

# The Yeeting Authors

Young Writers / Young Readers 2019  
Pennsylvania Writing and Literature Project

# Dedication

We dedicate this anthology to Dr. A, Dr. B, Dr. J, and our families because without them these words would not exist.

-The Yeeting Authors

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# Introduction

Dear Readers,

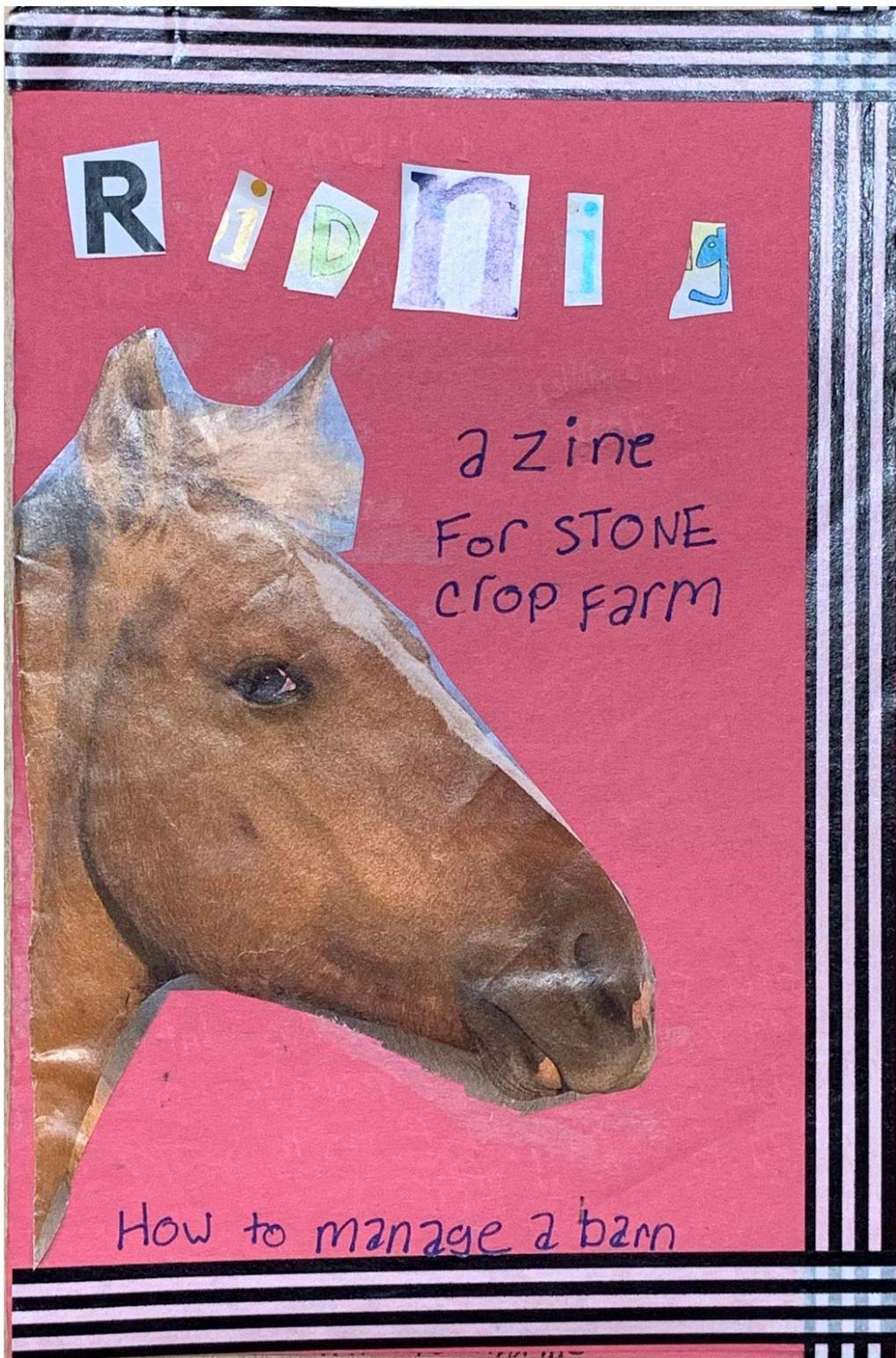
Over the last two weeks, we worked with Dr. Borgese, Dr. Aguiló, and Dr. Vanfosson, or as we came to know them Dr. B, Dr. A, and Dr. J. We started each day with a quickwrite from Dr. B. A quickwrite, we learned, is a writing you choose from a prompt based on an excerpt from a book. With Dr. A, each of us created a zine about a topic that interested us. An image of our zines are the cover pages for our writings from camp. We made these from magazine clippings, glue, and construction paper. For the last few days, each student chose their favorite writing from their journal that held all our stories. We revised and edited these pieces with Dr. B and Dr. J.

Throughout the week, we discussed the cover page and title, which Dr. J created digitally. We titled this the “The Yeeting Authors.” *Yeeting* comes from the word *yeet*. We define this word as an exclamation of excitement, an approval, or a celebration. Yeet can also mean to throw something in a joking way. We called ourselves the Yeetings Authors this week because of the excitement we brought to camp each day.

Thank you for reading our work. And, always remember: You are important and so is writing. See you at our next PAWLP camp!

Sincerely,  
The YEETING Authors ♥♥

Charlotte A.



# Holding onto Mor Mor

**By Charlotte A.**

Mor Mor, is the greatest grandmother ever. She has past away due to untreatable depression. I'm now trying to hold onto our past, our memories, our pumpkin bread, and her smell. These are all things that I've been trying to hold onto. My hands, they reach for her. Pulling them back to look at Mor Mor through all of the items that I have claimed of her. Still I continue reaching for more and more of the items until I have all of Mor Mor. They smell of her. Now I miss her even more. How can I hold onto her smell, her presence? I want to keep the smell, the scent of Mor Mor. My goal is to somehow capture her, to be able to hold her close. The ashes I want them right next to my heart. Her handwriting engraved or inked onto my hand. My Mor Mor, I want her to stay alive. I never want to forget her, I never want to forget the grandmother I had. My travel buddy, the king of the kitchen, queen bee of the flowers, the tour guide of Florida.



# King Charles

**By Charlotte A.**

Charlotte  
Humorous  
Active  
Restless  
Loud  
Outstanding  
Trustworthy  
Tall  
Entertaining



# Dr. Jolene B.

## Writing through Time

For my high school graduation my parents bought me an electric portable typewriter. I was thrilled. I was so happy to be going off to Lock Haven State College with such a cool tool! My roommates, and later my housemates, used it constantly— it was magical to have a typewriter so handy.

Years later while preparing for my doctorate degree, my parents again gave me a gift that I was thrilled to receive – a Macintosh Computer. It had a small box-like screen, not much speed or functions, but I was so happy to have my own personal computer. I was moving with the times.

I wrote and researched my dissertation in the comfort of my pjs in the spare room of my apartment! The internet was slow and not as vast or as fast as today. To complete my dissertation, I was able to research hundreds of sources, write many drafts and easily make changes from one draft to the next. Life was good. There was a learning curve I had not expected, but I spent hours just playing on the Macintosh to learn how it worked. I was hooked. I soon wrote all my lesson plans, tests, and units on the computer and expected my students to only hand in computer written papers. My life was shifting to the digital age – slowly but surely.

I later went to work for an educational publisher, Houghton Mifflin, and was given a PC. The functions were transforming—not only was I writing on the PC but all my communications with my boss, co-workers and customers were now by email. Monthly Reports, proposals, and product reports became a routine in my busy life. I was working on the computers it seemed all the time. To help when I was on the road, the company issued Blackberries, to help us stay in touch. Much like the Macintosh Computer, I was hooked! The Blackberry became addicting because of its ease and accessibility—little did I know it was the precursor of the iPhone for me.

Today, between my computer (ThinkPad) and my iPhone, I am constantly writing, reading online, looking for information on Google, checking my email and sometimes I even make phone calls. The speed and functions of my PC are faster and so more supplicated than any of my other computers. My iPhone has become a lifeline for me. It functions as my only phone, my alarm clock and where I play Scramble with my friends. The digital age is here and I have joined willingly and wholeheartedly. My students may need to help me with computers functions or programs, but I welcome their assistance and knowledge.

