

Let your
imagination
dance



Cyl
2016

Student's Name

Mrs. Barham's Class
6th-8th grade

Introduction

Welcome to the 2016 PAWLP Summer Youth Program's anthology! Our class is delighted to show you the results of our two weeks of hard work and fun. Each student has included one or two pages of his/her finest writing in this anthology.

Throughout the week we have learned strategies for composing great writing, following the "Show, Don't Tell" rule as seen in the works of Sandra Cisneros, Ralph Fletcher, Gary Soto, Kathi Appelt, Jean Little and other professional authors. We have learned how figurative language enhances plot and character development, different kinds of leads for short stories, different ways of revealing characters, Gary Fletcher's easiest ways to write bad fiction and hardest ways to write good fiction. We have learned that poetry need not be deep or inaccessible, that in the right hands, an object as ordinary as a Q-tip or spool of thread can become extraordinary.

We have done fast freewrites, heart maps, and neighborhood maps to help trigger childhood memories. We have brought in personal objects and written about them, baby pictures to generate stories or monologues, and favorite fruits to inspire poems in the spirit of Ava Fradkin's "Strawberries" or Charles Simic's "Watermelon." We have applied the figurative device, personification, by giving voice to pencils, dental floss, nail files, cotton balls, etc. in poems. We have written leads for short stories and revised our strongest pieces for this anthology.

Deriving inspiration for our own writing, we have read chapters from Sandra Cisneros' *The House on Mango Street*, Gary Soto's *A Summer Life*, Ralph Fletcher's *How to Write Your Life Story*, Kathi Appelt's *The Underneath*, Jean Little's *Hey, World, Here I Am!* and our own books from home.

We have played word games such as a prefix listing contest and suspense poems, which involve writing a poem incorporating specific words into each line, in which we are held in suspense from line to line. (We aren't given the next word until we have used the previous one in the preceding line of a poem).

We hope you enjoy reading this anthology, a display of the fruits (in some cases, *literal* fruits) of our labor!

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adiga, Rohin Dasgupta, Anirudh Adibhatla, Yarrick Oillard, Nikko Duan, Nile D
Nile Duan, Dilan Patel, Natalie Patterson, ~~Chloe~~ Kahn,
Yash Shah

Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project
Young Writers/Young Readers of Session III, Summer of 2016

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March Madness

My anthology page

My Bio: My name is Anirudh Adibhatta. I play football and I play the drums. I am attending 7th grade at Lionville Middle School next year. When I write, I prefer to write narratives and stories. My favorite genre is fantasy and sports.

Trouble in the New School

One day at my school in third grade I felt like I was on an island by myself because I was new, and the one friend that I had at the time was sick and wasn't going to be here until lunch time. I barely made it through the first part of the day because I was afraid that the teacher was going to call on me, and I would say the wrong answer in front of everyone. I was really nervous until math class where someone came up to me and asked me my name. After a long conversation, we became friends. His name was Evan and we had a lot of fun in math class while doing a project. All of a sudden I remembered in my old school, when someone took about three bags of Cheetos and sat on all of them, causing the Cheetos to explode. Then an idea sparked in my mind: maybe I should do that but with only one bag, and pop it with my hands.

At last, lunch time, I was dying of hunger and could eat an elephant at that moment. I could only buy Cheetos after I was done my lunch. So I devoured my lunch as quickly as possible before we had to go. We had 10 minutes of lunch left, so I realized that I had some time. I came back to the lunch table with a bag of Cheetos. I must have had a mischievous smile on me because Evan said, "What's with the face." Then I told him what my plan was. My other two friends listened in and knew what I was going to do. I was keeping it quiet because I was going to make it really noisy. If I wasn't going to make it loud, then I wouldn't have made a big deal out of it. The pressure was mounting and I was about to make a big ruckus. We all whispered a countdown, "3,2,1." When I exploded the bag I was expecting a much more massive noise, but it was really quiet and only a few people heard. At first I thought we were allowed to do that because we always did it at my old school. But there was a lunch monitor standing nearby who heard the mild explosion and said from behind me, "Was that you who popped the bag?" I said, "Umm.. Yes." She said, "Come to the office with me." I was shocked and infuriated because if I had known that I was going to get in trouble, I would have never done it.

