

PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs



31st Annual
Young Writers/Young Readers Program

Student's name:

Marie Claire Schoucair

Introduction

The 2015 camp at Valley Forge National Historical Park was another success! Though we had some scorching hot temperatures and high humidity, it did not prevent the campers from participating in the exciting daily activities. High temperatures also did not negatively impact their writing! The campers produced some wonderful pieces of writing. The students were exposed to a variety of writing genres, and then chose their favorite pieces to publish in the Valley Forge Anthology.

This year students had an additional inspiration for writing. Typically, we dedicate our two weeks to learning about the history of Valley Forge. However, this year we added an environmental week. This gave us another perspective of this amazing site, and it gave us an appreciation for all of the hard work that keeps historic Valley Forge environmentally authentic.

We would like to thank all of the rangers and tour guides who made this a magical two weeks. They brought history and the Valley Forge landscape alive and relevant for all of us. We would also like to thank Ranger Rhonda Buell Schier for all of her continued support and assistance to make this camp a success. Last, but certainly not least, we want to thank Mary Buckelew, Karen Pawlewicz and Ann Mascherino from The Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project for their hard work, continuous support and encouragement.

It takes a village . . . , and that is certainly an accurate idiom to use when describing the Valley Forge Young Writers/Young Readers camp. Thank you for sending your children to the camp. We hope you enjoy our 2015 Anthology.

Table of Contents

<u>Name</u>	<u>School</u>	<u>School District</u>
James Haussman	Ithan Elementary	Radnor Twp. School Dist.
Quinny Irwin	St. Elizabeth Parish	Chester Springs SD
Rajan Khanna	Ithan Elementary	Radnor Twp. School Dist.
Wendy Lew	Montgomery School	Chester Springs SD
Saire Lynch	Valley Forge Elementary	Tredyffrin/Easttown SD.
Megan McGee	The Walton School	North Penn School D.
Sophia Parrnelli	Shady Grove Elementary	Wissahickon SD
Joanie Quinn	St. Anastasia	Marple Newtown SD
Sophia Ran	Valley Forge Elementary	Tredyffrin/Easttown SD.
Nikita Ravi	Ithan Elementary	Radnor Twp. School Dist.
Marie Claire Schoucair	Upper Merion Middle S.	Upper Merion Area SD
Anna Till	St. Anastasia	Marple Newtown SD
Jeana Schreiber	Assistant/Support Aide	
Diana Berklich	Camp Coordinator and Teacher	

The Chapel

Valley Forge has a memorial chapel dedicated to the founding of the United States as well as the discovery North American continent.

Attached to the chapel is a bell tower. To get to the bell tower is a hidden, narrow, winding, cement staircase. There are 112 steps to the top of the tower. When climbing the stairs, I asked myself, "Can I do this?" It felt weird going up narrow stairs with just a few small windows. And, we were asked not to look out the windows. We were getting higher in the tower.

When we finally got to the middle of the tower, there was a room with a desk and a piano. I felt rested and less stressful. Then you are ready to go on.

We continued our climb to the top of the bell tower. Once you're at the top of the tower, there is a black catwalk. It is a little rubber piece that has holes in it. You have to balance yourself and walk over it. It was scary. You see down, and there are lots of bells! Then you walk into a smallish room. You see lots of tiles. The tour guide pushed the tiles and played "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." *Rajan and I sang along.*

The tour guide told us that we could all push the tiles. Some tiles make a big sound, while others made small sounds. We all pushed tiles and it sounded good!

Now it's time to go back down these small, winding steps. It seemed they got smaller. Finally, yea! I went up to the bell tower and didn't fall. I made it!



Spy Story

Jason was a normal kid, but he had great technical skills, and George Washington saw that, so Jason became a spy. Jason did not know the British customs too well, but he still became a spy, and he would go under cover and give messages to Washington in his horse stall.

One day, the British were planning to kidnap George Washington, but they put Jason in the wrong group, so Jason killed his group, but he was captured before he could find Washington. Luckily, Washington sent another spy to the British side. The other spy's name was Anthony Wayne, and he helped Jason escape from the British soldiers who were holding him.

Jason then told Washington the news that the British were planning to kidnap him. Washington was saved.



A Haiku About Washington

Painting Washington

Don't you forget the hair

and his large musket

About the Author

James Haussman is 10 years old, and he will be entering 4th grade at Ithan Elementary. When not in school, James enjoys hockey, football, baseball, and lacrosse. His favorite thing to do is to relax at home with friends. James lives at home with his mom, his stepfather, and his brother, Charles.

Bravest Spy Ever: Rose Jones

On December 23, 1777, George Washington sent a girl named Rose Jones to spy on Great Britain during the Revolutionary War. She was very brave and nothing could stop her. The next day Rose crossed the battle lines. The British were unsure about Rose Jones. One of the British leaders of the army asked Rose to spy on Washington and his army. Rose took on the spying job, but she had other ideas.

As you know, in the beginning of the story, she is actually spying on the British, so this gave her some very important information about what the British were going to do next. After she met with the British leader of the army, the next day she went to the other side as if she were spying on Washington, but she was really going to tell Washington what the British were going to do. On her way to the Patriot's side she got caught by a soldier that thought she was on the British side and she nearly got killed. Just when the soldier was going to shoot at her, Washington rode by and said to the soldier "don't kill her, I sent her on a mission."

After she was saved by Washington, she asked to talk to him that night. Soon after she was sent to spy on Washington the British wanted to kill her because they realized that she was spying on them and had very important information. Rose knew that what she did would put her in a lot of danger, so she hid all day until she would meet with Washington. She knew that she would be safe with Washington because he had his own guards.

That night, she went to his house to talk to him about what the British were going to do next. When she walked over to Washington's house she heard the noise of someone walking. Through the dark sky she saw a person walking towards her. It was one of Washington's guards and tried to shoot her because he thought she was a British spy. She yelled to the guard "I am one of Washington's people sent on a mission." The guard stopped trying to kill her and welcomed her in Washington's house where it was safe from the British.

She spent about three hours telling him important information about the British army plans and leaders. When she was done telling him what was going on, George Washington said to Rose Jones "I am going to let you sleep here tonight." With that she was taken to the guest bedroom upstairs.

The next morning, she woke up with the fresh smell of breakfast on the table. When she came down, George Washington was waiting for her. They ate breakfast together and while they were eating, Washington said to Rose Jones "I would like to give to you a reward for being a very brave spy. You may live with me and be protected. Do you want to take the reward?" Rose replied "yes, I have no family and would like to live with you."

From that day on, Rose lived with Washington until he died from Strep Throat. Rose would try and help Washington with anything. She was sad the he died, but this time, there was nothing she could do.



Haiku

Green Mile a minute
Picky, picky, thorns that hurt
Has a shallow root

About the Author

Qinny Irwin is 11 years old. She attends St. Elizabeth Parish School and will be entering 5th grade in the fall. In free her time she enjoys swimming, reading, doing crafts, and learning about science. Qinny lives at home with her mom and dad.

The Bell Tower at Valley Forge

Valley Forge National Historical Park has a memorial chapel. It is a gorgeous chapel. It has glass windows that tell the story of America. The chapel has all hand carved wood that took a whole 16 years to make. It also has a bell tower.

You have to find hidden stairs to get to the top. The first thing you see are narrow, winding, and stone stairs. There are a total of 112 stairs! When you are about half way there, you see this amazing and pretty room. It has an old piano with pulls and foot pumps. There is a desk that is a modern desk. It is hard not to feel nervous. Then your back on the journey up the steps again. Finally once you reach the top you see a catwalk. You are very high up. There is a room with all different sized pumps. When you pull down a pump a bell rings. Each key has its own state. Each state paid a little bit for each of their bells. The state decided what pitch or tone they wanted their state to sound like. They also have foot pumps that sound bells. Then our tour guide played "Take me out to the Ball Game" with the bells. Then he let us play ourselves. It was really fun! Now since we have finished, we have to go back down those narrow, creepy, windy, stone steps. It was really scary. Luckily no one fell. It was an amazing experience! I loved going to the chapel and the bell tower at Valley Forge National Historical Park.



A Sensory Poem

I hear the footsteps of soldiers walking by and cannons firing through the air. I can see George Washington finishing his 400th letter in just one year. I can hear Vincent Van Stouven yelling "fire" to the soldiers. This experience made me feel like I was in The Revolutionary war.



About the author

Rajan Khanna is 9 years old, attends Ithan Elementary School, and will be entering 5th grade in the fall. When Rajan is not in school he enjoys playing soccer. He lives at home with his mom, his dad, his brother Rishi, and finally another brother named Ravi.

Recipe for an Army

Ingredients:

1 cup of Washington	2 cups of training
1 cup of Von Steuben	1½ teaspoons of determination
1½ cups of devoted soldiers	4 teaspoons of patience
4 tablespoons of weapons	1 tablespoon of hard work
1 cup of food for hungry men	1 teaspoon of trust

Directions:

1. Put the Washington, Von Steuben, weapons, and food, into bowl first and mix
2. Then, as you keep on mixing, slowly add a little bit of devoted soldiers every time mixture gets sticky
3. Once all the devoted soldiers are gone, add in the rest of the ingredients, and knead slowly.
4. When the mixture gets smooth and silky, bake until cake turns golden brown. Make sure your cake is taken out by then, if it isn't, then the army won't work well.

