



2025 Session 1 Chapbook

EDITOR'S NOTE

No matter how wacky the technology got, the weather got, or the writers themselves might have gotten, the writing that came out of this session was seriously amazing. Campers tried out new poetic forms or fiction options, and they continued stories they had brought from home. They worked through present emotions and they imagined fictional extremes. I'm so excited about how all of these projects—many of them works-in-progress—turned out.

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Creative Writing Session 1, 2025

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Author's Note

Authors note: this piece is based on my fav episode of The Twilight Zone, "Five characters in search of an exit". This is a collection of poems(ish) that I have written this year and this summer. This relates to the theme of the year because I like to think that each one of the character's different thoughts are connected, in a way.

With my greatest pleasure,

Abigail Kohlbrenner

My Friends, the Sunflowers

Abigail Kohlbrenner, age 13

-Shauna-

I want to be her. I want everything that is and was her. I want to rip out my own teeth, and replace them with hers. The way her shoulders sway as we walk down the dirty white-walled floors. The way her voice sounds like Mozart wrote it. Oh, and her hair. Her long, brown hair is so incredibly perfect, I want to pull it all out and eat it, all of it. It shines like a dazzling star, making everyone around her burn and crumble. Her tan skin reminds me of a sunset, the complexion makes my eyes go gray and foggy. The color in her face is far too much for anyone to have, I think. Brown eyes, red lips, looking away from me.

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-Wanda-

“I am so deeply, incredibly, awfully, painfully, honestly sorry for what I have done.”

-Wanda-

It's not your fault

-Shauna-

Scrunchies, makeup, shoelaces, wisps of her hair, pencils, pens, sweatshirt, paintings, poems, hairbrush, lipstick, lipstick, lipstick, lipstick. So much lipstick. I'm surprised she still has any left to paint her lips that velvety red she doesn't know I wear too. One of her poems says,

Home is where the heart is

Home is with her

I can't stand to be without you

When I talk to you, my words slur

I like to pretend this is about me.

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-Wanda-

Listen, listen to me. The thing about it is you can't slip up. You can't think, you can't breathe, you can't fall. And the thing about it is it's not real. And it's not. But, it feels like a dream and then you wake up and you're in your bedroom, and you wake up and you're in your bedroom and you wake up and mascara is running down your face. But it's not real. And it wasn't my fault. And you have to believe me, it felt so real.

-Cecilia-

Dear mommy,

I have to leave, and I am sorry. I love you, I do, but this life is too suffocating, and it's making my throat close. I think I might go live in Europe, or the Caribbean. I'll drink soda and eat candy, and you won't be able to stop me. I'll be one of those mermaids at SeaWorld, and people will like me. They will cheer and clap, and they will love me more than you ever could.

-Jessica-

I am an old dog in a shelter. I am weak and frail and worthless. I am a body lying on the floor and I am waiting for them to choose me. I am waiting for a home. I bark at the people who walk past me, but nothing comes out except a whimper. I don't have a lot of time left before I turn to flesh and bones and nothing else. I am waiting in a cage for someone to drag me out.

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-Wanda-

I hate you, Jessica.

-Courtney-

Lying on soft mattresses, the light is calling. It is serene and soft like melted chocolate. And my brown hair. I woke up from plastic surgery, my face peeled off and felt like someone good, someone true. When I try to fall asleep, all I see are the black clothes on my closet door and I am waiting for them to say everything will be good and well. I am messy, but the girls beside me don't know. All I want them to know about is my brown eyes and my red lips and nothing else.

-Shauna-

Again, you know it's bad.

Journey was playing, and glitter was everywhere. It was almost summer and we were happy. And your face felt like sheep wool and the light from my window is bright. But blood is dripping down to my legs and out of my mouth and I can't stop it. My blood is oddly chalky and familiar and it is lipstick. You shake me awake and tell me I'm wearing your lipstick and to give it back. My mouth is moving and I'm saying no, but you say yes. I can't give it back, It's a part of me. It's in my blood.

-Cecilia-

The honey that you gave me was sweet. I was crying but you put my tears in your iced tea and sipped it like there was no tomorrow. You said "darling" a lot and drank my tears. I miss you, the you before.

Author's Note

The theme of this summer was Those Who sow in Tears Will Reap in Joy, which connects and reflects to Ernest Black's journey undeniably. First, he is not able to feel emotional or physical damage, but as the story progresses he begins to feel his first anxiety attack which throws of his first opinion of feelings. But soon he is able to feel the beautiful sensations of life (reaping in joy). My story ultimately compares and contrasts the goods and bads of the human experience.

Sincerely,
Ivy Cohen

Ernest Black

Ivy Cohen, age 13

“So you have never felt any emotion?” The doctor asked as she took notes. She desired people to believe that she was an intelligent woman who wrote detailed narratives on her patients. She wrote grocery lists.

Dr. Bensman would describe herself aging “like a fine wine” and she would often boast about her daily retinol application as if it were some rare accomplishment. Her forehead was plump due to her monthly botox injections from a doctor with a questionable medical degree, and her eyes looked as if they had been stitched to her masculine cheekbones, which in turn, made her eyes look un-humanly large. Her clumps of damp, unremarkable hair were pinned so tightly to a fortress atop her head that her face was losing desperately needed circulation. Like a baby fawn, her face was speckled with dark, unnatural spots which made her look unhinged. She closed her contact concealed eyes for a short moment.

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“And I have never felt any physical pain, next question.” Ernest was also taking notes. He was actually writing of their session.

“Well I am not a Psychologist. I’m a Psychiatrist.”

“Well you’re a doctor.”

“So are you.”

“Well of course. I work at Franklin.”

At the ripe age of 13, Ernest was experimented on by Harvard’s Institute of Studies where most of his fingernails had been removed. Then, when only 16, he was put through dozens of medical procedures to cure all sorts of conditions from flesh eating bacteria to depression. Now, one could only assume about his home situation- there is absolutely no sound reasoning that the state should not be sued for child endangerment and the parents would divorce (as all couples with a strange son do) and one would take custody and the other would promise to “visit over the summer.” However, his guardians were more than happy to grant him to any paying customer from hospital to pound. Actually, they were practically in a full state of felicity, which of course their son could not comprehend. They were a happily married couple, but devoted to never losing control of their only son. But, as all children do, he grew up to become a legal adult. And though having no feeling towards it, he decisively chose to move out of their home and begin studies elsewhere. His parents, at the time in a sudden outburst of hatred to Ernest’s decision, told him to never return. They were not being serious, just using a manipulation tactic. Though, obviously, they did not know their son very well since he understood them to be serious; he neatly packed his bags and left the next morning. His life was destined to be anything but ordinary.

Dr. Bensman tapped her pen receptively on her paper. “Maybe I could put you in a lab?”

Ernest blinked twice. “I am a scientist. I am participating in a

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lab. On the cold, hollow day of September 12th (yesterday) I was ordered to write a category defining paper on myself.”

“No, a medical lab.”

He thought for a moment before deciding that it was an atrocious idea. It had not a single connection to his experiment and could interfere. “No.”

She seemed bored by his lack of interest. “It’s fun.”

“I do not believe that it is the job of a psychiatrist to convince their patient to take an unapproved medication.”

She grinned those cabbage infected teeth. “You do not understand. These tablets are used for emotional emancipation.”

“What does that mean,” he spoke objectively.

“They produce large amounts of dopamine and serotonin in your brain,” she paused in thought, “while stimulating unknown brain function. It is very effective. I cannot begin to think what the effects would be like for you.”

Ernest left no time to consider his options from a personal stance. He had no personal stance, just his objective. “This not why I came to your clinic.”

