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blazing the real

Blazing the Real: Writing by Indiana Children

Edited by Susan C. Adamson, Ph.D., and Julie Patterson

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The Indiana Partnership for Young Writers, an affiliate of Orchard School Foundation and IUPUI School of Education, provides ongoing and in-depth professional development in the teaching of reading and writing to teachers in grades K-8. Founded in 1999, the Indiana Partnership for Young Writers is committed to inquiry-based workshop teaching that sustains lifelong academic and workplace success.

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blazing the real





Susan Adamson

I got my first camera when I was in third grade—a Brownie Hawkeye flash model with a snazzy little camera case. The instruction manual provided six simple steps for taking successful pictures.

Hold the camera steady, supporting it underneath. Then, with the sun behind your back or over your shoulder, locate the subject in the finder. At the instant of exposure, hold your breath and press the shutter release with a gentle squeezing action (Brownie Hawkeye Instruction Manual).

The camera came with two rolls of film, each with 16 frames. I eagerly used them up and sent the exposed film off for developing and printing. Maybe because I didn't hold my breath or squeeze the shutter release quite gently enough—I don't know—but when the prints came back, I had (according to the manual) "fumbles": double-exposures, complete blurs, specks on the images, a few close-ups of my finger or the camera strap, and plenty of shots where the subject was cut-off. I did have pictures, but not one that was good.

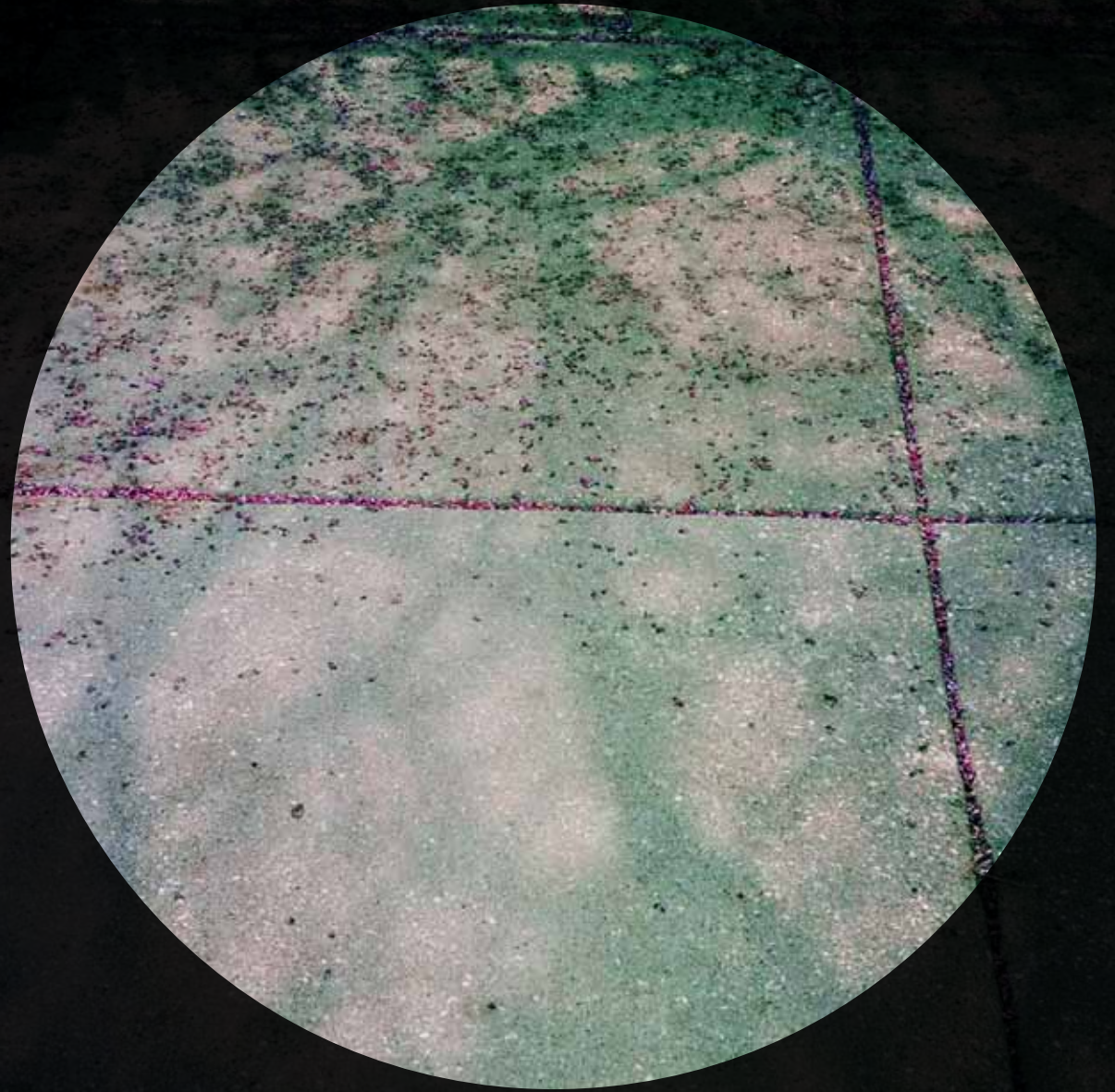
Cameras now are nothing like my Brownie Hawkeye, but if you still point and shoot like I do, you have surely noticed that the beautiful sunset you see with your own eyes is nothing like the digital image you end up with. That's because creating breathtaking photography is up to the photographers who are, in the words of Ansel Adams, *blazing the poetry of the real* (1930) – using shadow and light, focus, compositional elements, perspective, texture, and tone to illuminate what we see (and sometimes don't see).

