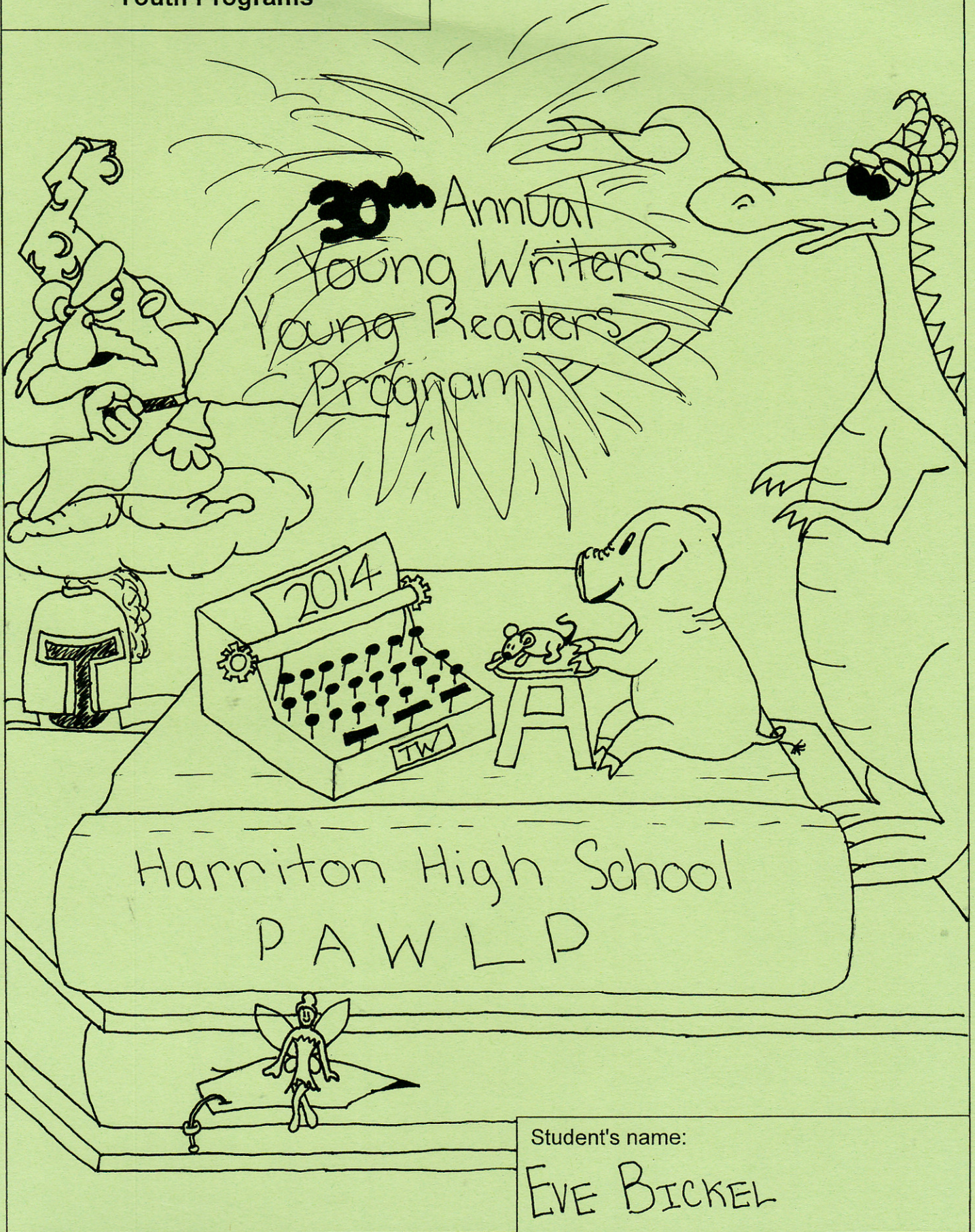


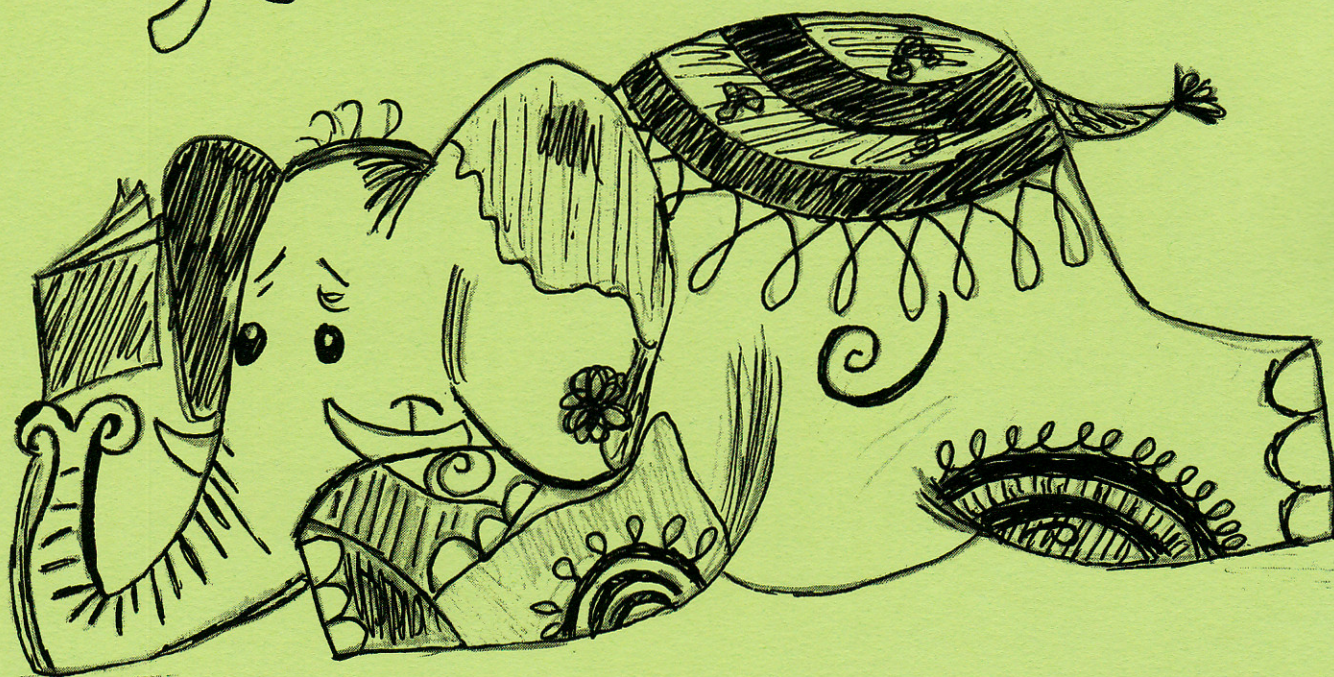
PA Writing and Literature Project
Youth Programs