For icing, blend bravery, wits, and strategy together, and when fluffy, spread to finish of the army. If the army keeps on crumbling, add more trust as needed.

Yields: 1 united army.

Washington's Honor Guards

Washington's Honor Guards were the trusted guards of George Washington. Each one of Washington's Guard were handpicked from Virginia, Washington's home. They were picked from Virginia so they wouldn't betray him Washington. Many soldiers would easily betray Washington to the British if they gave him some money for it. Washington's Honor Guard stayed in cabins just like the other soldiers and their cabins were near Washington's headquarters. When Von Steuben came, Washington split his honor guard into groups of twenty and took one group of twenty to train himself. When he had trained the group of twenty, Washington told them to train another group of twenty who would train another group. That trained the whole honor guard so that they did the same thing in battles. Washington's Honor Guard protected him and helped to fight for him.



A Mile a Minute Haiku

Looks like doritos
Is invasive and spiky
Six inches every day



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Wendy Lew is 10 years old. She attends Montgomery School and will be entering 5th grade in the fall. When not in school, Wendy enjoys reading. Wendy lives at home with her mom, dad, and dog, Noodle.

A War Story

When we hear about the war, my husband has to go. But we lose our money and we can't eat. My children are complaining about how much their tummies hurt. So we hurried after my husband. When we finally made it, I saw some other families looking for their husbands. We searched through the cabins, until we finally came to the one. When we walked in it smelled kind of bad, but I didn't mind. I was with my husband. By the time we got there it was late at night. So, we all fell asleep.

When we woke up in the morning, we had to wait awhile for our breakfast to arrive. In the meantime, they sent me to get a bucket of water. I wasn't too pleased but I did it. It was a long way, my legs were sore, but my children and I were hungry and so I did it for them. When I returned I saw that the food had already arrived. I looked down and all I saw was flour! When I set down the bucket my husband poured the flour into it and started stirring. He told the children what they were making as they helped to stir. After about 10 minutes of stirring, they made into flat cakes and put it on the stone in the fire. When they looked golden-brown, we took them out. I took my first bite. It didn't taste like anything I ever ate before but at least it was food. My children loved it. After 30 seconds, they had eaten everything.

When my children looked out the door, they said there was a man walking by. My husband said, "It's Washington." He was looking through the cabins and his face looked pretty surprised. About halfway through the day, we started to hear that women would be put to work. The next morning, after breakfast, I had to walk all the way down to the river with my sore legs again. It was a difficult walk because of the rocks and hills. Once I arrived at the river, I had to wash everyone's clothes. And, then I had to walk all way back again.

We didn't get to have lunch but dinner was delicious. We got a pound of beef and some rice. We already had some vegetables with us. We used the water I fetched during my laundry chores. We put the water in a pot over the fire. I started to slice up the beef and my children put the vegetables inside. Then I put the beef in, also. We

had to stir it constantly. And, after half an hour, we poured it into some bowls and ate. It was my best meal I had at the camp. That night, I got a good night's rest.

About a month later, diseases started to grow. Three people in our cabin got sick. What if my husband got it! What if my children got it! Oh, no! And, who would take care of them? So, I decided to volunteer to be a nurse. But now I might get the disease from taking care of the soldiers. And now, my oldest child, Ginny, who is ten years old has to wash the clothes and do that long walk to the river. Why did I ever have to become a nurse? Every night Ginny complains about how much her legs hurt. I feel so bad for her. I remember how I felt.



David Potts House

I hear footsteps on a wood floor that makes it creak. I see a big, old, dusty fireplace. I smell fresh-cut straw and dust. I touch an old, old bench that was both smooth and rough. All of this makes me feel curious about times when people lived in this house.

The Honor guards

The cabins were a temporary home for the Honor guards, 30 handpicked Virginian men that could be trusted. Why were they Virginian? Because Washington lived in Virginia also. Each cabin was made out of 65 logs each with mud in between them, and could house 12 people at the most. The Honor guards were body guards for the Washington and his wife, and did personal business for Washington like sending letters and other things. They lived close to Washington's headquarters just in case if something happened like if an assassin tried to assassinate him, or if British troops came to attack, etc. They ate oatmeal, bread, meat (if they can get it) and fire-cakes made out of flour and water (and are kind of like a biscuit). It got stinky in the huts, because they thought it was healthy not to clean themselves that often, and they had smoke and fire in the fireplace to keep the cabin warm in the winter. That type of life was very difficult, and it forces me to appreciate the good things in life that I have thanks to the soldiers who fought to protect us.



As I sit on the porch of the Potts house at Valley Forge

I hear birds whistling their tunes, cicadas buzzing, the wind whispering in my ear, and the creek gurgling. I see trees towering and reaching to the heavens, a deer hidden in dapples of sunlight, and the big, bright, blue sky being a home for the shining sun, the cotton-like clouds, and the creatures of the air. I smell fresh cut grass, the morning dew, the dirt from the earth, and the smell of flowers. I feel very close to nature.



Invasive plant Haiku

Destroys native plants

Looks like spiky Doritos

Mile-a-minute



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Megan Magee is 10 years old. She attends the Walden School and will be entering 6th grade in the fall. When not in school, Megan enjoys being with her friends, reading, being outdoors, and doing outdoor activities. She lives at home with her Mom, Dad, her brother, and her 2 tortoises and her hermit crab.

and I didn't even know why. You'd think because he was a Patriot I would like him well, but there was something about him that I just couldn't put my finger on...I had learned that the head of our spy ring was Maj. Benjamin Tallmadge to whom Brewster had been reporting strange British ship patterns and things like that to. Tallmadge wrote to me himself! He asked me to try and see if any of the officers talked about a strategy with the boats at any party, but so far I hadn't heard much. The few clues I gathered I sent via courier (messenger) straight to Tallmadge in a new sort of invisible ink George Washington had given our ring. Then in late September I got a letter from Tallmadge. Maj. Andre was found with spy letters and was traveling under a fake name. His pass was written by now General Benedict Arnold! An American General was a British spy. Within the next month Arnold escaped capture and Andre was hung. I didn't cry but I was upset. Andre was a respectable person even though he did turn out to be England's spymaster. Then in early November, I was walking along the docks alone, desperately trying to clear my thoughts of Andre when someone grabbed me. I tried to yell for help but a hand clamped over my mouth. "Mm!" I yelled through the hand. Someone walked in front of me, someone I recognized. I glared at the smearing face, of Benedict Arnold. "Hello, Mary. I figured it out; you're the American spy. You helped them figure me out so I could be captured. Now you're captured." He smiled as if it were funny though I didn't see the humor. I yanked his hand off my face. "My father would come look for me!" I exclaimed, knowing better than to mention a member of the spy ring. That's when it hit me. My eyes went wide and I covered my mouth with my own hand. "You're right, he would. Why don't I take you home so we can explain to him what's going on." He led me home without much effort because at this point I wasn't even really trying to escape. I really didn't want to get hurt trying when I knew it was useless. The whole way home I pondered what Father would do. He would be ashamed of all I'd done for the American side, would he let me go? Then again I am his daughter. I debated. Instead of knocking Arnold barged through the front door with me in hand. My Father rushed in, startled. "Timothy, do you know what your daughter has been up to?" MY father was clearly alarmed. "No, but why are you here Benedict? It's good to see you-" Oh no, another family friend. "But I'm a little bewildered by all of this." He continued, glancing at me. " Mary, why don't you tell your father what you've been up to? I'm sure you don't want me to tell him." No, I didn't. He would probably make me sound a hundred times worse. " I've been spying for the patriots." I said just above a whisper. I had to repeat myself several times before I was heard. Father couldn't speak. "For almost two years! Right under your nose!" Arnold continued. "I'm going to take her to a English prisoner-ship, the HMS Jersey. I need you to inform General Clinton." Father didn't say anything and I began praying this was a good sign. Arnold raised his eyebrows. "Surely, you agree with me she is a traitor? She's thirteen and could have stopped helping the

But the problem was that, Katy didn't know how to escape from the patriot's camp, especially now. During the night time it would be too dark to make it back by herself. Katy sighed. She wanted to save her king, but it would be too risky to escape the camp at this time. She knew that time was running out.

Just when she was about to run out of ideas, Katy suddenly heard footsteps behind her. It was a British soldier that was coming to rescue her. Katy quickly gathered up the wrapped gift, and hunched up onto the British soldier's horse with him, and rode out of the camp.

Before she got back to Philadelphia, she first dropped off the gown that she sewed and designed.

When she got back, her soon to be husband ran up to greet her with joy. He hugged her many, many times. He told her that she should quickly come to the palace (at north Philadelphia) because she was just in time for the wine drinking. Katy instantly offered to help with serving the wine, because she knew that the patriots were going to poison the wine. Her soon to be husband was surprised, but he agreed to her offer.

Katy quickly hurried to the kitchen, where she spied a blue coated patriot sneaking some poison into the golden goblet that was being served for King George. When the patriot was out of sight, she quickly grabbed the goblet, poured out the poison, washed the goblet 5 times, and refilled the goblet with poison free wine.