Hasini C.



# Moksha

**By Hasini C.**

*I wondered for a long time how to start writing about something that was important to me. And I finally began like this...*

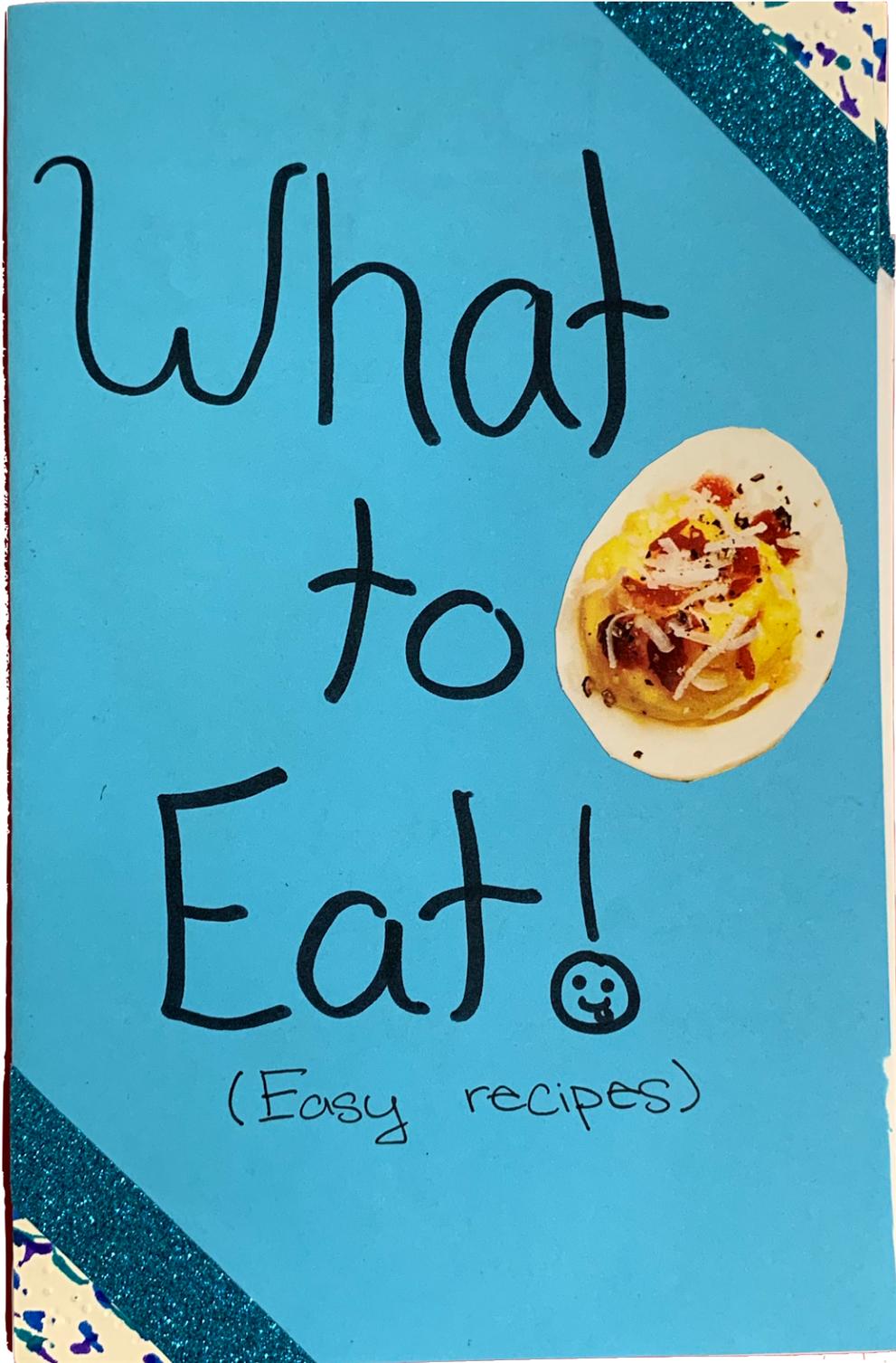
-Excerpt From the Outsiders by S. E. Hinton

My sister Moksha is very important to me. I take good care of her even though she is two years older than me. She can be a mess, and I have to clean up after her because we love each other. Moksha has done so much for me. Sure outside of the house she acts like a bossy fourteen year old, but she is still everything to me. Moksha is so important to me yet we fight like cats and dogs.

Everytime, she is out of her room, I try and steal something of hers because she has all the fancy cool stuff. Our parents always gets her stylish clothes and for me just white T-shirts with a tye-dye design. Not only that but I also secretly steal her favorite oversized gray sweaters and sneak them into my bags. , I'm wearing her sweater as I type this! Her clothes fit me because I am not that shorter than her, but they look huge on me because I am a little thinner than her.

My sister and I like to make funny jokes with each other, go swimming, biking, and watch TV together. I can not imagine what I would do without her. My sister Moksha is very important to me no matter what.

Karen



# Grandpa in My Hands

**By Karen**

My hands have held my grandpa.  
They remind me of all the travels we had before  
he passed.

I see his content and happy smile in  
the protection of his time worn house.

All the times going to eat together,  
so we could hear the crunch of freshly made  
roti bread as we bit into it.

As if it was just yesterday that we were  
sitting at that local restaurant in Malaysia

Being reminded of the time  
when a monkey was on the roof of his  
time worn house.

The monkey was searching the roof for its next meal,  
while we gazed upon its futile attempts.

Reminded of the times I could see the  
dimple in my grandpa's smile and the way  
he always made me feel special.

Thinking of all the meals,  
all the visits and  
all the precious time,  
with him.

In my hands I remember him,  
and I will always hold him in my heart.

Isabella F.

WHAT MAKES

ME



UNIQUE



A zine made  
by:  
Isabella

## Two Opposing Traits in One Individual

**By Isabella F.**

On the outside, I look like an Asian kid and seem to be a good girl. People think that I am smart and very shy. Teachers and parents think I've got nothing to say, but if they would see me on the inside, they would see a totally different person. I may seem like a quiet person who has nothing to say, but I do have a lot to say. Probably I could go on for hours talking about things. If given the chance, I will talk about how people treat me at school or the names they call me when they figure out that I got an A-plus on a test. Also, I could talk about how bad my French teacher is or how strict my math teacher is. On the inside, I don't think about anything that's bad like stealing or cheating, so they are correct that I am a good girl. People say that I'm very smart because I get good grades, which is true. I always think that I have so much to learn since I am only 11 years old. Maybe sometimes I will admit I am smart, but I still have my doubts. In life, there is so much to learn, and I don't think that even the smartest and/or oldest person in the world knows everything. It's hard to say if anyone can learn everything that there is to learn.

In conclusion, I have to say that I feel that I have two opposing personalities, but no one can believe that I really do have two different traits in me because nobody sees me what I'm like on the inside.

# Dylan G.

My dog's name is Hunter.  
My family decided to  
name him that because  
we thought it was a  
cute name. If we knew  
what he was going to  
be like we would of  
named him thief.



# Hands that Make Art

**By Dylan G.**

My hands can stroke a paint brush  
Flick the brush, swish the brush, swirl the brush.  
My hands can color with a pastel, like a large piece of chalk .  
I Drag and blend the pastel.  
My hands can flick a paint brush on a canvas  
Rough, hard, not smooth.  
My hands can blend a pastel, which is a chalk like substance, on paper  
Light, Smooth, and thin.  
My hands can create a drawing of a lion.  
Beautiful, elegant, and magnificent.  
My hands can create a painting of a landscape.  
Exquisite, gorgeous, and marvelous.  
My hands can make art so realistic that it comes to life.

Ojas G.