She threw her head back and stared at the neon green ceiling. She had half painted it before growing bored and deciding to instead burn her next door neighbors mailbox down. “Oh come on- it could be a medical break through. Experimentation, right?”

“Well, I suppose that is my mission-“

She interrupted hastily, “Exactly! It is perfect!” She pumped her fists in the air with enjoyment. She loved anything interesting, even if it meant having to interact with the outside world.

Ernest continued writing in his journal. He spoke of the pills he was soon to take and his hypothesis for their reaction. “What happens when it is taken?”

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“Simple,” she shrugged unamused, “happiness, excitement...” She threw herself onto her antique rug before rushing through a drawer of cluttered items. There, she was able to locate a small clip board with a large quantities of papers. “Sign this.” She pushed the contract along with a leaky blue pen into the lap of Ernest. He was not startled. He could not have been.

“Should I read this?” He asked. He never did well without instructions since he had barely any opinions besides the ones he picked up.

“Nope,” she responded quickly. She flipped quickly through the leaves, leaving not a second to spare for subtle perusing.

“Alright,” he answered without a doubt of foul play. He had no idea of her malicious intent and her history of manipulation. If he had spent the time to read her online reviews perhaps he would know of this. And if he had read the contract he would know that this “medical break through drug” could cause deep episodes of anger. Or that, it was still incredibly experimental and definitely not even close to FDA approved. He wrote Ernest Black on seven separate blank spaces with a cursive signature he picked up from his father. “This trial may do well for understanding my behavior.”

“Possibly.” The Dr. smiled with utter amusement. She could not wait for their next sequential meetings. She placed her hands around her unorganized desk for a computer. When her fingers finally found the electronic, she grabbed it to her chest eagerly. She then tossed it open and clicked on each character vigorously. After some awkward time where she was looking for some form and Ernest was staring out the window imagining the evolution of winged mammals, she finally let out a satisfied “yes.” She looked up with dazzled blue globes for eyes. “Closest pharmacy?”

“Franklin University, they have a pharmacy there.”

“Great.” She completed some more, possibly unnecessary clacking. “Should be ready for pick up in a couple of days.”

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The time was one AM (five days in the future) when Ernest Black picked up the yellow medication bottle. The drug was called Paroxysm and smelled faintly of burning oak wood. For such a magnificent medication, it was quite small. On the palm of his hand it almost looked nonexistent. The normal dosage for someone participating in the trial was one pill per day. However, Dr. Bensman had recommended seven per day since Ernest was no regular participant. He meticulously counted each pill knowing there was supposed to be approximately twenty eight pills. It would only last around four days time before he would have to restock. Apparently, it was supposed to kick in exactly twenty four hours after the first dose. He dumped a fourth of the medication into his hand and inspected it carefully while writing in his research journal. White in color and oval in shape. A common occurrence for most medications. He swallowed the dosage with a quick swig of an electrolyte fluid sold at the grocery store a few blocks down. Absolutely nothing happened. He continued with his work.

It was not until the very next day he felt something peculiar. He felt something. It was the quick pound of the heart. Ernest at first began to dial 911, thinking that he was experiencing a heart attack.

“911, what’s your emergency?”

“I can feel my heart beating.”

“How many beats per minute?” Asked the operator.

He searched his shared office for some possible equipment. His colleague had left his apple watch on the desk to attend lunch. Ernest wrapped it fiercely around his thick wrist and read his IBM. “110 beats per minute.”

They hung up.

Ernest immediately clicked the phone back into the wall and let out a distinguished sigh. Besides his remarkable abilities, he was actually quite common. He had one of those faces that

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appeared to be so familiar. Maybe you had seen his nose in your uncle and his eyes in a dream. Without his famous lack of physical pain and emotional damage he was nothing. Nothing. All he could think of was how he was nothing. What if nobody knew he was special? If he was not taken from class to talk with a specialized teacher, if he wasn't adored by any science obligated person, if he wasn't known, then he was absolutely nothing.

He felt his knees buckle as he fell as a heap on the floor. His fingers were no longer following precise orders from the brain, but sending electric sensations throughout the fingers as they twitched and twisted. His heart was stabbed by a nonexistent knife and his stomach was filled with the thoughts of dull nothingness. In his mind his skin was peeling back to reveal not the veins and muscles and fat, but hollow bones. Something was caught in his throat; he choked over and over trying to let the creature escape. The parasite that was doing this to him. Each time he gagged the soft skin of his trachea became inflamed with a fiery sensation. Cleanly stitched flesh felt as if it was ripping from his head down to his paralyzed toes. Ernest gasped for help; for something. But he could not manage to shape his mouth to create coherent words. Instead, sounds of whines burst through like screeching from an un-greased wheel.

The doctor who he shared his desk with suddenly appeared behind the large door. His given name was Thomas Stone, but since his stupendous height of 5'2, he was better known as Stone the Gnome. Most of his associates of the Scientific Community at one point or another had been shaken down for lunch money or had been an easy target to embarrass in front of the popular cheerleaders. Because of these traumatic high-school experiences, these scientists were well full of never ending teases for poor Stone. Not only was he short, but he was extremely disproportionate. With a head so small his only choice to shop for hats was in the toddlers section, he was constantly being teased and laughed at by people who had no excuse to tease and laugh at someone. His specs were thick, making his eyes look like a bug's and his jaw was improperly structured.

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However, Gnome was truly an incredible worker from his tireless commitment and his undeniably keen work ethic. He graduated college at sixteen and had never thought once of a social life since discovering his passion for science. His first experiment was dismembering a frog, injecting it with milk, wrapping it in plastic wrap, and throwing it in the microwave. It went exactly as anyone could expect.

“Oh my goodness, Ernest-“ Gnome spat out his energy drink which he would need to finish the rest of his ten hour shift. He threw himself on the floor next to Ernest (which took little to no effort since he was practically almost there) and pressed his finger on his neck to feel his quickening pulse.

“I think I am dying,” Ernest panted, his tongue no longer fitting in his mouth.

“You’re not dying.” Gnome sighed with annoyance, mourning the loss of his energy drink.

“Then what is happening,” Ernest pleaded to his colleague.

Gnome stood back up, grabbed the empty can that once had that electrifying liquid that he loved, and threw it in the trash can with grief. “You’re having an anxiety attack.”

“A- a what?”

A brisk wind of AC picked up temperature in their inclosed office. The entire room smelled of sweet manilla folders and was filled with meticulously stacked sheets of paperwork belonging to Gnome. He was generally an organized sort of guy. The air vent had been opened and robbed of dust almost every other day because of Ernest’s strict orders from his colleague and the newly renovated floor had been scuffed by Gnome’s bowling shoes. He had always been fond of bowling shoes.

“You know, when your body gets confused with all the racing thoughts in your head?”

“But anxiety is an emotion.”

The sudden silence was almost startling for Gnome. And even

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more startling, it was the same for Ernest. Light chatter could be heard from the outer space around their office. The world was continuing, but where they were, it was all quite still. Two men, staring into each other's eyes.

"It's the Paroxysm," Ernest said with a stern exterior, "that medication is making me—"

"Feel?" Gnome's hairline looked to be slowly receding with every word.

"I have to go to the hospital," Ernest suddenly decided. He stood up harshly as if nothing had happened and tried to make a swift exit only to be blocked by Gnome.

"Why? Isn't this good?" His face was wrinkled in misunderstanding. "You are having emotions!"

"Emotions are unnecessary for the human life form."

"Are you insane?"