Student's name:

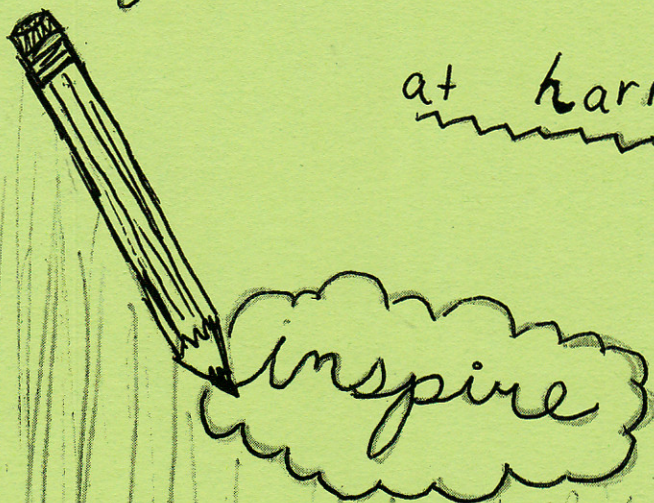
EVE BICKEL

30th ANNUAL



young writers/young readers program

at harriton high school



Student's name:

Leah Coulter



***Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project
Youth Writers/Young Readers
Creative Writing for Teens and Nonfiction Reading & Writing for Teens
Summer, 2014***

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

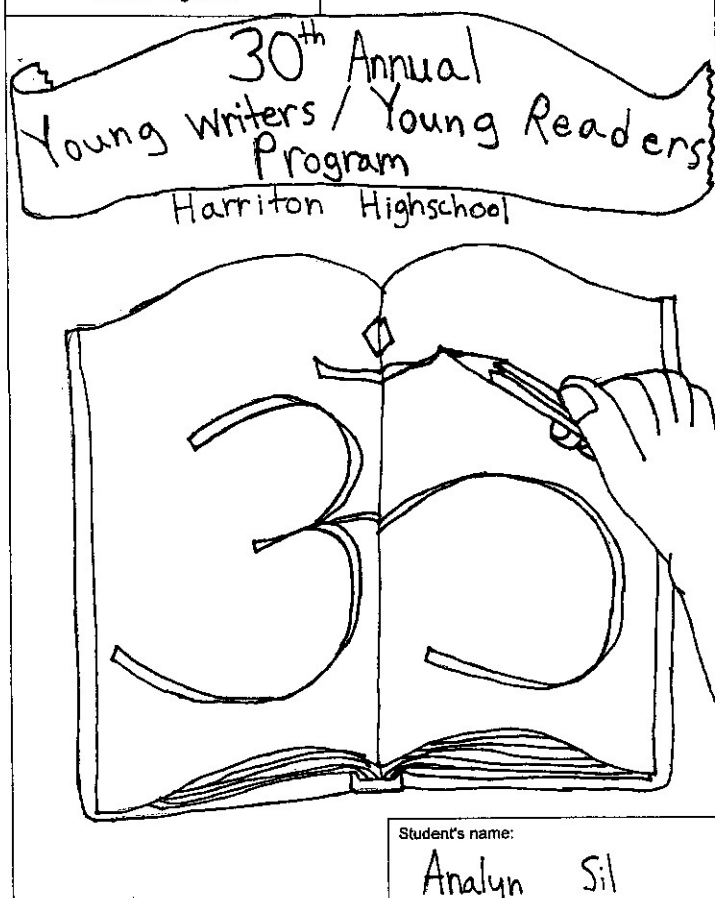
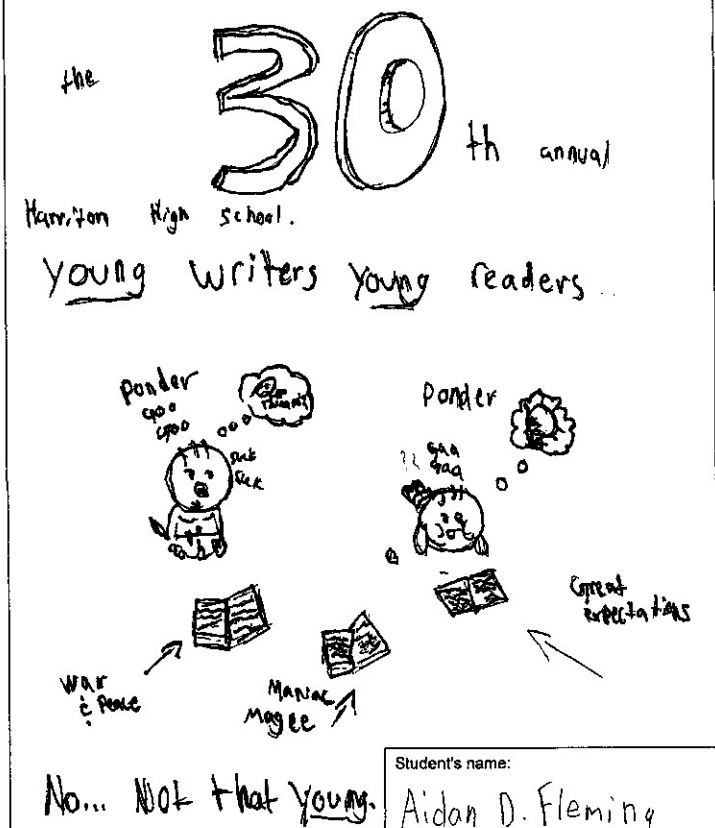
Our general program goals include inspiring young writers to enjoy quality reading and writing, introducing them to essential tools that will render them better writers, gathering writing ideas and inspirations inside writers' notebooks, and expanding their abilities in writing.

