	7	Lionville Middle School, Downingtown Area SD
Casey Phelan	9	Notre Dame Delourdes School, Swarthmore
Allison Sclar	9	Unionville High School, Unionville-Chadds Ford SD
Jessica Scovell	10	University Scholars Program
C. Henry Shattuck	9	Kennett High School, Kennett Consolidated SD
Elizabeth Welker-Ebling	7	Tredyffrin-Easttown Middle School, Tredyffrin-Easttown SD
Cole Wood	10	Avon Grove Charter School, Avon Grove



## **My Anthology Page**

**By Eve Dawson**

### **A segment of a story/poem I wrote**

Something is different  
The house seems younger,  
Only slightly,  
As if someone lived there  
That could actually maintain it  
A woman stands nearby  
She is young  
And wears a dark green dress  
With pearls  
I recognize the woman  
I've never met her myself,  
She looks like my great-grandmother  
Except she died in 1930  
I remember seeing her on my Grandmother's mantel  
"Louise!" she calls happily  
A toddler old runs over to her happily  
It's odd, that was my grandmother's name  
Could I have possibly traveled through time?  
It's impossible, I couldn't have  
But if I have, how do I get back?

#### **About the Author**

Eve is a fifteen year old, who is entering her sophomore year at Great Valley High School. She has a black cat named Henry, and is in the Hufflepuff house. She enjoys wrapping herself up in blankets and watching Miyazaki and Disney movies. She loves history and dreams of being an author someday.

## My Anothology Page

By Brenda Dluhy

### Lost in the Woods

Lost in the woods alone  
Fallen from the worn pathway  
Shows you something new

### Who's there?

Gray color, yellow eyes  
Pink nose, sharp teeth  
Thin wishers, pointed ears  
Small paws, long tail  
Soft fur, sad face

### Fully broken

Ripped soul, lost screams  
Shattered trust, open tears  
Broken path, empty eyes  
Stolen smile, gone heart

### Scared

Carefully placed words  
Planned smiles plastered on  
Tense eyes follow slow movements  
Scared to break the silence  
Coating the world

### Playing Piano

softly tapping on the white and black  
stretching out fingers far  
staring, reading to learn  
Showing notes to the world

### Order

Stories are a sequence of words  
Music is a sequence of notes  
DNA is a sequence of genes  
Life is a sequence of time  
Memories are a sequence of feelings

### Nervous

pounding ears, veins about to burst  
slow foot tapping, fast racing heart  
wet forehead, dry mouth  
Spots flowing into my vision, blocking all else out

### About the Author (not a poem)

Brenda Dluhy is 15 years old and is going into East high school as a sophomore. She lives happily with her parents and sometimes sees her older brother.