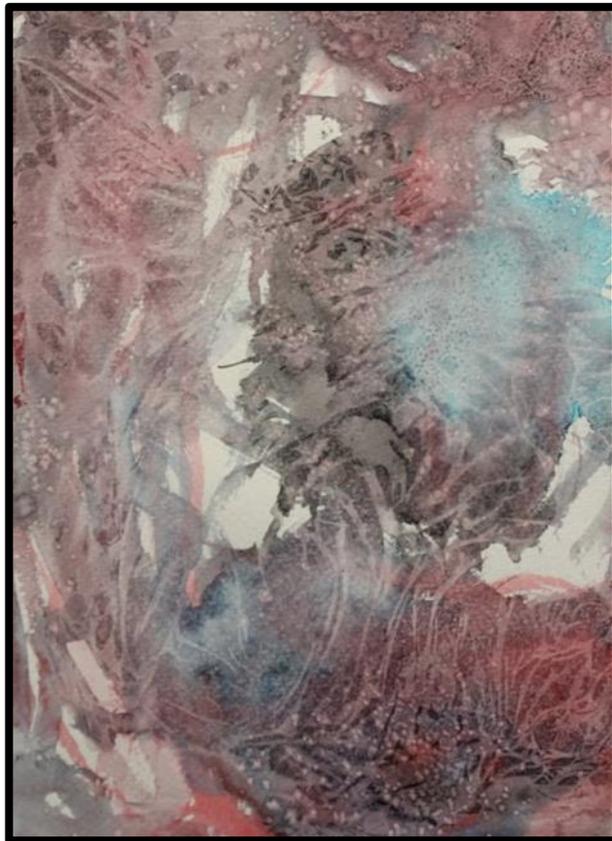




Grace Ink.

*Stories and Poems from
the Students of Grace Academy*



Winter, 2017

Grace Ink.

Created by the Grace Academy Creative Writing Club

Madison Blanks, Moo Ku, Amayah Lebron,
Rhaili-Em Lowe, Karla Oyola, Tarapi Pyo,
Eh Wah, and Paw Say Wah



And featuring works of art from

Samantha Allen, Nadisha Chowdhury, Ingrid Garcia, Sande Min,
Cityra Lee, Maria May, Sande Min, Destiny Navarro, Karla Oyola,
Moo Paw, Tarapi Pyo, Elaina Rodriguez, Paw Shee,
and Eh Wah

Cover illustration by
Elaina Rodriguez

The Path

By Paw Say Wah



When I walk down that dark path,
not knowing where it leads to,
I am scared.

I have the light
and signs
to lead me down the path.

As I walk down the path,
there are obstacles that I have to get through.

Sometimes I have to choose
the right, the left, or middle path.
I have to make that decision
Not knowing where either of them takes me to,
so I just choose one.

I choose one,
still not knowing where it leads.

I keep walking and walking down the path.

Decisions come across,
and obstacles I have to face.
I might choose the wrong path,
So that I will get lost,
and end up taking the longer way.
I might choose the right path,
and end up at my destination.
I just have to keep going.

Going along this dark path takes patience and persistence.
Each possible detour has pros and cons.
I just have to keep going, not knowing where the path leads me.

I Believe
By Rhaili-Em Lowe

I believe...
That women and men should have equal rights,
Boys can bake and so can girls,
A woman should be president,
The world can be in peace,
You can do whatever you want to if you put your
mind to it,
whatever your gender or race.
We can change the world.
We can be anything.



Thankful

By Eh Wah

I am thankful for
Family
Friends
Education
Home
Life
Earth
God
These things are a part of me
And without these things
I wouldn't be me!

Quilt Art

In this art unit, students made paper quilts, a challenging project that required many problem-solving skills. Square prints were created using classroom erasers and acrylic paint.



Cityra Lee, Grade 6



Nadisha Chowdhury, Grade 6

Ice skating

By Moo Ku



I wake up for the day to ice skate. There is fun in my life -- excitement in my future and my past. I am going to Bushnell Park to have fun with my classmates, and something leads me to be brave enough to ice skate. My mood soars, and I feel like my future will be bright, like I will be braver and more confident. I pretend I am in an empty room practicing, but the air and wind blows in my face. I'm trying not to fall as my blades hit the ice. As I bellow to my friend, "I'm doing it," I keep going.



Question You Cannot Answer

By Tarapi Pyo



Did a chicken come first or did an egg come first? This question has stumped scientists for years and years. Even today, they are not able to definitively answer it. Most of their theories are just opinions. They have no scientific facts to back up their reasoning. Tell me, if a chicken was born first, didn't it need an egg to hatch out of? But if an egg came first, wouldn't it have needed a chicken to lay it? I personally think an egg was first. What do you think?
There is no right or wrong answer.