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

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

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

Kathleen S. Hall Scanlon, *Lower Merion Secondary Site Coordinator and Teacher*
Liz Pavone, *Lower Merion Site Teacher*



Pennsylvania Writing & Literature Project
Creative Writing for Teens at Harriton High School
Teacher: Liz Pavone

Name	Grade completed	School
Eve Bickel	6	Bala Cynwyd Middle School, Lower Merion SD
Rowan Bradley	8	Radnor Middle School, Radnor Township SD
Katy Cheng	6	Skyview Upper Elementary, Methacton SD
Leah Coulter	7	Welsh Valley Middle School, Lower Merion SD
Aidan Fleming	6	Welsh Valley Middle School, Lower Merion SD
Anna Fleming	8	Welsh Valley Middle School, Lower Merion SD
Kate Lautenbach	8	Welsh Valley Middle School, Lower Merion SD
MaryGrace Ling	8	Welsh Valley Middle School, Lower Merion SD
Eric McGinty	8	Welsh Valley Middle School, Lower Merion SD
Analyn Sil	8	Welsh Valley Middle School, Lower Merion SD

P.A.W.L.P

Harrington High School

30th Annual
YOUNG WRITERS
&
YOUNG READERS
PROGRAM!

Student's name:

Anna Fleming

Harrington
High School

30TH ANNUAL
YOUNG WRITERS

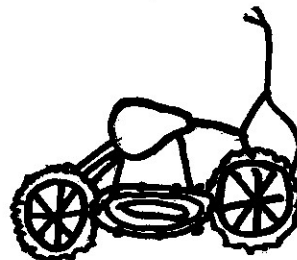


READ
READ



Eat. Sleep. Write.

WRITE
WRITE



YOUNG READERS
PROGRAM

Student's name: MaryGrace Ling

30th Annual!

Harrington High School



Student's name:

Kate Lautenbach

30th Annual Young Writers/Readers Program
Harrington High School



Go Find Your
Adventure!

Student's name:

Rowan Bradley

Eve Bickel

I Am From...

I am from the sun setting East to West
I am from a robin that builds her nest
I am from a flower ready to bloom
I am from night that descends at noon
I am from sweet blackberry juice
I am from the rhymes of Dr. Seuss
I am from the sharp sting of a bee
I am from the gentle rocking sea
I am from the humid smell of rain
I am from equal love and pain

It Is Not Always What It Seems

Once upon a time a young princess and a young prince lived in a glorious castle. The princess went by the name of Olive, while the prince was to be called Prince William. The two royal children met one day after a great battle between their kingdoms and a dragon. The ghastly dragon had flown above both kingdoms, destroying all of the beautiful structures and burning all of the subjects that lived there. Olive's and Prince William's parents perished in the wreckage, leaving the children homeless and orphaned. Out of fear they ran away together to a far off place where they built a palace of their own. They lived happily, until one day. Olive was strolling down the dinning corridor when suddenly she wasn't able to breathe. She collapsed to her knees gasping and choking on the ash that had suddenly risen. Weakly, Olive dragged herself to Prince William's chamber, where he lay on the floor unconscious. *"He must have been startled and fallen when the fire started,"* thought Olive faintly. Determined she pulled him from the wreckage. She knew the only way of escape was to jump from the window towering above her. Her cheeks began to burn and her muscles throbbed. "Alright Will. Just stay with me!," She wheezed. With one last labored breath, Olive lunged out the window holding Will tight to her chest. Softly they tumbled away from the castle, landing in a mossy pond safely. As the water surrounded them, Prince William came to and began to trudge his way out of the water, Olive close behind.

"The wretched dragon has set our palace in flames!" He cried pointing to a mass as dark as ash hovering in the sky, "Must we go through the same horrible process again?" Will's eyes started to become glassy, and Olive knew he was about to cry. "Maybe if we rest until morning, we will feel better." She sniffled. Silently the two royals nodded and drifted off to sleep. As their eyes fluttered the silky moon showered them in light and the evil dragon made his swift get away. When the children woke, an old shaggy wolf glared at them leaving them speechless in fear. The wolf bent down and grasped the two by the clothing on their necks. The wolf then dragged them back to his lair. The burns on their arms and legs gave them pain as they were taken. Once in the den dozens of witches started to poke and prod at both the little prince and the princess. The witches looked odd with their mouths covered with cloth. Then one of

them placed a sleeping spell on the royal children forcing them to drift into the darkness, now oblivious to the world around them. Everything was now silent.

"Once upon a time two children, Olive and William Royal, were orphaned at the sudden death of their parents in a fire." Announced a reporter," After the accident the two children left the scene of the incident and ran into a forest nearby. Many police searched the grounds with little luck. Until one day lightening struck a tree in the forest, causing a massive forest fire. Apparently, the orphans built a tree house in the tree that was struck by the lightening. However the children were still able to escape the hazard. The next morning, a local police dog found the two Royals and dragged them back to the nearest hospital. Currently, they are undergoing preparations for surgery." Later that night...

"Earlier today two young orphans were found and brought to the hospital where they had surgery for their major burn wounds." Another announcer said. " 'The surgery went well,' said local social worker, Jan Evans. 'We expect these charming young children to be adopted very soon. It turns out this will be their own happy ending to their fairy tale after all.' This is six o'clock news!"

Thunderstorm

Gorgeous sunlight rises
Quiet nature
Silence
A sense of urgency occurs
Noisy wind and bending trees
Dripping, pouring rain
Loud thunder, flashy lightening
Flinching lights
Silent birds
Quiet...
Golden sunrise
Speckled grass after rain
Wet, downed trees
Yellow caution tape
Alone

About the Author

Eve Bickel is entering the seventh grade at Bala Cynwyd Middle School. She has been writing stories since second grade. Eve has entered many "Write Your Own Book Contests" and published two children's books. She also enjoys illustrating, sculpting, and dancing as her hobbies. Eve lives in Wynnewood with her Father and Mother, her sister and brother and her two dogs.