"Possibly." He broke free from his mate's weak grip and slipped through the corridor. He began to pull instructions to the nearest hospital in the area. His workplace friend pursued slowly; huffing and puffing his small chest.

"Ernest, wait." He ceased momentarily to catch his breath while clutching his thighs; harnessing oxygen. "You don't have a car."

He turned strictly. "But you do."

"What makes you think I'd give it to you?"

"I didn't think that. I was just going to take your keys."

"But you don't have my keys."

"Can I have your keys?"

"No."

"Oh."

"Yeah."

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“So I guess I’ll have to walk.” Ernest continued down the hall with his new mission: walking to the nearest hospital in the midst of a suburban state.

“But isn’t the closest hospital in three miles?”

He checked his phone. “Yes.”

The two made it out of the large building on to an old cemented path. Everything smelled of moss and freshly dumped fertilizer. “Why are you following me?” Ernest asked with little to no concern.

“Because.”

“Because is not an answer.”

The walked for quite sometime and there conversations were basic and repetitive. It was usually Gnome asking a personal question and Ernest answering with the most simple answer to ever be said. If counting, you would find that Ernest had said the word, “no,” almost 68 times and, “yes,” only 30. The entire journey was by far not even close to entertaining. The two had never been friends besides the occasional, “when is the paper due?” And the, “where is the water cooler?”

They had made it to the second mile when Ernest had collapsed. His limbs were strewn around like branches from a falling tree. His face, however, was still as blank as ever. “Why am I on the ground?” They were now deep into a shallow man-made forest which was rarely populated by any creature besides a couple ravenous raccoons. His face was implanted in a soft pile of dirt so his words were almost muffled.

Gnome was panting. “I don’t know,” he spoke with annoyance, “can we please just continue?”

“But I can’t get up. My leg muscle ceased.” Then, spectacularly, he began to scream the most high pitch yelp known to any man ever to walk on Earth. “It’s like stone!” He cried to Gnome.

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“Leg spasm?” Stone questioned without a slight of sympathy. “Can you get up now?”

Ernest wailed for a couple minutes more, flopping like a fish on land. His face had turned veiny and his eyes were almost blood shot from the excruciating pain he was in. Gnome stood over him with not an ounce of patience. He grabbed him by the wrist and anchored his feet to the ground as he tried to lift him upright. However, Stone had absolutely no chore strength (or any strength for that matter) so instead of re-embarking on the path he just strained his arm.

“Please,” Gnome begged, “just get up.”

Ernest whimpered for a couple seconds more. “Okay.” As they followed the line of fresh greenery which beautifully overlapped with the ever changing, richly built scenery, Ernest limped most awkwardly around the shoulder of Stone.

In the distance, a pitchy siren could be heard encroaching on them. Through the cover of the trees, Gnome noticed the bulky vehicle driving speedily down a rough terrain. He automatically assumed it to be returning to the hospital. Ernest’s eyes bulged at the appearance of the truck as if it were an angel and, as if forgetting his previous injury, began sprinting down its trail with Gnome waddling behind.

As the forest began to combine into the outside world, a large, quaint building came into view. It was not tall, but flat and only have of it was painted in a disturbing yellowish white. Little did the staff know, but that very paint contained large amounts of lead which explained almost 1/3 of their poisoning cases. The other 2/3 was a malicious act done by the spouse. It’s always the spouse.

While the ambulance was pulling into the lot and a short stubby boy was pulled from a gurney, the associates entered the facility with a sense of accomplishment.

“So,” Gnome broke off, “tired.”

They had reached the emergency room of the location. As

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they stood panting, people with real emergencies were dashing behind them with green faces and severed legs. A tall, round man in scrubs sprinted towards them with a face of irritation. “Is there an emergency I can help you with.”

With no time to spare Ernest spat out, “I am having an adverse reaction to a trial medication.”

“Are you dying?”

“Maybe.”

He sighed. He was obviously irked by the lack of necessity when it came to the situation. “Let me take you to the research department.”

In only fifteen short minutes Ernest was tucked comfortably into a provided cot in a separate room from the chaos ahead of him. His blanket was covered in fire trucks (all they had left was the children’s supplies) and his room was delicately made to be the least intimidating.

“Nice in here,” Ernest said as he stared at his nail-less fingers.

Stone was sitting, incredibly bored I might add, on a chair to the right of the door. “Yep.”

The door creaked open and a lady in casual uniform entered. It was later learned she was called Sadie (though her legal name was Anderson which she saved a special hatred for in the corner of her being) and had worked the hospital for a number of years, yet, to her inconvenience and annoyance, she had just finally made a step of promotion to leave clinic duty. Her hair was short, barely grazing her neck, with a soft gingery hue. Her face was gentle, but assertive with that leader kind of look. She wore her small lips and large cartoonish eyes with pride everywhere she loomed and carried herself with the utmost dignity. “What medication are you on?” She asked blankly.

Ernest’s heart sped to match the rate of the slightly too fast ticking clock above the door frame. Was it her mismatching

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shoes which made him feel this way or just irrational heartburn?

“What medication are you on?” She repeated with absolute boredom in a monotone voice.

After realizing Ernest was not coming to an answer for her question, Gnome stood and smiled respectfully. “He’s in a medical trial.”

She blinked. Her blue eyes looked to be painted over with a dull grey. “What medication is he on?”

Stone laughed awkwardly, his glasses bumping down the slant of his nose. “Paroxysm.”

Her eyes flashed to the ceiling as she searched her brain for the information she was inclined to know. “That’s for regulating emotions.” Sadie gazed at Gnome with a soft expression. “Is he depressed?”

“No. He’s acting like a normal human.”

Her head rolled to her right shoulder at these words. She obviously was not having an intrigued reaction to the explanation. “So you brought him to the hospital because he’s acting normal?”

“Well,” Gnome started with what he thought to be a sly smile, (but in reality Sadie was observing him as if he were having a stroke) “he’s no normal guy. You ever heard of Ernest Black? I work with him you know.”

Sadie’s eyes lit up with mock understanding. “Oh yeah, he’s my patient. With no family to give medical history.” She returned to her original sullen mood. “Now whatever you’re trying to convey, just say it. I’m a doctor. Not someone you schmoozing with at a party.”

He cleared his throat. His cheeks were flushed with pure embarrassment. “He feels no emotion or physical pain, but now he is.”

“So he’s on a medication he’s supposed to be on...”

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“Yes.”

“And he took the recommended amount.”

“Yes.”

“And he reacted the way he was supposed to react?”

“Uhm- I guess?”

“So why are you here?”

“Because he wanted to go.”

“So you followed blindly what you believed to be a sick patient.”

“You just said he wasn’t sick.”

“But you thought he was.”

“No. I just followed him”

“Now why in the world would you have done that?”

Gnome was extremely uncomfortable, not just because she was questioning his intelligence, but because he had a hard time acting like an ordinary human being around females. “Well actually,” he said with what he believed to be charisma, “my job is not only to a capable, world altering scientist, but I kind have to babysit this one,” he pointed to Ernest with exaggerated motions, “ordered straight from the top.”

A soft internal stabbing returned to the depths of Ernest’s stomach. It felt as if his guts were twisting, causing an unusual sensation. His fingers tensed and his heart throbbed. The belief of betrayal fell over him like a cloth over his head. He began to mourn for the bond between him and Gnome that he had thought to be random and pure, not an order from a supervisor. His head fell back on the pillow and his hands rested on his lap. He had always known he was human. Sure, he did not have the normal human functions, but he was certainly human. He had DNA, a functional brain, the same body everyone owned. Ernest had ancestors, a mother and a father, and one day (like everyone else in the world) his body would retire and like a switch, he would

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turn off. But for the first time in his entire existence, he didn't feel like he was human. Even though he had always been with others, he was isolated. His internal wiring was malfunctioned and he would never truly be able to comprehend social interaction like anyone else. He differed in thought. He could program and make sense of the world, but he could not do those very things with a lens of his own perspective and opinion. Ernest was almost a machine who was ordered and wired. He went through rituals and traditions because of the practicality of it, not for a personal reason. And that, now at least, made him feel- wrong. He was simply wrong.