I tried to explain that I was new to the school and I was still getting used to the rules, but when I started to explain, the monitor rudely cut me off. She said, "You are going to talk to the principal during recess." When we got to the office, she sat me down and then left. I braced myself for an intense talk with the principal, but he never came out to speak to me. I got off really lucky that he was busy that day. So I was happy for a minute or two, but then I remembered that I was missing recess and I came right back down to Earth. When I went back to class, everyone was talking about how fun recess was and asking me where I was. I was going to tell them when Mrs. Laird came in the room. She was the meanest teacher in the whole school, and I didn't know or see anyone who didn't hate her. She called me over to her desk and yelled at me in front of everyone. At the moment it was really embarrassing, but when I went back to my seat everyone said that they got yelled at too. I was a little embarrassed and happy when it was time to go home, but then I realized that my parents were going to kill me. Then I was extremely scared, and I was freaking out on the bus.

When I got home, I went up to my dad and shyly told him what happened. I closed my eyes and got ready for him to get mad, but instead he laughed and said, "It is fine. I don't really care if you get in trouble for a silly thing like this." Then he took me out to my favorite restaurant for dinner. I was so happy that I got let off the hook and I got some new friends at school that day, so I was oozing joy and happiness. Who knew that getting in trouble would land me in my favorite restaurant?

My Scary Picture day

It was just another school day when I was five, but then my mom was trying to find really nice clothes. I asked her what she was doing and then she reminded me that it was Picture Day. I hated wearing nice clothes and I always made a fuss about it, but this year I decided that I was a little bit more grown up and I was just going to wear what my mom told me to wear. I took a shower and brushed my teeth and when I saw what I had to wear, it looked as ugly as a trash can. I asked my mom if I could wear something else, but she said, "NO." I was about to argue, but the tone in my mom's voice made it clear that I wasn't going to wear anything else. I put on the ugly sweater and dress pants and looked in the mirror and gagged. I looked horrendous in these clothes and it made me want to cry. But then I thought to myself that I need to stay calm and not make myself look like a baby. I came downstairs and I was greeted with my least favorite breakfast. Honey Bunches of Oats with blueberries in them. My parents said, "You look wonderful, honey," and I said gloomily, "No I don't, Mom." I didn't want to eat my breakfast, but when my dad said he would buy me a toy after school, I took as much cereal as I could and stuffed it into my mouth all at once. My dad told me to take it a little bit more slowly, so I did.

I went to school that day, and I was so frightened. I looked around at what everyone was wearing, and I was shocked at how casual some people were dressed. Some people were wearing normal clothing and some people were wearing jeans and a Polo shirt. I was the only one wearing a sweater and dress pants. I felt really left out when all of the other kids started to give me nasty looks. At last, it was time for pictures. All I wanted to do was get the pictures over with and get out of school. We saw two photographers in the room, one of them looked really nice and friendly, but the other one had their back to us and was talking to a really ugly person. I wanted to go to the person who was friendly but I had no such luck. I walked over to the place where I was supposed to be standing and I took a look at the photographer and she scared me that I almost whimpered out loud. Her face was all wrinkly and dry and she kept spitting something into a bucket and I was really scared. It took me a while to smile for the picture because whenever the photographer talked, her voice was so raspy and sounded like a burglar speaking. After a few minutes I got myself to smile in front of the camera, and once the picture was taken I ran away as fast as my feet would carry me and sat down in line with the rest of my friends. It was really scary, but I couldn't believe that I made through. I was feeling happy that the pictures were over, even when I remembered what I was wearing. I went home and told my parents what happened immediately and they said that everything was going to be fine. I changed into normal clothes and went outside to play at the park.

The q-tip

It complains about the stickiness

It complains about the smell

It complains about the stench

What is this object you may seek

It is thy q-tip

My Anthology Page

Pencil's Point of View

Are you trying to choke me or something? Stop holding me so hard! You need to ease up. Oh yeah, I wanted you to know, stop breaking me. It hurts a lot and then I have to go through the worst part, getting sharpened. It hurts and it peels my skin off! Another thing, stop dropping me. Can you be a little more careful, please? Last but not least, lending me to other people. Some people's hands can be sweaty or dry. Please try very hard to accomplish these tasks.