About Rowan Bradley

By (you already know it) Rowan Bradley

This girl, Rowan Bradley, is about average height, has blue eyes, brown, curly, frizzy hair that's almost always tangled, and was last seen most likely wearing her favorite color blue, with green and gray being the few exceptions. Her birthday is on August 18, so she will be 14 years old very soon. She wants a ukulele as her present. She is a resident in Bryn Mawr, PA and will be attending Radnor High School as a freshman this upcoming school year. She is most likely to be found reading, writing, listening to music, singing, playing sports, hanging out with friends, or enjoying her favorite pass time, watching her tv. If you've happened to have spotted her, please feel free to walk up the next time you pass her by and say hello. She'll most likely start a conversation with you.

Where I'm From

By Rowan Bradley

I'm from the City of Brotherly Love

born and raised by a loving family

I'm a Main Line girl

although I am certainly far from it

I'm from an influence of two bgothers

no sisters for me, only a cat

my childhood was filled with boyish activities

from overalls to a bob haircut

I only played with guys until fifth grade

I'm from Cartoon Network and Nickelodeon

memories filled with Spongebob, Chowder,

Fosters Home for Imaginary Friends,

and many MANY more

I'm from skinned knees and splinters

my dad's overly exaggerated sneezes

getting to ride him like a pony

wrestling Dad everyday after work

I'm from bangs and explosions of light

every fourth of July, a mini parade

generously throwing candy to our neighborhood

I'm from picky eatings to stuffing my face

bubble baths with fancy mustaches

holding my baby cousin for the first time

I'm from waking up at four in the

morning just to see what Santa

and being too curious to let my

parents sleep another wink

I'm from reading to basketball,

writing camp to brownie making,

pool parties to midnight boardwalks

I'm from singing so loud, my voice disappears

One Republic, Panic! At the Disco, Red Hot Chili

Peppers, Rock and Hop

I'm from a good solid home

and an amazing life that I will NEVER

be able to express in words

and I can't wait to see

Where I'm going next

My Opinion on the Ridiculous

by Rowan Bradley

I am really weird, if some of you couldn't already tell. For one thing, I am constantly teased for my strange taste in food. Yes, I don't like whipped cream or soda, get over it. Also, I am one of those peculiar people who loves that crisp, clean smell of the rain. I know what you're thinking, rain doesn't smell! Well, to me, it does. And I absolutely love it. So maybe I'm a bit 'unique', but isn't everyone? And if I'm the one in a million people say I am, then at least I know that there are about seven thousand other people who are just as outrageously cool as me.

"It's better to be absolutely ridiculous than absolutely boring."

- Marilyn Monroe

The Terrifying Wood

By Rowan Bradley

I am alone.

Hungry, afraid, terrified...

I hear the crinkle of fallen leaves, the dry twigs snapping underfoot. Run, I thought. Just like Mom told you to. I was sprinting on all fours, the sharp branches clawing at my face. I ignored them. Then I heard a loud bang. I froze, silent, fearful. The thud came quickly after, and a loud male whoop followed. Then, the sudden realization hit me full force. They'd gotten Mom. The tears came streaming. Then I saw a glow.

The sun? No too small.

A lantern.

I scrambled, knowing I had to do something. I whipped my head around, desperately searching for something, anything. My eyes landed on a tree. A tree? Yes. They won't find me here. I climbed up, and darted rapidly into the leaves. The hunters wizzed past down below.

Finally, I breathed. I can rest...

I awoke with the sun speckled on my face through the holes in the leaves, and saw a flash. I flinched. I slowly looked over the branch and spotted a little nature observation camera. I relaxed my tense muscles. Safe at last...

Wait! I hear leaves crinkling under me. Have the men returned? My heartbeat increases, and I think of Mom. What have they done to her? Kill her? Steal her? Sell her? Or leave her alone? I hoped that they'd left her alone. I will go back and see her when I know the coast is clear. Dread fills me again. What are they going to do with me? I sigh with relief when the footsteps disappear.

I jump down from the tree, cautiously at first, then growing bolder and braver. I wanted to see Mom so badly, and the curiosity of what the strange men had done to her was eating me up inside. I broke into a sprint. I knew roughly where they had gotten her. But when I got there, there was no sign of her. Tears stung my eyes again...

She was gone.

A Short Story

By Katy Anne Cheng

She's not home yet. And up until now, with each passing minute, the storm outside rages on. I watch it from my creaky window. It is pitch black night outside, and thunder rumbles like an angry giant. Brilliant white flashes of lightning are accompanied with the pouring rain. The wind howls like an animal in distress.

It's nearly 11:00 at night. She promised that she would be back by 9:00. I start to panic, my hands clenching into sweaty fists and I start breathing louder and more frequent. The only coherent thought in my brain is, "Where is she?!" and it pounds and echoes in my skull. A million things could have happened to her. She could have been hit by a car. What if she had been kidnapped?

All of a sudden, the lights flicker out, and I am plunged into choking darkness. I shove my fist in my mouth to stop myself from screaming. Suddenly, I swear I can hear footsteps. At this point, my heart is pounding so hard and fast that I feel light-headed. The footsteps grow louder. I scramble to my feet and run to the kitchen, tripping over unidentifiable objects. I grab a knife, and it's smooth silver blade glints in the darkness. I duck behind the kitchen counter in a defensive crouch.

I may die tonight, but I wasn't going down without a fight. Blood pounds in my ears as I see a pair of black boots walk into the kitchen. It is only a matter of seconds before he or she or it sees me.

And then I hear a scream. From outside. A scream like nothing I've ever heard before. Something heavy hits the ground with a sickening thud. And I know that it was her.

My Anthology Page

By Katy Anne Cheng

I am from airplane-views and hotel rooms,
I am from Disney movies and colorful cartoons,
I am the old, creaky swing-set in our backyard,
That soared up to the sky,

I'm from a family of unique and funny people,
I am from waiting impatiently to go to the bookstore,
I am from sledding down snowy slopes in the winter,

I am from backyard BBQ's,
While watching the streaks of color across the sky as the sun sets,
I am from starry skies and fireflies

I'm from lazy mornings and pancakes,
I'm from canoeing across a lake,
I am from cozy sweaters and warm fireplaces,
I am from paper and ink,

And I wonder what is to come in the future. . .

About the Author

My name is Katy, and I am currently 13 years old. I will be going to Unami Middle School this September. I was born on May 9th 2001 in Atlanta, Georgia. I then moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, which is where my brother was born. After that, I came to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. My hobbies include tennis, track, messing around on my laptop, listening to music and reading and writing. (Of course!)

