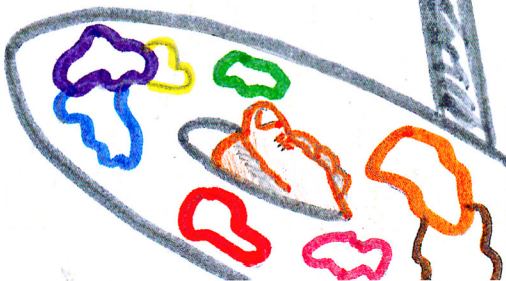


THE JOY of WRITING

32nd Annual
Young Writers/
Young Readers
Program



Student's name:

Max Xie

Lizzie Gorman

Home Schooled

Heidi Hackman

Christopher Dock Mennonite High School

Paige Harner

Springfield High School

Annmarie Mullen

American College

Brett Northeimer

Conestoga High School

Charles Reinheimer

Rustin High School

Alyssa Sweeney

Pennsylvania Leadership Charter School

Chris Tilery

East High School

Max Xie

Radnor High School

Jenna Youngs

Penncrest High School

Martina Zhao

Harriton High School

Dr. Jolene Borgese

Widener University

Introduction

Young Writers/Readers 2016

Welcome to Young Readers/ Young Writers Class of 2016 anthology. During this writing program we have learned many new reading/ writing techniques. The most important skill we have learned were ways to decrease our use of "to be" verbs, which allow our writing to be more interesting and descriptive.

Time spent at the Young Writers have increased many of our students skill in reading and writing. The following quotes are our personal favorite lines from each one of us.

"The name Heidi shines a warm amber like a firefly" - Heidi Hackman

"This is my kingdom, everyone else is just empty matter." - Paige Harner

"Sea of bitterness rolling through, but I can swim." - Annmarie Mullen

"I brought that turtle home and put it in its tank and I watched it all night." - Brett Northeimer

"Eaten by Albert." - Charlie Reinheimer

"Painted in tiger lily pollen, you a candle in this dark" - Alyssa Sweeney

"I should not break the law or cheat in games." Chris Tilery

"It can be a boy's name, a girl's name, a dog's name" - Max Xie

"A small fierce fox prancing around" Jenna Youngs

"It's been said my name was a third century martyr who was one of the patron saints of Rome" -
Martina Zhao

"Her most adventurous vacation was a week in Belize where she learned to snorkel" Dr. Borgese

Identity

Heidi Hackman

At school they say my name funny,

As if the syllables were made out of tin and hurt the roof of your mouth.

"Holly." "Heather." "Hannah."

I've heard it all.

I spell my name for people at least once a year.

I've smiled when they say "Miss Hackman"

Because I know they don't want to admit they can't tell me apart from my twin sister.

"Heidi" sounds slapdash, a couple syllables stapled together.

But if you dig deeper, a story emerges.

My name means "star" in Swedish and "noble" in German.

In the story *Heidi*, she's a black-eyed child who dances with goats.

The name Heidi shines a warm amber like a firefly.

I look at "Heidi" and see a rocking horse with faded candy colors in an attic.

It feels soft but elusive, like sunlit dust.

Campfire

Heidi Hackman

I heard footsteps sprint across the boat. They wanted to get off. My stomach knotted when the captain went to investigate. Hannah and I exchanged jokingly ridiculous possibilities as we waited in line to board. As it turns out, an enormous spider startled a couple of my friends. Our captain kindly killed it, and we moved on.

The boat glided into motion after everyone boarded and had a brief tour of the interior. That early June night felt like spring. No one was tanned or boasting of plans to see the beach yet. Bursts of misty water droplets wrestled with the breeze trying to dry our sweat, punctuating the thick humidity.

We all forgot the heat and looming summer on the boat. Time was forgotten there.

Later we regrouped, drawn by the lure of "We're going to have a campfire." A phone lay in the center of our circle on the floor, glowing with a candle app. Candlelight lit nine faces around me. Some I had known for years, some I had just met, but all I had laughed with and seen their smiles. Someone launched into song, the choir members in our circle harmonizing with steady voices while the rookies stumbled behind. Frequent mistakes prompted warm laughter that more than made up for the lack of actual fire.

Spray coated my cheeks in a fine layer as we descended off the boat and back to dry land, my imagination caught alight by dark waters, moonlit ripples, and candlelit song. All of it was burned into my memory permanently.

About the Author

Heidi is an ISFJ (Introvert Sensory Feeling Judgment) wordsmith from Lansdale. She lives with her mom, dad, older brother Daniel and twin sister Hannah. She fusses over the two guinea pigs and cat. Reading and writing continue to be her passions. She loves studying psychology and thinks everyone should know at least a little. *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, *Paper Towns* and *We are the Ants* are some of her favorite books. She hopes to get published someday and write for a living.

She's So Gone

Paige Harner

Baby blue eyes,
gentle pop or classical,
smells like fresh baked pies,
dressed in pink,
blonde braids flowing in the wind.
Has mommy and daddy wrapped around her finger.

Nah

Face slathered with black.
Rock or metal.
Bright blue hair.
Hit the pedal!
Words are just feelings.
Are you scared?

Paige means servant, but I'm a king.