Katy didn't know it, but she was being watched by one of King George's soldiers. He knew that she was saving the king, and immediately favored her. He went to King George and told him everything he saw. To his surprise, King George believed him. The king was overjoyed and grateful for Katy saving him. He told a soldier to go get here.

When Katy stood in front of the king, he smiled, and with a booming voice said to the crowd, "This girl, Katy, saved my life. She is more than deserving to be part of my court and one of my spies. I hereby declare Katy a part of my court for a dressmaker, and my top secret spy!" The audience broke out with applause and whistles.

When the crowd calmed down, King George offered a toast. But instead of saying "To our victory", he said in a clear voice, "to Katy!" Katy could not feel any better because this wasn't King George's night to shine, this was her night, and she would never, ever forget it.

So, this is the great story of Katy. A calm, smart, and intelligent woman, saving a great king's life. And as I said in the beginning, Katy is one of the world's greatest heroes. The next time you study the revolutionary war, think of Katy, the great hero who saved King George III's life.

TO KATY!!

Haiku #1

The "dorito plant"
Is an invasive species
It kills native plants

Life of a Continental Army soldier

For my nonfiction piece, I am writing about the life of a Continental Army soldier in the winter encampment of 1777 at Valley Forge. I am thankful to my teachers and the park rangers who have helped me to better understand the hardships faced by the Continental Army.

High on a hill, at the Valley Forge Park, there is a statue of General Anthony Wayne on his horse. He is very impressive looking. The statue is looking down a hill, in the direction of his home in Paoli. He is gazing toward his house. He is probably thinking of his family, worrying about them. He is halfway on his horse, looking stern, worried, and serious. He is wearing a tricorn hat and cloak. He looks quite thin, in spite of many layers of clothing. As we follow his gaze, we begin to envision how life would have been then in the camp in the winter of 1777.

"It is December and now, we arrived few days back at Valley Forge on the west bank of Schuylkill River after a week's long march to get through wind, snow, and sleet. Our hardships had just begun. There were no tents. We had to build cabins and fortifications. Twelve men were assigned to each unit to build their quarters. To encourage our men, we decided to offer a reward of \$12 to whichever unit builds the best cabin in the shortest amount of time. There weren't many axes or tools to go around, as iron was very expensive. Chopping down the logs for cabins was tedious, slow and difficult. Fortifications also needed to be build fast, as bare foot sentries stood guard on their hats.

The thirteen colonies were promised eight months of food, but when food arrived there was only eight days of supplies. There was constant hunger and the search for something to eat was the "business that usually employed us" from dawn to dusk. At times, the only food the soldiers got to eat was either stolen from a farmer's field or hunted down. General Washington wrote many letters to the Continental Congress begging for food and supplies. When the soldiers were too tired to hunt, we ate "fire cakes" made up of flour and water with a peppery soup. I was assigned by General Washington to march with five hundred men to round up cattle from New Jersey. We marched back with two hundred fifty heads of cattle, but got ambushed by Redcoats on the way back. After warring for a month, we could only bring back forty five cattle.

Many soldiers had only one set of clothing, the tattered ones on their back. Some of the poorer colonies couldn't supply even those. Many I see are in woolen blankets, fastened to their thin, bony skeletons like coats, their naked feet swollen with frostbite and bleeding. We were worried, we would be traced by Redcoats by the blood from the feet on the white snow.

There were twelve men living in one dark, dirty and musty log cabin with dirt floors with hay on top. There were very few blankets and Pneumonia was very common. Diseases like Small Pox, Typhus and Dysentery raged through our hungry, starving and weakened bodies. The local farmers sold their provisions to Redcoats for higher prices, as the paper money of Continental Army was worthless.

When spring arrived, General Washington announced that a new general would be joining to train us in the tactics of war. His name was Baron von Steuben. The whole spring he taught us how to shoot and aim better in shoulder fire lock and other techniques. With the spring thaw, the supply routes were more pliable and we had better clothing, food and tools.

As we marched out of Valley Forge in late spring, we were a new, better trained and cohesive fighting army. United and strengthened through our hardships, as we learned from our mistakes and endeavors at Valley Forge".

Annie's face crumples at the mention of Washington, but that soon goes away once she realizes that she has been keeping a lot of things away from her one and only daughter.

"Vivian, listen, I know that what happened at General Washington's headquarters was a little tense, but--"

Vivian cuts her mother off, "A little tense?! More like really tense. So tense that you even yelled at the leader of our united army, mother!"

Annie sighs, "Are you going to let me speak or are you going to interrupt me every time I am trying to explain something?"

After a long silence Annie says, "Ok then, I am going to explain. A long time ago, I met, who we know today, is General George Washington. We met when he first moved into town. We did everything together. We were very good friends until the day when he became best friends with so many other people in town. Other people like Martha Stewart. He was so admired that he gave speeches in front of everyone on a corner of a street or in front of his house. That's why he said he owes me so much. It's because our friendship got destroyed from all the attention he got in town."

Vivian is speechless for a while. When she contains her voice back, she croaks, "So that's why it was uneasy for you to stay calm and be nice."

"Yes" Annie says quietly.

"Wow. I'm sorry I got a little angry a few minutes ago." Vivian apologizes.

"A little? More like a hurricane that passed through you!" Vivian and her mother laugh.

A few days pass when Vivian gets a note saying:

Dear Vivian,

I would like you to meet me at the old clock place around nine o'clock.

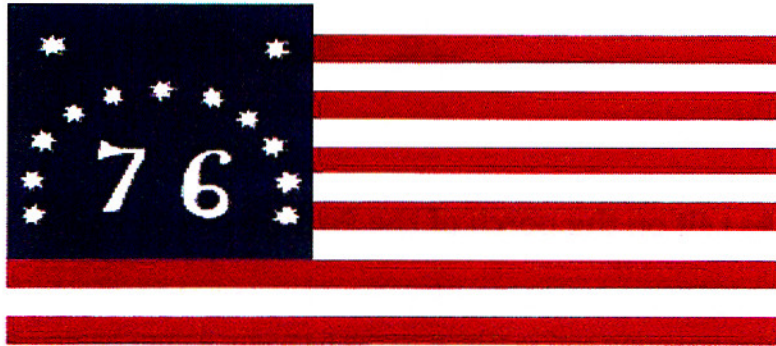
Sincerely,

Anon. Y. Mous.

Who could this person be? Thought Vivian. She didn't know anyone who would send her a note except for Hamilton, but that was only

What's in the Patriot's Hall

What is in the Patriot's Hall,
An old cannonball that was found outside,
Upstairs there's a flag/meeting room,
A small cannon which was a gift,
A donation box which is a model of Patriot's Hall,
All Sorts of medals for the officers to wear,
Little lights red, white and blue,
The pillars make it look like Mt. Vernon,
There were long wooden benches instead of chairs,
Lots of decisions were made there.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Saire Lynch is going into the 4th grade at Valley Forge Elementary School. Saire loves to be outside, and her favorite hobbies are going places with her family, and spending time with friends. *Wonder* is her favorite book. This is Saire's first year at the reading and writing camp.

I crept through the dark streets as I could imagine Robert Townsend doing. He had written to me. I was perfect for the job, and I could hardly disagree. As the docks came into view, I began to doubt whether my decision to help General Washington's army was the right choice. Was I being disloyal to my father or loyal to my brother? I decided it was both as a single figure appeared through the heavy mist. I approached him nervously, hoping his face would show if this was the right man. His face was expressionless. I cleared my throat nervously. "Red White and Blue, always stand true." I recited the line my older brother, Nathan, had taught me. "It's what you have to say so they know you're not a British spy." He told me. I'd pointed out that red white and blue were also British color, but he said only Brewster (One of Washington's men) would know how to respond. "Blue White and Red, we're out-numbered by red." He meant the British soldiers who the Americans call redcoats. The man was now looking up and I stepped closer so I could speak to him without almost shouting. The man was huge and enormous compared to me. "Mr. Brewster?" I called uncertainly. "Hello, you must be Mary. Do you remember the plan?" He inquired in a deep, booming voice. "Yes. You'll ferry me across the river to Long Island where I will meet Mr. Woodhull and Mr. Townsend at Rivington's Coffeehouse." I finished. "Very good memory." He said approvingly. "But under General Washington's orders, I have to ask you: Are you sure you're ready for this?" I noticed how he sounded more annoyed than concerned when he asked me this. "It will be very dangerous, especially for you." I didn't have to ask what he meant. If my father found out he would be furious and I could say goodbye to my new career in espionage. Also being an eleven year old girl, if I were captured I couldn't put up much of a fight. I took a deep breath, "I'm sure." He grinned and held out his paw of a hand, and I shook it. He led me into his boat and let me help row. "May I ask how you intend to keep your trip today a secret from your family?" I knew when he said family he really meant my father, the biggest loyalist in New York. "

Well, after Nathan, my brother, left to the war my other older brother, George, (he's sixteen) got very sad because he was very close to Nathan. He's allowed to take the horses and wagons to the countryside to buy our crops fresh and sometimes he takes me with him. I convinced him to tell my father I was coming with him on his trip he was making today. That gives me an excuse to be gone a few days." I could see he was trying to hide it, but he was impressed. Then he frowned. "You told George where you were going?" I quickly reassured him I had not. "No, I didn't tell him what or where I was going. Only that it would help Nathan, George isn't really on either side of the war but would do anything to help Nathan."