Forbidden Secrets: Leah Coulter

Her navy blue converse ripped up and covered in mud.
Her head leaned against the wooden desk of the old classroom
The blue ribbon that she always wore in her bright red curly hair
Her freckles like constellations, lighting up her face
Introvert was an understatement
Not a single word came from her lips the entire year
Always writing in her purple notebook, hiding behind her black glasses
Walked home alone, staring at the uneven sidewalk
Kicking puddles of rain as she walked
And as she walked into the little brick house where she stayed
She looked into my eyes with a mischievous smile, and chuckled when she saw my questioned look
The last I saw of her was that foggy afternoon, the devious smile, the contagious laughter, and a memory I'll
always keep

City Dreaming: Leah Coulter

Vibrant colors
Signs lighting up the cloudy city
Inspiration under a streetlamp, on a wooden bench of peculiar messages and characters
The people of all backgrounds, races, and identities
Gathered together under the massive structures touching the clouds
A smile from a pedestrian, a wave from a taxi driver
Simple things upon simple things, forming the most complex phenomenon man could ever imagine
The hipsters, gangsters, the idealists, the lovers
The mutual bond between them all, weaving the threads of the busy streets
The strum of a guitar from a man passionate and true
The sweetest voices from the stage, thunderous clapping
When night falls, a new world is born
A world where anything is possible for the dreamers who dare
Every soul is a star, each one shining bright

On this colorful night, all is reborn

Each teardrop wiped dry, on this marvelous city night

Asleep: Leah Coulter

Sing me too sleep

Close your eyes, my dear

Listen to the crickets chirping; let that be your lullaby

Don't try to wake me in the morning, for then I will be gone

There is another world, a better world waiting for me

There must be, I'm sure

But for now my friend, sing to me, sing loud and clear

For then, when I am soon on my own, I will be able to hear

Don't forget me, I beg

One day I'll come back

When my troubles are not near

About the Author

Leah is almost 13 (on July 31) and is going into eighth grade at Welsh Valley Middle School. Her hobbies include swimming, reading, sewing, and surfing the Internet. She currently resides in Penn Valley with her mother, father, and little brother and sister. She has one adorable veggie-loving guinea pig named Vanilla and a crazy little dog named McDuff.

Aidan

Fleming

I am From

I am from BLTs
Without lettuce or tomato.
I am from snicker bars
and brownies.
And Mac n' cheese
and chicken.
I am from Legos
and action figures.
I am from reading books on my bed
but always falling asleep.
From soccer and from basketball,
from skateboarding and skiing.
I am from Lego Star Wars
and from setting timers on gaming time,
from drawing Pokemon for hours
and from playing Pokemon for hours.
I am from secret snacking
and from getting caught red-handed.
I am from arcades and hitting jackpots,
from cashing it in for trash.
I am from trash talking during basketball,
From saying...BOOO! Unexpectedly.
I am from food
and anything but asparagus.
I am from optimism.
From never being down.
From waking up early,
From going to bed late.
That's where I'm from.

All about Aidan Fleming:

I go visit places all over the world including Japan, France, Spain, India, Germany (when I was like 3 so it doesn't really count), Switzerland, Mexico, and a bunch of others I can't possibly remember. I love playing on my brand new Xbox. I love to play and watch basketball on TV. I love to read books especially ones that aren't particularly popular. Also, I love to ski, but am interested in starting snowboarding, too. My favorite video games include Rayman Origins, Portal 2, and Lego video games.

Tragedy By Anna Fleming

My feet slapped against the splintery wood, past blurry images of taffy shops and concession stands and movie theaters as I charged my way through the labyrinth of tourists and denizens of the beach. Ignoring the shouts and curses they hurled my way, I continued to sprint through the crowd, the wind whipping my hair around my head and in front of my eyes, stinging and forcing tears into my eyes, blurring my vision.

"Maya!" I heard my Aunts high-pitched, breathy voice call from far away. I had heard that cloying squeak far too many times, and it made my stomach feel empty and my mouth taste hot and dry. *Though my legs burned and ached and my feet felt like they were on fire*, it felt almost good to run again under the dark, overcast sky, like maybe there I could be free from everything. My name was called at least three more times until finally I reached a corner, nearly empty, that turned onto a little pier with tufts of beach plant growing out from the cracks. Aunt Marie had almost caught up with me; I could see her dark brown curls bouncing vigorously and her eyes widen as she noticed me. I went quickly to the edge of the pier.

"Maya," she spoke carefully, like she was talking to a feral beast about to attack, "you need to come home now."

I just stared back at her emotionlessly. Where was my home? Did I even have one anymore?

"Maya, we can help you through this. We can be a family," she pleaded. I looked toward the ground at my bloody, stinging feet. But she was wrong. I couldn't live with them anymore. I couldn't wake up every morning in that strange house in my dusty attic room that smelled unfamiliar and feel like I was nothing more than a legal obligation. They were kind, caring, and they tried to help me, but even I knew I couldn't be helped.

"Just because your parents are gone, that doesn't mean that there is no one left who loves you," she tried to tell me, and perhaps she was right. It just meant that there was nobody left that I loved.

"We can be a family," she repeated, taking a slow, cautious step toward me. I looked up and met her eyes.

"I had a family," I told her simply in a monotone. Then, without a second thought, because I knew I didn't need one, I turned away from her, my hair finally blowing behind my head and away from my face, I jumped.

Where Faults Lie... By Anna Fleming

From where do the most heartbreaking tragedies arise? Can we blame our own flaws on a predetermined future, on the assumption that against our better judgment, an irrevocable course was set for our lives from the moment we were conceived? Or should we believe that the consequences of life are based solely on the actions and decisions of those that supposedly influence the tragedies?

It all comes down to individual belief of divine intervention. If I were religious in any way I would likely be inclined to aver that the will of God overpowers the will of any number of men, and that the fault is in our stars. Then, though, I would have to say it is really not a fault because that would insinuate that God is flawed as opposed to God making decisions for reasons that only seem tragic to us, that appear as if they must've been mistakes.

If I were an Atheist, I would be inclined to say that every choice a human makes constitutes an aftereffect, and that if those choices are made by the foolish or ill-meaning, then the fault must be in those individuals, and that the stars have nothing to do with the problem; they're just balls of gas and dust and light that might not even exist anymore. These ideas, though, would question the very foundations of nearly all religion.