Now I prefer leather studded jewelry,
with electric guitars screaming out my windows.

I don't care what you think;

You don't really matter.

This is my kingdom,
everyone else is just empty matter.

I might be royalty but I don't want their "place by the window."

About the Author

Paige is currently attending Springfield High School, whose favorite subject is history, she plans to become a musician and travel the world. She was inspired by bands like 'Escape the Fate', 'Violent New Breed', 'Falling in Reverse', and 'Fallout Boy'. Her fashion is highly influenced by her taste in music; black skinny jeans, band T-shirts, combat boots, and practically elbow high bracelets. She was born with dirty-blond hair and blue eyes which, over time, evolved to brown hair and green eyes. Paige enjoys music, obviously, tennis, drawing, going on adventures, reading, and writing. Her favorite dish is ravioli and meat balls and her favorite drink is Shirley Temples with extra cherries.

Support Through my Speakers

"If home is where the heart is then my heart has lost all hope! All hope. All hope." The last few words of *I'm Not a Vampire* by *Falling in Reverse* rang out through my speakers in my empty bed room. Another song on my YouTube playlist came on; I didn't recognize it. "I've got another confession to make. So complicated let me try to explain. Don't want this feeling to go away. So it stays, it stays, it stays, it stays." The beat of the drums echoed off my walls and the singers' voice stuck to my soul like glue. At the time, I never heard anything like that before; I needed more. My body took over my brain as it flung me off my bed and toward a table nearby, where my iPad sat.

Escape the Fate's music soon became my sweet get away from everything and anything. Especially through middle school. In 6th grade my friends and I got separated and I always felt like the odd one out, like I couldn't even keep my best friends interested in me. When *Escape the Fate* came on I didn't feel awkward, boring, or even alone; it felt like instant support through my speakers. 7th grade turned out to be a lot better, new friendships bloomed by then, but, math basically looked like ancient hieroglyphics to me; which never ceased to anger me. Again, *Escape the Fate* to the rescue. Their music might feel like an old friend, but it also feels like punching your worst enemy in the face. Finally, in 8th grade both worlds collided; friendless and struggles with school, plus, I felt nearly dead from trying to "fix" everything. By this time, I drifted from *Escape the Fate* and indulged in other bands. But, none of them made he feel the way *Escape the Fate* made me feel; like meeting an old friend, punching an enemy in the face, and just plain alive.

Spell My Name

Annmarie Mullen

People always spell my name wrong
Annemarie, AnnMarie, Ann Marie, Anne Marie
Or say it
Annamarie, Annmaria, Annamaria
A-N-N-M-A-R-I-E
So I'm eight different people *with sadness on their elbow*

My name means bitterness
And I can spit bitter words, bitter roots
Spit out bitter pieces after I've chewed them up.
My name looks like yellow mountains freckled with bees
Cold mountains, harsh mountains, sharp peaks
And bees that sting when caught.
My name feels wide and soft
A shadow spread over a hole, stretched like a cat
It never ends.
My name means rebellion
Big and small, meaningful and petty
Roll my eyes, toss my head, stomp my feet
Like rolling heads, storm-tossed ships, stampedes
And cracks of guns.
Makes no difference to me.
Don't test me.
Sea of bitterness rolling through, but I can swim.

Cisernos, S (1989). *The house on mango street*.
Vintage Contemporaries. New York.