Brewster nodded like he had heard of similar cases. 'It was hours before we reached Long Island. I had been drifting in and out of sleep on the boat and now forced myself to wake up so I could walk to Rivington's coffee house. Still, I didn't notice how many streets we walked down, or even how long we walked. Was it hours or minutes? The next thing I knew I was waking up in a dim room and didn't know where I was. "Rivington's coffeehouse" Was written on the wall near my head and all the events of the previous night came back to me. I was still dressed in my clothes from yesterday. There was a note on the table next to me saying I should meet Mr. Townsend in the back room. Mr. Townsend surprised me. He was the opposite of Brewster, and when he talked he spoke quietly. "Hello Mary, I'm Mr. Townsend. This is Woodhull." For the first time I noticed the man standing behind him. They had similar features causing me to wonder if they were related. "Hello Mr. Woodull, Mr. Townsend. I have a question." I said boldly. "How will I get my reports to you?" I continued. The question had been nagging at me for weeks. Surely I wouldn't have to travel so far weekly? "A good question. Why don't you sit down?" I sat in the chair across from him, still waiting for an answer. He cleared his throat. "The way our spy ring operates is one of us collects information and sends the information in a letter which is written in code. All of us have fake names mine is Samuel Culpepper Jr., yours will be Agent 355." "355?"

"Because you're so young, we have to be very careful about your safety, so you're name is in code. '355' in our code means lady." I let this information sink in. I appreciated that they were making sure I was safe; but- "I'm not that young. I could escape if I were captured." Mr. Townsend changed topics and a few days later I was waiting at the docks for George. I sat on the wagon seat next to him so it would look like I'd been with him the late few days. "Don't ask me any questions, I can't answer them." I said as soon as he opened his mouth and he closed it, grinning. As soon as we got home I began collecting useful information. It wasn't hard, only a few minutes after I arrived Father began talking about a huge party that all the important loyalists and British officers would be at. I jumped at this opportunity. "Father, are you going?" Of course he was going! But I needed some way to get him talking about it. "Why, yes I am." He invited my mother to come, but she declined politely. Here was my chance. "Can I come Father?" He looked surprised; I'd never been interested before. "I'm almost twelve and mother says 'it's important to see how ladies of society act in public.'" I quoted one of Mother's favorite lines. Father grinned and agreed, and I grinned back. Because was there any better way to collect information than from a loyalist party?

The night of the party was August 18 and it was scorching. Just walking out side in my petticoats made me sweat buckets and I was ecstatic to learn the party was mainly indoors. Inside there must have been at least one hundred loyalist and officers. Many of the wealthiest ladies wore huge, powdered wigs that threatened to

topple off at anytime. A young British officer approached us and he and father shook hands like old friends. "Mary, this is Major Andre. Major Andre, this is my daughter, Mary." Major Andre bowed politely and I bobbed a curtsy. Most of the party was spent like this, just meeting people, short conversations, and nibbling or sipping refreshments. But with Major Andre it was different, he started up a real conversation with father. "Timothy," He addressed my father. " This is my good friend, Peggy Shippen." He presented a pretty woman to us and Maj. Andre began to talk to father about uninteresting subjects. I was bored until the conversation turned to the war. From that conversation I learned that General Howe wanted to take Philadelphia, the nation's capital. Then Father brought up a very familiar name: James Rivington. Apparently he was an old friend of father's. This wasn't that surprising because Rivington used to be a loyalist, even printing a newspaper about the 'Great King of England'! Now he pretended to be loyal so he could spy on the British for Washington. " Did you hear he hired a patriot, Robert Townsend?" Major Andre asked. I smiled knowingly. It had been Townsend's idea so that he could get all the British gossip that went on in the coffee house. I listened carefully for the name Woodhull in the talk but I didn't hear it. Woodhull wanted me to make sure his name never came up. Townsend said he was getting slightly paranoid and I couldn't disagree. Andre went on about the extravagant love poems he wrote to Peggy Shippen and the conversation got progressively boring from then on. But I didn't care; I had all the information I needed for my first report. I had all the codes I needed, too. In my letter I told Townsend about my father and Maj. Andre's conversation and signed '355' at the end. Then I frowned and realized that there had been more to the conversation but I had been so tired during the end of the conversation that I couldn't really remember it. The memory came rushing back leaving me surprised. Major Andre was a British spy! Either that or he knew a spy.

When he and Father were gossiping about George Washington, Andre mentioned George Washington getting a new spy! 'That's me; I'm the new spy! He didn't look at my suspiciously or anything so he probably doesn't know I'm the spy.' I thought. Now I was torn, should I tell Townsend about my suspicions, or not? Technically I didn't have any evidence but the sly way Major Andre said it. "If I tell Townsend he'll think I'm childish for thinking that without evidence. I need proof! I decided and sealed shut the envelope, with the letter inside.

"Father, who was that nice gentleman you talked to so much last night?" I asked. "Do you mean Major Andre?" "Yes! That's the one. Where does he live? He sounds like he has a slight accent," I inquired innocently. Major Andre didn't have an accent but it was an excuse to ask for Andre's location, and this was important if he was a spy. Father frowned and said, "he lives near here in Manhattan, and I didn't hear an accent." "Oh, it must have been because I was tired," I said.

Father might have been ignorant of my double life, but George was getting suspicious. One day, while I was interrogating the mail carrier for a reply from Townsend or Woodhull, George approached me and asked where I went. "George, I can't tell you. I really can't, as much as I want to-" George interrupted, "I covered for you, so don't you think I at least deserve to know where you're going or what you're doing?" He had a point. "I know you're helping either the patriot or the British side, because ending the war would help Nathan. At least tell me which one!"

I realized that if I didn't tell him he might try to follow me. Then my "whereabouts" would be discovered! I knew I had to tell him something. So after swearing him to secrecy I said, "I'm spying for the patriots." I just didn't have it in me to lie to him. He gaped at the news and immediately began asking questions, so I had to remind him that I'd already had told him too much. I had assumed he was on the British side so when he hugged me and said, "I'm proud of you!" I was surprised. "But you're so close to father I thought you were on the British side!" I exclaimed. "I'm not on either side. I'm just proud that you're standing up for what YOU believe in." This time I returned the hug. "So you won't tell father?" I asked tentatively. "No," he said after a short pause.

I was determined to waste no time in finding evidence on Maj. Andre's secret. I wondered if I could tell Woodhull about my suspicions? No, he's already too nervous and jumpy. Brewster? Not likely, he would immediately confront the British because he was such a daredevil. I still wasn't sure where Maj. Andre lived or worked. It could be in the Carolinas for all I knew. So for now I should just keep my eyes on him. The next party was a while later and I overheard Maj. Andre talking about rebels spies with Mr. Benedict Arnold. Andre was talking about them so specifically, though he didn't know any of their names. I now knew that this was a serious matter, serious enough to share my concerns with Mr. Townsend. As the party went on the situation seemed more and more serious the longer I thought about it. By the time I got home it was so urgent that I wrote my letter that night instead of in the morning. I told him I was almost sure that Maj. Andre was or knew a British spy, and that I would try to find out what I could and that I would report more lately. But Mr. Townsend's distressed reply told me not to go too far into the matter and just pick up the conversation I could for now. So I did and the parties for loyalists were now all the rage and the scraps of information I picked up turned into heaps though I wasn't sure exactly how much was useful. I was still curious about Maj. Andre, and in an effort for information I began striking up polite conversations with him and we became almost friends. I began hearing a lot more about Maj. Benedict Arnold.

Soon it was a year after my first meeting with Townsend who I now thought of as a real friend. Benedict and Peggy (Shippen) had been married April of 1779 before my recruiting and he was living near the Connecticut border. I didn't like him

rebels at any moment. It was her choice. Timothy, there is a traitor living with you, I'm sure you don't want the shame or punishment from England for helping a captive?" Was that a threat? It was! Slowly, Father shook his head. "No. Take her." He was letting me go as a captive. But he looked sad. I realized that, without a threat, he would have vouched for me. But he couldn't. Arnold reminded him to tell General Clinton about my capture and he took me back to the docks where I was showed aboard the HMS Jersey.

I got my first look inside and immediately knew why most people call them 'death ships'. The people inside were crammed in like sardines and the smell was sickening. I was the only child I could see and was scared. I looked out at the shores of my some-day country, and I was proud. I was proud that I had helped the patriots and that I had helped fight against cruel England. I remembered a quote from Nathan Hale, the first Patriot spy, before he was hung: "I'm only sorry I have but one life to give for my country." And in that second, I finally understood what he meant. I boarded the boat and all the people looked up; surprised a young lady like me would be forced aboard. "What did you do?" One woman asked. I didn't get the question at first then I answered. "I spied for the patriots." I didn't have anything to hide anymore. Arnold left without a word and the captain lifted the gangplank and anchor. I didn't know where we were going or why. All I could think about were my fellow spies. Were they okay? I knew they were before my capture and I'm the smallest threat, so if Arnold knew the other's names wouldn't he have captured them first? I got over my fear and even worked up enough courage to ask the woman who'd spoken to me earlier why she was onboard. She lifted her chin. "I told the British they couldn't take over my home." She said proudly. I gaped, far as I knew it had never been done. But still, I was surprised they would throw anyone in the horrible boat just for showing him or her up. I learned that almost everyone on the boat had been helping the patriot's cause. That's why they were arrested. I wondered if Woodhull was actually insane with worry now, and how Townsend was taking my capture. We'd become such good friends. That's when I realized there was something in my pocket. A letter from Mr. Townsend! I'd forgotten all about the letter the courier had given me this morning. I quickly read through it. It didn't say much but there was a personal message, which included a postscript. "PS. Woodhull is much less worries as of late. I questioned him on why until he replied, 'I'm engaged!' I'm very happy for him and I think you will be, too. He is engaged to Mary Smith and will marry her before the end of the year." He'd signed the letter in his beautiful script, probably picturing my reaction. I sighed out loud, thinking how he wouldn't have pictured me in this boat. "You've got to get out of this boat." The woman who had first talked to me, Ms. Jones, said firmly. "I can help you." We made a plan together and I promised I would come back and get her as soon as I could.