COLOR POEMS

I'm Glitter

By Madison Blanks



I'm glitter

I shimmer all the time
And sparkle in the night

You see my colors shine

Like sparkling cider in the summer time

Red Green Blue Pink Purple and **Orange** too

Are my favorite glittery colors

How about you?

Gold

By Tarapi Pyo



Gold

All high and mighty,
Standing for money,
Always one of the favorite colors,
Unique in its value.

I am gold,
Shiny and bright,
But one thing is different,
I am priceless,
Not for sale

ORANGE, ORANGE
By Amayah Lebron



Orange, orange
burning bright
in the forest of the night
no sane hand or eye could create
your fearful movement
in the limit of a tree.
You remind me of fire
and the zest of a fruit
fresh and sweet
but quick and destructive
no one can beat.



Periwinkle
By Rhaili-Em Lowe

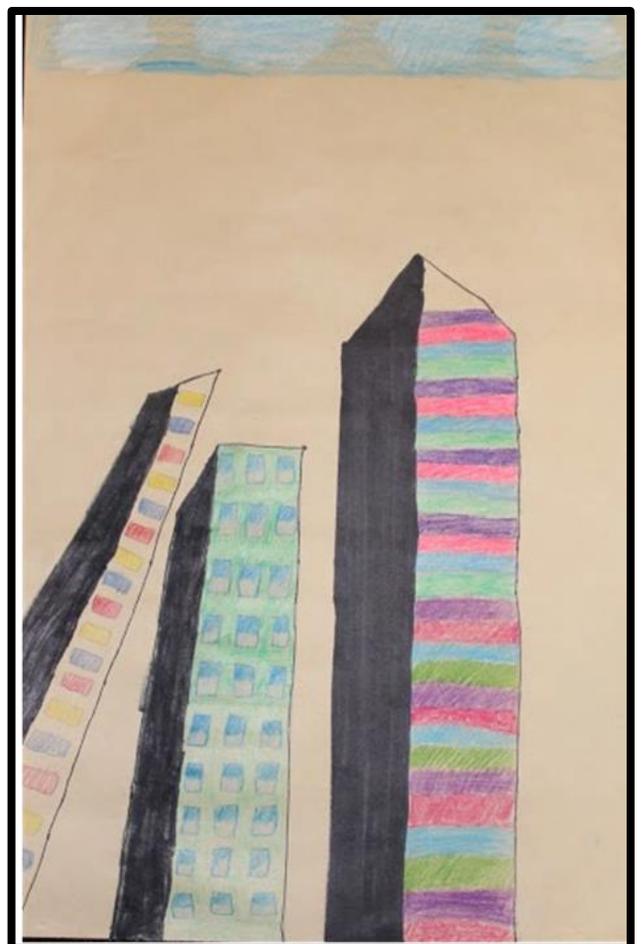
Periwinkle
is different,
just like me.
It, too, has a mom and a dad
Blue and Violet.
It seems to be a very girly color
but just is extraordinary.
Periwinkle has a different name,
that is Lavender blue,
My real name is Rhaili-em,
but everyone calls me Rhaili.
The real reason my color is Periwinkle is it's pretty
and beautiful,
just like me.

"Dream City-Scape"

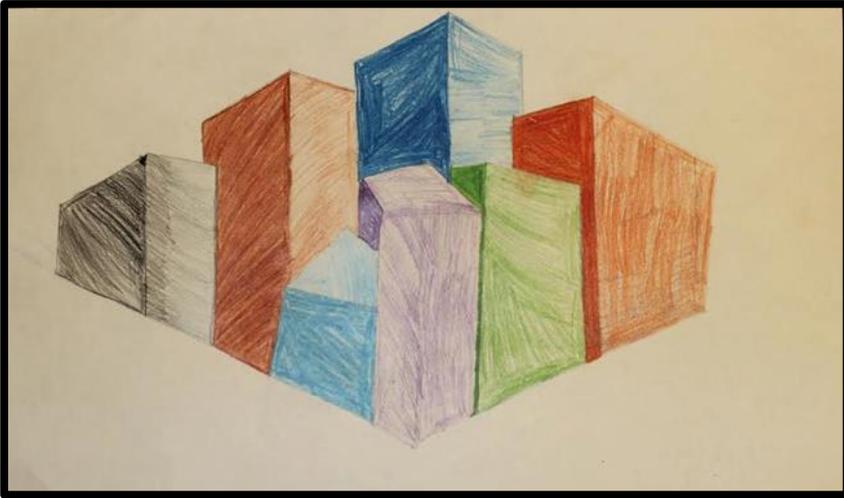
In this art assignment, students were asked to create 1 and 2 point perspective drawings of an imaginary city landscape. Each student approached the assignment differently, with creativity, reminding us that all people experience life through a different lens.