For the longest time, we have used a point and shoot mentality in writing, too. You remember... follow the directions for writing a paper, hold your breath when you turn it in, then get it back in a few days with your "fumbles" clearly marked in red pen. Think about it. How much better would your writing have been if you had known how to create the illusion of motion or sound, manipulate the volume or inflection in a reader's voice, make the reader your accomplice, or persuade her to think like you? That is the work of writing after all—to hold its own in the absence of the author, *blazing* the real of time and space.

Knowing how to write well is not just the province of published authors anymore. It can't be—too much is at stake. Workshop teachers take seriously this call to action, teaching the qualities of good writing every single day. In *Blazing the Real*, their students demonstrate that good writing comes from a deeper understanding of *craft*, of what writers know and do. These young writers understand that very specific, tangible details help them effectively express big, sometimes abstract concepts. They understand the power of creating intimacy with a reader by using second-person address. They understand that reflecting on topics immediately relevant to their own lives, stirs emotions that resonate broadly. And, they even understand how to manipulate the conventions of writing to provoke their audiences to respond in particular, intended ways.

Breathe in the beauty of *Blazing the Real*—the splendor of meticulously crafted photographs inspired by the writing in each of four chapters, the artistry of language both written and drawn that is influenced by the work of *real* writers. And know, we are a very long way from point and shoot.

a single leaf glides down



JUST US

Beatrice Phillips

I grabbed a handful of mane and pulled myself onto his familiar, warm back. I let my legs dangle down his sides and rested my hands in the tangle of his mane. I reached forward to stroke his neck, and he turned his head and gently nuzzled me. I tapped my heels to his sides, and he moved forward into a comfortable, strolling walk. I sat into his deep stride, and I swayed with the rhythm. I looked around at the newly budding trees and at the new, lush spring grass. We both sighed contentedly. This was our favorite place to be together. Walking up a grassy lane, without a worry in the world. His ears were pricked, and I was smiling. Nothing could be better than this. Strolling along together. Just us.