Grapes Poem

Small round fruits
Come in many colors
Very sweet and savory
A one bite fruit
The skin feels smooth
Grapes are very good

FLOSS POINT OF VIEW

Hello, it is your dear friend floss. I would like you to use me more often. Oh yeah, if you did not know I am mint waxed. All I am trying to say is that I'm here to help you not hurt you. I can easily fit through the gaps of your teeth. There is only one concern I have. Do not throw me away. We can be re-used. When you throw me away, I will not see you again. Another reason is because I am the number one selling floss. Also, feel free to buy more floss, I can get lonely sometimes.

Biography

Amit Adiga is currently 11 years old. He was born on March, 14, 2005. He soon will go to Lionville Middle School. His hobbies are playing football and basketball. One fun fact is that he was born on the same day as Stephen Curry and Albert Einstein.

My Anthology Page

Toothbrush

By: Rohin Dasgupta

Brush away my feelings

Concerns

And Thoughts

For when I use this toothbrush, my stress is no more

It is my reviver

It ameliorates my worries

Symbolic Jewelry

Although India was dominated by the British in the 1930's, my great grandfather and his family were still fairly wealthy because they inherited land and fortune in a place close, but not in, Indian territory. Since my great grandfather inherited his fortune, he did not have to work, so he had much time on his hands. As a fellow Indian, he pitied his friends and family who were still under British rule in India. Because of his great wealth, he had many connections, and decided to unite with India's freedom fighters, such as Mahatma Gandhi, to become one himself. With the help of many other critical leaders in the fight for independence, my great grandfather organized and participated in many of the civil rights movements. This job was extremely time consuming; he worked day and night until India won their independence. Investing almost all of his time into his work, my great grandfather had very little time for his family. My great grandmother had to raise my grandfather very much on her own. To show his appreciation, my great grandfather showered her with expensive gold jewelry. This jewelry has a symbolic meaning that many members of my future family will not appreciate, as this jewelry has been passed down from generation to generation. In a few years, my sister will receive half of the jewelry my mother had received from her mother and the tradition will continue.

My Tiger Claw Necklace

One of the items that has the most sentimental value to me is a gold necklace with the nail of a tiger attached to it. Gold is covered along the edges to prevent accidental cutting. If I may say so myself, it is certainly a beautiful piece of jewelry with a history.

My great great-grandfather loved to go hunting. Every time he went on his adventures he brought back some type of body part of an animal. As gruesome as the thought of my great great-grandfather bringing back an animal's body part is, he did it so my great great-grandmother could decorate it to make it look like a beautiful, stunning souvenir. My immediate family holds two of those "souvenirs": a tiger claw necklace and the tusk of an elephant. Many of those types of necklaces were created, and ever since I was six years old, I have always desired one. My mother told me I was too young at that time to possess such an expensive thing. When I turned ten years old, I decided I was old enough to get a necklace, so I implored my mother for one. I finally obtained my necklace that day and have cherished it ever since.

About the Author

Rohin Dasgupta is currently 13 years old and will attend Peirce Middle School next year as an eighth grader. Rohin's family consists of his mom, dad, and sister, who goes to Georgia Tech. Rohin hopes to be an aerospace engineer in the future. Rohin shows much potential in his writing and seems to get better everyday.

Some Anthology (not some pig)

Yarrick Dillard

Hooch the Pooch

Hooch was an amazing dog. From jumping over the couch, to playing tug of war, he never tried to hurt anything. He had a whole life ahead of him. That was until he was hit by a truck in 2013.

We adopted Hooch from the Chester County Animal Hospital (CCSPCA) 3 years ago. Before that he had grown up in Indiana (he had a microchip). We knew nothing else about him.

When he first came home it took a little getting used to. For one thing, he wasn't house trained and couldn't accept the idea that you shouldn't rough-house with a 10 year-old dog with a limp.

Eventually, however, he learned the ropes. He became well enough trained to go to the dog park and attend manners classes. Life seemed to be going very well for all of us when, WHAM.

I had been at a neighbor's home and arrived at home to find Hooch lying limply in the back of our Honda CRV. He apparently had been allowed to run around our yard- which was unfenced at the time- when suddenly he ran onto the road and was hit by a large truck.

My sister and I cried all night long for him until my mother told us to stop or we would get sick. Now I personally hope he is enjoying life wherever he went. When Hooch died I lost a unique and faithful friend. From my personal experience I feel that there is no animal more loyal than a dog- which is why they are called man's best friend.

Marquice, Marquice

Marquice, Marquice. She called my name. Waved her hand in front of my face. But I do not answer. He is gone. Burned by them. The worst day, I remember when I came home. They had let us out of school early. None of us knew why.