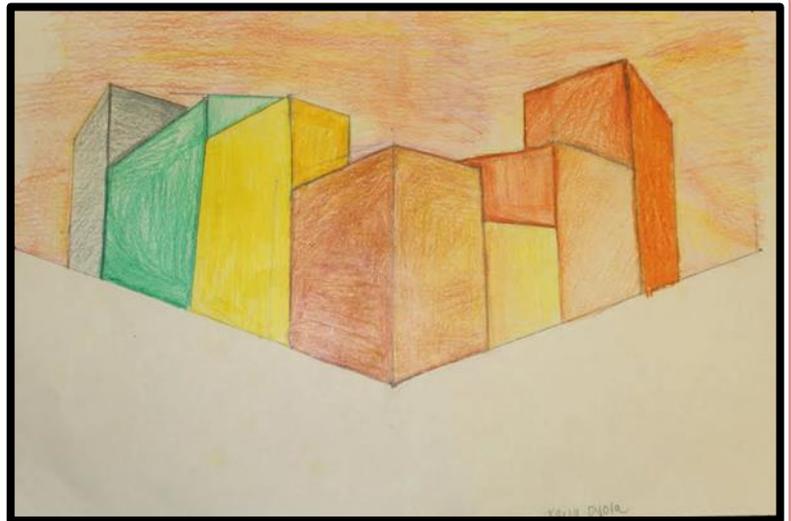
Maria May, Grade 5



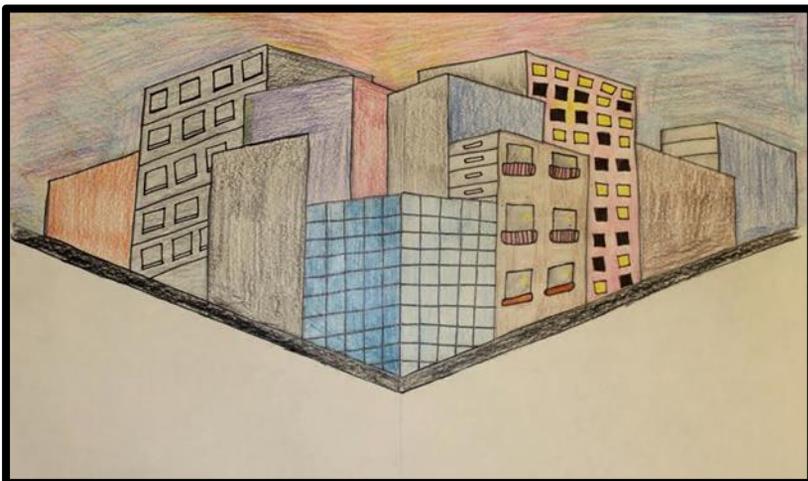
Moo Paw, Grade 5



Ayanna Kiser, Grade 6



Karla Oyola, Grade 7



Paw Shee, Grade 7



My Tears

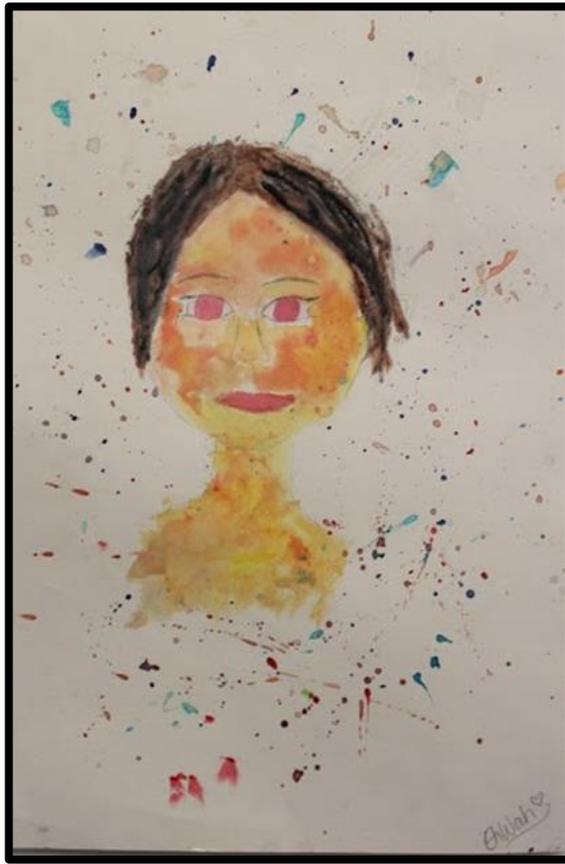
By Rhaili-em Lowe

My tears make me laugh
and cry
The tears put me out of my sorrow
But, of course I'll cry tomorrow
My tears might make me look sad,
even when inside I feel glad
Though my tears will dry,
I have to cry