That night, I snuck up from the bottom hold when the captain left after

checking to make sure no one had escaped. I was a good swimmer and figured I could probably swim the ways if I had too. We were only in the harbor after all. I ducked behind a barrel of what smelled like dead fish just as the captain turned around. He waved it off and went into his cabin. "Phew!" I allowed myself to whisper. I crawled to an extra lifeboat and climbed in. I took a deep breath and took out a pocketknife Ms. Jones had given me. "Don't cut yourself." She'd warned. I began sawing at the ropes that held the small boat to the rest of the ship. Snap! One down, one to go. The captain came out of his cabin whistling. I froze as he turned and spotted me. "Hey!" He yelled and ran at me! I sawed frantically. It was a miracle I didn't lose a finger! Just as he reached me the rope snapped and my boat hit the water with a slap. I heard him curse as I picked up the heavy oars and pumped with all my might. Thankfully, the water was smooth and I didn't even break a sweat as I reached the docks. Oh the docks! The familiar streets, and fresh air! It felt so good. I ran home as fast as I could on my "sea legs". I remembered the look on Father's face when I was taken away and knew he wouldn't banish me now. I burst in the front door. "George!" I yelled hugging him, as he was the first person I saw when I entered. "Mary! How are you here? Did you escape? Or did they let you go?" He asked finding his voice. "Mary?" My mother called uncertainly from the kitchen. "Mother!" Happy reunions were made and I refused to answer any questions until we were all together. A few hours past noon Father came home from the market looking exhausted. He rubbed his eyes and looked up, freezing when he saw me. "Mary?" I nodded and hugged him. "I'm so sorry! I didn't know what to do!" He apologized, and I forgave him, knowing I might have done the same thing in his position. I sat everyone down in the parlor and told him or her my story. The whole story, Starting with my first meeting with Mr. Townsend. Though I didn't use any ones names. Everyone was silent when I finished. Then there were a few questions until we were forced to face the big problem. What would happen to me? I knew neither Father nor Mother wanted to send me to live with a family friend. (Besides, all of them were Tories), and we all knew I couldn't stay home with everyone knowing. So we decided to pretend I was still on the ship, and hide me in my room, because luckily the captain hadn't seen my face." Now to address the big problem:" My mother said and I frowned. "Those petticoats! You need new ones right now, those are absolutely filthy!" She exclaimed and we all laughed. So I hid in my room until the war was over. My family would have been forced to move to Canada or England if it wasn't for George Washington's mysterious order to let our family live in peace, if we chose to remain in America, and we did.

After my capture Father turned into a full-blown patriot! At least in his heart, but he couldn't be in public. That is until after the war, and then we all hung a copy of the Declaration of Independence on our wall. I wrote to Mr. Townsend and told him I was all right. Apparently he had taken my capture hardly and had closed his

shop for the two months I was on board. He reopened and sometimes I visited him, and was pleased to introduce Father to him. They actually got along very well. The Culpepper Ring and I agreed to keep our identities a secret. Especially mine: Agent 355.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sophia Parrnelli is going into the 5th grade at Shady Grove Elementary School. She enjoys reading, singing and swimming. Sophia lives at home with her father, mother and sister. This is Sophia's first year at the writing and reading camp!

Head East to Philadelphia

My Papa and brothers joined Washington's army two months ago. Mama's a laundry maid. Jenna is a nurse. Papa is training hard, and I have to take care of the babies with Grace. Worst of all, my best friends, Wendy Walker and Meagan Kamper are in huts over four miles away.

It is so miserable here. The winds are bitter, there's ice on all of the cobblestone streets, and my clothes are dirty. Grace doesn't even work hard anymore. She's too busy daydreaming about Dan Washington, General Washington's nephew. He is so stuck up with himself. He thinks he is so great, it's driving me crazy!

Whenever Dan visits Grace, she swoons over him, forgetting all about our job. Sometimes, Dan invites her over for dinner, and she doesn't come back 'til after dark.

Dan is going away to York, Pennsylvania to give a letter to the government. Grace is sad, I am happy. Lots of emotion here.

Meanwhile, lots of people are sick. The sick men are taken to the hospital to stay away from the healthy men. Mama and I are now nurses with Jenna. We get seven dollars each. Let me do the math: $7+7+7...$ I got it! 21!

One of the babies, Kenna, fell ill last night and was taken to the hospital this morning. The colds are spreading like ice on the roads. Many people have died, and other nurses are getting sick. I am very worried because Mama does not look well. She tells me she is fine but I don't believe her. Mama is very kind. She doesn't need to die. One good thing did happen today, though. I saw my friend Meagan. She is a nurse too.

Back at home, as I lay on the hay in my bed, I think about food. We get a pound of beef, fresh from the cow, a quarter pound of flour, and a pint of milk. That's all-for eleven people.

Dan is back. Grace and Dan now write to each other, and my six-year-old sister, Anna, delivers their letters. I am worried about Anna. She can't be in the cold this long, she could get sick. I am mad at Grace for putting her own sister in danger, only caring about herself and Dan!

There are rumors about the British. They had taken over Philadelphia. General Washington needed a girl to spy. Papa suggested me. There were lots of women here at Valley Forge. General Washington would surely pick an important man's daughter.

But it came down to me and another pretty girl. He chose me. I will go to Philadelphia, my old hometown, and study the British's habits.

I set off with Dan. I forgot to mention, I have to act like he my brother. He is really my guard. I bring my journal and write, 'Today we set out East. We have more food than most people would have, thanks to Dan. I am Jane Henson. That's my fake identity. Dan is Jack Henson.'

We are five miles away from the encampment. It is very cold. I think Garce is missing Dan already. At least they can't write to each other. When you're on the move you can't send letters, it's a dead giveaway.

As we go on, a blizzard starts to come upon us. We are blown off track. "Ardmore is the closest town!" yells Dan over the wind. "Let's go!" I holler back, while fighting the bitter wind.

It takes us twelve minutes to get there. We knock on several doors, but no one answers. Finally, a lady answers the fifth door we knock on.

"How did you get out there?" she asks, while handing us a bowl of hot soup. She leads us to her lit fireplace. My mouth is so full of hot soup, I don't answer. I gulp it down then say, "We are on a trip to Philadelphia."

"It is not safe there, I shall come with you," the lady says. "That will not be necessary," I reply. "Of course it. My name is Sarah, we will leave in the morning. Goodnight."

I could tell it was the end of the discussion. I ate the rest of my soup and fell asleep on Sarah's warm carpet. I woke up to the sounds of Dan's loud snores. I can't believe no one else heard them. They were as loud as a row of cannons.

I quietly crept into the kitchen. I was surprised to see a girl about my age sitting at a table that seated four. "I am May," the girl said with a thick, French accent. "Mother said there was a guest. What is your name?" she asked.

"Ginny," I replied quietly, not wanting to wake anyone up. "Well Ginny," she says, "you do not need to whisper, you will not wake anyone up." Just then a man walked into the kitchen.

"Papa!" May screamed. That woke Dan up. Dan yawned and walked into the kitchen. "Wuz goin' on?" he yawned.

May's father realized who Dan was and said, "You're Mary's son, right?"

"Yes," replied Dan. "Your father was a great man. Shame Jon died." The man said. "I'm Matt Brown."

Later that day, the Brown family, Dan and I set off North. We laughed and joked, told stories and smiled, and even though it was twelve degrees, I felt warm with the feeling that I had good friends with me.

Dan is nice. I never saw this side of him before. He was a good help. He kept encouraging us to keep going, but eventually, we had to stop.

It was nightfall, so we made camp. I was staring at the stars. Dan was snoring. The youngest of the Brown clan, baby Kathleen, had stopped wailing long ago. It was quiet. The moon shone and the stars glowed brightly. It was a beautiful night.

May woke me up at the crack of dawn. We skipped and played, and May told me her deepest secret. She likes Dan.

"You're so lucky to have Dan as your brother! May gushed. "He's not my brother! How old are you?" I asked, trying to quickly change the subject. "Thirteen and a half," May said proudly. "How old is Dan?" "Sixteen, I think," I replied. May sighed, "He likes you."

"No he doesn't, he likes my sister, Grace, but I think she's over him now. She probably found another guy, she does that," I say. Just then, Dan woke up and I whispered, "end of discussion."