THINGS

I LIKE



Amazing

RAP

# Stereotypes

**By Ojas G.**

Things people don't understand about Indian Americans

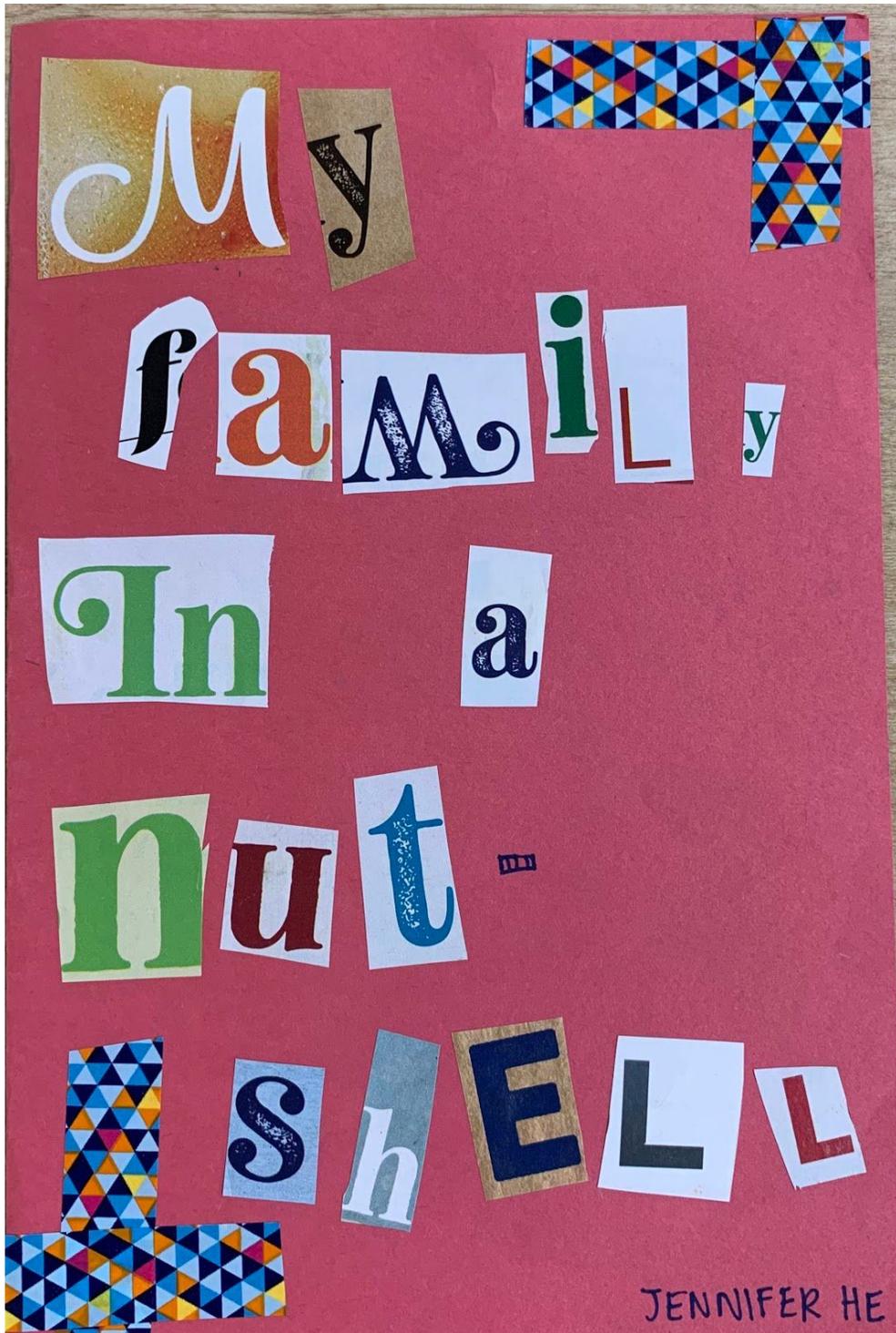
*Someone should tell their side of the story, and maybe people would understand then and won't be so quick to judge a boy by the amount of hair oil he wore.*

- Excerpt from *The Outsiders* by S.E Hinton.

My classmates tend to assume that because I am Asian that I would be smart in school. The same thinking applies since I am tall. Teachers, Coaches and students assume that at basketball but I am not. Another stereotype is that all Asians are good at math. I am good at math because I like math. I have long fingers which make people assume I would be musically talented. Many people don't realize that most Indians who live in America are citizens. Stereotypes are wrong. People need to be judged not by the color of their skin or their ethnicity but who they are.

Excerpt from *The Outsiders* by S.E Hinton.

Jennifer H.



# My Hands

**By Jennifer H.**

My hands wrap around the  
Grip of my racquet.  
Pushing forwards  
Into the ball  
Gliding just over the net.  
Regrip with both hands.  
The ball bounces back  
In front of me.  
My hands force the  
Racquet to push the ball  
Towards the open space,  
It bounces across  
The net,  
And it doesn't come back to me.  
I win the point,  
Just with my hands.

# Prickly Pears

**by Jennifer H.**

On the outside, everyone sees me as a 13-year-old girl that has the worst fashion sense ever. I wear sporty outfits everyday and almost never wear heels or dresses. Not like most other girls, they see me as a tennis player who barely ever goes shopping at a mall. Most people see me as an Asian goody-two-shoes when they look at me. Others think I get straight A grades and have parents like tigers. They see me as different, or not as pretty as them, or not good enough for them.

From the inside, I am the type of person who tries her hardest to make everyone happy. Personally, I cannot stand seeing anyone not laughing or smiling. Watching people suffer, cry, or leave me, is something I hate. My parents are definitely not what everyone else thinks. Both of them are Asian, born outside of the United States, and English isn't their first language. However, they have the biggest and warmest hearts anyone can ask for. On the inside, I see myself as unique, and lucky to stand out. With two amazing sisters, I am the luckiest middle child with the best family.

I see myself as a helpful, special, and the most hard-working tennis player in the world. Just like a prickly pear, it might look like I am tough and thorny on the outside, but soft and sweet on the inside.

Tejas M.

Instruments

and

MUSIC



Tejas  
Madhav

# Hands with Piano

**By Tejas M.**

When I play piano, my hands press the center of each key. Each finger is responsible for pressing one key. My left hand plays the harmony while my right hand plays the melody. My fingers have to play different keys at the right time. If I press the wrong key it could mess up the entire song. Both My hands need to play at the same time. When I practice, I read the notes, press the keys, and listen to make sure the sound is right. I have to spread my fingers the perfect amount so each finger presses the right key and I curve my hand in a certain way and move them side to side. Everything works together to get to the best possible music. With all this in mind, I can play many good songs and many types of music. I play many types of music like classical and popular music on the piano with my hands.

Grace O.



# Dreams Come True

By Grace O.

Katie had always played sports. Her whole life she had been going to some game or practice for herself or her three older siblings. Her parents were both coaches and very athletic. Katie, her sister, and twin brothers were also very talented. While her family enjoyed practicing, playing, and watching the games, Katie had didn't really love it as much as she used to. She only did it because she was good at it and her parents were so in to it. Her real passion was dance. She didn't know much about it, but ever since she went to her friend's recital, she was enchanted. Just the way they moved, kicked, and spun made her happy. She dreamed of dancing the way they did. After watching some tutorials, she choreographed a dance to her favorite song. She danced all the time, performing moves she had learned from her friend or a video.

As she sat on the bleachers watching the twins' soccer game, she didn't feel enthralled like when she watched the dancers at her friend's recital. When, later that week, she hit a home run in baseball practice, she didn't feel as excited as she would if she could do a perfect double pirouette. In soccer practice, since she was offence, she could do the moves from her dance combination while they were trying to score at the other side of the field. She was so caught up in her dance, she didn't notice the ball come whizzing past her.

"Katie!" Her teammate's shouts brought her back to the game. "You could've blocked it!" The coach pulled aside.

"Katie," she said in a worried voice, "Are you ok? You seem a bit distracted."

"I'm fine," she replied quietly.

Later, one of her friends asked "What's wrong, Katie? You don't seem happy any more. Whenever you earn a point or do something great in the game, you don't get excited like you used to."

Katie sighed. "I guess I don't the same passion for sports that I used to."

"What? Don't be silly! You're the best player on the team" Katie sighed again. When her sister came to pick her up, she noticed Katie was a little spacey.