I go outside and cry
before my puppy dies
After all that has happened,
I get more teary-eyed
When I walk home,
with my head down,
the tears make small tiny puddles on the sidewalk
As I open the door to my home,
I see my father standing right in the house
he looks at me and I look at him,
I give him a big bear hug
and cry
(happy tears)

My Dream

By Eh Wah



Eh Wah, Grade 5

My dream
Is to be recognized or noticed
for my artwork

I don't know if my art is good,
but I know it makes me happy

And if it makes me happy,
I should keep doing it

My artwork may be good
Or it may be bad
But that doesn't change what I love

Art

Taken

By Paw Say Wah

As I looked at Brittany there, standing on the edge of the cliff and ready to jump down, I was afraid. The wind blowing through her red-orange hair. Her tears coming down from those green eyes. Her mouth mouthing "I am sorry, I can't do this." As I tried to stretch out my arms to help her, trying to convince her not to jump down, I could see that she was scared and shaking. She was shaking her head no. My heart was beating fast as I thought of her jumping. I knew that she was going through a lot of pain right then, but she didn't have to do this to herself.

This was the only time I'd seen her out of her room since the funeral. The last time she was out of her room was when she went to the police station with me. Our best friend Robby had just died after he was shot in an alley trying to retrieve Brittany's handbag from someone who grabbed it. After the funeral, she locked herself in her room and refused to come out. Her family and I tried to go in and convince her to eat, but she wouldn't eat anything off of her plate.

When I heard that she finally came out of her room, I felt relieved, but then her parents said that she was missing, and my heart ached. I went out of my room and ran out my front door and started my car. My hands were shaking so much that I barely could put the key into the ignition. I finally got the key in and drove to places that I knew she would go. She would usually go to a place that Robby, she, and I discovered, our secret place.

The secret place was the lighthouse on the cliff. We usually hung out there when

we had problems. We told one another our problems, what was bothering us--we basically shared everything, even our deepest secrets. Our friendship was unbreakable. Until the incident.

The death hit both of us hard, but especially Brittany. Brittany had been through hell. Her boyfriend that she had dated since eighth grade died because of cancer, and then her brother, Josh, died while he was in the army. Her brother was in a place that was hit by bombs; he was hit too, and then died. When her boyfriend died, Brittany was heartbroken, but Robby and I were there to comfort her. She was crying so much. Then her brother died, and she was devastated because she was really close with her brother. I cried that day too, because Josh and I were dating then. Robby was there to comfort us both.

Brittany was always a positive person, she was always the person to cheer you up when you got dumped by a boyfriend. Robby, Brittany, and I had been best friends since we were born. Our mothers had been best friends, too. Robby was always the guy best friend that would be there for you when you had trouble or when your car broke down. It made me laugh when I thought about the time when Chad and I broke up and he left me there. Someplace out in the middle of nowhere. I called Robby and he came to get me, and Brittany was there too. They were, like, "Are you OK," and stuff. We drove to a bar and decided to have a little fun, a celebration. I can never forget that because when we

woke up none of us remembered what had happened the night before --until we looked at pictures we took, including that video of me on top of a table dancing. When we watched the video we started to laugh. One of my best memories.

Two weeks before Robby's funeral, I was at home writing an essay for class, so I couldn't hang out with Robby and Brittany. They were out and then all of the sudden a guy came up behind them and snatched Brittany's handbag. Robby ran after him and Brittany followed along. The guy went into the alley and Robby grabbed him and gave him one nice punch. That is when things went wrong. The guy took a gun out, and in a blink of an eye-- "BAM" --Robby was shot on the side. Robby fell and then that is when Brittany caught up to them. She saw Robby on the ground in pain. The guy dropped the handbag and ran off because he was scared. Brittany panicked and rushed to Robby to stop the blood. She called for help and when no one came to help she hurried to grab her handbag so she could get out her phone and call for the ambulance. She called and the ambulance came, and Brittany went in the ambulance with him.

She called me and said that Robby was shot and that I should come to the hospital and alert his parents about it, and at the end she said "I can't lose him too." I could hear that she was crying, because she was choking on her words. My heart ached, tears kept rolling down from my eyes. I just said, "He will survive". I dialed Robby's mom's number to inform her.

"Hello Maddie," came from the phone. "What's wrong?" I choked "Robby has... has... been shot" I was stuttering on my words. I was bawling my eyes out. I also

told her what hospital he was in-- Community Hospital. She hung up and I rushed out the door and drove to the hospital, praying that he would be alright. When there was a red light, my heart stopped as I wondered if Robby was going to make it. When the light turned green, I drove as fast as I could to get there.