However, as I have never fallen into either of those categories, I have the luxury of forming my own hypothesis on the subject. My thoughts are these:

The faults in the world could be of a Godly nature, but one as agnostic as I may be sure that it is never certain. All people on earth are flawed. Everyone has a hamartia, but what if those flaws are just fate – not God, but fate. This can be no excuse for the selfish and inhumane tendencies of human nature, though; for I believe that we all have multiple fates, options for futures that range from having glorious effects to catastrophic, devastating effects. Those who choose the path of evil are walking representations of the Fault in Ourselves, and those paths even being a viable option is proof of the Fault in our Stars. Some of us may have no choice in certain aspects of our fate, like those encumbered by terminal cancer. The stars decide for those people. Even the stars have a hamartia in this way. We are all faulted; the only variable is to what degree.

Who is this Anna Fleming?

Anna Fleming writes whenever she can get her hands on some free time...unless she can get her hands on some frosted brownies. Then she'll go for the brownies. Anna has acted in many shows, loves to sing, play the piano, is addicted to watching *House, M.D.*, and cannot resist a good (for lack of a better adjective) book series. She'll be a freshman at Harriton High School this coming year and is now thoroughly irked at writing about herself in the third person. Finally, so this doesn't run too painfully long, Anna loves having dinner with her family, simply because of the incontrovertible fact that food in general is fantastic.

Fear The Emotions

She's not home yet?? I pace the front entry hall, anxiety ripping me apart. She should have been home by now. Dark clouds suddenly overpower the previous blue sky, covering the sky in a ominous gloom. Rain threatens as lightning flashes, lighting up the darkness for a split second. A thunderous boom of thunder shakes the house, plunging me in the impenetrable hot pit of fire where escape is impossible. Could the house fall down on me? I shake with the thought of it. Where was she? Was it possible that she was hit by the lightning? I grab my car keys off the table and rush to the front door, intent on going out to look for her.

Before I can reach the door, however, the doorbell rings, followed by loud banging on the front door. Hearing the doorbell sends waves of relief crashing through me. Maybe it her! To my dismay, when I look out, I see my neighbor, wide eyed with fright and motioning to something. What is she pointing at? Did the lightning strike something? Please let it not be her. I hold on to the hope that she was shopping and is safe inside the store right now. I finally look out. A power line has fallen on my neighbors house. I invite her in just as my house is plunged into the evil world of darkness. If even possible, more dread fills me as I get a alert on my phone saying that there is a hurricane about to hit us. Just as I feel that this couldn't get any worse, my phone rings. Its her. She's ok. She's in a store with her friends. She ok. I breathe out a sigh of relief.

The Thunderstorm

Urgency
Drenched people
Blustery winds knocking down anything in its path
Creating a world of darkness

Wide eyed people look on
As lightning bolts flash
And thunder booms, creating a ruckus
Noise drowning out all else

Yellow caution tape
Encircling downed trees, blocking roads
Creating detours, traffic lights go out
Street lamps the same
Pitching the world into utter darkness
Where only a light can penetrate the murky depths
And rid the world of darkness

About the author: Kate Lautenbach is going to attend Harriton High School next year as a 9th grader. She loves to play soccer, softball, and playing with her Bearded Dragon (yes, that is an animal). In her free time, she likes to hang with friends and read.

Wishing Well
By: MaryGrace Ling

I heard a villager sulking at my wishing well. I appeared to him as a bubble fairy. Just watching his tears drip down his face onto his cloche made me emotional. I gently put my hand on his shoulder and said "What is it my child? What is that you need son?" He wiped his face on his clothing. Then raised his head, there were smudges of dirt smothered on his cheeks and forehead. He stuttered, "I am poor, I have no food to eat, I lost my family, and I have no home." This man needed help. After all it was a wishing well and I needed to make sure he lived a better life. "What is your wish?" He claimed, "to have money, to have food to eat, to have a family, and most of all a home." I quickly wished my wand in the air and yelled the spell, gnarly cinder dungeon potion wishing wells. Immediately, he turned into a handsome man, he was astatic. "Thank you madam! You are my lifesaver."

Captain Jack Sparrow at the World Cup
By: MaryGrace Ling

It was the late 1800s me lad. My fellows and I were searching for gold. We were on the island Beowulf, the known island for most treasures. Had I known the previous fellows, Catchers wiped the island clean. We, brother Layers were always on the verge of a rivalry with them. They were the richest of all and I had to stop them. As the leader of my group, I started going down South. I knew for sure they wouldn't head that way, they preferred the West. My ship was the best of all, it had the best ammo that shot 60 miles per hour and damaged less than a quarter of the boat. It was about midnight, it was pouring and the boat kept rocking back and fourth. I hated controlling the ship during storms. The wind was turning the boat East. I was pulled back to the ground from the pressure of the wind. I pulled myself to the wheel, I was soaked. I turned it until I heard a snap and next thing I was dragged right back to the ground. I was knocked out just like that. I heard birds chirping and the sound of risky voices. I peers my eyes open and saw the rest of the crew surrounding my every move. I said "quit looking at me, where have we landed?" They've gotten no clue, I led them off my toured down ship. We wandered aimlessly until I saw people playing soccer. What was this event? The big sign said World Cup. I knew this that must of meant something special, like gold. Off we went to find the hidden treasure on that grassy field.

Thunder Chain
By: MaryGrace Ling

It was dinnertime, not the time for the sun to shine.
It was dark, eerie, no sounds of creatures pestering in the yards, just the whistles
of wind
swirling in the air.
Rocking in my rocking chair, slowly watching the warm, delightful, fire simmer
down, nearly
napping I hear a tapping or some sort of clapping.
I open my eyes, lights start flinching at my first glance.
Once again, I hear a tapping or some sort of clapping.
Immediately, I hear the drizzle of rain and the thunder chain and see the blaze of
flash pass
throughout the air.
I grab a nice cup of freshened lemonade, to sooth my scratchy throat.
At least the power was still wired.
I look out my beat down window.
The once land that looked beautiful with glistening flowers, now looked like an
unbearable,
disgusting pasture.
The bending trees blew but did not escape throughout the dreary humid night.
Again I hear the repetitive tapping or some sort of clapping.