Then we passed the television shop. Them TVs was blasting as loud as they could about stuff like, Attack on Twin Towers! Many Killed in Terrorist Attack!

I didn't learn what had happened until I came home. The telephone had three messages. In the first one he said he was alright. He was at a business meeting. Something about a fire. The second one. It's near, he said. I'm running. On 103rd floor.

The last one just asked, Help. Help. Help. Help. Nine times he said that word. Nine times. Like he thought someone could help him. Then there was static.

Marquice, Marquice. My name. He picked it out. Said it would suit me. He is gone. Never to return. But I can't move on. I will never be able to move on.

About the Author

Yarrick Dillard is 12 years old, lives with his 3 dogs and does not wish to disclose any more of his personal information.

Anthology
By: Vibha Guru

My Fall at the Waterfall

Finally, after a long but relaxing three days of cruising from Texas to Falmouth, Jamaica my family and I stepped on Jamaican grounds. It was hot and sticky but that didn't stop me from enjoying the breathtaking view of the mountains and greenery that covers most of Falmouth. Trees swayed with the light winds in harmony while the mountains stood still like statues. Motorcycles zipped past our crowded van and vanished into the radiant sun. I stared outside the window, at the little shops that shaped the streets and groups of children laughing and talking as they walk to school. As we drove to the Dunns River Falls our tour guide provided us with information with Jamaica's rich culture and history. Our plan for today was to climb Dunns River Fall. Climbing a waterfall that is 600 feet above ground through the way of rocks sounded nerve-racking but intriguing. Indeed, it was.

When we finally arrived, our faces were all smiles, but as soon as we saw the long line with mosquitoes and flies, smiles disappeared. Standing in line, my heart raced as I rapidly walked back and forth. Anxious or excited, I couldn't tell. But before my mind could think about it, we quickly gathered into our groups with our leader. Grasping onto each other's hands as if our lives depended on it, which they did, we gingerly clambered up. I squeezed my cousin's and sister's hand tightly until my sister shouted "Let go!" Looking around, I saw the determination of everyone's face, families splashing water at each other, kids confidently taking the lead, and most importantly everyone's smiles. I smiled. At one point, our groups gathered around and splashed away! My family splashed my face, in my eyes, but I couldn't stop smiling. Aqua, clear water surrounded and relaxed me.

Towards the end of our escapade, I felt more comfortable. I didn't hold onto anyone's hands. First mistake. My mom kept on warning me, "Vibha, hold onto your sister's hands. You might slip." I didn't listen. Second mistake. A big leap was coming near, but I was assertive. I grabbed on to the rock. As I was moving my left leg up, my hand slid backwards off the rock. 3, 2, 1, I screamed. I fell back, bumped my head on a rock, but luckily my dad grabbed onto my hand and I regained my balance. My head was spinning. Thoughts were running through my head rapidly, "Was that real", "Am I in a dream!". I pinched myself. Nope. This was real. I couldn't believe it! When I got back to reality, I thanked my dad for saving my life. Yet again, my dad got my back in another situation and he will always continue to. Afterwards, I tightly held my sister's hand and was careful the rest of the way!

Enemy

I didn't want to meet him.
All of my ancestors trusted him but he disobeyed them.
I couldn't stand it anymore.
Blood swam out of my body like a waterfall.
I gave up.
My body slowly stopped and laid peacefully.
He had won.
Death had won

The Dress

Beauty. Breathtaking. Magnificent. Luring me in, my eyes gazed upon the glorious dress. Ruby red, silky smooth fabric flowed down the mannequin. Crochet detailing perfectly aligned the collar. I pushed my thoughts aside. My family couldn't afford the dress despite my desire. I continued walking along the crowded streets of New York City all the way back to my home. As usual, my parents were working late, and I was alone. I locked the door and lay in bed. Tomorrow is my 14th birthday. I cried. Another year of work, desire, dreams had vanished. Before I knew it, sun came out and the busy town started again. Nothing special. Normal Routine. Ordinary. Standard. But it wasn't. The dress was hanging on my door. My eyes widened. I screamed. My mom and dad shouted "Surprise" I was overjoyed. It started to get windy. My dress flew away. "Wait!" I cried. I woke up. It was a dream.