When I entered the hospital, I went to where Brittany was. She was curled up and shaking with fear. I ran to her and she saw me and gave me a big hug. I asked her how Robby was doing and she said that she didn't know because the doctor hadn't come out of surgery. Then I saw Robby's mom walking back and forth, her forehead on her hand. She had that worried look and tears in her eyes. When she was tired from walking back and forth she went to one of the chairs and sat down. I went to her and said "It is gonna be OK, Robby is strong, he will fight through it". She didn't say anything. I hugged her. The doctor came out and all three of us rushed to the doctor and asked "How is he, doctor?" The doctor had a face full of pity. My heart was racing fast, my eyes starting to get watery. The doctor shook his head no.

I felt as if my heart had broken into pieces and couldn't be fixed or put back together. Brittany fell to my chest and fell on the floor. She was bawling her eyes out, it seemed as if she was about to die. Robby's mother was screaming to save her baby. Robby's mother was heartbroken-- imagine losing your baby.

The next day, his mom went to the police and demanded justice. She wanted to find her son's killer. The policeman told her that the were

working on it and that they had some questions for Brittany to answer, but I knew for sure that Brittany wasn't in the mood for talking or doing anything at all. All she did was stay in her bedroom. Brittany was still suffering from Robby's death, she was living in a nightmare. I went to her house to take care of her and be there for her, and I told my mom that I would be staying at Brittany's house for a few days. I stayed at Brittany's house and sometimes, at night, she woke up from the same nightmare. She kept having the dreams about that night when Robby was shot. She knew how the killer looked, she could describe him from head to toe, even what he was wearing.

The day came when she had to come out of the house and go to the police station to answer some questions. She asked me to go with her and wait for her and so I did. I went with her to the police station and went to the policeman that called her to the station. We told him that we were here to answer some questions about Robby's case. When Brittany was about to go in the room, she asked the policeman if she could have me there with her.

"Brittany, they won't let us do that," I said, and then she said "I don't want to talk then." The policeman gave in and let me go in with her. The room felt so empty --it only had a table, with two chairs on one side and one chair on the other. I sat down and so did Brittany. The policeman said "Let's start with what happened that night." Brittany told the policeman what had happened that night, and then the policeman asked her if she saw the face of the man and she said yes. I can see that this question touched her, and that I knew she would never forget the face of that guy that killed Robby.

She didn't hesitate, and asked for a blank sheet of paper so she could draw how the man looked. I didn't tell you this, but Brittany was really good at drawing, she was that friend that is creative. The policeman got her the blank piece of paper and a pencil to draw with. She started drawing. She drew an oval and then started adding details, like the eyes, mouth, and all the features of the face she remembered. She remained for some questioning, and told the policeman everything he needed to know. I drove Brittany home and got her settled in her room. I had asked her if she wanted to do something fun after going to the police station, but she didn't want to. I put her to bed and she went to sleep.

I left her in her room and went back home. As I was driving home I was worried about Brittany. I was wondering if she was going to get better. The next morning I had to go to my classes, but I couldn't focus on what the professors were saying to the class. When all my classes were done, I called Brittany's parents to check on how she was. They said that she was in her room and that they were concerned about her.

The day came, Robby's funeral. I took the black dress that I had had since Josh's funeral. It was a skater dress and was really beautiful. My eyes watered because I didn't think I would have to wear this dress for a while after Josh's funeral. I didn't think I would wear this for my best friend's funeral. I didn't think that this day would even come. I took a minute and all of the sudden I realized that I was bawling my eyes out. My mom knocked on the door and asked if I

was ready. She opened the door when there was no reply. She saw me crying and came to hug me.

“Honey it is gonna be okay,” she said. “Even though he’s gone, he is not gone, because he will be in your heart and in your memories.” I cried that I didn’t know if I could go to the funeral and that I didn’t think I could live in a world without Robby because I got so used to him there. I got so used to us, Brittany, Robby, and I together, the three of us. I told her I don’t know if I can get used to only two of us now. All my mom did was look at me with an understanding look, and then she gave me a big hug and stroked her fingers through my hair. She applied makeup to my face. Then Mom, Dad, and I got into the car. Mom and Dad were in the front seats, while I was in the back. As we were driving to the church, I looked out the window and saw children playing and people having a fun time at the park. I was so sad and mad to think that they were having fun when it was someone’s funeral. It made me so furious. I understood, I guess, I understood that they didn’t know Robby and that they didn’t know that there was a funeral today. I was just sad and depressed.

We arrived at the church and the parking lot was full. My dad dropped us there and said that he would meet us in the church later. Mom and I went into the church and as I was walking toward the front, I saw Brittany sitting there in the front row and she looked so terrible. Her eyes were swollen and her face was so pale. I reached where she and her family were. Her mom and dad stood up, looked at me worriedly, and hugged me. I patted Brittany on the back and asked if she was ok, but I didn’t get any response

from her. I looked over to her parents and I could see that they were very worried about Brittany.