"Katie! What's wrong?" Katie didn't know what to say.

"Umm...I...I don't really like sports anymore."

"What! But you've always enjoyed playing so much! And besides, you're so good," she replied.

“Why doesn’t anybody understand! Just because I’m good doesn’t mean I have fun,” she thought.

After dinner, she cautiously approached her parents. “Mom, Dad, I have to ask you something…”

They smiled and looked at her, “Yes, Katie?”

“I would like to take dance classes,” she blurted. She was sure they would say no, so she was surprised when her mom replied,

“Sure, as long as it doesn’t interfere with sports.” Her heart leaped like she soon would in her class. She decided to sign up for a ballet class. Then she heard there was a tap class right after ballet, so she joined that too. She soon added lyrical, jazz, and hip-hop. She would go to early morning dance classes, then to school, then to a sports practice, then to dance classes, and drag herself home after nine o’clock, barely able to walk to her bed before collapsing.

“Five dance classes! And on top of school and sports! That’s very expensive and just not healthy!” yelled her mother. Katie had been so busy she had forgotten to tell her parents about her extra classes. Her mom had just opened a bill from the dance company and was freaking out. Katie was half asleep and didn’t really hear what her mom was saying.

“Are you listening?” her mother cried.

“You said I could do it if it didn’t interfere with sports,” she mumbled.

“You can’t do either of them well if you’re so tired! You can only take two classes. That’s all!” Katie was torn. How could she choose just TWO? She thought about it over the weekend. She moped around the house, trying to decide, but she just couldn’t. So Katie made a deceitful decision. She would keep going to all her classes and make excuses to why she left early or came home late. She knew it was wrong but she was desperate.

This plan didn’t work for long. Soon her parents discovered what she was up to and she wasn’t allowed to take any classes. She couldn’t believe it! The old life was back. The one she was so tired of. She wouldn’t see any of her dance friends and she wouldn’t be in the upcoming recital.

“And it’s all my fault!” she cried as she tried to fall asleep that night. If she had listened to her parents, she would at least be doing some dance.

A few weeks later, she saw a news article that talked about a famous dancer that was entirely self-taught. Katie began to wonder. Could she do that too? She decided she would try. One of the videos she watched a lot said that to be a good dancer, you needed to be strong and

knowledgeable of dance terms. She had the strength part down, since she had to for sports, but she hardly knew any moves and she certainly didn't know their French names. She watched more videos and tried to look the way they did and she got a dance dictionary so she could learn the terms. She knew she could do it.

She continued playing sports and going to school activities but it was hard to find time to dance at home. It got even harder once she got to high school. There was just no time and quitting some of her sports was not an option. Her parents would never let her. Katie now saw that it was her own fault that she wasn't allowed to dance any more but she didn't understand why her parents forced her to do sports just because they liked it. Somehow, she found time and she soon improved a lot.

One day, Katie got injured playing baseball. The doctor said she would have to do much less physical activity. Katie was secretly relieved when her parents told her she would have to choose one sport to continue playing. She picked soccer since it was her favorite. While her parents were sad that she could only do one, Katie was thinking only one thing.

"I'll have more time for dance!"

Soon after that, Katie's mom had one of her friends over. They sat and talked in the room right next to where Katie was choreographing and practicing dance moves. It didn't usually bother her when guests saw her dancing but the lady was paying more attention to Katie than her mom. Every time she peered into the other room, the lady's eyes were staring past her mother and into the room where Katie was.

"Umm...this is weird." Katie thought. Then her mom called her in.

"Katie, I'd like you to meet Miss Sara."

"Umm...nice to meet you," replied Katie nervously.

"She is a teacher at a dance company in New York..." said her mother with a small smile, "She told me that you look like an exceptionally good dancer from what she has seen." Katie, now understanding why Miss Sara had been staring at her, hoped the dance instructor's words would convince her mom to let her dance again and forget about sports.

"She wants you to go to New York and dance with her," said her mom. Katie couldn't believe it! Her heart leaped higher than it did when her mom said she could dance.

"Will you let me? Please?" she begged her mom.

"Well...life will be very different for you...no more sports, going to a different school, not living here with us...I don't know...we'll have to think about it, Katie" said her mom.

“Why do I have to play sports anyway?” Katie asked sounding a bit annoyed. “I don’t really like them that much.”

“Your father and I always just thought our children would be into sports like we are...but I guess we can’t make you like it...” her mom sounded sad.

“But Mom,” Katie replied, “Three of your children do, and besides, dance is a sport!”

Katie’s parents agreed that she could go to New York and even though they would miss her, she promised she would come home to visit every chance she got. Finally, she could live her dream of dancing in New York!



Chetan P.

Rule

#1

Be a

Gamer



# The Story of Why I Moved

By Chetan P.

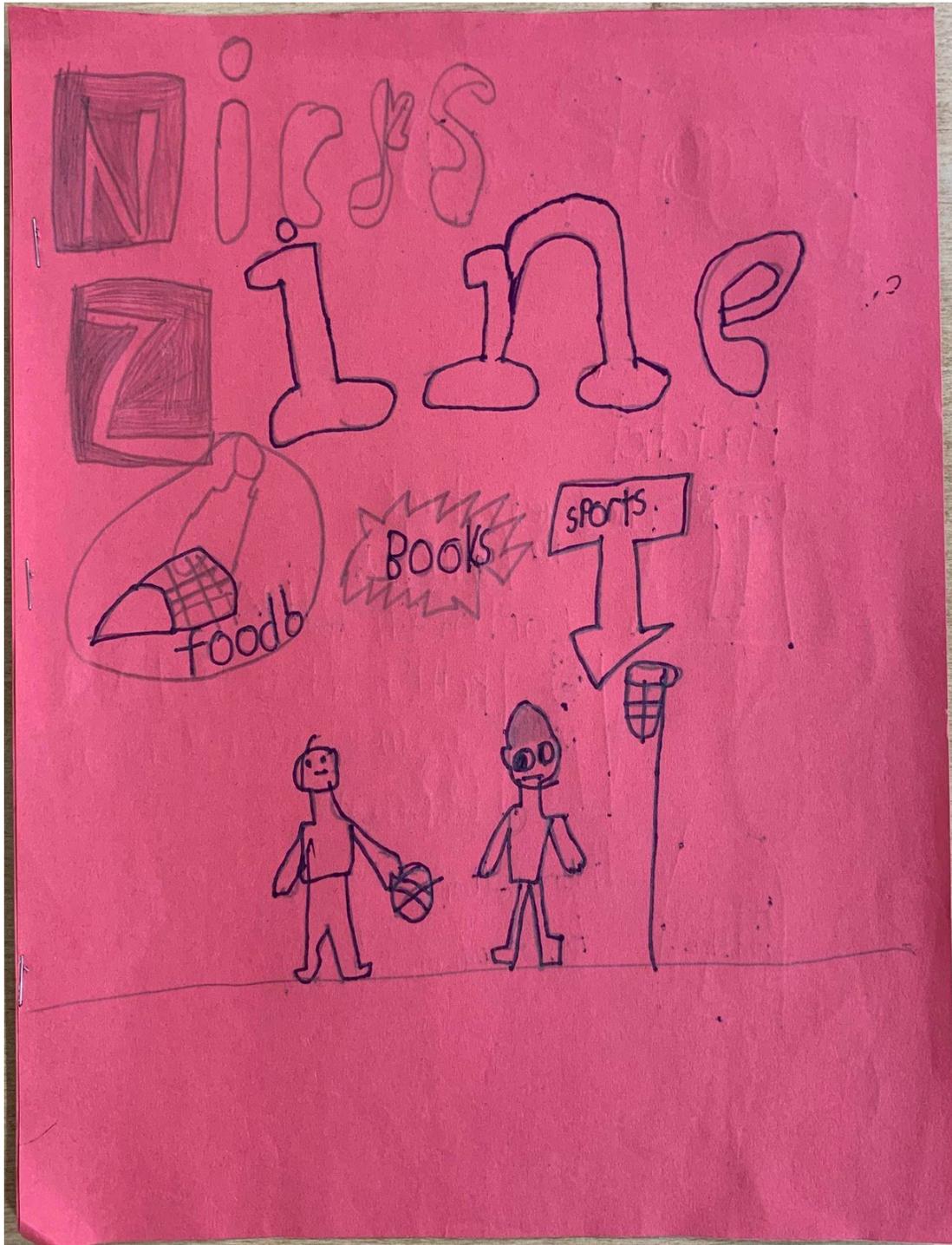
*That's what my father had done.*

-Excerpt from *My Father's Voice* By Tom Romano

We were moving. I overheard my mom and dad talking about it. Apparently my father got another job that somewhere near Delaware, Pennsylvania, or New Jersey. I was shocked and wondering what living in the North would be like. It also was convenient because we moved closer to all of my family members so it is easier to see them. This meant that I would leave my friends and all the people that I have known since I was born. My Dad moved for a great opportunity for him to be a doctor and to help my brother and I be successful later in life. When we first moved into our new house a couple of neighbors came to our house to welcome us. We didn't know what would happen next. The school year was crazy. It was so much nicer than the school back in the south. It was nicer because we were getting a better education. Now we have new friends and a neighborhood that has many kids around my brother and my age. *That's what my father had done.*