"We will keep him over night," Sadie spoke blandly. She left the room quickly, but not in a hurry.

Gnome sat back down in his deeply cleaned, plastic chair and threw his muddy feet on to the mahogany desk. "See? Nothing to worry about."

"I wasn't worried," Ernest said slowly, "I wish I was."

Stone's eyebrows curved around his fleshy skin. "You wish you were worried?"

"I wish I was normal." And then, in a strong crashing of a wave from everything: from the hard blow of his father's hand, the scowls of the school children who stole his lunch, the passing of his grandmother, to his entire life. But really, what really sent the glass of water shattering on the floor, spilling in a chaotic mess in his mind, was all the ants. The ants he stepped on when he was a little boy to the man he is now. How he felt not an ounce of guilt for those little small creatures who lost their meaningful life to the bottom of his shoe. Ernest was crying. Large drops of hot salt water blazed down his cheek. He had never cried before and was not aware the correct way to do it. Was he suppose to wail like the hurdling seas? Or maybe scream as if he was being beaten? He was silent. But the water fell and leaked on his gown. Ernest touched the tear that had remained on his dry skin. "I am crying."

"Yeah," Gnome said with amazement. He had not a clue how

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to react.

“You know,” Ernest said as a sudden soft and sad smile played across his face, “this isn’t too bad.”

The night came and departed like any another and left the morning with gifts of water for the greenery to bathe in. It been a while since it had rained, and the plants had been parched from the dryness of their beds. The sky had been ravenous, sending large rumbles and blows. Gnome had slept through them, laying horizontally across the chair. Visiting hours had ended, but Ernest had pleaded with the staff to him stay. Sadie hadn’t care, just as long as they kept quiet and had let the storm do all of the talking.

When Ernest awoke at six AM, he felt awful. Like the moist soil from yesterday’s storm had crawled down his throat and weighed him down like an anchor. He was given his dosage of Paroxysm, (because it was quite dangerous to immediately cease taking medication spontaneously) and he choked most irregularly. His eyes begged to close and desired to return to a surreal state of slumber. He did just that. He awoke again, this time, at six PM. Sadie was directly above him, examining him thoroughly.

“Hello?” Ernest said slowly.

“Sorry for waking you. You’ve just been sleeping for a concerning amount of time so I felt the need to check on you.”

Gnome must have left and returned because he now was typing in some recorded notes into a computer while holding a new can of energy drink.

Sadie was wearing the exact same outfit that she had been wearing, it became clear to Ernest that she had to work a long shift in which she had no time to change. She exited the room, to where she was going was not disclose, but she awfully hurried to go there.

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"You got your energy drink back," Ernest noted.

"I did." His eyes were dark and cold. His skin was wrinkled over lumps of bone and ligament which looked most definitely odd. "It's a new one actually. From the grocery store."

"Nice."

"So what you think about your doctor?"

"She's scary."

Gnome laughed. It was one of those laughs that weren't real, but was used to make a point in conversation. "Yes. But I mean the way you look at her. You see what I am getting at?"

"No."

"You should ask her out. Like on a date."

"Why?"

"Because that's what people do...?"

"Okay." That was a good enough answer for Ernest. "I don't feel so good."

Gnome had inserted contacts, so his large glasses were placed carefully in his side pocket. This let him rub his temples in a ritualistic order. "Like, do you feel disgusted?"

Ernest shook his head. It was not an emotion that he beared, but something physical at play. "I think something's wrong with me."

Sadie re-entered the room with a suspicious face. Her hands clumped copies amount of uniform into her palms. Perhaps it was a coping mechanism for her. "Did you happen to be in the forest?"

"As a matter of fact, yes," Gnome answered kindly for Ernest, "we came her through the woods."

She sighed with a slight pitch of worry. Suddenly, to both Ernest and Gnome's surprise, she took her elongated fingers and brushed them behind Ernest's ear. His pupils dilated and he

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

immediately grew wary. “What are you doing?”

“Were you rolling around in dirt?”

Gnome approached the hospital bed slowly. “Yeah- he fell down.”

Her hand returned from the sprouts of hair growing from his head. She held up her thumb and pointer finger, as if displaying a spectacle. At first, the two thought she was hallucinating. But when looking closer in between her two fingers, a small and intricate creature could be seen by the eyes.

“A tick.” Stone intertwined his two hands above his head in exhaustion.

“Lyme disease,” Sadie remarked quietly.

Gnome hit the railing of the bed which caused a sudden and loud explosion of echo. “This is so stupid!” His nose flared as he kept beating the bed, releasing his hatred of the situation. “If we had never come to the hospital in the first place you wouldn’t be sick. This would have never happened!”

“Well,” Sadie scratched the matted hair on the back of her head, “It was caught early so, it will probably be fine. However-“

“What,” Gnome spat, “what could it possibly be?”

Her gaze lowered to his chin in silent judgement. “He needs antibiotics, but I am not sure how it will react with the Paroxysm.”

“What do you mean? Paroxysm affects the brain.”

Sadie shook her head, as if frowning at everyone else for not obtaining the understanding that she had. “It’s a trial medication. We can’t legally under hospital order put him on antibiotics until taking him off the Paroxysm.”

Ernest peered straight at the ceiling. Every single crevice and bump had its own story of existence. Ever since he started enduring emotions he found himself thinking of topics which he

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

would have never thought of. The tale of the ceiling was completely irrelevant to anything, but it was somewhat entertaining. “Am I going to lose all that I have gained?”

She transferred her weight to her hip. “Emotion wise- yes. But everything else you’ll keep.”

“And you won’t deal with those nasty paper cuts.” Gnome smiled (which was in extreme contrast to the heavy set mood of the room) while revealing his skinny cut between his two fingers as if it were an exhibition at a museum. When realizing nobody was enjoying his point, he immediately tried to back track, and even tried to gaslight. “I didn’t say anything!” He attempted to erase his mistake after Sadie gave him a nasty look.

“Then I don’t want to be on antibiotics.” Ernest sat dignified in his cot, as if his decision was one already planned. Ironically, he had been thinking of free will right before the conversation began.

“Alright then.” Sadie began to stroll out of the room carelessly before she was sent to an abrupt stop from Gnome’s pleading comment.

“Wait! You can’t just leave,” Stone stumbled frantically, “he has Lyme disease! Without medication-“

Sadie leaned back on the wooden door while she hung precariously on the frame, grasping it lightly with her right hand. “He has the right to refuse. There’s nothing I can do.”

“Yes but- you can try to convince him?”

“That’s not my job. You’re his friend. Or babysitter or whatever. I think that’s your job.” And with that final remark she left without a thought of her actions.

Gnome automatically swiveled mere inches away from Ernest with a look of remorse. “Please just take it.”

“No.”

“Why not?”

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

Ernest for a moment of unbearable silence as he sat crookedly still. But then, he leaned over his cot and pinched his colleague's skin between two fingers.

Gnome winced at the sharp pain. "You pinched me!"