The service was full of tears and sorrow. I just couldn’t believe that Robby had died and that he was in that casket in the front. Ever since Robby was killed, I had wondered, “*What did he do to deserve this?*”

Finally it was time to go up and say our goodbyes to him. I didn’t want to believe he was dead. When it was my time to go up and say my last goodbye to him, I felt as if something was stopping me from going up, but I just had to see Robby’s face for one last time. My knees were locked and I had my hands clenched into fists as I made my way up. My heart beat rapidly, my hands were sweating.

When I reach his casket, I saw him just laying here with his hands on top of his chest, crossed.

To be Continued...



Ingrid Garcia, Grade 6



Samantha Allen, Grade 7



Paw Shee, Grade 7

**Our Love Story
A Cinderella Tale
by Eh Wah**

I gazed up at a girl, a beautiful one, who had beautiful black hair and purple skin.

She was wearing a bright pink, long dress with her hair in a bun.

My heart skipped a beat. It was like we were the only people on earth.

I let out my hand so we could dance.

After staring at my shaking hand for a few minutes, she gently put her hand on top of mine. I was stunned by her elegance and beauty. We danced and danced. I wanted this to go on forever.

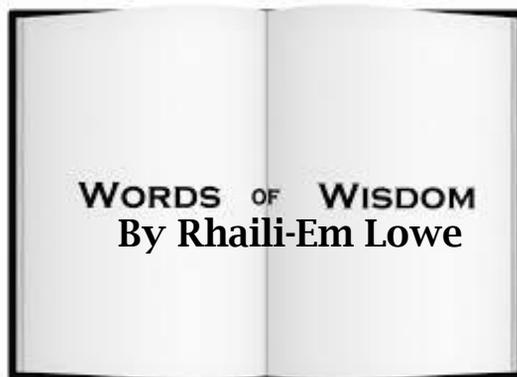
She looked up to find something. I think that's what she was doing, at least. The purple-skinned beauty gasped, and ran off toward the door.