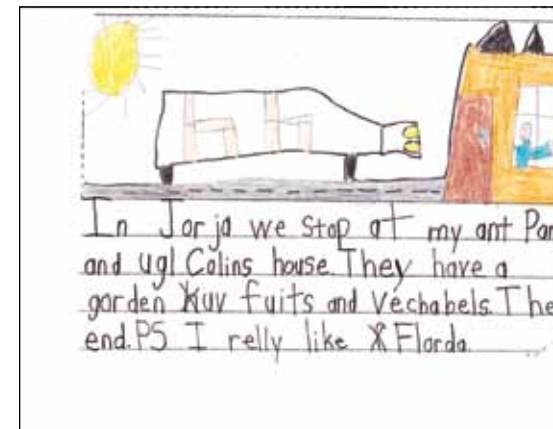
A CIRCLE OF STARS

Emma Petrache

My heart was pounding, and I was nervous. Am I doing my back-tuck? I asked myself. But I didn't know the answer.

I listened to the crowd roar and my coach saying, "Come on, Em!" My mom wasn't there, and I wanted to surprise her and tell her that I did my back-tuck. Everything that I needed to do in my routine just went through my head in a ZAP. The judge raised her hand. I stepped up on the floor, and again I heard the crowd shout. I came forth and began my routine.

The routine was flawless until my back-tuck. I stood there as my heart felt like it was going to explode out of my chest. I ran, hurdled, did a round-off, sprung into a back-handspring, and did a BIG jump. I turned in the air! I finally landed on both of my feet, did my last pose, and presented. I did a back-tuck! When I got off the floor, my coach gave me a high-five and a punch in the stomach. Then she said, "I knew you could do it!" After that I felt ecstatic, overjoyed, gratified and a bit lucky. When I told my mom, she was as proud of me as I was of myself.



MY SUMMER

Kevin Gliva

In my summer
I go to Florida. At the beach I
make sand castles. And go swimming. And
walk and collect seashells.

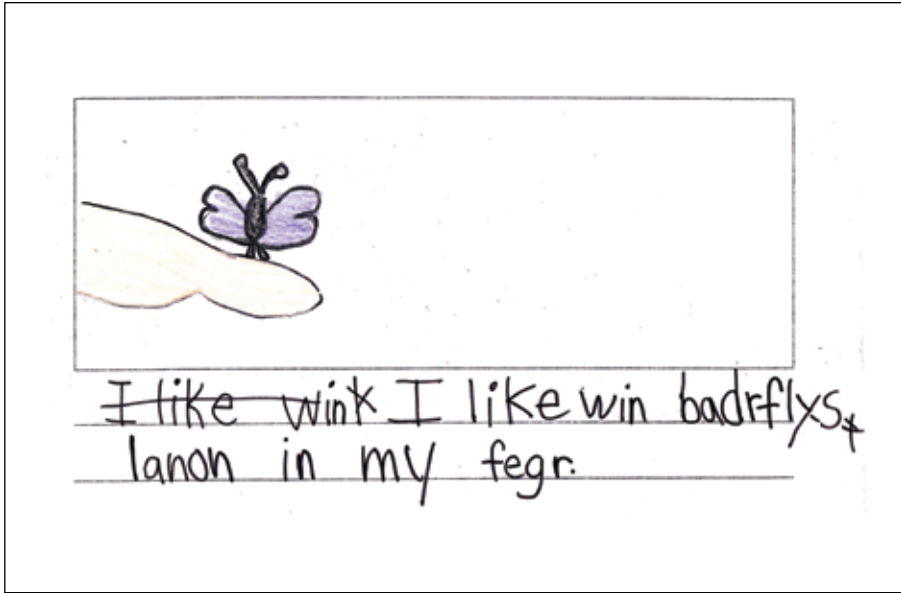
Sometimes my aunt comes with
us. It takes two days to get there.
We stay at a hotel. One time we
got free watermelons.

In Georgia we stop at my Aunt Pam's
and Uncle Colin's house. They have a
garden of fruit and vegetables. The
end. P.S. I really like Florida.

BUTTERFLIES

Claudia Logan

I like when butterflies
land on my finger.