About the Author
By: MaryGrace Ling

MaryGrace Ling is an 8th grader who graduated from Welsh Valley Middle School and is going to attend Harriton High School. On her free time she enjoys reading and sleeping, and sometimes eating. Her favorite book is A Child Called it, and her most enjoyable genre are Memoirs. She retired playing travel soccer and softball this year, due to focusing on other sports. Right now she is working hard to make the varsity tennis team for Harriton. Most of all she just wants to make the team. MaryGrace's favorite subject is math. She wants to work diligently in all classes, even if she's not fond of it. Last of all she is an only child, who wants a pet dog. That's not going to happen.

Opinions on the World

Being hot is worse than being cold because when it comes to clothing, you can only take off so many pieces, and even then you're still hot. It's also physically exerting if you're doing any activity and if your air conditioning goes dead, so do you. Meanwhile in the cold, you can just add more layers until you're satisfied. But back to the heat, as soon as it gets warm, bugs start to return and multiply, and since bug spray doesn't work, there's no way to get them off. During the hotter months, the only sports viewable are soccer and baseball; which constitutes of men struggling to score for an hour and a half period and on. Or golf, which is the most boring sport in the world.

In our world, everything is determined by actions, is it to be suggested, that we as a species are merely puppets on a string dancing on the demands of some being simply because of that being's desires? Have we no desires of our own? I believe you aren't responsible for your actions if you can just say, "Oh, it was meant to be this way!" What about all action before, or in the future, where nothing is set in stone. Why have emotions and personalities if life is a predetermined script? Have our wrong choices been chosen for us? Have our right choices been chosen for us? Knowingly or unknowingly, it seems as if humans have created some non-existing force to read into for no actual reason. The fault lies in ourselves, that much is obvious. The real question is, are you willing to make decisions knowing that the actions are because of you? Because, in the end, there's no fate but what we make.

Story

A putrid stench quickly arose as the lobster-like monster jumps up and down, causing the ground to rumble. "Argh!" Mark shouted. He backed up so as to get more distance, since there was no way he could fire his bow with THAT on him. Suddenly a long tendril shot out from one of the claws and latched onto the bow, pulling it away. Mark held on despite the strong pull, making the bow bend and look like a coat hanger. The monster unfortunately was the winner in this matchup and eventually took the bow since it was stronger. "Not another one!" shouted Liz, taking out her long sword. Liz usually fought with two short hatchets since she excelled at slashing and more slashing. However, being in between classes had let her learn about more weapons. Her training couldn't have come at a better time, because the long sword was the only thing that could pierce the thick shell of the monster. She gave a loud war cry and sprinted up to the putrid abomination. The war cry had caught the monster off-balance, giving her all the time she needed. The monster made a move to defend itself, but it was too late. Liz brought her sword up to impale the monster with a loud thunk! The creature fell to the ground. Dead. "That took long enough," said Liz in mock annoyance.

About the Author

by Eric McGinty

I am entering my freshman year in the fall. I want to be a fantasy/sci-fi author when I grow up, and to me, the most important thing in writing is to execute a great concept. My favorite author is Christopher Paolini who wrote my favorite book series, The Inheritance Cycle. My favorite artists are RHCP, Fall Out Boy, and The Police. My favorite movies are LOTR: Return of the King, T2, and the Count of Monte Cristo. I love Philly and its sports teams (most particular the Eagles) and I am half Swedish.

Magic Clover

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful young princess. Her hair was as black as the night sky, her eyes were as sparkling as diamonds, and her skin was as green as the grass. Her mother the green-skinned queen ruled over the kingdom fairly for decades. But unfortunately, an ambitious king from the neighboring kingdom came to power, and he immediately went to war with the queen. This war caused the queen great financial distress. To keep up with the costs of defending her kingdom, she increased the taxes of her subjects. When she finally had enough to purchase a dragon, the queen was able to defeat the ambitious king, but then the dragon lost control and attacked her kingdom. After the dragon was defeated, the queen was accused of being a witch, and she was burned at the stake. The ambitious king rose to power once again, and he spread stories about how the queen and all who are green skinned are evil witches trying to destroy the kingdom.

Years past and this went on, until finally, the queens beautiful daughter grew into an adult. She had been living in a cottage in the woods with her aunt and uncle, but one day, she decided to explore the rest of the kingdom her mother had ruled. Her name was Clover. Clover put on her black cloak, and strolled out of the woods and into the nearest village. The sun was especially bright that day, and as Clover got to the main square, she pulled off her hood.

Almost immediately, an old woman shrieked, "Look at that green skin! That woman must be a witch!" Uproar arose, and all the villagers were shouting, running away, and grabbing swords.

Clover shook her head. "No, no. I have no magic at all!"

"Liar! All people with green skin have magic!" one man shouted.

"Yeah! String her up!" A little girl squealed.

Clover could see that no one was listening to her, so she flipped up her hood and ran back into the woods. The villagers chased her for a while, but eventually, some black cat hopped in front of them, and they all ran back. Clover was safe for now, but she knew she wouldn't be able to pass that village without someone discovering her and attacking her.

"What should I do?" Clover wondered aloud. She had to find some way to defend herself. Her aunt and uncle wouldn't let her take karate lessons, and they stopped letting her use knives when she "accidentally" sawed the table in half. In fact, after that incident, the only kitchen utensils they did let her use were spoons. Clover sat on a tree and laughed, remembering how she would just pick up a spoon and stare at her reflection in it until she fell asleep.

Suddenly, from the hollow of a nearby tree, a tiny pink fairy popped out. "You should build me a palace of gold," The fairy said, very haughty.

"Wait, what?" Clover stuttered.

"You asked what you should do, and I answered," the fairy stated simply.

"But I don't want to make you a palace of gold! I want to defend myself!" Clover shouted at the witty fairy.

"Well, Clover, I don't think you can use your karate skills." The fairy rolled her eyes.

Clover jumped. "How do you know my name?"

"DUH! I'm your fairy godmother! I thought you would have gotten that by now."

"If you're my fairy godmother, you're not helping me much."

"I'm about to tell you how you can defend yourself! Stay quiet, brat!" The fairy snapped. Clover stayed quiet. "I noticed you have a certain interest in spoons."