A Day at the Pool

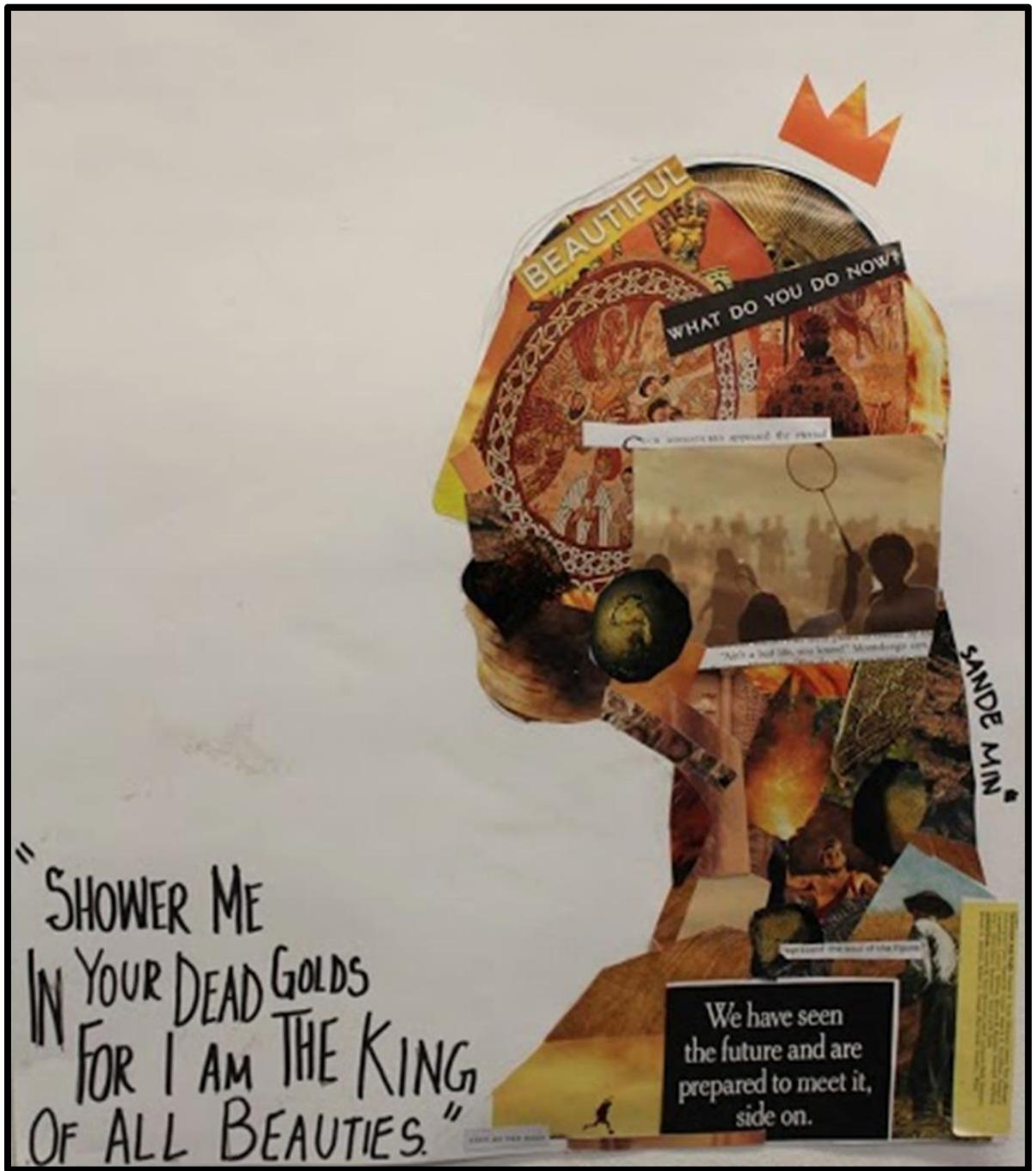
By Moo Ku

When I went to New York, I went to this pool. It was amazing, seeing it with my own eyes. I listened to the screams of children having fun. Seeing the clear blue water was like looking at the waves from the beach, at an ocean, a sea. When I see water, it makes me feel calm and peaceful, like Gandhi or Siddhartha. When I went inside the fitting room, I changed, then I ran into the pool and practiced swimming and seeing under water and breathing under water. Finally it was time to go home. When I got home, it was time to go to sleep. So I went to sleep.



“Never give up on yourself, never lose self-confidence, and be yourself.”

“Never change yourself for anyone -- if they want you to change, they’re not worth it.”



Sande Min, Grade 7



Paw Shee, Grade 7

Winter's Snow

By Tarapi Pyo

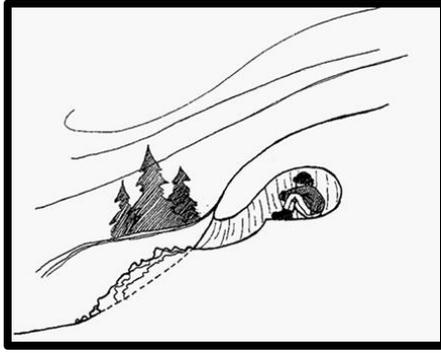
Falling down,
it goes
Crystal white,
it snows
Forming into a
snowball,
Delivering joy
to all.



Christmas Snow Funnnnn

By Amayah Lebron

I don't know where I'd end up
if out comes the sun
Snow, ice,
Sounds great to me
Snowmen,
snow angels,
snow fights
are all good
But I need a snow day
or the fun will go to waste



A Snow Poem

By Rhaili-Em Lowe

I'm in my snow cave,
I rise out for some fresh air.
It is snowing really hard,
The wind whistling,
The bare trees,
I feel like I want to take a walk.
I grab my knapsack,
I put on my warmest clothes.
My dad still hunting,
I kiss my mom on the cheek,
Then I head out.
The cold air seems to
Wrap itself around me,
Suffocating me.
I fall to the floor,
Hoping I'll see my family again.

Picture-inspired Musings

The following three pieces grew out of an exercise in which the writers selected a photo or illustration from an envelope and let the images inspire their writing.



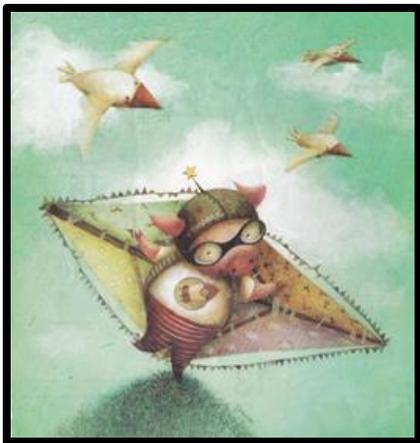
My Dark Poem **By Rhaili-Em Lowe**

The clouds are dark and it's raining hard
I'm on the swings, letting the wind
Rush in my face, I feel like screaming
But no sound comes out
Boom-Thunder-Crack
As a thunder bolt zaps a tree, it starts
Burning. Jackson runs to try to
grab my hand: Let us run together
but the person stops eternal

Waiting
By Madison Blanks



She sits on a bench, but looks confused. She's waiting
for someone, but
doesn't know who. Who am I who am I who am I? Am I
You?
Tall but stout
Smart but wise
Calm but loud
Don't be fooled by her looks. She might seem lost, but
trust me,
she's not.