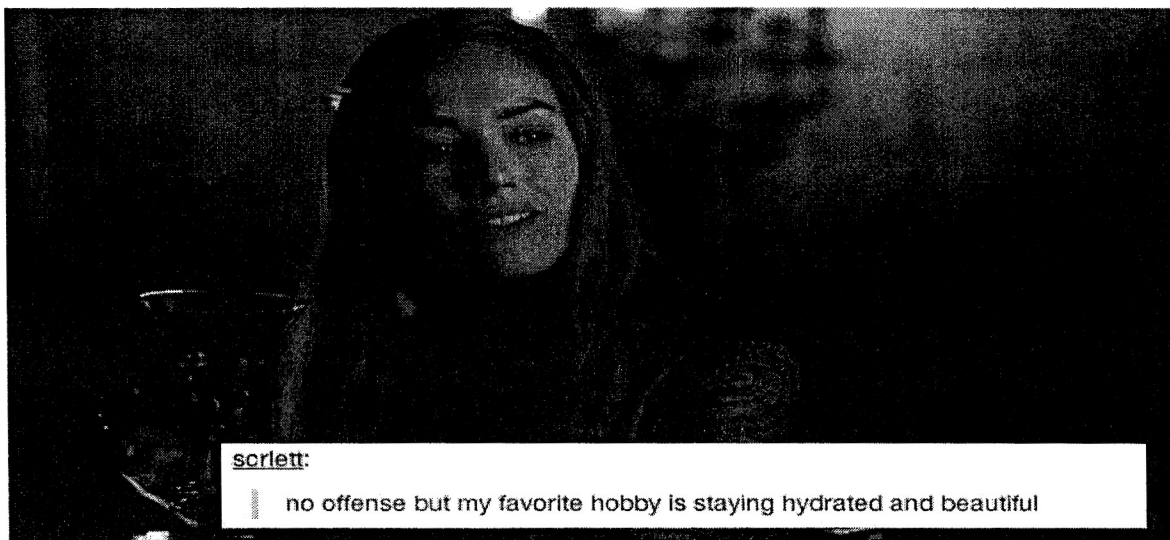
About the Author

Annmarie Mullen, the model of a modern major general, the venerated Virginian veteran whose men are all lining up to put her up on a pedestal, is a graduate of Upper Darby High School. Recently, she brought home the gold in the senior division of the Central League Writing Competition for her school. She can also be seen holding glowsticks in a dimly lit hallway in the Youtube video “My House 2016” (#UDYOUKNOW). She plans to study literature at American University. Annmarie enjoys writing lengthy meta on both Robb Stark and Chloe Lukasiak, dreaming about Anne Boleyn, getting Angry online, and taking selfies. She dabbles in memorizing the entirety of *Hamilton: An American Musical*. Dislikes include Kylo Ren stans, historical Thomas Jefferson, and The Discourse. If she could pick one line from *In the Heights* to describe herself, it would be, “Why is everyone so happy?” Annmarie would like to thank the Phillies for consistently stressing her out, the UD yearbook staff for teaching her mental stamina, and Lin-Manuel Miranda for being a pure presence.

Testimonials

“Follower of the beast.”—dmf79.tumblr.com

“No social skills.”—girl from my APEL class



January; Janus

Annmarie Mullen

There are a lot of things I don't like to remember. For example:

Snow. Waking up to snow after a slick night spent shuddering with sobs on the floor. My brain overworked and overwrought, a piece of metal twisted and molded and ready to break under the strain. And in the morning—blankness edged with anxiety, the dull, fuzzy black feeling pressing in my stomach. Like a frozen computer with the machinery still whirring in vain. And snow.

"I can't shovel as much this year, you have to help," my mother said. Standing up, getting dressed, going downstairs, each movement a button pressed on a remote. I was switching channels, but everything was static, disconnected. Stepping outside raised goosebumps on my skin, but I barely felt it. I, the inner me, the soul, deaf and blind and mute, while I, the outer me, kept going, spinning my wheels like a stalling car.

Shoveling. Strains of songs coursing like rivers through my head. *Just stay alive, that would be enough. Helpless, look into your eyes and the sky's the limit. I am the one thing in life I can control.* If I tried to turn my thoughts, my brain short-circuited, cut off. A dead station. Do not pass Go; do not collect \$200. Back to the songs. And always shoveling.

I didn't eat. Kept shoveling, my arms shaking. A whole world around me, open sky a crusted blue, the beauty and muck of snow everywhere, but I kept shoveling. Like I was digging a grave. I caught snatches of my parents' conversation; like a net cast into the sea, they tangled up, clods of seaweed, but I never inspected them. Til my mother came to me, took my shovel and said, "Okay, let's go inside. Your father and I will finish up later."

I ate what she gave me, though I don't remember what exactly. The memory is a scratched film, skidding over certain scenes. I do remember sitting on my couch for the rest of the day, my muscles aching alongside my brain, and searching for something, anything, to distract me from the thumpthumpthump of my heart. My mind, barely functioning, hungered for something meaningless, but nothing sated it. Videos, stories, essays, music, TV—it devoured them, tore them apart, sometimes spat them back up, and always grumbling for more. "Feed me."

Sometimes, my body would seize up with guilt, self-loathing, an intense hate. Like a penitent priest, I wanted to flagellate myself. What was I doing? Why was I doing it? Others had it worse, others had it harder, others had real problems. I didn't deserve this feeling, this luxury, this dip into white sheets of paper, into nothingness. No, I deserved scorn, barbs, a harsh, accusatory green in my stomach. Who did I think I was? What did I think I had?

Alternating between two extremes, between a stagnant pool and a flooded ocean, between the shimmering flatness of the desert and the frozen roar of a blizzard.

My Name
Brett Northeimer

My name is Brett.

But to others *my name is funny*, it's bread or barrett

Like the bobbie pin.

My parents say they had to choose between,

Brett or Justin.

Now let me just say this became

A last minute decision.

So they chose Brett.

To me my name is bold

But yet soft and cozy.

To me my name feels like

I'm British Royalty.

To me my name reminds me of the color brown.

It looks big and bold.

It smells like Carmel.

But in the end,

My name will always be,

BRETT

STIRLING

NORTHEIMER!

Cisernos, S. (1989). *The house on mango street*. Vintage Contemporaries. New York.

How I got my turtle

My sister one day walked into my room and randomly said "Hey Brett do you want a pet a turtle?" Now as I heard that, my mind turned to a pause because of all the excitement. Later on, my mind began to work and I said "Yes! But why must you ask me this?" Ally replied with "Well, my friend doesn't want it anymore." So later that day my sister Ally hung out with her friend. Then we picked her and the turtle up. As I see my sister, about to sit in the car, I see the turtle and I compare it to the size of a quarter. I brought the turtle home and put it in its tank and I watched it all night.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Brett Northeimer, a boy who loves to be curious and adventurous, loves cars, nature, and sports. He plays soccer, basketball, and wrestling. Brett has recently graduated from Valley Forge Middle School and is going to Conestoga High School. After high school, BRETT is hoping to go to PENN STATE UNIVERSITY. Brett also has a pet turtle named Frankie, and a pet dog named Snoozle. His future dreams are to become a famous soccer player for Chelsea FC.