We walked a little more then arrived at Philadelphia. It was just as majestic as when I left, though now flying the British flag. As we walked in deeper, I saw that the British were rich compared to us. They used the American houses, though updated them. "When we do get Philadelphia back, there's one thing I'll be glad about," I smiled.

We walked past my old house, and I found that the British were rebuilding it. My smile instantly faded. I stopped dead. Dan stopped too. "So that's it, huh? Your old house?" he asked.

I nodded, not turning around. Tears welled up in my eyes to see Bessie being treated like that. Yes, I named my old house.

We had been through so much together. I had been with her when she was built. She was there for me when I needed her. After staring at Bessie for quite some time, we kept moving.

"—and never come back again!" A man Mr. Brown's age yelled after kicking a woman May's age out his front door.

"You're hired!" the man calls out to us after the woman leaves his sight.

So May and I have been maids for Mr. Caldwell for many months. Mr. Caldwell has a very bad temper. Sometimes I almost blurt out that he should take anger management classes. But I keep my mouth shut to keep my job and also keep spying for the cause.

It is late May now. The harsh winter is now behind us. We have lost lots of fights but are still together. I was headed to the market when I heard two British ladies with their children. "We are leaving next month," said the first lady. "Tis a good idea Mary. I shall go with you." the second lady said. I was so excited I rushed with the shopping. There were eggs, milk, sugar, fish, and flour, all under a blanket in my basket. Then I turned back to Mr. Caldwell's house.

Today is June 18th. The City seems empty to me. I think about my family in Valley Forge and I wonder how they are. Is it nighttime and I start my writing. I always write in the evening. I can't get to sleep.

When I wake I hear the sounds of people arriving from Valley Forge. I look out the window to the water and stare. I know that the war is just beginning.



About the Author

Joanie Quinn is going into 4th grade at St. Anastasia in Newtown Square, PA. She is 8 years old. (She will be nine in a few days!) Joanie loves reading, writing, swimming, playing basketball, LAX, and running. The Harry Potter Series is her obsession and she has read the book three times. This is Joanie's first year at reading and writing camp and she LOVED it.

An American Revolutionary Story

The American Revolutionary War was history. And a young woman named Katy played an important role in the war. You might have the idea that she was on the patriot's side cleaning, cooking, and doing laundry for the soldiers at Valley Forge Park. But no. Katy was not even a patriot. She was a famous British dressmaker.

I know that it might seem a bit weird for a British dressmaker to be important during the bloody war of independence. If you think about it, designing and sewing don't exactly go with swords and guns. And, although Katy didn't actually fit in to do laundry and cook, she had an even bigger and more important job. So, now I am going to tell you the story of how a British dressmaker became a great hero. Here is how the story goes.....

It had only been a few days ago since Katy, a 16 year old woman, had been engaged to the great General Sir Jones McGory. Now, her life was different. Instead of living in an ordinary house, she lived in the great palace of King George III. Instead of doing the cooking, cleaning, and laundry, she had servants doing those chores for her. That gave her an advantage. She could spend more time designing and sewing, instead of stopping to do all her chores.

No need to do chores, getting to be living in King George's court, and having many servants wait on her. Katy could not think of a more luxurious life. After a week of heaven had passed, Katy was summoned by King George for a special task. Curious to know what the task was, Katy hurried to King George. When she approached him, he was already holding a little golden scroll.

"My king", Katy said as she kneeled before him. "Miss Katy, you may rise before me", King George said. "I have summoned you to ask a favor". "Anything, my lord", Katy replied. "Well", King George continued, "there is a woman named Lady Cantobal who has asked me to have one of my dressmakers or tailors make a beautiful dress for the ball I'm holding tomorrow night. I honor her because of a little favor she did for me, and have agreed".

"So, I want you to make her a dress by tomorrow night, and send it to her", King George finished. "Of course my king", Katy agreed, not wishing to dishonor him, she added, "I will have it to her by this evening". And then, when she was finished with the king, she was escorted by one of the bodyguards out. Katy quickly went to work. She worked all day, and at dusk, she had the gown finished and wrapped up.

Katy hunched up on one of the horses from the stables, along with the dress, and started her journey to Lady Cantobal's mansion. Since it was very dark outside, Katy had to use a torch to see where she was going. When Katy was halfway there to her destination, disaster struck. Katy's horse had accidentally stepped on a couple of thorns and was badly injured on the hoofs. So, Katy slipped off her horse, and took a look at the injury, seeing if she could do anything to help.

Just as she got off her horse, Katy was suddenly grabbed by the waist and pulled toward a couple of blue coated patriots. As soon as Katy had finally got herself together and thinking again, she realized that she was rope tied and mouth covered, and was sitting on top of a stack of hay on a rusty wagon that was

being pulled toward the darkness. But, Katy was so tired and hungry, that she immediately dozed off, forgetting what she had seen.

"They're back", a soldier shouted. Katy slowly sat up and looked around. Instead of seeing huge columns, and a grand mansion in front of her, she was surrounded by soldiers, little huts, and fire places. "Where could I be?" Katy thought to herself. She was just about to ask a soldier where she was, until something caught her eye. Or was it, someone. General George Washington was standing a few yards away from her, and was talking to a few soldiers and other generals.

Katy had heard about him. The greatest leader for the patriots in the revolution happening right now. With George Washington standing just a few yards away from her, Katy knew where she was. She was in Valley Forge, 20 miles away from Philadelphia where she was supposed to be right at the moment! She was interrupted in her thoughts by George Washington and a couple of his bodyguards marching toward her.

Katy suddenly froze as George Washington approached her. "Release her from the ropes", George Washington told one of his body guards. The soldier immediately began to work on the ropes. When Katy was released, George Washington started to ask her questions such as what was her name, where does she live, what does she do for her life, and if she is working for the British. Katy had no choice but to answer. But when George Washington asked her to be one of his spies to spy on the British, her country, Katy had to tell him that she would "think" about it, hoping someone would rescue her.

After her little "talk" with George Washington, he told a soldier to escort her to her hut, until they decided what to do with her. As Katy walked through her hut, she saw that instead of servants, nice furniture, and flowers around her, she was in the middle of a bunch of hay, a cut out, worn table, and a chair that was beaten up. Katy knew that she couldn't work for the patriots. She was British. All Katy could do was wait for someone to rescue her.

Apparently, someone was going to rescue her, somehow, word had spread out that the patriots had captured Katy, or as they described, "a young woman". When the news finally reached Katy's soon to be husband, Sir Jones McGory, he literally ran to King George and begged him to rescue her. As you can see, he loved her very much. And because Katy was so loyal to him, he send one of his soldiers to secretly rescue her.

Meanwhile, Katy was in her cooped up hut thinking about what to do, when George Washington passed by the hut. Katy was about to follow George Washington, when she suddenly heard him talking about the British. So Katy quickly hid behind the side of the hut, and listened to every word that they were talking about. At first, Katy only heard about the plan on how to defeat the British in the next battle. Katy was about to go back in the hut, when suddenly, George Washington started talking about a scheme to poison her king, King George III, at the party he was throwing the next night.

Katy was startled. She knew the patriots wanted their freedom so badly, that they would want to win the war, or do anything. But she didn't think that the patriots would go so far, to even think about killing her king. Katy now was angry at the patriots. They could poison anyone they wanted, but NOT King George. Katy knew that she had to do something to save him, or else he would die the next night.

Haiku #2

The rusty crayfish
It takes over many homes
It has rusty spots



Tanka #1

The dorito plants
are not very helpful plants
They eat native plants
animals eat native plants
But now they can't they will die



Tanka #2

The rusty crayfish
These crayfish are very tough
They need to be killed
Keep them in the cold freezer
They will die very quickly

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sophia Ran is 9 years old and is going into 5th grade. Her favorite activity is traveling to many different places. She plays tennis, piano, and the flute. Also, a little bit of glitter and shine can change her day. When Sophia grows up, she wants to be a CEO of an international company so she can make changes to the world and contribute to better people's life.

At Valley Forge

We march,
With just tattered rags on our cold backs,
With bleeding frosted feet.
We set up camp and fire with logs cut,
With our meager tools.
Our bellies filled,
With fire cakes and peppery soup.
With spring thaw,
Came good food,
And von Steuben,
a general to reckon,
And a time to prove



Anna Marie, the Accidental Spy

I am Anna Marie. I nurse sick soldiers. My mother had no means of supporting us, so we joined our ailing father at Valley Forge. The year is 1778 and I am 12 years old. My sister Amanda is 19. In order to supplement our meager rations, both my sister and I started sewing and washing clothes for soldiers, turning over the dirt floors with fresh straw, feeding the horses and helping with many other chores.

We also nursed the sick by cleaning and bandaging their wounds, applying wet cloth to the foreheads of burning men. My father and as did many others, had severe itch, so we applied oil with brimstone. We collected and hung Sassafras leaves in cabins to keep away the bugs.

One day I caught my mother staring blankly out into space. My father had been captured by the British! After that I took more precaution. I even started spending less time spying. Then it happened. One day I and my sister went outside and got Rose my friend to gather firewood and leaves for poultice. As we wandered off towards the valley, suddenly we were spotted by the British! We ducked into the grass but, they had seen us. So we took off running. The stinging nettles and mile a minute weed with their sharp thorns though slowed our bare feet. Redcoats were too fast, they tied us and put us on a horse. We were at a British camp!