About the Author

Vibha is a middle schooler who is passionate about math, reading, and writing. She loves to write life stories and short, fiction, stories. Vibha enjoys reading fiction, mystery, and nonfiction books. She lives with her parents and two sisters (ages 8 and 3) in Pennsylvania. She is excited to use her valuable writing techniques that she learned from Young Readers and Writers Program in the upcoming year.

CLAIRE J. LI | ANTHOLOGY PAGE

Introduction to *Destiny*

Before you read: This passage is an introduction to a longer story. If you'd like to see the full story, visit <https://claireybearymindreader.wordpress.com/>

A lot of thoughts run through your head when the doctors tell you that you only have two years left. When you're only sixteen years old, and you're doomed with cancer, and the doctors tell you there's nothing they can do, that all there is for you is to wait until those two years are up, and then you'll be gone.

Gone, as if you'd never existed.

And when you tell other people, all they say is, *Well, I guess you'll have to live life to the fullest, am I right?*

As if they give a d*mn.

So, I have a question for you. See how truthfully you can answer it. And then see how truthfully you would answer it if you had two years left of your life.

What is the meaning of life?

The best answer I've gotten so far was from a friend of mine that I met over the Internet. Her screen name is *infinitmagic*, or Inf for short. When I found her blog, I was enchanted immediately, and promptly started up a conversation with her.

Inf is so amazingly sweet and kind and understanding. I think one of the reasons she understands my situation is because her father died from cancer, the way I will in two years. She spoke with such intensity and purity that I asked her the question I asked you.

And she said, "The meaning of life is determined by the one living the life. Often, most people don't realize their destined meaning of life because they haven't experienced it yet, even if they think they did. But people like you and I have experienced more prospects of life than the average person—we've experienced death, and death is a part of life itself. So I can't really tell you what the true meaning of life is, can I?"

So whenever Inf runs into me in the comments section of any old post, she tells me she loves me, and even though she's never met me, I believe her. And I tell her I love her, too, and even though I've never met her, she believes me.

You don't find such people on the Internet. Not ordinarily.

Which is why I think Inf is a gift sent from above to apologize in advance for taking my life in two years.

That brings this to a close. After reading this, you decide whether or not my life story is worth your attention. Now, choose wisely.

The Power of the Pencil

Pick me up with your slender fingers
Twirl me around
And set me on the page
Slide me across the fragile marble surface
Hold me with care
As you carve out my destiny
I am a song, a painting, a masterpiece
Lift me to the light
And release my powers

About the Author & Page

Claire J. Li is a writer, artist, and musician. She will be returning to Charles F. Patton Middle School from the Unionville Chadds Ford School District in the fall for seventh grade.

The Introduction to *Destiny* is based on a real life story about a girl, Aspen, the author met on her blog. Although the idea was inspired by real life, the story is entirely fictional. Claire J. Li had permission to use the Aspen's name in the story. Claire's screen name, *infinitmagic*, is also used in the story.

Claire's blog: <https://www.claireybearymindreader.wordpress.com/>

Aspen's blog: <https://www.akatheauthor.wordpress.com/>

My Anthology Page

Alex Malarkey

Suspense Poem

Today I broke my back
Because I went on a tightrope
I tried to go across on my fingertips
It was hard with the line bouncing
I did the trick for my kid
While he hovers on a platform
My crowd threw rocks at me
And now I have a broken back

Greentwine's Adventure

Every piece of twine had a job in Twinetown. Some pieces of twine had to make themselves into clothing for the giant overlords. Some pieces of twine had to guard the town from the evil blades that the giant overlords wielded. Still other twine had to guard the faulty twine while they were punished.

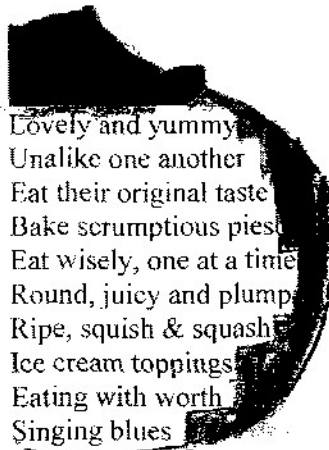
Greentwine was not looking forward to job day. His skill sheet said his physical traits and color suited him for immediate use in making clothes for the giant overlords. Greentwine was not ready to hear that his life was about to end. But he was also happy, because now he would be remembered for helping the giant overlords.