Found Poem

Charlie Reinheimer

It is the color red.

Like an ambulance rushing down roads.

Trying to get through red lights.

Looking at the horrid crime,

Only to find red guts on the ground.

Where a girl used to be,

Eaten by Albert.

You could smell the guts on him,

Albert said, "She was scrumptious."

Her family is weeping.

They say *her name was Esperanza*,

Which in English means hope.

It is hope her family needs now,

To get through this tough time.

Cisneros, S. (1989). *The house on mango street*. Vintage Contemporaries. New York.

About the Author

Charlie Reinheimer is currently 15 years old and attending Rustin High School. He will be going into 10th grade next year and will be taking American Military History 1 and Concert Band. He lives in West Chester, PA, and has 2 other siblings, both younger at the age of 8 (Gabriel) and 13 (Peter). His hobbies include Baseball and basketball, while his favorite being basketball. He plays for Rustin High School and plays baseball for West Side Little League. He also swims for Roslyn Swim Club even though he does not like it very much. His favorite baseball player is David Wright, and his favorite basketball player is John Wall. This was his 5th summer attending the PAWLIP summer camp. He plays the Ps4, and his favorite games are Madden and NBA 2k.

Memories

I was 6 years old when I went to my first carnival. Before we went home, I asked my dad, "Could go to the back where all the good prizes are?"

He said, "Sure, let's go," so we went. We found a game where there was a plate on top of a bottle and if you tossed a coin on it you would win a fish. My dad said, "Charlie, you only have 5 coins to try to win."

I replied, "Ok, thanks." On my last try, I tossed the coin, trying to hit the plate, and succeeding in doing so! After the man handed me it, I said, "This is a pretty cool fish!" I told my dad I didn't know what to name it.

He said, I'm sure you'll think of something. As soon as we started back to the car, I saw a bunch of balloons. One of them was a Mr. Crabs from SpongeBob, and as soon as I saw that, I knew what I was going to name my fish.

"Crabby," I whispered to myself. I told my dad as once, and he said he thought it was a great name. He was only in a plastic bag, so we went to the pet store to get him a tank to live in. My dad also got two other fish so my brothers wouldn't be left out. I always knew which fish was mine, because it was always bigger than the others. As it turns out, the other two only lived for a combined one year. Soon, Crabby was the only one left. My mom fed him every morning and night, and she also took care of the filtration system. I was Crabby's friend for five long years, until his unfortunate demise. I was very sad, but it was nothing I couldn't handle. I held a little funeral for him, and with a little help from my dad, we buried him in the backyard where he still is to this day.

Flame Puddle
Alyssa Sweeney

Hannah. H, *a record clicking on*. Annah, the needle's whirl, a soft pulse.
Violet pressing palms to your cheeks, breathing in your warmth.
Yellow light on a windowsill, an ember's glow beneath the moon.
Your sighs floating past the lantern above us,
Your skin soaked in your own magma, this presence, this heaving.
Painted in tiger lily pollen, you a candle in this dark,
A flame to swallow. I could plunge my bare palms into
Your throat and pull out only liquid sun.
You roiling against something curved, something plump,
Something you could push down, to belly, to blue
And trailing. Leak into the soil:
Earth in womb. Dirt on pale on crumbling on panting,
Planting cracked roots to spray your rusty glowing.
Blood leaking down a rosebud, our halo of sweat.
If my tongue traced a disc of blazing
It would only taste like you.

Cisernos, S (1989). *The house on mango street*.
Vintage Contemporaries. New York.

About The Author

Alyssa Sweeney is a 17-year-old professional Emotional Disaster living with five cats. She can be found hobbling barefoot through the woods on a near daily basis collecting bugs, bones, feathers, and fox fur. Although nobody knows what exactly she does with these items, hushed rumors of witchcraft have swept the town, overshadowed only by frantic whispers of “The portal must not be opened.” and “Seize her at once.” While some people have callouses on their fingertips, Alyssa’s years of wandering have earned her toughened skin on the pads of her feet and toes. This is helpful when she is too lazy to pet her cats with her hands and instead resorts to stroking them with one crooked toe. Her hobbies include sautéing zucchini, Knowing, screaming into the ether, and petting dogs through fences. Her favorite flowers are bluebells, bat flowers, water lilies, spider lilies, and the downfall of man. When she is not transcending her physical form, she is likely researching philosophy, black holes, people and their headspaces, creative writing, abyssal sea creatures, entomology, cosmic horror, or botany. She likes things that float, things that glow, things that don’t behave as you would expect them to, dread, every single animal on the planet, cryptoforestry, sentient trees, and compassion. If she were a substance, she would be mist. She has never killed a man.



The only known image of Alyssa Sweeney
Housed in the MOMA, watercolor on canvas

Audio Recording #1 Transcript (Excerpt)

Alyssa Sweeney

The sound of papers rustling. A dull, metallic hum. A machine beeps once. Twice. Three times. Something made of sturdy plastic clatters to the ground. A sigh, followed by a chair scraping once against linoleum. The same scrape again. A fan whirring.