THE WATERFALL

Sonia Stanciu

A sparkling torrent of liquid starshine crashes down upon an expanse of glittering rocks.
Its rumbling melody sings to the sky in ecstasy...
A song without words, a tune without notes.
As the pounding waterfall merges into the flawless silence of the creek,
a single leaf glides down upon the shining reflection of the stars.

FAMILY FUN!

Christian Murphy

Hey, like family fun time? My family has the most fun. We play...

I was playing yesterday with my dad. We were playing Ultimate Alliance 2. My dad said, "We could play two rounds."

I said, "Yes!"

I was Wolverine. Dad was Iron Man. I had fun, but Dad was tired. I defeated a hundred bad guys and two tanks. I was happy. Dad launched a missile. I hit a stack of missiles. If you hit a missile, it will launch.

I was having a hard time with the enemy. Dad blasted the enemy, but it was not over. An enemy jumped out of the window. We blew him up and three others. We had fun.

The game was hard when the tanks came. I was busting things up. I was happy. We finished the first round. Dad and I tried another. When we were done with that, Dad said, "It is time to put the game up."

I said, "All right."

I went to play with my sister. We had fun. I played with my army guys. Ashlynn said, "I will play cars."

I have fun with my mom too. We go to the library. We read on the porch in the summer. We have fun with my sister. We play together.

I have fun with my Pap. We plant a garden each year. We eat as a family. I spend the night too.

I have fun with my Aunt K. We watch movies. We play with her dog, Forest.

I visit my grandma too. I have fun. We visit Bass Pro. I love Bass Pro.

I have so much fun with my family. We watch movies. We play games. My family has an awesome time.

ANTO

Emmet Schwank



AS I DANCE

Luther DeMyer

I walk to the open floor,

I hit the first position,

my feet start to slide across the floor,

I whirl and spin a lot,

I lift up Grace,

set her back down,

and then the stage is still.

"US"

Hannah Fox

There is a world,
 In that world is a city,
 In that city is a street,
 On that street is a car,
 In that car is a girl,
 On that girl are ears,
 In those ears are headphones,
 Connected to an iPod,
 On that iPod is "Us,"
 In that song are lyrics,
 In those lyrics is her life.

There is a world,
 In that world is another city,
 In that city there is a sidewalk,
 On that sidewalk is a bike,
 On that bike is a boy,
 On that boy are ears,
 In those ears are headphones,
 Connected to a CD player,
 In that CD player is a CD,
 On that CD is "Us,"
 In that song are lyrics,
 In those lyrics is his life.

There is a world,
 In that world is a different city,
 In that city is a theater,
 In that theater is a stage,
 On that stage is a piano and a piano bench,
 On that piano bench is Regina Spektor,
 She is singing "Us."

THE BEST FEELING

Beatrice Bowlby

I can see fences and gravel,
 cars,
 people,
 horses,
 jumps,
 everything you could see at a horse show, you'd seen before...

But never felt.

Six in morning, waiting to get on,
 it's dark,
 cold,
 the sun is coming up,
 the world is spinning around me.

I can hear the loudspeaker over the horses,
 the wind blowing,
 people yelling,
 dogs barking,
 but really all I can hear is my heart beating,
 the sound of horses' feet hitting the ground, feels like it's in slow motion.

Will I fall off?
 Will I get last place?
 Yet, I know people I love will be proud of me anyway.

As I enter the ring I feel my heart beating faster and faster.
 I'm scared,
 and lost in my thoughts...
 But once I get out there I know I'll do well.

Swoosh, over the jump,
 Swoosh, over the jump,
 Swoosh, over the jump,

It's over, I walk into the barn and wait for the results...

I hear the loudspeaker come on,

"First place goes to 198, Beatrice Bowlby on Lots a Dots!"