# Nicholas R.



# Without Hands

**By Nicholas R.**

If hands didn't exist we would lose the ability to perform tasks we normally do.

Without our hands we will lose our fingerprints which identify ourselves.

Without our hands we are unable to consume food.

Without our hands we cannot pick ourselves up whenever we fall.

Without our hands we can no longer turn a light switch on to brighten the room.

Without our hands when it comes time to write a research report we cannot even start putting our ideas down.

Without our hands, we are unable to clap for a great performance.

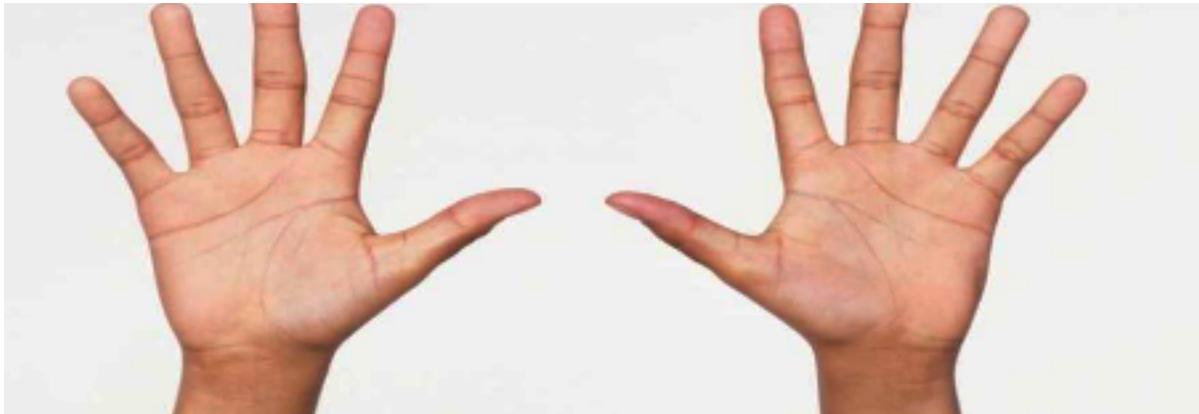
Without our hands we could never feel the grips on the balls we play with.

Without our hands we would not be able to brighten our paper with paint.

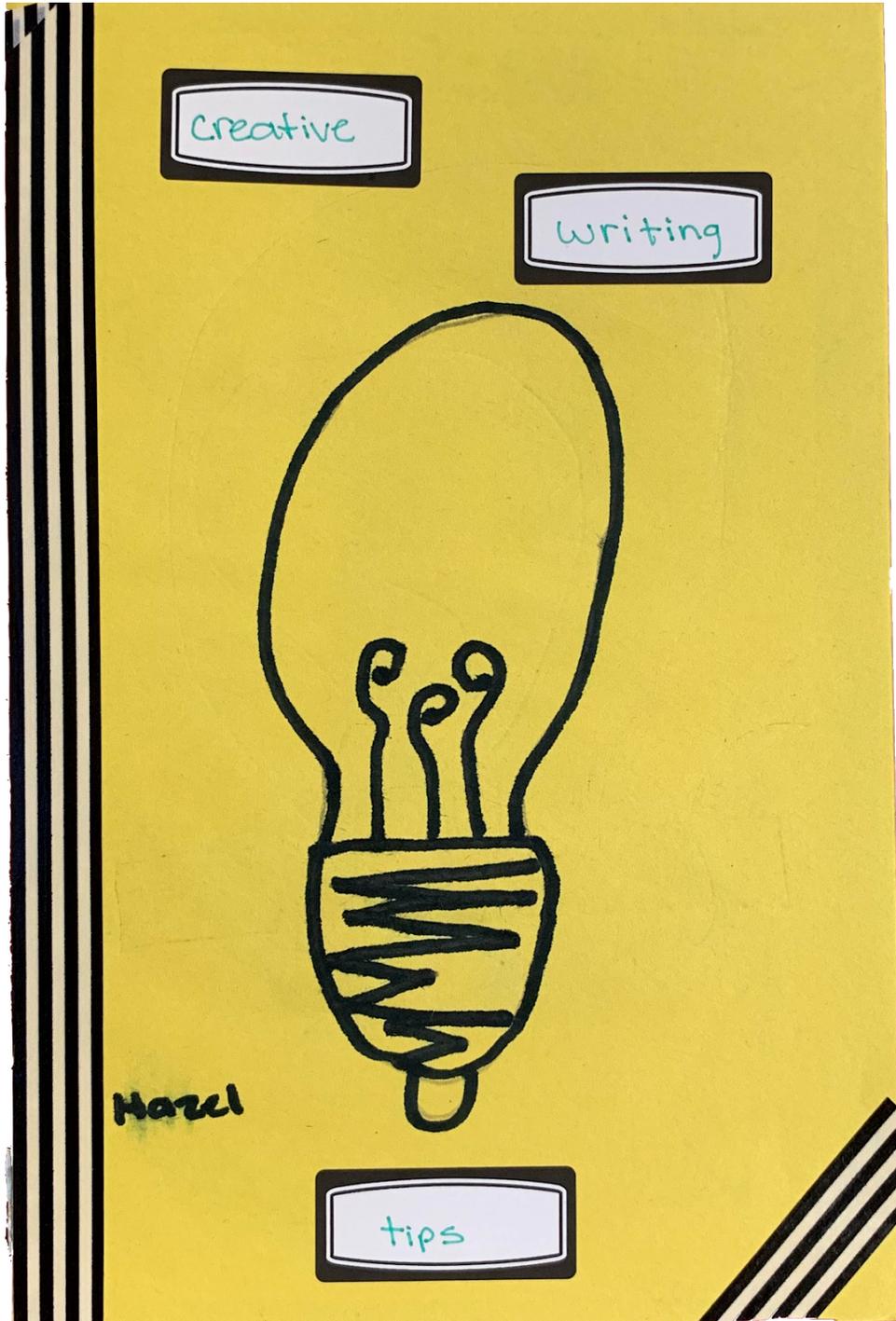
Without our hands if we visit a beach we will not be able to swim across the water to safety.

Without our hands, people are not able to play musical instruments that add music to our day.

Hands stand for opportunities and independence. Without them, our opportunities are gone.



# Hazel R.



# My Hands Through the Years

**By Hazel R.**

My hands have always been a daily tool in my life and have allowed me to do many things.

The moment I was born I used my tiny hands to hold my mom's finger for the very first time.

When I became a toddler I used my hands to learn about/explore my new world around me.

When I began elementary school I used my hands to paint, draw, and write.

When I left elementary school my hands fit perfectly into a brand new softball glove.

When I started middle school I used my hands to text my friends on my first iphone.

When I become a high schooler my hands will be able to control a steering wheel.

When I start collage I will shake hands with my very first professor.

When I leave collage my hands will receive my very own house keys for my own house

When I become a mother I will receive the joy of holding my first baby's hand.