"Not really, they're just—"

"Silence! I'm not finished!" The fairy godmother growled. "Where was I? Ah, yes... do you know what happens when you hold the spoons?" Clover shook her head. "I've seen this case before," the fairy said, knowledgably. "You think you're asleep, but you are really entering a new state of your mind. When you have a spoon in front of you, the spoon floats and bends at your command."

Clover gasped, but the fairy godmother gave her a fierce glare before Clover could say anything. "You obviously have magic powers. Just try going into your trance now, and try making things happen," the fairy ordered.

Clover was doubtful, but she tried anyway. Clover started falling into a deep sleep, but at the last second, she woke up her mind. Clover understood now. She could feel all the objects around her. She made tree branched bend and grow, and she made stones float into the air.

"See! I was so totally right!" The fairy smirked. Clover swung a tree branch at her. "Well, someone's grumpy! I'm going to leave now. Don't bother asking for my help again, because I'm going on a trip with my boyfriend." With a poof, the fairy was gone.

"Don't bother coming back, jerk!" Clover shouted into the empty space.

With her magical powers, Clover made it past the cruel village that assumed she was a witch, and to a town that didn't judge her based on her skin color. The ambitious king grew old, and his much fairer son took over the kingdom. Because there was so much destruction and death in the village from the ambitious king's rule, Clover used her magic to help the friendly villagers. She made many crops grow in the field they owned, rebuilt the crumbling buildings, and even opened an orphanage, where she taught and protected children. Clover and the village lived happily ever after.

About the Author

Analyn Sil used to go to Welsh Valley Middle School, but she will be going to Harriton High School as a freshman in the fall. She loves to read and write, but she also enjoys playing the piano, drawing, and acting in plays and musicals. Analyn has learned a lot about writing in summer camp, and she hopes to eventually write a novel.

In Appreciation for my Greatest Teacher...

You have taught me all there is to know about love, loyalty and patience. Kind eyes offered approval for all of my actions whether they were well planned or reckless and spontaneous. You trusted that I would get it. Your confidence never wavering taught me to believe in myself. I could be quite selfish then. Placing my wants and needs before yours. There were times you waited hours for me. Yet, when I arrived

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you were pleased and welcomed me with an open heart, smiling from ear to ear and doing that dance that inspired your name. Teacher, this taught me to be mindful of the needs of others. The rewards inspiring me to guide my children through those periods of time when they did not have enough faith to believe that their needs would be met, and their faith would be rewarded with the right blessings at the appropriate time.

Above all, my sage, your lesson on love was most valuable. You gave your heart, your warmth, your affection when I was healthy and sick. Through the ugliness; the utter darkness when I thought it was impossible to find my way home. You were there. Silent and strong you protected me, told me I was beautiful with your warm tongue, and thumping tail. Faith in me never wavering, you rested at my feet and followed me from room to room. I felt important. I was needed, appreciated....I was loved. I understood what love felt like. A reunion after 5 minutes apart was no different from 5 days or even five months. You never questioned me about where I was or who I was with or why I didn't take you, instead, you were delighted that I was there and enjoyed each second I was with you. I've learned to be in the moment. To love the people I am with because they are there as themselves. To ignore the other less important stuff...And guess what? Teacher, I have what I have always wanted, relationships with people who matter to me most. I enjoy being with them and they enjoy me because I didn't bark or bite.

Your body betrayed you. You could no longer lift that lovely tail and rising on those arthritic hips was increasingly difficult. Yet, You never once missed the chance to welcome me home. Eyes and face lit with love still greeted me at the door. On good days, you were there waiting for the key to turn in the lock. Mr. Bunny hanging from your soft mouth, a present, your favorite possession, for me. I am still learning teacher. I will practice giving generously and accepting with love and silence all the growing pains of my young adult children. My greatest gift to anyone right now would be to pass on the gift you gave to me, unconditional love.

I've read before that dogs are man's best friend because they allow us, for a short period of time, to concretely experience the unconditional love of God, which is why "dog" is "God" spelled backwards. I never thought of it much before I had to let you go... but you are my angel and my greatest teacher. Thank you!!! I miss you, Jazzy!

Jazzy April 1998 - June 2014

Where I'm From

**I am from a row home,
From Armstrong linoleum and Lazy Boy davenports
I am from the bricks and cement,
The chalky graffiti
Under the ivy and Morning Glories
On the wall in the back alley.**

**I am from climbing red roses,
The portulacas
Waving bright and cheery colors
At the neighbors
From their flower box homes on wrought iron railings.**

**I am from soft pretzels, Italian water ice and Jersey tomatoes
Nine o'clock mass
And fish on Fridays.
I am from German and Greek
And melodious but melancholy Irish Canadian.**

**I am from summer at the Jersey shore
From fair skin to golden brown
From green eyes or blue
I am from Elizabeth Thomasina Beaufedis
And Norma and Michael Mahoney
From Love Me Tender
And Patsi Cline**

**I am from Philadelphia and New Foundland
From hot yeast rolls and brandy
From the ghost stories
Told by my grandmothers
To their holy cards**

**In the front room
Was a cedar chest
Holding my story
And the stories of my mother's family
Deceased before my birth
As familiar as my own memory.**

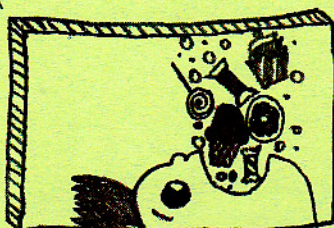
By Elizabeth Pavone

About the Author

Ms. Pavone lives in Narberth, Pennsylvania with her four- legged friends. She teaches English Language Arts at Lionville Middle School. Her passions are yoga, reading, writing and art. Ms. Pavone is inspired by nature, especially long walks on the beach and woodsy trails. She is thankful for the life experiences she has had with her wonderful children, John, Anna and Lauren and her beloved dog, Jazzy.

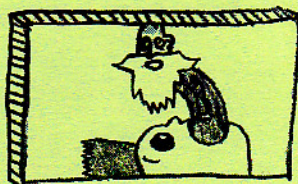
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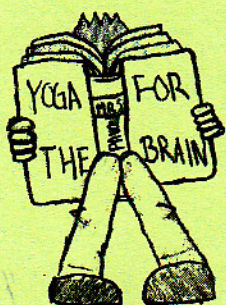


Lets eat,
Grandpa

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Harriton
Highschool



2014



Student's name:

Matthew Fu