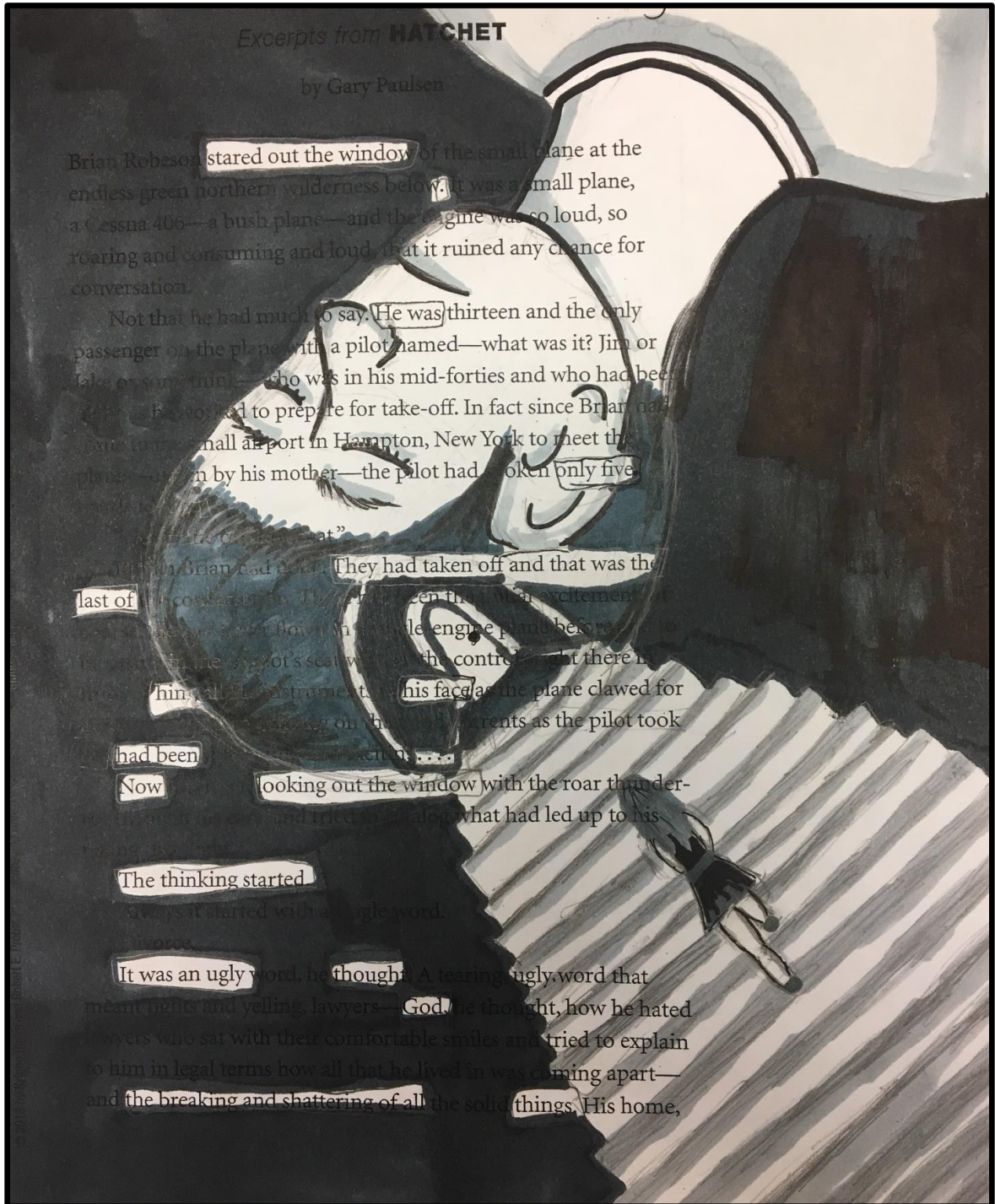


McAuliffe Future Writers Club



Excerpts from **HATCHET**

by Gary Paulsen

Brian Robeson stared out the window of the small plane at the endless green northern wilderness below. It was a small plane, a Cessna 406—a bush plane—and the engine was so loud, so roaring and consuming and loud, that it ruined any chance for conversation.

Not that he had much to say. He was thirteen and the only passenger on the plane with a pilot named—what was it? Jim or Jake or something—who was in his mid-forties and who had been sitting in the cockpit to prepare for take-off. In fact since Brian had come from a small airport in Hampton, New York to meet the plane—sent him by his mother—the pilot had spoken only five

words. "That's all, Brian had said. They had taken off and that was the last of the excitement. The pilot had seen that with excitement and had been looking out the window with the roar thundering in his ears and tried to recall what had led up to his

had been

Now

The thinking started

words it started with a single word.

It was an ugly word, he thought. A tearing, ugly word that meant fights and yelling, lawyers—God, he thought, how he hated lawyers who sat with their comfortable smiles and tried to explain to him in legal terms how all that he lived in was coming apart—and the breaking and shattering of all the solid things. His home,

Literary Magazine 2018-2019

Letter from the Advisors:

Thank you for taking the time to read the 2018-2019 Future Writers Club Literary Magazine! This year, we took a different approach with writing. Each club meeting, students participated in a different writing activity. We tried blackout poetry, tapestry poems, object descriptions, horror stories, and collaborative stories and poetry, just to name a few. Sampling different writing styles and genres is a great way to enhance your writing skills and help you become more versatile! We hope you enjoy this sample of some of our writing activities this year.