When I grow old my hands will have memories of things long forgotten.

When I peacefully pass my hands will touch heaven's promising bright skies.

My hands have always been a daily tool for me and have allowed me to do many things.

They will always hold special memories that I will keep inside my heart.

Ian S.



# Ellie T.



#3

-Flavor  
sugar cubes. Heat  
to 250°F. Mean  
meringue pow  
1/2 cups sugar a  
mixture into a  
om). Using a rui  
ts. Scrape away  
xture and a seco  
to rest until hard  
Using a h  
a li

© 2013 Ellie T.

# The New Computer

By Ellie T.

“Come down, I have something to show you,” Daddy told us as we woke up from a nap. We had all returned from Tang, a camp for Taiwanese-Americans that lasted for three days and three nights. It took place on the West Chester University campus, and usually on the last night, most kids try to pull off all-nighters.

Four kids from my program, Junior High (JH), had succeeded in pulling an all nighter, including Ellie R. (my twin) and I. The rest of our siblings were in Juniors, and Lizzy and Boy were the only ones able to pull off an all-nighter (or so they told me). Grace, Sophie, and Baby fell asleep before 5:00 AM, but they did stay up until 4:30, which they had never done before. As you can imagine, we were all drowsy and not willing to go downstairs.

“No,” was Boy’s simple response as he collapsed back onto our beige couch. He was snoring within seconds.

“I think I might have to agree with Boy for once,” Lizzy yawned, and laid down on her mattress. Ellie R. and I waited for Grace, Sophie, and Baby’s response. “I mean, I’m still tired, but this might be interesting,

“I’ll go downstairs,” Grace helpfully put in.

“Okay,” Sophie said.

Baby managed to blurt out a “Yes” before he fell asleep again. “I’ll go. Ellie?” Ellie R. questioned.

“Sure, sounds interesting,” I told Daddy.

“This surprise needs everybody downstairs,” Daddy pointed out as he signaled to Lizzy and Boy. Baby, now fully awake at the mention of the word “surprise”, he started shaking Boy awake. “What, Baby?” Boy irritably mumbled as Baby shook everything out of him.

“GET UP! GET UP! THERE’S A SURPRISE!” Baby yelled in his ear, now quivering with excitement.

“Duh, there’s a surprise,” Boy told him, turning over to avoid any more of Baby’s words. That didn’t help.

“Come on, it’s going to be so cool!” Baby whispered into Boy’s ear. Boy sighed.

“If you stop bothering me, I’ll go,” Boy told him. “Here’s the catch: If it’s cool, you get a Licorice Token (L\$), if it isn’t, you have to give me one. Okay?”

“Okay.” Baby told him, confident he would win.

Fortunately, Lizzy needed less convincing. Seeing Boy’s agreement with Baby, Grace told her that if it wasn’t cool, she would get half her stash of lollipops. Lizzy quickly agreed.

In no time, every single person, from the crankiest to the most excited, were marching down the stairs to see the surprise.

Right as Boy rounded the corner, he saw it. “Is that... A COMPUTER???” “A Monitor,” I corrected, “But close enough.” Boy raced off towards the monitor with Baby on his heels. I ran right after them to make sure they didn’t do anything to the computer.

“Hey, Its locked,” Baby grumped. “Daddy, can you sign in?” Daddy told both Boy and Baby not to look at his password so they couldn’t mess around on his account once he was logged out.

Once Daddy’s account was unlocked, Boy set his sights on creating an account. He clicked “System Preferences”, then “Users and Groups”, and clicked the lock. Once again disappointed. “Daddy?” The password was entered again silently without peeking eyes.

Right before Boy could click the “+” sign to create his new account, I stopped him. “I need to create my account first. Someone needs to look after your screen time.” Boy groaned and shifted to let me sit at the computer. I clicked “+” and created my administrator account.

I promptly logged in to my new account and let Ellie R. create her own admin account. Lizzy went next, having to choose “standard” instead. Grace chose “standard” too. Sophie wanted to be an admin, but I told her that if she wanted to be an admin, she would need to play her piano right and get off the computer when we told her to for an entire month. Boy and Baby weren’t able to create their account by themselves because they would sneakily choose “administrator”, so I had to create it for them.

“Can I set up my account?” Baby asked. “Yes, but only for a bit,” I told him. “The others need to set up their accounts too.” He promptly logged in with his simple password and started customizing his account. Both he and Boy had parental controls on, so they only had fifteen minutes before they would be locked out, so Baby had to work quick. He downloaded Roblox and Minecraft and set up his entire dock right before being locked out. Nobody had ever set up an account that fast, so we all applauded him.

Boy’s was simple because both Roblox and Minecraft had been downloaded. It only took him ten minutes. Sophie kept pleading to be admin but we had to tell her the same thing several times. “Play your piano right and get off the computer when we tell you to.” Lizzy and Grace had slightly more time to set up. Ellie R. and I decided not to set up right now because Boy and Baby could get into our accounts while we were still using them and turn themselves into admins. It would be crazy.

“Can we test Roblox now?” Grace asked. “Sure,” Ellie R. said. We all wanted to see how well the computer worked. It was only then that Baby noticed the round-cornered square-ish box with the Apple logo on it. Just as Grace was pressing the “Play” button on the Roblox website, the screen went dark.

Everybody gasped. “What happened?”

“Was there a power outage?”

“I don’t think so”

“Did something break?” Everybody was talking except one. Baby. While everybody put in their theories about how the screen went dark, I went to search for Baby. I knew he had run when he pulled the HDMI cable from the box, but I didn’t know where he hid.

“If I was Baby, where would I hide?” I repeated to myself. “If I was Baby, where would I hide?” “That’s it!”

I raced up the stairs to the TV in the Family Room and opened one of the cabinet doors. Baby was there, cowering behind a bunch of wires, eyes closed. “I know you pulled the HDMI cable, Baby.” He was still as a statue, unmoving. Probably hoping I would leave him alone. I wouldn’t. Not until I coaxed him out.

“I know you think you’ll get punished. Don’t worry, you won’t. I pulled a cable once. I know what it’s like.” He peeked out a little, but closed his eyes again. “If you come out and tell everybody what happened, I’ll give you a lollipop.” He shook his head. “A Candy Token (🍬),” he said. “Then you have to play your piano for it later, too,” I told him. “Fine,” he said. He scooped his way out of the wires and followed me downstairs.

Lizzy was the first to spot us. “Baby, were you the one that broke the computer?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said, head hanging. “He pulled out the HDMI cable,” I explained to the others.

“Can you fix it?” Sophie asked.

“Y\_”

“No,” Boy said as he interrupted me. “You can’t fix it. Baby, not cool. You owe me two Opal Tokens’ (O\$) worth for that lost account.”

Baby sighed. He stepped forward and gave Boy one Moonstone Token (M\$), one Gold Token (G\$), two Bronze Tokens (B\$), one Silver Token (S\$), one Licorice Token, and one Amethyst Token (A\$).

Boy counted the amount. “Twelve... sixteen... twenty... twenty-three... twenty-four... thirty! Right amount! Thanks, Baby.” But before he could waltz away with his “earnings”, Ellie R. stopped him.

“Now, Boy, wait. Its fixable. You know that perfectly well and just want to get tokens. You really think I wouldn’t stop you?” Ellie R. scolded.

“You’ll be the one paying,” I continued. “You won’t get to use the computer tomorrow AND you have to play extra piano.”

“Will I get extra tokens?” he asked.

“No,” we both said.

“Now give these tokens back to Baby or you won’t be earning tokens tomorrow.” I told him.

He groaned and gave Baby’s tokens back to him and stormed off to the piano to earn himself more tokens.

“Thanks Ellie! Thanks Ellie R! Those were the last of my tokens.” “You’re welcome. That wasn’t right, what Boy did. Don’t do it, or you’ll get the same punishment.” Ellie R. told him.

We plugged the HDMI cord back in and took turns playing Roblox. Ellie R. and I took turns supervising Boy while he played the piano.

Suddenly, we heard it.

“Time for dinner!” Ayi called from the top of the steps. Everybody groaned. We were all having so much fun on the new computer, but it was time to eat. Baby logged out and everybody else shut off their other electronics.