Voice 1: Okay, it's on. My name is Griffin Miller. It is January 5th, 2019. 3:15 AM. Your name?

The voice is candid, lilting.

Voice 2: Mohamad Swan.

This voice is quieter, a notch above a whisper.

Griffin: Thank you, Mohamad. Now tell me what happened.

There is a beat of silence.

Mohamad: And only you will see this.

It is not a question.

Griffin: Yes.

Someone takes in a breath. Nails drum on wood. Tap. Tap. Tap tap tap taptaptaptap.

Mohamad, halting: Where should I begin?

Tap tap tap. Tap tap tap.

Griffin: Wherever you like.

Mohamad: I don't like any of it.

Griffin: The beginning, then. Start at the beginning.

Another deep breath.

Mohamad: The trees changed.

Tap. Tap taptaptaptaptaptap.

Griffin: How do you mean?

Mohamad: It was in late September, I think. Hairy men weren't walking around shirtless anymore, so it was definitely autumn. They... I don't know what was different. But the trees changed. Something was off.

Griffin: The colors, you mean?

Mohamad: No. Not the colors. I mean, they had just begun to turn orange, but that wasn't news or anything. The trees were just... wrong. I noticed it when I was hiking through the forest down at Dalton. I went there all the time. To clear my head, you know? It was peaceful there. *He laughs bitterly.* I was walking down the red trail. I was... It had been a bad day.

He stops.

Griffin: Are you okay? We can stop if you like.

Mohamad: No. No, I'm fine. I just don't like thinking about what happened before. My father, he. He was arrested. He did some bad things. He wasn't a good man before that, but these things were really bad. Really bad. I came home from my job to find the cops pushing him into their car. Handcuffs, all that. They told me I couldn't say goodbye to him. For my own safety. They never did end up letting me contact him.

Griffin: Why was he at your house?

Mohamad: He lived with me. He got fired and couldn't afford to live on his own. Early stages of dementia, you know. Started misplacing pills at the pharmacy, giving customers the wrong medication. Harassed co-workers too. The women. He lived in my basement. I told him he could stay with me as long as he kept out of my way. I know that sounds heartless, but listen. He wasn't a good person. I don't mean the kind of person who gets arrested for a DUI or takes a dump on private property. I mean a bad, bad person. We didn't speak after I turned eighteen. I left home. Didn't talk to him again until he called me from a pay phone begging for a place to stay.

Griffin: So that day you left because your father was arrested. You went to the woods in Dalton. Red trail. What happened next?

The metallic hum swells in volume.

Mohamad: I walked for... God, I guess three hours? Four? I don't remember. I had to get away from everything. Needed some time to myself. Passed a few different streams. Everything was normal. I remember walking by a family of deer. It was cute, actually. Birds chirping, squirrels running around, the works. It was pleasant. Like something you'd find in one of those dumb kids' books with a title like "Friendship is super cool" or "Bend to your parents' will because they know best" or whatever. But then the woods started getting thicker. There were these big clusters of shrubbery that I had to cut through to keep walking. It was fine, until it wasn't. I reached this big tree. Like really big. Like the rest of the trees in the forest were toddlers and this was the big papa tree who did bodybuilding for a living. It was gnarled and charred, bark cracking and peeling all over. And I was overcome with this feeling of "You need to get out. You need to get out right now because something bad is going to happen if you don't." I couldn't think. Could hardly breathe. And so I decided to run. But I couldn't. It was like... This is going

to sound so crazy, but you have to believe me, man. I swear to God, it felt something was forcing me to stay in place. My limbs didn't feel like my own. They wouldn't move. I felt like I was looking out of someone else's eye sockets, watching myself watching the tree. And then it just. Stopped. It took a second before I realized I could move again. I sprinted home.

A ragged breath. Moments of silence.

Griffin: When was the next encounter?

Mohamad: About two weeks later.

Found poem

Chris Tilery

Chris means bearer of Christ,
That means I should set a good example.
It can be hard to set a good example.
My mom and dad set an example for me,
They tell me to always do my homework.
I must set a good example for my younger brothers,
I tell them not to fight a lot.
I can help older people.
I can rake their leaves or mow their lawns.
Of course, I should be good to myself
I should not break the law or cheat in games.

Narrative

Chris Tilery

One day my babysitter decided to take my younger brothers, Aiden and Ben, and I out for a walk around the neighborhood. Like many other 9 year olds, I didn't want to go walking in the heat on that bright sunny day in August. So I made a game for myself to play. As we passed each house I would look at the corner of each yard to look and see if they had an automatic sprinkler system. In front of one house, I noticed a piece of paper on the ground. At first I thought someone littered so I went to pick it up. When I got closer I saw a money bill, not litter! Not just any bill either, a 20 dollar bill! Quickly, I snatched it up and shoved it in my pocket. I lagged behind my brothers, walking very slowly and no one saw me pick it up. So I wouldn't draw attention I kept playing my sprinkler game and walking along with the others like nothing had happened. After we got home I quickly ran up to my room and examined it like it belonged in a museum with other precious artifacts from ancient Egypt. I then stashed the money away where nobody would find it.