Greentwine was happy that his new job was not to be made into clothing. He was required to do the most dangerous and reckless stuff to help his town be left alone. He left his house to go to work, however he missed the warning about the overlords stealing twine from town.

About Me

Alex is 13 years old and lives in Malvern, Pa with his mother, father and brother. He likes to play baseball and plays the tenor and alto saxophone. He likes to play video games and competes in the National History Bee at school. He will be going into 8th grade at Fugett Middle School.

Blue Blueberries



Lovely and yummy
Unlike one another
Eat their original taste
Bake scrumptious pies
Eat wisely, one at a time
Round, juicy and plump
Ripe, squish & squash
Ice cream toppings
Eating with worth
Singing blues

Orange Oranges

Oranges
Ripe, Delicious
Awakening, Brightening, Exciting
Rind, Sun, Citrus, Sphere
Watering, Filling, Delighting
Juicy, Sweet
Oranges

My Anthology Page
By Dilan Bimal Patel

The Story of my Name

Unlike most names my name has a very unique background story. Bolting to the hospital, my dad zoomed across the road while massaging my mom's back who was screaming like she had a broken arm. Quickly, she was taken to the emergency room with blinking red sirens all around the place with other patients all around. Resting on the hospital bed, my mom was thinking of not only the trouble she was having, but what would be my name. Meanwhile, at my parent's apartment in Manhattan, New York City, my dad was opening the door where he stared in awe at all his relatives- and my mom's too all lying on groups of mattresses filling the rooms. As he later told me, "Indian-style." I have to say, I was a significant child. My dad was asking in amazement, "Where am I going to sleep?"

My family members just demanded, "What is the baby's name going to be?" They were also debating if I would be a boy or a girl since my mom did not want to find out what gender I was until I was born.

My dad responded with a sappy voice, "I don't know," to almost all of the questions.

Finally, I was born on Valentine's Day and do not say, "Awwwwwww!"

"It's a boy!" the doctor announced.

My uncle suggested my name would be Dilan after the word Dil meaning love in Gujarati, an Indian and our native language. For the last time, do not say, "Awwwwwww!"

After today, I started to like my name even though every teacher I ever met spells my name wrong. Today, I share the story of my name because every name should have a story.

The Haircut

Every time my traveling, wise, but a pain to my brother, grandfather comes to visit my house he takes us to a haircut. He goes to Great Clips, the store right near Dairy Queen and the bank. My grandfather says to the barber, "A four or five will do." He then sits in the waiting seating area reading the New York Times newspaper which I personally think is the reason he comes here. Occasionally, the barber cuts it all wrong.

One time, my dad, sibling and my grandfather joked, "You're almost getting bald." My hard-working mom and lovely grandmother calms the fighting down.

Irritably, I responded, "Jokes on you dad, you're the one getting bald."

Luckily for my sister my grandfather does not do her haircuts. She goes with my mom who makes sure the barber cuts it right. Once in a while my brother is the victim and the jokes are on him.

About the Author

Dilan is currently 12 years old and attending Lionville Middle School. He has hobbies of playing chess, cards and going on the computer. His favorite food is cereal. In the inside he is hard-working, helpful individual.

NATALIE PATTERSON | ANTHOLOGY PAGE

Kidnapped

Alright, so it's not all bad. I mean, sure I was kidnapped, and at first I was terrified beyond belief, but at least I'm in a five star community with beds much cozier than the ones at my house. Honestly, it feels like I'm on vacation rather than trapped in a house with a bunch of strangers. I don't even know why they kidnapped me yet, but let me just say, I don't want to leave anytime soon!

So two days ago, my mom surprised me with concert tickets to see twenty one pilots for my birthday. When I would normally get a book, I got tickets to see my favorite band! So when the day came to go to the concert, I was stoked. Everyone there was so relatable and friendly. We all shared similar interests and liked each other's presence.

When it was time to go, I began to walk to my car, when I saw headlights coming toward me at a velocity that I knew would leave a mark somewhere on my body. That's when my body did that thing where it inconveniently stays frozen from fear. I couldn't do anything except stare at the turquoise car coming for me until it became blurry. Then came the collision, "BAM!" It felt like someone had just knocked the wind out of me, except one hundred and one times worse. If I said that I didn't get knocked out and got up proudly, that would be a lie, for I did the exact opposite.