“Can we come back down after dinner?” Sophie pleaded. “Yeah, it’s fun!” Baby agreed. Everybody else seemed to agree with coming back down, so I said, “Okay, as long as you eat fast, though, because we have writing camp tomorrow.”

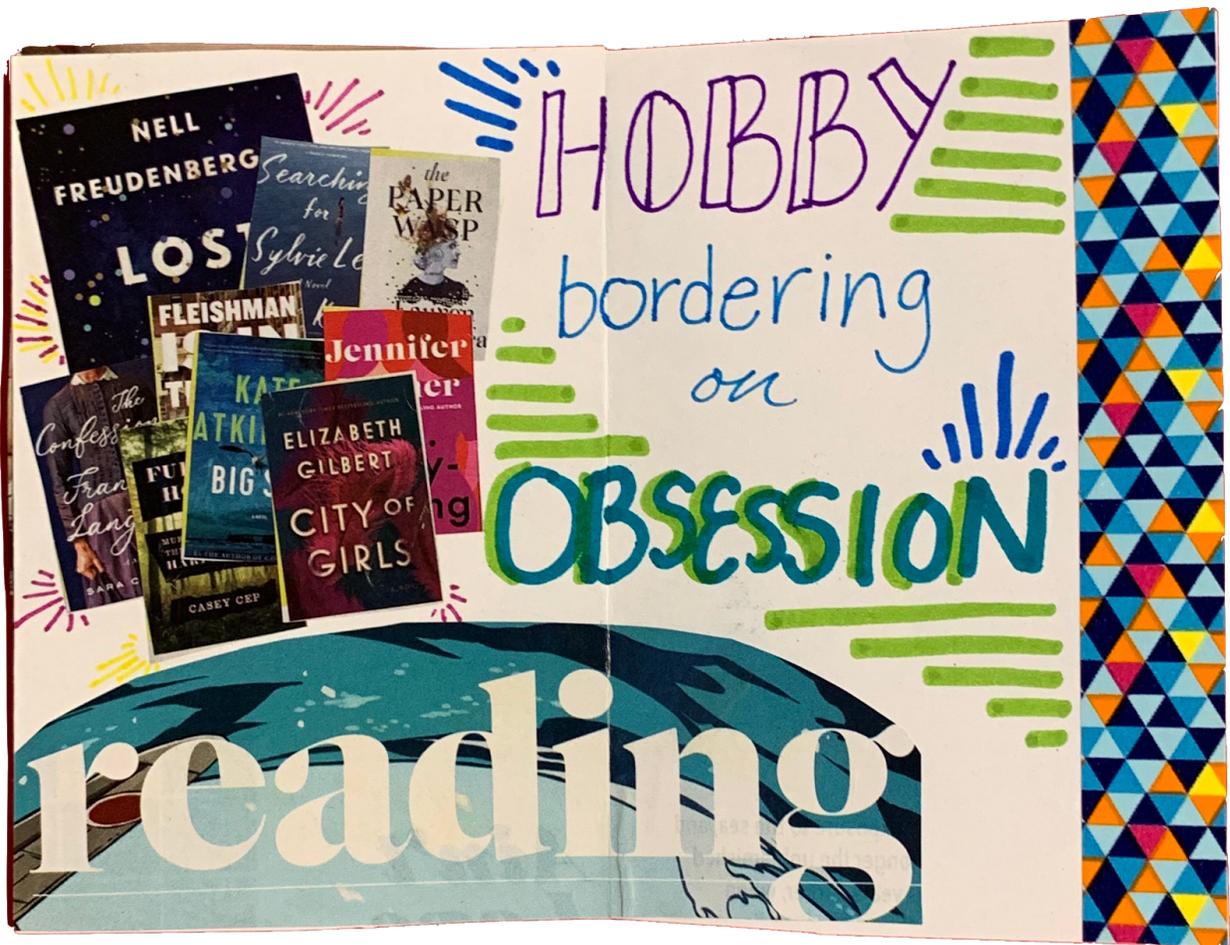
### **Extra Information**

#### **Tokens**

Tokens, or Licorice Tokens is the homemade currency used in this story. The tokens mentioned in this story are as follows:

- Licorice Token (L\$)--- Worth 1 L\$
- Bronze Token (B\$)--- Worth 2 L\$
- Silver Token (S\$)--- Worth 3 L\$
- Gold Token (G\$)--- Worth 4 L\$
- Amethyst Token (A\$)--- Worth 6 L\$
- Moonstone Token (M\$)--- Worth 12 L\$
- Opal Token (O\$)--- Worth 15 L\$ and is the token with the most worth.
- Candy Token (🍬)--- This is a special token- you can trade it in for candy! You can buy it for 4 L\$ or a G\$. You can also earn it by trading, striking a deal with either Ellie or Ellie R. (as shown in the story), earning it by winning 3rd (🥉), 2nd (🥈), or 1st place (🥇) in a skating (🛼) competition, or playing the piano (🎹) for it.

# Anwen U.



# Why I Love to Swim

**By Anwen U.**

Because I feel fast.

Because I love the feel of water all around me.

Because I revel in the calm silence right off the wall.

Because I enjoy having a goal and reaching it.

Because I love the community and the way I fit inside it.

Because I have amazing friends.

Because I love meets (the talking part).

Because even though it's hard I like to race.

Because I love my coaches.

Because practices are fun (and even when they are hard I still like them.)

Because I love talking to my friends as we hang on to the wall waiting to start the next set.

Because I love pushing myself to the limit.

Because I love laughing on the way to the locker rooms.

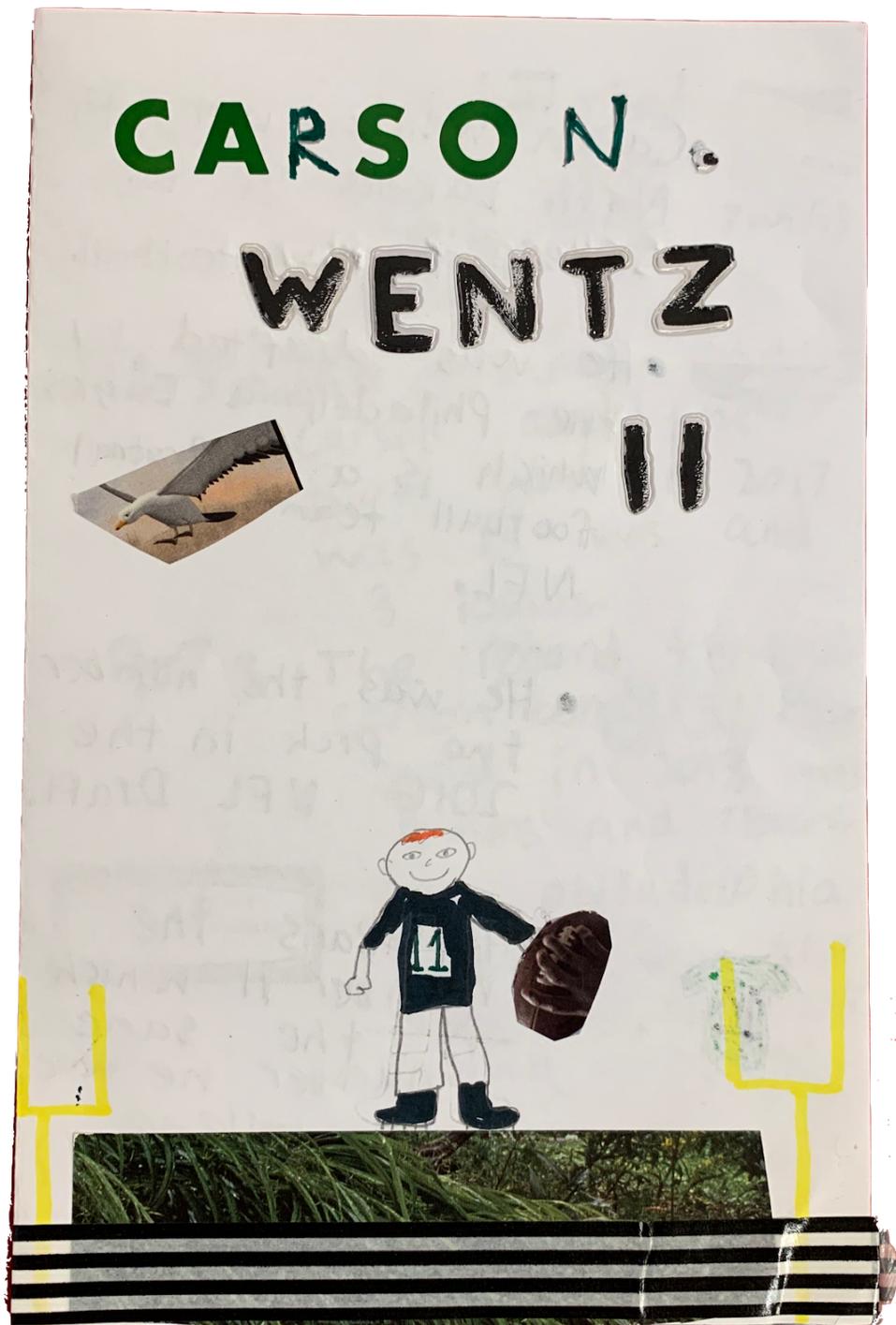
Because I'm proud of how much I have improved.