About the Author

Chris is a talented, athletic, intelligent young man. He lives in West Chester, Pennsylvania with his mom and two brothers, Aiden and Ben. Chris is 14 years old and excels in sports of all kinds. Chris especially enjoys running. Chris runs cross country and track for school. Chris enjoys learning science in school as well as gym. Chris is an upcoming freshman at East High school. Chris also has a passion for high end sports cars, he loves to see them on the road.



A Fitting Name

Max Xie

Max:

It is short and happy,

A fitting name

For a boy who is short and happy.

It is like the number nine:

A number that is rarely used,

Rarely picked,

A number that is stepped on to get to ten.

It is an important number that people rarely think about.

It can be a boy's name, a girl's name, a dog's name;

It is the boring, old bread that you eat for dinner.

But my middle name is unique;

In Chinese, it means "flying dragon."

It is a wild and fun name,

Unlike my short and simple first name.

But it is a fitting name

For a boy who likes fun,

And likes his name:

Max

Memory Piece

Max Xie

A lifeguard at the beach once said to me, "Remember, if you get caught in a riptide, swim parallel to the beach." Two days earlier, a riptide had grabbed a hold of me. A riptide exists as a strong flow of water that breaks through waves and moves directly away from the beach. Someone caught in a riptide could potentially drown.

Whenever I go to the beach. Body surfing is one of my favorite things to do at the beach because it is fun and exhilarating. I walked out into the ocean to the point where my feet would barely touch the floor.

One summer day, my summer camp took me on a trip to the beach. At the age of 12, the hot sand stung my feet so I decided to go into the water. When I grew bored of body surfing, I went boogie boarding. In an attempt to find bigger waves, I started walking further and further from the beach to that part of the water where my whole body up to my chin became fully submerged in water. Eventually, I ended up so far out that I had to bob up and down on the tip of my toes just to keep my head above the water. The water became very cold and caused my whole body to shiver. Then, it hit.

A huge force of ocean water hit my side and quickly swept me towards the beach. It surprised me but then it knocked me over and dragged me back out at a frightening speed. Panic washed in, which you never want to happen in the case of getting caught in a riptide. Desperately trying to swim against the current, the riptide grabbed me, then dragged me down and tumbled me around underwater for a few

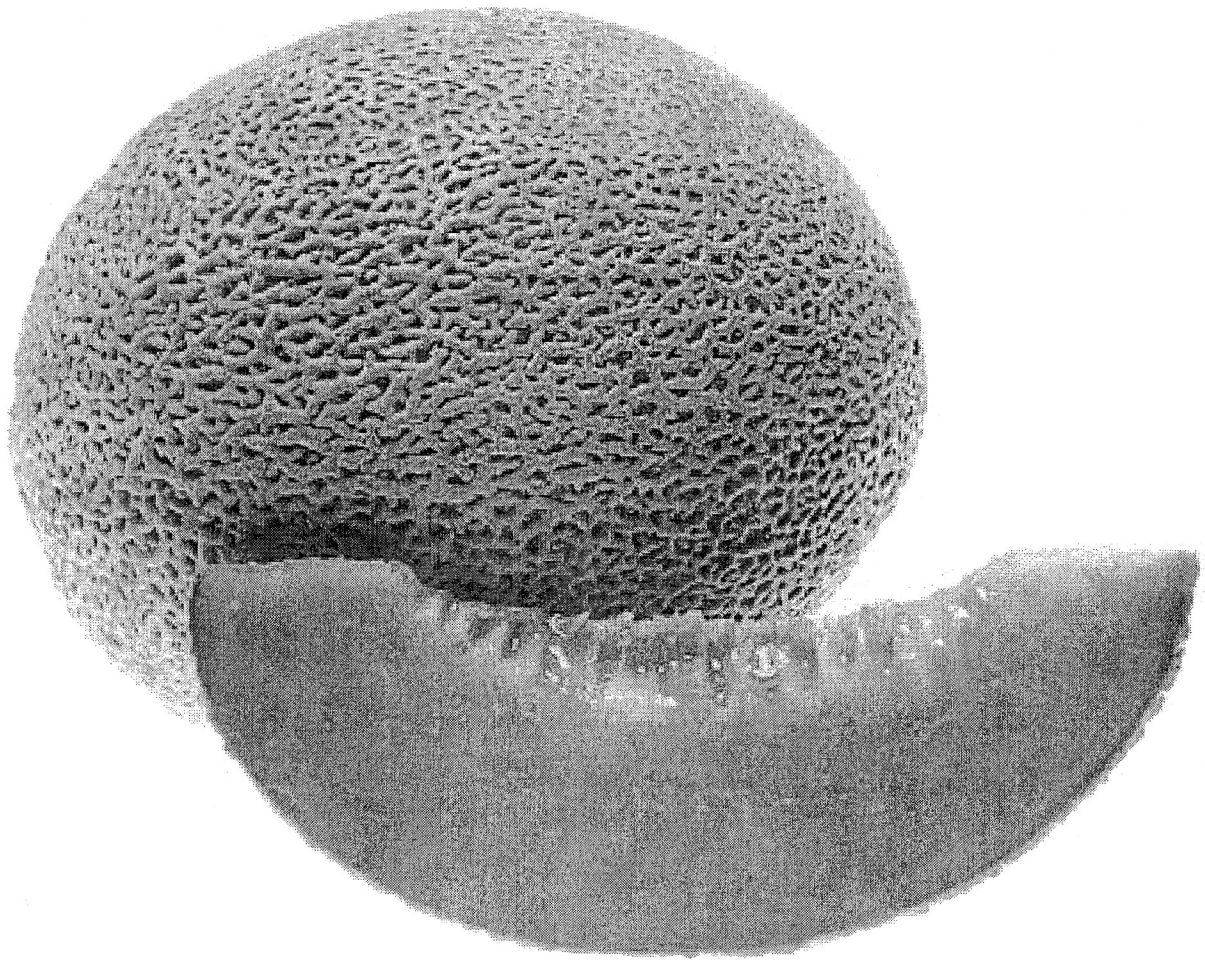
seconds before I got pulled back up. This time however, it turned out not be the waves that did it, but the lifeguard.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself holding on to the lifeguard's hand as he walked me back to the beach. No one else stood in the water because the lifeguards had ordered everyone out. Water clogged one of my ears and my nostrils, the taste of saltwater still lingered in my mouth. Nothing came out but I felt like I threw up. When I finally reached the beach, I collapsed onto the warm, soft sand and wrapped myself with a towel.