Mrs. Pennington, Mrs. Cascio, and Ms. Grady

Club Members and Contributing Writers:

Gianna Iadanza, Virginia Iadanza, Rebecca Matick, Nuzhat Maliha, Ava De Ianni, Tiffany Chan, Alex Lourenco, Olivia Smith, Michelle Kagramian, Angela DePaola

Cover art by Michelle Kagramian



Little Red Bird
By Olivia Smith

It was a sunny summer day in the yard
Little red was whistling
He was swaying
Whistling a happy tune
Whistling to the sky
He was standing by himself
Two legs
From the grass

Wish I Could Stay
By Angela DePaola

Wish I could stay
To tell them
Every time you fall
You learn somethin' new
Under the circumstances, there ain't
Nothing left for you to do

Aches and Pains

By Tiffany Chan

Aches and pains.
Burning eyes.
Memories, split, the secret,
break, divorce.
The big split forgotten.
All so fast.
Rudder pedal break.

Every Time You Fall

By Virginia Iadanza

Every time you fall
You learn somethin' new
You are what you are.
You remember that.
So get to it.
You're in charge

The Breaking and Shattering

By Michelle Kagramian

Stared out the window.
He was only five.
They had taken off and that was the last of him.
His face had been...
Now looking out the window.
The thinking started.
It was an ugly thought.
God, the breaking and shattering of all things.

The Odd One Out

By Michelle Kagramian and Rebecca Matick

She was different
Not known to man
No one ever spoke of her
Nobody knew they can.

She had everything bottled up inside
Just as a bottle of soda
No one notices her
No one cares
Nobody bothers to look around
Nobody bothers to be fair.

That girl over there
She has secrets
She never told them
She had worries
She never spoke of them.

The odd one out
Without a doubt.

Reset

By Nuzhat Maliha

Was I trapped? No I couldn't have been after all I was a little girl. There was no way god would punish me like this. How to escape this? I thought I never thought I would be trapped in a room full of nothingness. I was scared, scared out of my mind and I decided to run. Run until I ran out of breath. Over and over, jump, run, reset, Jump. Run. Reset. That was all that was going through my mind. It was driving me crazy what did I do to deserve this? I looked around for some clues or something that could change this endless time warp. I looked up and down, side to side, but nothing. Just an empty black room. I scanned the walls with the lace of my fingertips and I had found a secret door! I pushed it open and what I saw, or what I think I saw was none other than an exit.

Nearly Witches

By Ava De Ianni

The mysterious wooded path that led to who-knows-what, covered in various types of bushes and plants, untreated by man, is where I was the night before Halloween. I shivered as the wind howled behind me, causing a pile of dead crumbly leaves to fly through the air. The eerie silence was deafening. That is, until a loud crunching of leaves broke it, startling me.

Everything went quiet, well, of course after twelve o'clock. Twelve o'clock is the magical hour, but got to be sure not to play music. The evil witches hate music. They will haunt your dreams if they hear the music. Especially in the woods. In the woods, many creatures have been traumatized by the witches.

Every now and then, you will hear the creatures saying "My majesty, the three mighty witches..."

An Atypical Winter

By Olivia Smith

When winter comes,
Raindrops turn to fluffy white flakes.
Drizzling rain becomes flurries.
Parents watch weather reports while children listen for snow,
But it's always disappointing to dream about a world of crystal
white,
To wake up to a dark world of rainy gray.
Where did all the snowmen go?
Snow angels become mud puddles.
Where is all the icy snow we were dreaming about?
The winter snow has disappeared on a long vacation,
But where did it go?
Now it's just cold and boring out.
Not a single snowflake to be seen, no specks of white.

Object 1

By Olivia Smith

Life can feel very bland at times, especially when you're just staring at the same scenery every day, all day and night, not being able to move around and talk with everyone else. People stare at me but not directly at me. I'm just in the corner of their vision, next to the same people I know for a very long time. In the same classroom, the same groups of students, the groups changing once a year, when the leaves outside the windows are starting to turn from green to warm colors of reds and oranges.

Sometimes I wish I was a leaf. Free to fly with the wind, but the only wind in here comes from something that blows it artificially. It never blows hard enough to make my body shift. Clinging to a tree and being blown by a cool breeze and getting to look around and watch the weather change. In here there's only light and dark, no rain or snow, no real sunshine. The sunshine doesn't reach here, only the fake sun that turns on and off. I'd rather be stuck to a tree branch than to a cold board. At least I can move around without looking suspicious, and not have something sticky and pale yellow stuck to my back all the time.

Some students are very quiet; I like those students. But the loud ones disrupt my sleep. It calms me when the room is so quiet that I can sleep. I catch kids doing things that make the teachers mad, like when they chew like cows and spit out lumps of pink. They are sometimes quiet, like when they do SSR. They look down at things called books for a while. What could be so interesting?

One day I fell free off of the boring board. I felt so free for once, but the tile floor was cold. It had dirt on it and was slippery. When the students walked in, one of them stepped on me! They peeled me off without a word, putting me back up on the board, not bothering to ask if I was okay!

Object 2

by Michelle Kagramian

I see many faces every day. People stare and people gaze wondering if I could go any faster. I guess many people hate me because I'm either not enough, or I'm too much. I always see the same people, at the same time. They can complain all they want, but I keep moving forward at the same pace without stopping. They see me every day and I'm very important, without me you would be lost. But when people start to yell at me and accuse me of something that I didn't do, it makes me feel unwanted. Either way, I'm not going anywhere, I will always stay in the same spot doing the same thing. Unless of course My battery runs out, but then someone will come to fix me. Face to face they will stand fixing me to allow for me to work again because I'm just THAT important.