When Pigs Fly
By Eh Wah

When pigs fly...
We will hear "Oink! Oink!" in
the sky
All the time
One might shoot one
Thinking it is a bird
It might be a bit chaotic
But we definitely know
It will be Crazy!



Home **By Eh Wah**

I loved my small apartment
It was cozy and oh so great
When my parents told me we were
moving away
I wished it wasn't my fate

Burma **By Eh Wah**

I'm going on vacation to this
place I've never been
It'll be a sensation once I get
there, you know
My grandma and others live
there as well
I think, Hmm, is it going to be
fun?
I hope it is, because I've
worked a ton
This is my vacation so I want
to enjoy it!



Untitled
By Karla Oyola

Taking my sanity isn't enough?
Breaking up my life into dust,
I want to show who am I
Why I wait for the days to go by
I can't let the night go without
Shedding a fearful cry.

*“Down in the forest we'll sing a chorus,
one that nobody wrote.”*

–Twenty One Pilots
(from the song *Forest*)



Tarapi Pyo, Grade 5



Nadisha Chowdhury, Grade 6



Destiny Navarro, Grade 7

Fall Away

By Amayah Lebron

I can't remember what I ponder
Or where I wander
While in my dreams

It hurts to see
The saddening things that people think of
While they sleep.
Lie your head on a pillow
And take deep breaths
I was told was the key to relieving stress.
But what if the pillow's not my comfort zone?
What if the stress is what I've known
Therefore my home, which I condone?

But to you I am different.
For you it's as simple as
Close your eyes
Take deep breaths and drift to the skies
But for me it's close the door, turn the lock,
Fall on the floor
Maybe for you it's really fun
But I'm sorry,
I forgot how to feel the sun

About the Authors



Hi, my name is Madison Blanks. I'm 10 years old. I'm in the fifth grade. I live with my mom, little brother, grandma, grand aunt, uncle, and his dog named Tahoody. I play the violin and I'm a singer and songwriter. When I grow up, I want to be a writer. That's me.



Hi, my name is Moo Ku. I was born in Thailand. When I get back from school, I eat first and do my homework. Then I play or watch something. And then I practice drawing or writing poems. When it's nighttime, I brush my teeth and get my things ready for school and then sleep. I have one sister. She graduated from Grace Academy, and now she's almost done with high school and ready to go to college. When I was young, I was pretty shy, and still am. But I'm getting used to being around people. My favorite color is blue, and my zodiac is a Capricorn, and there is much more about me.



My name is Amayah Lebron. I live with my mother, grandmother, and 19-year-old cousin. I like to read and write fan fiction. My favorite color is blue, because it represents sadness, but also water and peace. My inspiration for writing is music. Music inspires me to do everything: Live, love, laugh, and to keep breathing.



Hi, my name is Rhaili Lowe. I'm eleven years old. I am in the sixth grade. I love to read books, especially chapter books. I am American, but I'm half Jamaican and Indian, since my mom is Jamaican and Indian. Either way, I am happy for my heritage. My favorite book is *White Fur Flying*. I love it because it shows how anything is possible and dog really is a man or boy's best friend. My favorite subject is Social Studies, because I like learning about the ancient world.



Hello! My name is Karla Oyola. I'm in the seventh grade at Grace Academy. I'm from Connecticut, but my family is from Puerto Rico. I love to write a lot - and read. My favorite colors are black, gray, and red. I am afraid of the nighttime. I love to laugh. I enjoy writing and reading because it takes me to another place. I also love *Twenty One Pilots* because their music speaks to me and they are just amazing. I have a brother, a mom, a dad, and that's me!



Hi. My name is Tarapi Pyo. I am in 5th grade. I am in the creative writing club. I was born in a refugee camp in Thailand. I love reading. My favorite author is Wendy Corsi Staub. She writes very dark and eerie books, which I love. I like to think of myself as a striking student. I take huge pride in myself and my writing. I have excellent grades in school. I have a twin sister and an older sister that go here too. My older sister is in the 8th grade and my twin sister, of course, is in the same grade as me.



Hi. My name is Eh Wah. I'm ten years old. Creative writing is a lot of fun! Writing is interesting, especially all the things you can do. Poetry, rhymes, and free-writing are my favorite to write. I enjoy drawing. I like to imagine and express my creativity.



I am Paw Say Wah and I am from Thailand. I have two younger brothers. My favorite color is any shade of blue or green. I also like gold, silver, black, and white. I love arts and crafts, because they make me happy. I like soccer very much even though you do have to run. I like writing too because I can write what is on my mind and I like how I can write freely while ideas are coming up in my head.