After that, I was carried away to this luxurious home where I get whatever I want. Okay, now that that's out of the way, it's time you met my kidnappers! Mohawk, Curly, Glasses, and Jeff. Yeah, only one of them told me their name, so I came up with nicknames for the rest of them.

"Penelope, we need to tell you something," Glasses told me.

"Sure, just give me some ice cream while you say it, and make it quick." I still didn't know why they were being so nice to me, but I wasn't complaining.

Soon they were all gathered around my bed, and Mohawk looked me right in the eyes while wearing a Darth Vader mask.

He reached out his hand and said to me, "I... am your brother."

Because I was so shocked, I did the attractive thing anyone else would do. I spat my Rocky Road in his face. "Wha..... wh-wh-what?!? Wait, what? You're Bryan Myers?!" I questioned, still trying to process this.

"Yes, I am. It's been so long since I saw you! I can't believe you're 17!" Bryan cried dramatically. "I had run away years ago because I was going through this weird faze thing that I can't explain."

As I got over my shock, we caught up, and talked about dumb things we did when we were younger.

"How did you guys know I was going to be at that concert?" I asked after a long time of catching up and laughing.

"Truth be told... we didn't. Even if we did find you, we didn't want to hit you with a car. Jesse here forgot he was wearing his glasses that were combined with sun glasses, and couldn't see the road too well." He gestured towards Glasses. "I have been looking for you, though."

After a while, they left me to rest.

"Goodnight," Bryan said as he closed the door quietly.

About Natalie

Natalie Patterson is a twelve year old girl who loves to do creative writing all the time. Ever since Natalie was in first grade, she has loved to write about almost anything. Along with that, she likes to run, paint, sing, watch youtube, and take hip hop classes. She has two sisters named Sadie and Naomi. Natalie also has her mom, her dad, and three cats. Next year, she will be attending Avon Grove Charter School. Natalie hopes that one day she can be a great author, and hopes that she will inspire lots of new writing.

~Clare Robson Anthology Page~

New Beginnings (Pencil Personification)

"Are you sure you want to go that way in the story?" Penny asked me, voice dripping with concern. Although she was a talking pencil, she didn't have a mouth. She was, however, able to nudge herself unknowingly out of my grasp whenever she disagreed with something I was writing about. She would then chatter incessantly inside my head.

No, I'm not delusional. Penny can be helpful with grammar and spelling, but thinks completely different than me in terms of plot and characters. Sometimes it was helpful, like when I would accidentally write my characters into a plot hole that couldn't be filled. But other times, it almost seemed as if she was trying to change me as a writer. Like every sentence I carved would be so much better if I wrote it exactly how she wanted me to.

"Yes, I'm certain I want this plotline! You can be so pesky at times." I knew that was harsh, but she had been bothering me all week about my plot direction. It was like she didn't trust me. Wait. She didn't.

"I'll have you know, I was passed down from a long line of famous writers," Penny chided. "Jane Austen, Mark Twain. Why, I was around when—"

"Yeah yeah, I know," I interrupted her. "Now, do you want me to drop you or can I continue writing in peace?" Penny knew I wasn't asking, so she shut her nonexistent mouth and let me continue.

I had found Penny when I was 7 years old. While playing on the playground during school, I noticed an abandoned pencil lying in the mulch. Since my own pencil had gone missing earlier, I scooped it up into my pocket and prayed that the person it belonged to didn't notice. No one did, because it didn't belong to anyone else.

Later in class that day, my teacher began to teach us about the letter m. I was so eager to begin practicing that I hadn't bothered to fix my grip on the tool. Out of nowhere, a voice blossomed inside my head. "That's not how you should hold it, April. I should know. Once..."

I had giggled as I stopped listening to the pencil speak. "You're funny," the naive me commented aloud. At the time it was unknown to me that it wasn't normal to hear pencils chattering inside my head. I learned that later when my parents took me to a therapist for "prolonged imaginary interaction with inanimate objects."

As I grew older, I learned to keep my conversations with Penny confined to my mind. I learned that no matter how many times I sharpened her, she would never grow any smaller, that Penny had indeed been passed down by famous authors throughout the centuries, and that she changed form as time marched on.

I also learned that Penny couldn't talk to me if I

wasn't touching her. As a pencil with quite a lot to say, the looming threat of not being able to domineer me, her sole victim of conversation, was both a humiliating and dangerous enough threat for her to pay attention when I told her to stop talking.