Despite feeling terrible, it turned out to be a really interesting experience. I learned that when you get caught in a riptide, you should swim parallel to the beach to escape the path of the current. To this day, I still enjoy bodysurfing and going far out to catch waves, except I'm just a little bit more careful now.

About the Author

Max Xie lives in Bryn Mawr, PA with his parents and younger sister. He attends Radnor High School and is going into 10th grade. He is an avid tennis player and his favorite tennis player is Rafael Nadal. His other hobbies include playing soccer, playing video games and watching movies. He is a fan of the Spanish soccer team, FC Barcelona. He enjoys reading historical fiction and biographies of famous people. His favorite movie is *Saving Private Ryan* and he likes to eat cantaloupe.



Who I am?
Jenna Youngs

Warm and fuzzy

Like a baby blue blanket.

With cute little puppies on it.

Like wood BURNING at a camp fire.

A small fierce fox prancing around.

Jenna.

There needs to be more to it.

Not like a door **slamming** shut.

Like that's it?

It's like a warm soft marshmallow.

No.

It's a pretzel stick.

I would like to baptize myself under a new name,

A name more like the real me,

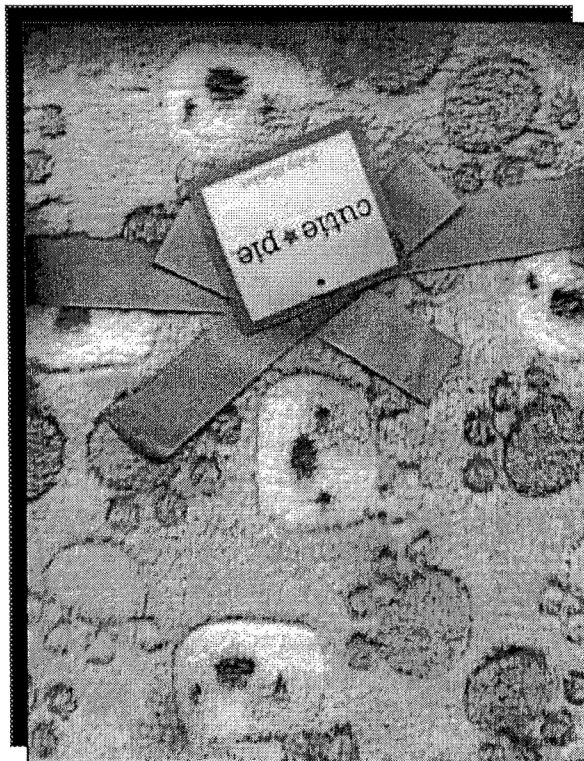
The one nobody sees.

Something unique or **bold**.

Something **dark** and mysterious .

But **SWEET** and kind too.

Cisneros, S (1989). *The house on mango street*. Vintage Contemporaries New York.



Mabel

By Jenna Youngs

Today is going to be great I thought to myself as I woke up. We set off on a journey to find the best one. The best what you may ask? The best hamster is what I mean. Two years ago, my mother and I went to pet smart to pick out my pet. I already knew from the start which hamster I wanted. It was small like a golf ball, gray with little paws as white as snow, and had the cutest little petal pink nose. After we picked her out we had to go find a cage and food and so much other stuff. Once that was over I got to take her home. I put together her cage as soon as I got in the house and put her inside of it. I loved to watch her run in the hamster wheel. I need to name her I thought as she was on her wheel, but I don't know any good hamster names. I looked up some names and came up with Mabel.

About a month later my brother came home from school for Christmas break. A few days after he got settled in, he had a huge allergic reaction to something in the house. We assumed it was the Christmas tree only because he's allergic to trees, so we got rid of it. That wasn't the answer to the problem. That's when we thought of his other allergy; the hamster. I was heartbroken, I didn't want to give her up. I loved her too much. I told my parents I would only give her to someone we know, so my aunt took her. The next three nights we a nightmare. I cried myself to sleep almost every night. It was unbarring knowing that she was gone. Sadly , a few months later, she passed away.