"I did." He was no longer looking at him, but at the ceiling, but not the ceiling, something farther out, something real and pure, more real than the ceiling above them. "I never knew what a pinch was until yesterday. I had heard of it, of course, but I never knew what it felt like. I've heard so many complaints about the sudden brutality that is of picking someone's skin. Mostly from my father who was constantly being teased by my mother. Even after hearing his cries, I still find so much joy in it. I find myself pinching myself quite often now. When you can't distinguish a dream from reality- you know what you do? You pinch yourself. Because pinching is real life. It's the cry of a baby. The laughter of children. That sentimental moment between two partners who have known each other for more time than less. And that's everything. A pinch is everything. I know that now. How am I suppose to let that go?"

And everything went dark, at least in Stone's face. It was if all the running and chasing and pleasing that was in his brain went off. As quick as a switch. As sad as a weary tale. "Maybe you can go back on the Paroxysm?"

Ernest shook his head solemnly. "I can't."

"Well that's just stupid." He crossed his arms in stubborn rebellion. "Stupid, stupid, stupid."

"Well I am sorry you feel that way. But you are feeling. You get to do that. Why can't I?"

The two men sat in silence. Just two opposing people with two very opposing views. And no compromise was available.

"While you were asleep, Sadie said that she would go out with you," Gnome interjected rudely.

"Are you lying?"

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

“No.”

“Well I don’t care. This has to be my choice.”

“What about your job?”

He thought momentarily. “I don’t believe I like my job very much.”

“Nobody likes there job! That’s life. Trust me. You don’t want to feel. Feelings are messy. It’s easier to walk through life with a blind fold on.”

Ernest creased his nose. “But now I have a clear view. And let me tell you, I have an appreciation for it more than you will ever understand.”

Gnome’s eyes looked tired. His night was rough, and his day was even rougher. “Just think about it?”

Ernest smiled, his teething glaring in the day time’s sun beams. Stone peered at his friend one more time before ultimately deciding to leave the room swiftly. Ernest Black sat, lonesome in his bed. He was not thinking of what his associate had told him, but thinking each singular crevice in the ceiling. Maybe he would take the antibiotics. Maybe he wouldn’t. But he could feel the presence of the present more than he could feel the future. And that was just fine with him.

REACH FOR THE STARS

BY ELLIE FARMAN, AGE 11

STARDATE 74.3.75-8

DEAR DIARY,

MY MOM GOT ME THIS BOOK. SHE SAID SHE WANTS ME TO WRITE IN IT WHEN I AM BORED AND AT NIGHT. SHE SAYS IT IS SOMETHING A LOT OF PEOPLE DID IN THE PAST. SHE MEANS LIKE 800 YEARS AGO. IT IS THE YEAR 2774, NOT 2025. BUT, I NEED TO STOP RANTING AND FOCUS ON PACKING. I'M HUNGRY THOUGH, SO LET ME GO GET A SNACK.

I'VE GOT A SNACK NOW, AND MY MOTHER SEEMS HAPPY THAT I AM WRITING IN THIS. I PROBABLY SHOULD EXPLAIN TO YOU, MY DIARY, WHAT LIFE IS LIKE NOW COMPARED TO 800 YEARS AGO. FIRSTLY, NAMES ARE VERY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT THEY WERE LIKE BACK THEN. MY NAME IS ARLO, SHORT FOR ARLENE, AN ANCIENT NAME FROM THE MID 1900S. TOMORROW I WILL BE THE YOUNGEST PERSON TO EVER WORK ON A STARSHIP. I WILL BE THE JUNIOR SCIENTIST ON THE GALAXY, A STARSHIP TASKED WITH MAKING AN ALLIANCE WITH A NEWLY DISCOVERED SPECIES OF ALIENS. THEY SAY THAT THEIR NAME IS NOT ABLE TO BE PRONOUNCED BY US, SO WE CALL THEM THE ZXY. (PRONOUNCED ZIK-SEE)

EVERY SPECIES, BY SPECIES I MEAN INTELLIGENT ALIENS, HAS A DIFFERENT LIFESPAN. SO WHEN MAKING GROUPS THAT INCLUDE MULTIPLE SPECIES, WE USE THE MATURITY SCALE. EVERY 6 MONTHS I GET TESTED FOR MY MATURITY LEVEL. THAT INCLUDES INTELLIGENCE, KNOWLEDGEABILITY, SOCIAL SKILLS, AND RESPONSIBILITY.

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

RETURNING TO THE TOPIC OF THE SPACESHIP, I HAVE TO ADMIT, I AM VERY MUCH SCARED OF HEIGHTS. ANOTHER THING YOU SHOULD KNOW IS THAT I HAVE TWIN YOUNGER SISTERS. THEIR NAMES ARE CARO OR CAROLI, SHORT FOR CAROLINE, AND ELIZI, SHORT FOR ELIZABETH.

MY MOM SAYS THAT I NEED TO CONTINUE PACKING AND STOP WRITING FOR NOW, SO I GOT TO GO.

BYE FOR NOW,

ARLO MYLLIRV

STARDATE 74.3.76-1

DEAR DIARY,

I AM RIDING THE AUTOBUS TO THE LAUNCH CENTER WITH MEO, MY MOTHER, RIGHT NOW. I WOULD TALK TO HER, BUT SHE IS ASLEEP RIGHT NOW, AND I DON'T WANT TO WAKE HER. I'M ALMOST FREAKING OUT, AND I NEEDED SOMETHING TO DO WHILE MEO SLEEPS, SO I CHOSE TO WRITE. I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT TO WRITE RIGHT NOW TO BE HONEST, SO I GUESS I WILL JUST TALK MORE ABOUT MYSELF. I AM TWELVE YEARS OLD AND HAVE A MATURITY LEVEL OF 15. I WAS 2, WITH A MATURITY LEVEL OF 5, WHEN I JOINED THE SCHOOL FOR STARBLAZER SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS. THE SPEAKER JUST ANNOUNCED THE NEXT STOP IS THE NEVERA STARBLAZER LAUNCH CENTER. I SHOULD PROBABLY WAKE MEO UP,

GOT TO GO,

ARLO MYLLIR

P.S. TODAY IS FRIDAY, WHICH MEANS IT'S SHABBAT!

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

DEAR DIARY,

I AM IN THE WAIT ROOM WITH MY MOM RIGHT NOW, ALONG WITH ALL OF THE OTHER KIDS AND THEIR FAMILIES. THERE IS A GIRL WITH BOTH PARENTS, A GIRL WITH JUST HER FATHER, THREE BOYS WITH WHAT LOOKS LIKE THEIR GRANDMOTHER, AND A BOY AND GIRL SITTING TOGETHER IN THE CORNER. A LADY JUST WALKED IN AND CALLED A BUNCH OF NAMES, INCLUDING MINE. I THINK I SHOULD GO WITH HER. I WILL WRITE AGAIN TOMORROW.
SEE YOU SOON,

ARLO MYLLIRY

STARDATE 74.32.77-3

DEAR DIARY,

SORRY FOR WAKING YOU UP SO EARLY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO RIGHT NOW, AS DEXA, MY ROOMMATE, IS STILL SLEEPING. I GOT WOKEN UP BY HER MOANING IN HER SLEEP. SHE WAS THE GIRL IN THE CORNER WITH THE OTHER BOY. SHE HAS NOT SAID A WORD. I THINK SHE DOES NOT SPEAK MUCH ENGLYSH.

THE LAUNCH CENTER DORMS ARE SMALL ONE ROOM BEDROOMS, WITH A BATHROOM AND TWO CLOSETS. THERE ARE TWO TWIN BEDS, TWO SIDE TABLES, TWO DESKS, AND A MINI FRIDGE WITH NOE AND BANANAS. THERE IS ALSO NOE JUICE AND WATER BUBBLES IN THE FRIDGE.