Finally, "I'd muttered, already examining what I'd written. It seemed like pretty solid work to me. Maybe not to Penny, but one day she would have to realize that I was no JK Rowling, just plain ole' April.

Years went by, and Penny remained my somewhat faithful companion. I didn't dare tell another soul of her existence or why I was abnormally skilled at writing. If there were different levels of writing, my friends were at 5 while I had hacked the system and jumped up to 20.

It felt great to excel at something. The constant antagonizing pressure to do well that should have been there had completely eluded me, like I was Atlas without the sky to worry about. However, one day in 9th grade, I lost Penny for the first time. For the next week I'd stumbled around aimlessly, finding excuses to touch others' pencils to see if any were her.

None were.

And then, horror of all horrors, my creative writing teacher reminded us of a paper to be turned in tomorrow. Cold white terror screamed in my veins. Without Penny... could I even write?

For the next day I searched relentlessly for Penny, but to no avail. Stark corridors laughed at me. Dirty floors scorned me. Dead ends reminded me of the corner I had backed myself into by never really writing on my own.

The night before the paper was due, reality hit. I would have to do the assignment alone. Blurry eyed the next day, I turned in the paper with the knowledge that there was no way it chalked up to my normal work. I'd been given the opportunity to sink or swim, and instead, I'd floundered.

That's why, when I did find Penny, I decided to not use her anymore. "Are you sure, April?" she asked me for the last time. I imagined her with tears in her eyes, but then decided she wasn't quite the sentimental type.

"Yeah, Penny," I responded. "If I truly want to become a writer, I have to do it on my own."

Penny said nothing for a moment. "I understand. Just... don't forget me."

"I won't. I promise." My chin quivered ever so slightly. "Thank you." Then with my resolve, she disappeared into a separate future.

About the Author: Clare Robson is 14 years old and will be attending STEM Academy next year. Her favorite genre is fantasy (obviously).

My Anthology Page

A Short Story

My story started sixteen years ago. My name is Dave Schmitt, and I was born right here in West Chester. I am in eleventh grade, and I am really nervous about taking the SAT'S. I have constantly been studying day and night. I find it boring to study, but I persevere through it, and I know that if I do well, this test could arbitrate my life.

The next day, to get rid of my anxiety, I decided to go and throw around a football with my brother. At 8:00 I went and took my test, and every time I thought I was going to fail, I thought that this test was my future. When I got the test results I realized I had failed the test. I was so sad that I cried for twenty minutes. I was so disappointed with myself, and studied five times as hard and promised myself that I would not fail. When I retook the test I passed, and I was so happy I ran to my parents and they were so proud that I did it all on my own.

The Time I Broke My Nose

One time when I was in India, my brother, our cousins, and I were playing tag. We were running around the room and my brother accidentally pushed me off the bed, and I ended up hitting my nose on the bed frame. All I could think about at that moment was how much pain I was in. There was blood all over the floor and on my face. I was carried into the car and rushed to the hospital. The doctors quickly stitched up my nose, and put a nose brace on it, and I had to wear it for two weeks. After that moment I have always been careful of my nose.

About Me

My name is Yash Shah and I am going into 8th grade at Peirce Middle School. I have a mom, dad, and brother. I enjoy playing soccer and basketball with my friends and family. I love to explore the world and read books about the world. I enjoy eating pizza and tacos. I love math and science, especially when I'm doing experiments.

March Madness

I am the naysayer,
the narcoleptic in the stands
still drowsy from springing
forward. Immune
to the commerce in the trees,
outbursts of forsythia
and bumblebee mayhem

I lumber along, recall
falling back and its sanction to sleep.
I am a she bear, unaware,
still dozing,
an earthworm, disenfranchised
and exposed, recalling
the cool subterranean,

the rooty odor of exile.
I am Eve, *pre*-Paradise--
until recess is over
and droves of seventh graders, oxide-scented,
stampede in, boys slap-boxing boys,
girls cavorting in short shorts.

Kathy Barham

Kathy Barham retired from teaching in the T/E School District in 2012, but she still enjoys tutoring students in writing and volunteering at The Rhoads School during the school year, helping students with reading. She is passionate about writing and her chapbook of poetry, *From the Familiar* was published in 2015. Since she retired she has traveled to India and England. She attended the Writing Institute in 2011, but this is her first year teaching in the Summer Youth Program.