About the author

Jenna is a 14 year old girl who attends Penncrest high school. She enjoys playing volleyball and softball. She has two pets, one dog and one cat. She lives in a six bedroom, four bath house with two stories and a full basement. She was born on November 14, and is from Moscow, Russia. Her favorite subjects in school are math and science. She lives with five other people. This includes her mother, Lynda Youngs, her father, Paul Youngs, her brother, Tyler Youngs, and her grandparents, Delores and Leslie Cropper. She loves to watch TV in her free time or be creative. She loves to hang out with her friends and watch movies. Her favorite food is pasta and chips. She loves to cook and make many other things. She also loves to explore and go on nature walks and explore the woods. She loves to listen to rock bands and alternative bands, you name it- she likes it. I wish I could say she loves to read and write but she has to either find a book she really likes or has to be inspired by something to be able to write.

Memory Piece

Martina Zhao

Eight years ago a day in my life completely changed forever. On our way to Delaware, a three hour drive, with a cage in the back of the car, to go pick up the new addition of our family, a golden retriever puppy. Just days before I was constantly trying to convince my mom to get a dog. I assigned family members, who would walk, clean, and play with the dog, I listed ways on how the dog would be beneficial towards the family, and I even made a power point, at the age of seven, about the reasons why we needed this great addition to the family. After a couple of days of searching and asking around my parents finally surprised me with the best day of my life.

Thinking back on that day eight years ago some moments are fuzzy, but I'll never forget the feeling of joy seeing seven or eight barely month-old puppies tumbling and fumbling in their backyard, it felt like a dream. Once we arrived every dog except one had already been assigned to their new owners, except for Green. The owners of the dogs had assigned each puppy's names by the color of their collar, so we were presented with Green.

Eight years, four tricks, and one grown up dog later, we have Cody. A lot has changed from when a barely newborn arrived at our house. Shoes have stopped ending up a big pile of chewed mess, the floors no longer need constant cleaning, and amazing relationships have formed. Through thick or thin, joy or sorrow, he has never failed to bring a smile to my face. Although his stride has become slower and his energy has lessened, he has and will stick by our side forever.

Saturday Morning

Martina Zhao

Saturday morning I wake up to food,
It's not your typical pancakes and bacon,
But a traditional Chinese feast held in front of me.
My name is called every Saturday to join the others downstairs,
Which summons me down to the joy of Saturday mornings.
It is my name that brings a curious feeling yet also delight.
It's been said my name was a third century martyr who was one of the patron saints of Rome,
But to me I am just Martina.
My friends call me Martina, showing the distant and official relationships we have created
throughout the few moments we see each other at school.
My siblings and relatives call me Tina, showing the close and casual relationships we have
created throughout the bonding within our lives.
The Chinese, like the Mexicans, don't like their women strong,
But the very meaning of my middle name, yizhi, is rise to the top.

About the Author

Martina Zhao is a fourteen year old student who studies at Harriton High School. She lives in Bala Cynwyd with her parents, two older brothers, Matt and Michael, one older sister, Miranda, and our dog Cody. Some of her interests include swimming, tennis, and walking her dog at the park. Although she was born and raised in the U.S. she has adapted many traits from her parents who were born in China. For example she is fluent in Mandarin Chinese and often goes to China to visit her other relatives. Although at the moment she has no idea what her passions and future hopes are she continues to one day figure it out.

About the Author

Dr. Borgese loves to travel, read pop fiction and eat Italian food. For almost 40 years she has been an educator. She has taught middle and high school English and writing. In 1999, she earned her doctorate at Widener University. During the school year she teaches undergrads at Temple University in the education department and graduate students at Cabrini. Her most adventurous vacation was a week in Belize where she learned to snorkel.

In 2013, Dr. Borgese published her first book, *Revision Strategies for Adolescent Writers*. She enjoys writing about the teaching of writing. As one of the co-directors of the Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project, she teaches teachers how to teach writing. Over 30 years ago, Dr. Borgese helped create the Young Writers/ Young Readers Project at West Chester University.

Sunday Morning
A found Poem
Dr. Jolene Borgese

Waking up to the smells of garlic simmering
Over crushed tomatoes on the stove.
Frank Sinatra crooning on the radio,
I rolled over for five more minutes of sleep.
*It is the Mexican records my father plays on Sunday mornings when he is shaving,
songs like sobering.*

Breakfast with Mom and Dad,
Dad sitting at the kitchen table, suit pants and shining shoes on,
Mom in her robe, hair and make-up done,

Breakfast of tea, toast and eggs,
While the sauce envelopes the whole house.
Pasta will come late in the day.
Sausage and meatball fried and drowning in the sauce on the stove.

Mass at noon.
Dad beeping the horn, waiting for us to join him.
Mom screaming at my sisters, brother and I to hurry up and get dress.

We make it to OLP without a minute to spare.
Marching like a small band to our pew,
Dad stays in the vestibule to collect the offerings later.
Bells rings, the mass begins.

So many years ago,
Mom and Dad at their eternal rest at Saints Peter and Paul.
Another family lives in our house.
The church closed.

Cisneros, S. (1989). *The house on mango street*. Contemporaries Books, New York.