I TECHNICALLY DON'T HAVE TO WAKE UP UNTIL 1, SO I SHOULD PROBABLY TRY TO FALL BACK ASLEEP. BUT I'M NOT TIRED. SO I'M GOING TO DRAW INSTEAD.

SEE YOU ONCE I'M DONE,

ARLO MYLLIRY

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

STARDATE 74.32.77-1

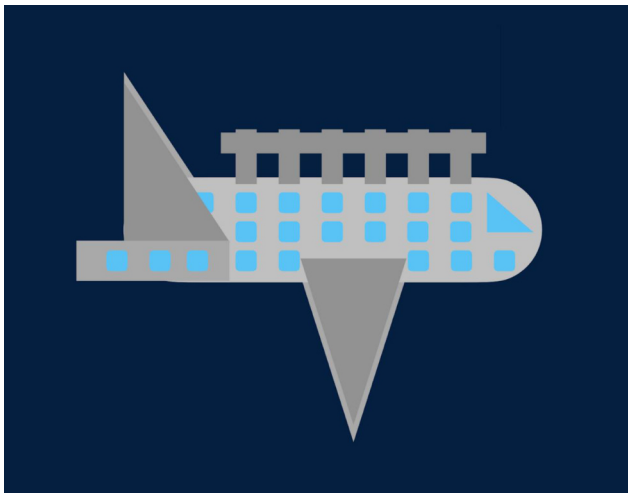
DEAR DIARY,

I FINISHED MY DRAWING. I WILL PASTE IT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE. I JUST LOOKED AT THE CLOCK, IT IS ALREADY MORNING. I MUST HAVE TAKEN LONGER ON MY HOLODRAWING. I AM GOING TO GO TO THE BATHROOM, THEN GO TO BREAKFAST.

BYE FOR BREAKFAST,

ARLO MYLLIR

HOLODRAWING OF THE GALAXY:



My New Normal

Julia Bahcall, age 10

Chapter One

I raged. Delila Cambrio smirked as she crumpled my paper airplane I threw across the classroom, meaning for it to reach Watson Isenburg, my best friend.

“Why are you like this? Go bother someone else.” I picked up the crumpled paper plane to which Delila threw back on the floor.

“No thanks, I enjoy seeing you get this mad over a paper airplane,” she smirked. I rolled my eyes.

“It’s fine, Sayla. Just tell me after class,” Watson said.

“Yeah, Sayla. Just tell him after class.” Delila seemed pretty amused with herself.

“I hate you.”

“Go cry to your mommy about it.”

My eyes turned from fury to despair. I slowly sat back down in my seat. Normally I’d respond with some snarky comment, but I couldn’t.

Watson shot a piercing glare at Delila.

“What?” Delila said concerned, but somehow managed to make it sound snarky at the same time. Watson rushed over to me.

“Don’t listen to her; she’s just inconsiderate.”

“Can anyone tell me why Sayla’s all of a sudden being such a crybaby?”

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

Watson snatched Delila's arm, and yanked her into the hall.

"Her mom DIED yesterday night from a car crash. You have no idea what you just said to her."

Delila's smirk dropped. "I-I had no idea."

"Yeah. That's right. You don't." He walked back into the classroom and left Delila to soak it all in. Delila rushed back into the classroom. The teacher was late by ten minutes now.

"Sayla, are you okay?" Delila asked.

"Don't talk to me."

"I'm really sorry, I didn't know."

I stayed quiet.

"Everyone in their seats. Delila, Watson, that means you. Everyone turn to page 67 in your history textbooks," Mr. Gonzalez began.

Chapter Two

I shut the door behind me. "Hi Mom!" I quickly realized, there was no Mom. I stood there. Everything was so different now. I felt a warm hand touch my shoulder. That gentle touch soon turned into warm embrace.

"It's going to be alright." Stella said gently.

"It really doesn't feel like it right now."

"I know." Stella changed the subject, "Let's go make an after-school snack together. Ants on a log?"

I nodded.

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

I plopped down on my bed, and just layed there until I heard a faint knock on my door.

“Come in,” I mumbled. Stella walked in, and sat next to me on my bed. I sat up.

“How you doin’...?” she asked quietly.

I hung my head low. I didn’t respond.

“I know this is a tough time, but we’ll get through this together.”

“That’s what everyone says, Stella,” I replied softly.

For the next five minutes, we sat in silence. There were constant tears trickling down Stella’s face as she cried silently to herself.

“I know we’re grieving, but we also need to figure out money, and school, and where we’re going to live...” Stella said anxiously.

“I’m only thirteen.”

“And I’m only sixteen. But we don’t have any legal guardians now.”

“We can just go to an orphanage, it’s not that difficult.”

“That would risk us being separated if you get adopted, and I wouldn’t trust anyone with you.” Stella argued.

I sighed. “What about Mom’s...you know...side jobs?”

“That’s mostly why I don’t want to go to the orphanage; we need to lay low.”

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

“Mom’s dead. It’s not like they can arrest her.”

“It’s not Mom I’m worried about. First of all, we could get arrested for helping Mom, and second, we wouldn’t have any money. I’ll get a job, but it’s going to have to be something minimum-wage so they can’t track us or anything.”

I nodded. “Well then.”

“Well then.” Stella stood up from my bed. “Think about it, and you can come to me with any ideas.” She smiled and walked out of my room, closing the door behind her. Well, then.

Chapter Three

I sat in class, zoning out.

“What do you think, Sayla?” asked Mr. Humphrey.

“Huh?” I said startled.

“Snap out of it. Moving on, class. What is the Y function of the expression?”

I rolled my eyes, then zoned back out.

While I was zoning out, I visualized myself saying a final goodbye to my mom for the last time, because I never got the chance to. I visualized myself apologizing for everything I’ve done wrong to her. I visualized squeezing her hand one final time. It was so sudden. I hadn’t realized it at the time, but my last words to my mother were “I hate you.”

I jumped. The student teacher tapped my shoulder.

“Sorry, you startled me,” I said.

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

“You seem a little distracted, would you like to get a sip of water?” she asked softly. I nodded. As I was walking towards the water fountain, I couldn’t help but smile at the thoughtfulness of that student teacher; genuinely caring about the students, and their personal growth, instead of just caring about what you’re teaching them.

“So...how are you doing...?” asked Watson as we walked back from school to his house.

“Pretty awful,” is what I wanted to say. What I actually said was, “I’m doin’ alright.” Watson nodded sympathetically. I’m not sure if Watson would ever understand. I haven’t told him—in the six years that I’ve known him—about all my mom’s sketchy side hustles. That’s something I’m still debating myself on; whether to tell him about it or not. Now that my Mom isn’t here anymore, it doesn’t matter half as much. But, Stella and I could still get in some trouble for helping her. Plus, it’s still unclear whether Stella and I will have to keep these things up, because we still need money one way or another. Stella got a job at Starbucks, but obviously that’s not even close to enough. I’ll definitely have to get a job too, along with school, homework that I have to keep up on so the teachers don’t get suspicious, and my extracurriculars.

There was an aggressive knock on the door. Stella gave me a curious look, and we both went over to answer the door. Stella unlocked the door and opened it.

“LAPD, are you Stella and Sayla Yavinsky?”