As we waited to be executed, this is what I heard, "we attack in 5 days, once reinforcements arrive" Then they celebrated, they drank wine and whiskey. Soon everyone was asleep. I got out my knife, hidden in the folds of my gown and cut the ropes binding us. Both Rose and Amanda were grinning. As we were making a dash for freedom, I heard a muffled whisper. To our surprise, tied to a pole were my father and two other men that had been reported captured!

We stole some horses and rode home. The British never found out and when they attacked, we were ready. We were quite the heroes!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nikita Ravi is going into the 4th grade at Ithan Elementary School. She enjoys traveling and reading historical fiction. Nikita lives at home with family. This is Nikita's first year at the writing and reading camp!

Because of the Blue Thread

It was a cold, chilly day outside, and Vivian was sewing with her mother.

"Could you please pass me the blue thread?" Vivian asks her mother.

"I'm sorry sweetie, but we ran out of blue thread two days ago. I meant to tell you, but I've had so much on my mind lately," Vivian's mother apologizes, "with the war and all. I think you should tell General Washington to get us some more of that blue thread."

There's a long silence between her mother and Vivian when she announces, "I'm going to meet with General Washington. I'll be back before dinner."

"All right, sweetie. Be safe," her mother restrains. An exasperated sigh escapes from her mouth.

It's probably from all that work, Vivian thinks.

Vivian throws on her wool coat, gives her mother a kiss, and heads out the door. To her surprise, she sees Hamilton strolling around, whistling some tune that Vivian finds interesting. Like Vivian, Hamilton is 15.

"Vivi! Great to see you on a fine afternoon like this," Hamilton exclaims when he finally sees her walking down the path. Vivi was Vivian's nickname that he gave her the first time they met, which was three years ago.

"Hello, Hamilton. How are you?" Vivian asks with a cheery smile on her face.

Hamilton smiles back, "I am doing well thank you for asking. But I don't think you are. Are you okay? You look like you're in a hurry."

Hamilton has a special skill for knowing how you feel, even if you're trying to hide it.

Vivian laughs.

"I'm doing fine. It's just that my mother and I have run out of blue thread and I was hoping to get some more from General Washington. Have you seen him anywhere?" she asks.

Hamilton looks amused, "Actually, yes, I have seen him. He's training the soldiers two miles down from here."

"Thank you so much! I'll see you later. Bye!" Vivian exclaims. She runs down the path that leads to the soldiers' training.

Vivian keeps running until she sees General Washington with a batch of soldiers forming a perfect square.

She starts shouting, "General Washington! General Washington!"

Washington sees Vivian and tells the soldiers, "Hold your weapons!" Washington turns to Vivian, "Vivian, what a nice surprise to see you. What brings you here?"

All the soldiers stop and listen as Vivian explains her case of the blue thread.

"Surly, I can provide you the thread that you need, but everything comes at a price," he says, "but right now is not the time to discuss this situation. Meet me at my office in my headquarters with your mother at five o'clock. Then we shall discuss this."

"All right, General Washington. I will meet you then," Vivian replies.

It's still early, so Vivian walks around for a while until she peers into an old clock store and sees that the time is four o'clock! She frantically runs to her house and finds her mother working on some pair of pants.

Without bothering to look up, her mother asks, "What took you so long? I was beginning to wonder where you were."

"I'm sorry. I took a stroll after I spoke with General Washington. He said to meet him at his headquarters at five o'clock and then we'll discuss the concept. He also wanted you to come with me," Vivian explains.

"Oh my!" Vivian's mother finally looks at her daughter, "Vivian! Go and put on your best dress you have. If we are going to see the General then we must look our best."

"Yes mother," Vivian says without question.

An hour later, Vivian and her mother are ready to meet General Washington.

They walk to his headquarters where Martha Washington greets them with a warm smile, "Why hello, Annie! Nice to see you again, Vivian! The General was waiting for you two inside. He went out to get some fresh air. Let me guide you to the room and then I will get George."

How does room. Martha Washington know my mother? Vivian thinks to herself. Did they go to the same school together? Were they friends back in grade school? A million questions stumble upon Vivian's mind, but she pushes them away, hoping that they will be answered soon enough.

When Vivian and her mother reach Washington's meeting room, Martha sits them on the chairs and tells them, "I will tell the General that you are here. While you're waiting, would you like something to drink Annie? What about you Vivian, what would you like?"

"I will have water, thank you." Annie says.

Martha turns to Vivian, "I would like some juice, please. Thank you."

"All right! I will get your drinks and General Washington will be with you shortly." Martha says with a flashing smile on her face.

Five minutes pass, and General Washington comes into the room. Martha already came gave them their drinks. Annie stands up, so Vivian stands up too, thinking that's what they do whenever a leader is in the room.

"Good evening, Vivian." His eyes flash to Annie, "Hello, Annie. Very nice to see you again."

"You too, George." Annie's eyes quickly darting away from his. *Did my mother used to court General Washington back in the day?! That can NOT be possible, Vivian thinks.*

Vivian had to say something, so she brought up the reason they came to his headquarters, "We came for the blue thread. All you have to do is give it to us, let us pay, and we'll be on our way. So if you would please follow those steps in order, it will be less hassle for all of us."

It looked as if Annie got snapped back into reality, "Yes, I think that would be best."

"Very well then." General Washington pulls out a big box of blue thread next to him on the floor, "I have your thread right here."

Annie starts to pull out coins from her purse, "How much will it be?"

"Annie, you don't owe me anything. I'm the one who owes you a great deed. So," Washington pushes the thread towards Annie, "take the thread for no cost at all."

At this point, Vivian is very confused, "General Washington, I think my mother and I would very much like to pay for the thread. And, you're not following the second step I mentioned before. So, please let us pay."

There is a moment of silence when General Washington says, "I will not allow you to leave until you take the thread for no cost at all."

An exasperated sigh escapes both Annie and Vivian's mouths.

"Fine, we'll take it for no cost. Only if you promise to never give me free thread ever again." Annie says, her voice almost in a shout.

"Yes, I promise." Washington says.

Annie takes the thread and storms out of the room with Vivian at her heel.

Vivian has never seen her mother so angry before, so she lets her cool off for a long time before barging her with questions.

A half-hour passes, and Annie is on the couch with a cold, wet cloth on her head. They say it helps relieve headaches.

"Mother? May I ask you a question?" Vivian asks her mother, hoping that her mother won't scream and shout at her.

Annie looks soft and gentle at Vivian, "Yes, sweetie. Of course, anything you'd like to know."

Vivian exhales. She didn't know she was holding her breath.

"I would like to know," Vivian starts, "why did Washington say that you didn't owe him anything but he did? Why was it uneasy for both of you to talk to each other? What secrets have you been keeping away from me mother? That is all I want to know." Vivian is almost at a shout at this point.

when they were playing the silent game. They would write down what they were supposed to say out loud, but on paper.

Vivian knew that the note couldn't be Hamilton because he would've signed his name at the end.

What if it's a British soldier that wants to kill me? What if it's a trap? How would I explain this to mother? Vivian was very confused and troubled. She told herself that she would sneak out the back door and go to that person armed, just in case they tried to shoot.

That night, at eight forty-five, Vivian made sure that her mother was fully asleep before she slipped out the back. She put on her heaviest coat that she had so that if the bullet was going to touch her, it would have to go through her thick coat.

Vivian finally reached the old clock store. She peered into the window and didn't see anyone, so she took out her gun that she 'borrowed' from a dead soldier she happened to pass by. When she entered the store a bell rang and she aimed at her surroundings terrified that this was going to be the last day of her life.

"Hello, Vivian. So glad you could make it." A gruff voice said to her.

Vivian knew that, by the voice, the person was a man. She was breathing heavily now, "Show yourself! I demand to see your face!"

The man chuckled a deep maniacal laugh. The lights went on in the shop. The windows were now covered with a black foam so no one could see what was happening.

"Put your gun down," the man said.

"No! Not until you show your face!" Vivian said fearlessly.

The man, now agitated, sighed, "Fine."

The man showed himself, "Are you happy now?"

"General William Howe?" Vivian gasped, "The general of the British army?! Why do you want to see me?! I'm right here. Here, shoot me now."

Vivian was at a shout now.

"I don't want to shoot you." There was a long pause between the two of them, "I want to recruit you, Vivian."

Vivian was now in full shock, "How do you know my name?! And, why do you want me in particular?"

"I know your name because I've had someone working for me. Hamilton, come out."

At the mention of Hamilton, Vivian shouts, "Hamilton?!"

"Hi, Vivi." Hamilton says shamefully.

"Wha-? How-?" Vivian was speechless, she couldn't talk. "Why?" she finally managed to say.

"Well I-" Hamilton started.

Howe interrupted, "Hamilton has been working for me since he was eleven."

"Yeah," Hamilton says sheepishly.

Vivian turns to Howe, "Why do you want me to work for you? I'm a colonist."