Because I love feeling graceful as I cut through the water.

Because I feel strong.



Aarav V.



# Judging

**By Aarav V.**

Judging is a big problem, because so many people get judged for things like their clothes, personality, hair, etc. Everyone cares about the outside of a person not the inside where it actually matters. Some tips that I have are to not take judging personally I just show my inside more than the outside. I express my feelings by telling people how I feel. Something else that I do is to act normal and not try to be someone else. Forming opinions and conclusions about people is very hurtful and it makes people feel hopeless. Judging others is easy because you can just look at people and form your own opinions, but forming opinions about others without the facts is dangerous and hurtful.



# James Y.



# The Diversity of Hands

**By James Y.**

Every human on this planet is different. Each pattern of lines on each person's hands add up to make a formation of lines different from everybody else. Since our hands are diverse, this has helped police identify people with their fingers for a long time.

This is because the first humans had different line patterns on their hands, and then the next generation of humans had a combination of the first human's handprints, and it has continued like that for millions of generations. No pair of hands has ever been the same, no matter which generation.



# About the Authors

## Charlotte A.

Charlotte lives with her mom, dad, brother, and 2 dogs. She works at Stonecrop farm in Glen Mills, where she mucks stalls, teaches lessons younger kids, cleans tack and rides horses. At the beach she loves skimboarding, skiing in Vermont, going to school ( yes it's true) and skateboarding. At school she loves science and math.

## Dr. Jolene B.

Dr. Jolene Borgese has been a middle and high school English teacher, a representative for an educational publisher, an author, an adjunct college professor, and educational coach. Her favorite job though is teaching at the Youth Writing camp! She earned her doctorate at Widener University and wrote her dissertation on why students succeed on state and local writing assessments. She helped create the youth Writing Project 35 years ago and is so happy it is still going strong today. In her spare time, she loves to binge watch shows on Netflix and read and write.

## Hasini C.

Three things that Hasini likes is drawing, running, and the boardwalk at Wildwood beach! Hasini likes to draw because she likes watching anime. One of her favorite hobbies is to draw anime and chibi stuff. Not only that, but she can run pretty fast because she runs track for her school. One of her favorite things to do is to walk on WildWood Beach and to play arcade games there with her sister and friends!

## Karen

Karen's favorite author is Cassandra Clare. Cassandra Clare wrote The Mortal Instruments series which is about Shadowhunters, people who hunt demons and kill them. Her family lives in Malaysia, which is her favorite vacation spot. She can always sit and read there.

## Isabella F.

Isabella was born in Michigan and spent part of her life there. She loves going to Michigan to see family and friends, but most of all, she loves to play in the snow since Michigan always has a lot of snowstorms. The piano and violin have been instruments she has played for over three years. Isabella has skipped 2 grades in math, and is a part of her school's mathcounts team.

Not only that, she also loves solving math problems, and because of this, it is her favorite subject.

## Dylan G.

Dylan has a cute golden retriever puppy, his puppy is a food thief. At his middle school he plays the trombone in band and jazz band. His favorite author is Laurie Halse Anderson because he read *Forge*, *Chains*, and *Fever* and thought she was good at writing figurative language and historical fiction.

## Ojas G.

Ojas likes to eat Seafood Alfredo and ice cream. He enjoys to run long distance track for his school. The places he has visited includes Italy and India. Playing videogames are one of his favorite things to do. His all-time favorite video games are *Destiny 2* and *Overwatch*.

## Jennifer H..

As the middle child, Jennifer gets bossed around a lot and hears her sisters whine almost every day. Her older sister is going to be a senior co-captain for her tennis team next year and her younger sister is a gymnast. Almost every summer, Jennifer goes to a beach, which is one of her favorite places to relax and go biking. Most importantly, she loves tennis and plays at least four days every week. She has gone to nationals and her JTT team has reached sectionals.

## Tejas M.

Tejas's hobbies include instruments, sports and building. Tejas likes to play piano and takes classes. He also plays and practices soccer in different places and positions. For fun he rides his bike and builds things with the materials in his house.

## Grace O.

Grace takes five dance classes a week including ballet, tap, lyrical, and jazz. She has been taking piano lessons for six years, and her favorite song to play is *Rondo Alla Turca*. In her spare time, she likes to draw and write about characters she has created. Her dream job is to be an author.

## Chetan P.

Chetan is a black belt in Tang Soo Do Karate. He also has four amazing pet fishes, a brother that he plays video games and practices karate with. Also he has a fantastic mom who takes him everywhere he needs to go. His dad is a doctor and works very hard and tries to spend as much time with Chetan and his brother. In his free time, Chetan plays video games and plays on the Xbox 1 and Nintendo Switch.

## Nicholas R.

Nicholas enjoys participating in basketball games with his neighbors. When he is on a team Nicholas meets new people and improves his skills. In school Nicholas writes in his journal every day. He is the oldest child and his youngest family member takes tennis lessons.

## Hazel R.

Hazel is a very creative kid who spends a lot of her time writing her own stories and reading others. She mostly writes fantasy but will sometimes write realistic fiction. When not reading or writing she plays softball and basketball and is usually a defensive player. With her leftover time she is trying to visit all 60 national parks, such as the Smokey Mountains in Tennessee, with her grandmother.

## Ian S.

Ian is involved in multiple music programs. He has been playing piano for seven years. On top of that he has been playing french horn for his school band for the last three years and is joining the high school marching band next year. When Ian is not busy with music or school he likes to spend his time watching tv or riding his bike. Though he is not the biggest reader of books, he has really enjoyed the books *Stormbreaker* and *Holes*.

## Ellie T.

Ellie enjoys reading, and her favorite book series is *Warriors*. Along with reading, she enjoys playing outside, going on the computer, typing stories, sketching, and scrolling through Reddit. She travels often and has been to countries such as Spain, France, Italy and Taiwan. Some landmarks she has been to in those countries include the Eiffel Tower, Versailles, La Sagrada Familia, and the Duomo di Firenze.

## Anwen U.

An avid reader, Anwen devours fiction and fantasy and likes listening to the *Greatest Showman* and *Hamilton*. She loves her swim team, her coaches and her friends. After joining the team last year, she is on the Junior Gold level, making 4 practices a week. Being the oldest sibling, she enjoys spending time outside and playing board games with her 10-year-old sister and 4-year-old brother.

## Aarav V.

Aarav plays soccer and strums the electric guitar. He has been playing guitar for 8 years and he plays in concerts and talent shows. Another hobby of Aarav's is playing soccer, his idol is

Lionel Messi. The position he plays is center defense and has 3 years of experience in the EBYA league.

## James Y.

James writes about fantasy because he thinks it's better to make up something than to write about something that exists. He has three siblings who are two boys and a girl. Also, James has two dogs named Murphy and Maggie who are Australian Cattle Dog Mix and can be aggressive.