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

Author's Note

I wrote both of these poems on the same day (which I'm very proud of myself for doing). I wrote "I'm Sorry" first and based the idea of the poem off of how difficult it is to apologize to someone - especially someone who's close to you - and seem like you mean it. I've seen and experienced this phenomenon and wanted to put it in the perspective of a parent apologizing to their child because I wondered (and still wonder to this day) how can the person who's supposed to raise and protect you instead let you down and then how can they apologize for that? What would that apology look like? What would the parent say? Then, for "Seasons", I simply wanted to write about the 4 seasons of nature and how one changes to the next: Summer to Fall, Fall to Winter, Winter to Spring, Spring to Summer, repeat. This poem captures the everlasting change in nature and the impermanence of life. I am very proud of both of these poems and hope you enjoy them!

Sincerely,

Sophie Balis

Seasons

Sophie Balis, Age 13

The trees blow in the wind

Their leaves, bright and green

The clear water is fresh

The sky, blue and clean

But then, things change

As things always do

And Mother seems more gray

As Her leaves change in hue

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

The wind rustles the trees
The sky is darker now
Green turns to red
And red now is brown

But then, things change
There's early darkness too
It feels longer by the day
And there's less and less of food

The trees are barren
The leaves, they disappeared
Snow collects on the ground
The coldest time of the year

But then, things change
But, it's better than before
Through March, April, and May
Flowers burst through the dirt floor

The Trees get back their green
And blue returns to sky
Flowers begin to bloom
And the sun can once more shine

And things will still change
Things in rain, shine, and snow
Nothing stays the same
Seasons come, seasons go

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

I'm Sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry that I missed your 18th birthday

I'm sorry that I couldn't come to your high school graduation

I'm sorry that I wouldn't drive you to college

I'm sorry that I didn't go to your last soccer game

And I'm sorry that I wasn't there when you scored your first goal, but still lost the game

I'm sorry that I had no band aids when you were bleeding

I'm sorry that I yelled at you the day you got dumped

I'm sorry that I was mean to your friends

I'm sorry that I tore open your favorite stuffed animal

And I'm sorry that I wasn't there for you

I'm sorry that I hurt you even though I never hit you

I'm sorry that I pushed you, but in the wrong direction

I'm sorry that I hated you while you loved me

I'm sorry that I never defended you, but you always protected me

And I'm sorry that I never accepted you yet you saw and accepted the real me every single day

I'm sorry for everything I've said and haven't said

I'm sorry for everything I've done and haven't done

And I'm sorry for my presence and lack thereof

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I'm sorry

I know the more I say "I'm sorry"

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

The less it means
I know that I have failed you
I know that you will never truly forgive me
And I know that just one apology won't solve everything
Won't erase the past
Won't make up for the missed milestones
Or the lack of affection
Or the tears you cried because of me
I know that two simple words
And seven simple letters won't rebirth our relationship
instantaneously
But, I have to start somewhere
So, I love you
And I'm sorry

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

Author's Note

Hello hello, I'm the one who wrote this. So I decided to do a writing form I don't usually do and write poems rather than a story I would normally write. Basically, I have a challenge for you. Every single poem except for the one called Stars is actually based on a story from Greek mythology. Why? Cause I'm a nerd and I said so. Anyway, if you are able to figure out which story every poem is based on, you my friend will become the lucky winner of something I like to call, the invisible gold star. As soon as you say what they are based on correctly out loud, an invisible gold star will appear on your shirt. It is completely unable to be seen, but you will have it. Trust me. Some are really obvious, others not so much. Good luck! May the odds be ever in your favor.

- Dana Rechter

Collection of Poems

Dana Rechter, Age 14

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

Labyrinth

Endlessly I wander
Searching for exit
For escape
Those who came before me
failed to escape
Killed by the beast
Eaten
The screams
Of my companions
Surround me
vI hear footsteps draw closer
And closer
And closer
Till the beast reaches
And bites off my head
With an echoing crunch

Stars

See the Stars
As they twinkle
In the sky.
So far away
And yet still able
To be seen.
Soon
I swear
I shall reach the stars
And float among them.
Float through space
Endlessly
Always drifting
Never stopping
Floating free.

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

Sleep and Death

They say Sleep is the cousin of Death
But that is false
In reality, Sleep and Death are brothers
For both are children of the night
Forever chasing humans
Both a fate that can not be avoided
Both will come eventually
One shall come with softness
With grace
With relief
The other shall come with pain
With sorrow
With fear
The only way to know which is which
Is for you to embrace them
And allow them to find you

The Flower

As spring comes
The flower blooms
Waking into the land
Stretching into the sky
Standing high
Standing strong
As spring changes to summer
The flower persists
Thriving in the sun
Knowing it does not have long left
Till it must return
To the shadows
As Autumn begins
The flower wilts
Its petals falling
Slowly dying
Returning to the earth
In wintertime
The world shall mourn
As the lovely flower
Returns to death
Knowing that as spring comes
It shall return once more

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

The Box

The box sits
Alone on a shelf
A gift to a girl
One she must not open
The girl's curiosity persists
Her eyes never leaving the box
She is unable to resist
As she grabs the box
Opens its lid
Releasing horrors
Never before seen
She closes the box quickly
For all that remains
Is hope

The Boy

The boy flies
High in the sky
Soaring in the clouds
Escaping his capture
Finally free
Finally safe
Finally able to live
He flies towards land
Ever higher
The sun warming his wings
As they begin to melt
And the boy
Begins to fall

The Woman

The woman wanders
Alone in her cave
Unable to be seen by the people
For she is too ugly
She is a beast
A monster
Any who see her freeze with fear
Permanently
Till she decided to sleep
Rest for a bit
As she never awoke
For in the night a boy came
And took her head

The Music

He played his music
Played it through death
Played to save his love
To bring her back to life
He had one chance
As he walked through the underworld
To get back his love
But he will fail in his quest
For at the very last second
He looked back

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

The Laurel Tree

The woman ran
Ran as fast as she can
Chased by a man
Who wished for her love
As she ran
She reached a cliff
As the man slowly approached
She prayed to those above
And the woman disappeared
All that was left
Was a single laurel tree

Author's Note

Yello, tis I, the writer... I'm Hannah... Hannah Rosenstock... there's a lot of us. Typically for showcase I write a silly little narrative story but this year I decided to try something different. And it DEFINITELY wasn't because my narrative story is a fanfic ヽ_(ツ)_/_. Moving on... Turns out I'm pretty good at deep poems. However I don't write them a lot because I'm not a very deep person and my brain hurts at writing these, so find meaning at your own despair... There's meaning... I just don't know what it is ヽ_(ツ)_/_.

Sincerely,

Hannah Rosenstock

Collection of Poems

Hannah Rosenstock, Age 15

Those who will sow in tears

Those who will sow in tears will reap in joy
A group of children with terrific fear
Destined to discover a drastic ploy
With the large burning flame whose skin shall sear

Those who will reap in joy will sell in pride
Traversing a road of hardships and pain
Knowledge of their fate leaves them terrified
And across the dusty sands it shall rain

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

Those who sell in pride will cry in sorrow
All them together in the eyes of grief
And for them there is no more tomorrow
Like little fishes with no coral reef

Those who will sow in tears will reap rewards
As we must continue moving forwards

We choose our fate

We choose our fate
You walk, you run, you cry
You scream, you'll terrify
We choose our fate
We choose our fate
You hold your breath, you let out a sigh
You scream, you'll terrify
We choose our fate

Path 1:

You hug, you jump, you laugh
You call out and about
You love
We choose our own path
You dance and you don't pout
We wear our own glove

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

Path 2:

You stop, you sit, you try
You scream without a sound
You run around
You live, you laugh, you die
You will never be found
We choose our own ground

Path 3:

We choose our own fate
We live solely in our own heart
We live, we laugh, we hate
We carry our own cart
We fill our own plate
We choose our own end, we choose our own start