"I had Hamilton get some of your saliva so I could test your DNA. I did that because you acted suspicious to me...almost like a British person wanting to help the other side. And I was right. You, my friend, are a British. Hamilton is also a British. I have no idea why your ancestors or whoever brought part of your family here. I want to recruit you as a spy for me so that Great Britain can make this world a better place. It won't be a better place with our ratty king controlling all of you colonists, so we will assassinate the King after we get more people working with and for us." Howe explains.

"I am NOT British. If I was British I would know." Vivian said.

"I have the DNA results here, in my hand, if you'd like to see them," Hamilton says.

Vivian snatches the paper away from his hands and takes a look at them.

"I can't believe it. I am a British."

"So, what do you say? Do you agree to be an undercover spy for me with Hamilton?" Howe asks.

A grin crosses Vivian's face, "Definitely! Do I have to sign anything?"

"Yes, you have to sign these papers." Hamilton says handing Vivian the papers.

"There," Vivian says when she's done signing, "I'm done now."

"Glad to have you on board, Vivi." Hamilton says smiling.

"I'm glad, too."

3 years pass and Vivian and Hamilton are 18 years old. Great Britain has won the war and it's time to assassinate the King.

"Hamilton! Vivian! It's time for the big surprise on the King!" Howe shouts out to Hamilton and Vivian.

The whole town is dead, including all the British soldiers and the colonists. Hamilton, Vivian, and some other spies that agreed to be on Howe's team.

"We're coming General Howe!" Vivian shouts back, "We better get down there Hamilton."

"Yeah," Hamilton replies.

"We have traveled from the 13 colonies to Great Britain by ship and it took us one month," William Howe said as Hamilton and Vivian approached the crowd that formed around him, "Now it is time to do what we came here to do: assassinate the King."

There is a long cheer before he tells everyone which position they will have.

Vivian and Hamilton are with General Howe on taking out the King. The others have to make sure that the guards, polices, and some boastful citizens of Britain are dead.

A few hours pass and everyone splits into their groups. As Vivian, Hamilton, and General Howe enter the King's throne, a bullet whizzes past Vivian's head. All three of them duck behind a wall.

"What do we do? I almost got shot!" Vivian says.

"We shoot back." William Howe says sternly.

Bullets go back and forth, but the trio manage to dodge all of them. They finally get to the King's room.

"What in the world is going on?" the King asks.

"It's over George." Howe says.

He pulls the trigger and just like that the King is dead. General Howe becomes King and Vivian and Hamilton continue on with their normal lives.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Marie Claire Schoucair is going into the 6th grade at Upper Merion Middle School. She enjoys reading, writing and trying new things. Marie Claire lives at home with her father, mother and brother. This is her first year at the writing and reading camp, and she won the Valley Forge Anthology Cover Contest!

The Great Wall of Valley Forge: Part 1

I stand might as a wall
Even though I don't stand tall.
There is a fence behind me
That doesn't have my great duty
To protect all.

The Great Wall of Valley Forge: Part 2

These rocky rocks on my side
Make enemy soldiers run and hide.
I am brave with lots of power,
And I make the British cower.
I will fight as I please
To make the soldiers leave.

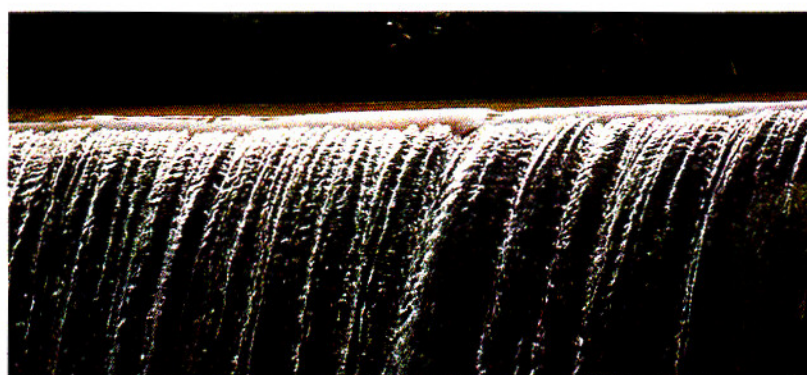


ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Anna Till is 10 years old. She attends St. Anastasia school and will be entering the 5th grade in this September. When not in school, Anna enjoys reading and playing with her friends and cousins. She lives at home with her mom, dad and siblings Katie and Brendan.

You Never Step In the Same River Twice

Water flows downstream steadily
Running over rocks whose edges were long ago smoothed,
These rivers and streams hold many secrets
from years spent long ago.
We reach for the history of this place,
yet the water continues to hide the secrets.
Valley Forge has opened the floodgates
of history and nature.



About the Author

Jeana Schreiber is a teaching assistant for the PAWLP Valley Forge Camp. This is her fourth year at the Valley Forge Camp. Jeana is a junior at West Chester University pursuing degrees in both Writing and Secondary Education. She plans on pursuing educational opportunities in other countries to increase her cultural awareness.

A Diamante: The Valley Forge Encampment of 1777-1778

Marched In

Cold, Unprofessionals

Ragtags, Learns, Practices

Farmers, Volunteers, Soldiers, Professionals

Drills, Learns, Prepared

Warm, Fearless

Marched Out



About the Author

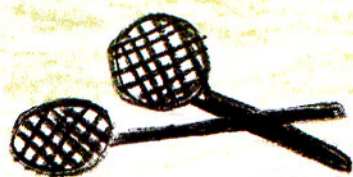
Diana Berklich is the PAWLP (Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project) camp coordinator. She has two fellowships from PAWLP, one in literature and one in writing. In addition, Diana has over thirty years of teaching experience. This is Diana's fourth year at the Valley Forge Camp.



31st

Anniversary

Valley
Creek

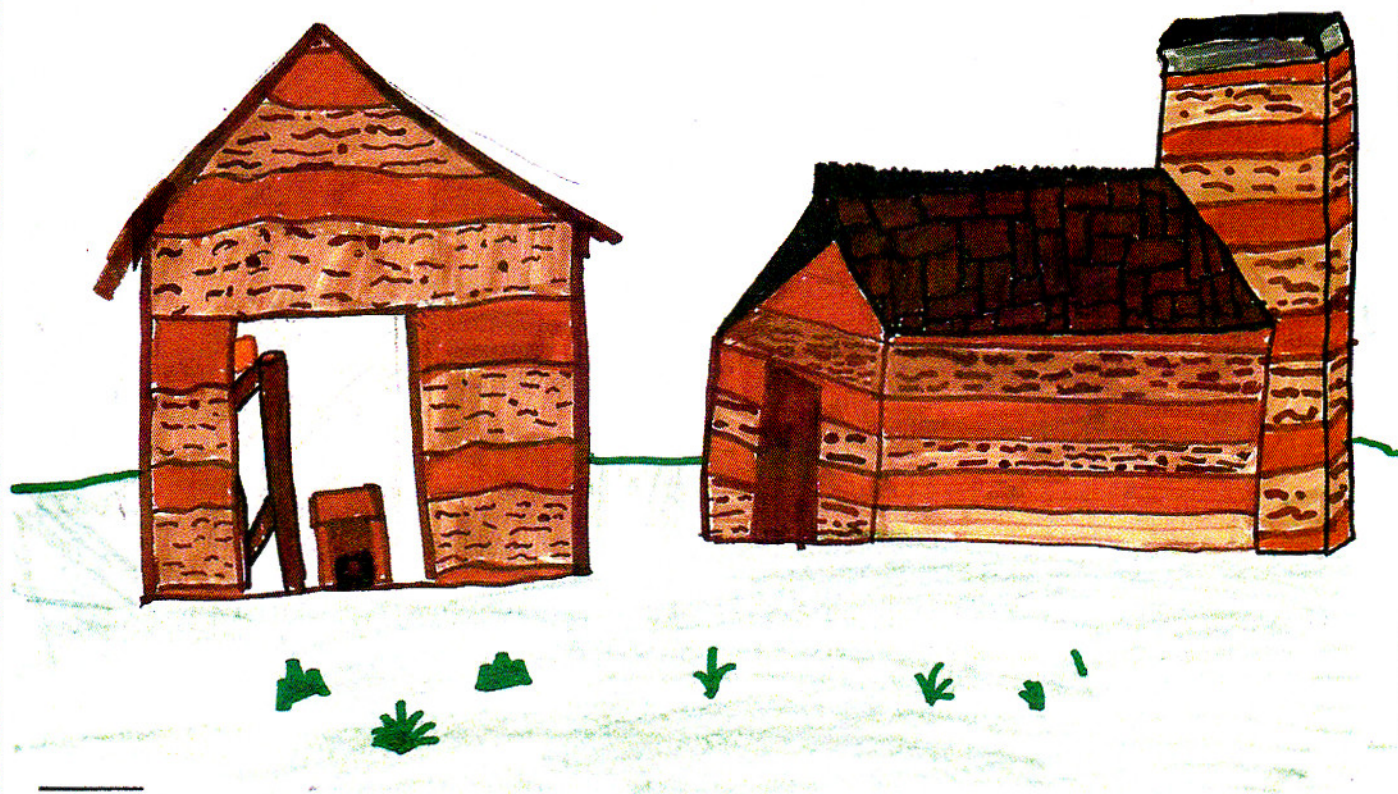


Student's name:

Ainny Edwin

31st Annual Young Writers/ Young Readers Program

VALLEY FORGE



Student's name:

Sophia Parrnelli