We run around

We run around
Laughing and jumping
Smiles and jokes
Friends hand in hand
Teeth bared
No more smiles and jokes
Rain clouds overcast
We run around
Screaming and crying

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

A beautiful lake

vA beautiful lake
Shining and shimmering
The lake reflects the sky
Stars and planets
A beautiful spring
Shining and simmering
Tall towers sprout like swords
Where bodies dance
The pain of words
It still stings
A beautiful lake
A beautiful grave

Everything burns

We live on a planet
A planet that rotates our sun
Our sun is a star
Shining brighter than some
We wake up to rays
That announce the days begun
Everything burns
When our star is done

Dumb lullabies

Do not cry
Tia is here
Lableless joy
Sol rises from moon
Farther are we
Missing is he
Reasons to cry
Dumb lullaby

The forest trees wave

The forest trees wave
Waving away
Glinting in sun
It is never done
The forest trees wave
We run away
Burning like sun
It has begun
The forest trees wave
Life floats away
Rises the sun
The day is done
The night has begun

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

In the mirror

I look in the mirror
Yet I see not myself
Not my eyes
Not my mouth
Typing away
I look through my screen
Past my page
That isn't me
I look in the mirror
Yet I see not myself
Not my eyes
Not my mouth
I dream of a day
Where you come around
And there I find
My eyes
My mouth

Selkie

Tales of a beast
Travel the world
Owls and Rodents
Bats and wolves
Tales of a beast
Travel the world
Through England and france
China and laos
Tales of a beast
Travel the world
With you and me
And the selkie

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

She Floor

She sells sea shells on the sea floor
Waves crashing above
Her shells are no more

She sells sea shells on the sea floor
Pieces are scattered
An internal war

She sells sea shells on the sea floor
Crushed to bits
Sally is no more

She sold seashells on the seafloor
Left behind
Is the She Floor(She is the She Floor)

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

Author's Note

When writing these poems, I wanted to take on different interpretations of the theme (those who sow in tears will reap in joy). In the first piece, the narrator ends up moving on from an empty relationship they were clinging to, while in the second, the narrator is speaking to a loved one and asking them to hold out for joy before giving up hope. I was also really inspired by the nature of Westtown Pennsylvania, as its much denser and greener than what I'm used to in Georgia, so I wanted to tie that in as well, including both the conventionally beautiful parts of nature, and the uglier bits.

-Lily Cowart

Little Red Leaves

Lily Cowart, Age 15

You told me that the trees were different when you came back.
They smelled like burnt leather and the little red leaves fell like
candle wax.
Your blood is still on my garage's mic, so I have to keep the
door closed because the cat tries to lick it
When it smells you

It's alright though, I won't clean it.
You exploded like a star and ran your voice till it went raw,
Coughing up regret and ash,
Taking up space meant for better people

URJ 6 POINTS CREATIVE ARTS ACADEMY

And my texts still send
And I'm staring at your playlists to see what went wrong,
But I can't really tell when things changed

You left without note, without word
And it wasn't anyone's fault I've heard,
Our roots took separate paths,
But I remember clinging to your bark
And you to mine,

But now that you're back,
I can't remember our bits,
And every joke we've ever had is veiled by time
And I was so sure I was there, but looking back, you just look so
alone,
But you forgot our songs,
And I forgot why I kept your dirty microphone

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

Urban Spores

Lily Cowart, Age 15

Pink-toed possums prowl through seas of green
While clovers melt with morning dew,
An untouched coffee sits by me,
At home when I think of you

Hope dances on my windowpane
And stretches 'cross the East,
Headed straight to you, across the world
Before you turn to wild beast

Wandering far and wide,
You'll search down roaring streets,
For stardust burning slow,
In which you'll find release

But keep looking towards the sun
Before crashing into night,
Sow in tears of pus and rot,
While spores of hope take flight

Author's Note

This year's theme came to me at a perfect time in my life. In the last two years I have dealt with some big challenges in losing people close to me. Those feelings were some of the most difficult things I have had to cope with, but working to get through it has proved to be worth it. Without these greatly important people in my life I have had to choose between sitting in sadness and grief, or to focus on continuing to let joy and love into my life. That is what these poems represent.

Sincerely,

Kooper Kniaz

Bouquets

Kooper Kniaz, Age 17

Staring into the flowers
A constant reminder
Of someone you will never get to meet
Hours spent picking
And deciding
Purples, blacks, and oranges.
They'll sit there in bloom forever
And at first it hurt
A constant reminder of someone i lost
Sitting with someone she will never get to know
But each time i see them
Im reminded of love
Of love i get to give to you
That i could never have done without her

SESSION 1 CREATIVE WRITING

Of Love

Kooper Kniaz, Age 17

A voice gentle like the raindrops on your roof
And a soul more beautiful
Than the rainbow that comes after
With words as kind as the soft breeze through your room
I watch your chest rise and fall
Breathing,
Steady
Patient
And tall
Forever ready to catch me when i fall
When i stare into your eyes
Im glad we're both alive

Author's Note

This piece represents my worries and hopes for when I get to college. When I was writing this, I didn't realize I switched emotions until after. The main character, who is me, slowly gets happier when more people enter the picture, so she needs love and comfort from others or else she'll go down a rabbit hole of self negativity.

Sincerely,

Eliana Cohen

Moving to College

Eliana Cohen, Age 17

When I think about college, all I get thoughts of negativity. The thoughts start off small like “what are my classes going to be like?” “How big are my classes, how long?” “Will the people be nice?”. But soon the thoughts gradually start evolving into something more, the thoughts turn more intense. The words in my head are so repetitive, I can't think of anything else. “What if everyone finds a way to hate me, people have done that at my other school”. “What if I don't find out what I'm passionate for?” “What if I'm not destined to do or create or fix something on this blue planet?” I'm surrounded by these words, it's a storm that I can't escape from. “It will be okay,” a voice says in the distance. I raise my head, glancing and squirting around through the raveling words. “It's going to be okay,” the voice says again. Suddenly, a hand reaches out through the swirling words. I willingly take it, it is my mother. She hugs and soothes me, all of my negative words go away. All of my tears well up in my eyes and I break down crying. All of the emotions and thoughts that

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I've been keeping inside me. "You can't bottle up all these emotions, sweetie," my mom says. I nod as the tears are running down my face. "It will be okay", she repeats. She hugs me and says "I will always be here for you, don't hide your emotions from me or anyone okay?". I nod again, everything goes dark again. *a couple months later, me and my family are at the doors of my college* "Well this is it, I still can't believe I'm going to college, I thought for sure I wouldn't get in." "I had hope for you Eliana even though I didn't show it as much." My sister chuckles as she playfully nudges my arm. "You're going to have an amazing time" says my dad. "We will miss you so much" my mom says tearfully. "Oh Mom", I say as I hug her and my dad, my sister joins in. A voice comes out from the crowd. "Eliana?" it's a familiar voice. "No it can't be" I turn around and try to find the familiar voice. I spot the person and it's my old best friend, Lucy Ringel. We used to be best but we drifted apart, I forgot why. I run to her. "Lucy!" I hug her tightly. "I didn't realize you were going to university so soon" I say questionably. "Oh yeah, I graduated early, the "working extra hard part" paid off, she chuckled. "What!" I exclaim. "We have a lot to catch up on, we haven't spoken since..." "Since the end of last summer, I know". She said, "Yeah.. well let's start catching up now". I offer her my arm and Lucy hooks her arm through mine. I wave goodbye to my family and Lucy and I skip away to the entrance. "She'll be okay", "she's happier now". My dad reassures my mom. "Our old Eliana is back".