NIGHT

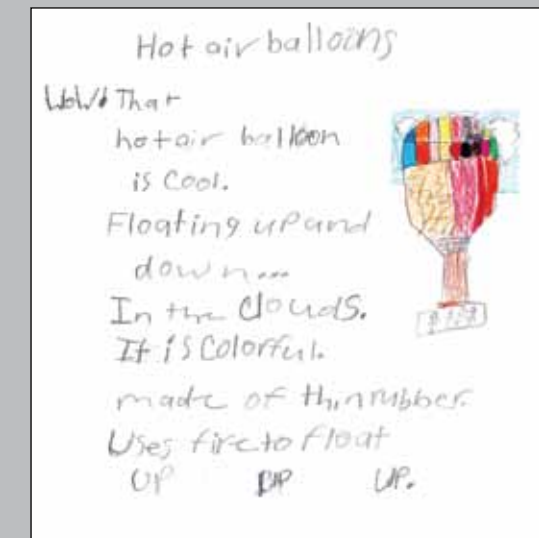
Connor Gliva

In the dark
 you can play.
 You can run,
 hide,
 and play ball in the night.

You can do things
 you can't do during the day,
 like lighting up the night
 with a couple of flashlights
 and slide through the grass
 without being seen.
 It is fun to play
 in the night.

HOT AIR BALLOONS

Aunshiria Beverly



WHAT DO I SAY?

Destiny Beams

Evie sits alone, shivering on her bed, her room bathed in darkness. She twiddles her thumbs, her palms clammy. She can feel her heart racing. “I think my heart may pound its way directly out of my chest,” she says aloud to no one but the endless stream of frozen faces on her walls. She is home alone; no one to bother her in her silent anguish. She turns on her lamp, blinking rapidly as the room is filled with light. “How do I tell him?” she asks a random photograph.

She turns her phone over in her hands, over and over again. “Why hasn’t he called yet?” She flops down onto her back, her hair forming a halo of black against the soft white of her pillowcase. She lays her phone on the pillow beside her, staring at it as if the power of her gaze will encourage the phone to ring and flash, as his name and face—his adorable smile, the dimples in his cheeks, the swoosh of bangs in his face, those gorgeous green eyes—appear on the caller ID. “I can’t tell him,” she says to the ceiling. So, she sits; she waits.

Just as she thinks the silence is too much to bear, she hears her parents’ car in the driveway. She sits up quickly, grabs her history book and pretends to read. Downstairs, the front door opens and closes. Evie can hear her stepfather’s deep laugh and her mother’s girlish giggle as they start ascending the stairs. She listens intently as her mother whispers to her stepfather, more footsteps, and then a barely audible knock on her door.

“Yes?” Evie yells.

“May I come in?” her mother asks quietly, slowly opening the door.

“Of course you can Mom. How was the anniversary party?” Evie asks, patting the bed beside her, indicating for her mother to sit.

Instead, her mother leans against the wall. “It was amazing,” her mother says quietly, “Dinner and dancing. The most fun I’ve had in ages. But, alas, now I am exhausted.”

Evie watches as her mother thinks back and imagines the time she spent with the man of her dreams, Evie’s stepfather. Evie’s eyes flicker to her phone and then back to her mother. Then, her mother looks at her, “I’m going to go to bed sweetheart, I’m so tired. Goodnight. I love you.”

Evie watches her mother’s back as she retreats out the door, leaving Evie alone again to dwell in her emotional agony. “I want a love like theirs,” Evie thinks to herself.

Suddenly, the door opens again, “By the way Evie, your book was upside down,” her mother says before shutting the door again. Evie looks down at the book and sees the text upside down. She blushes deeply and tosses the book on the floor as her phone begins to ring.



She doesn’t look at it, too nervous that it may not be him. She hesitantly reaches toward her phone, grabbing it from her pillow; she presses “Talk” and puts the phone to her ear.

“Hello?” she says quietly, her voice coming out a mere whisper.

“Hey, what’s up?” says the deep familiar voice she’d been longing to hear.

Her heart pounds and rises to her throat. She coughs quietly and says, “I have something to tell you.”

She hears him chuckle, “By the tone of your voice, I’m thinking you’re about to tell me zombies have invaded the city. Since I haven’t seen any zombies, I’m assuming that’s not the case though. What is it you want to tell me?”

She closes her eyes and quietly whispers, “I love you.”

MY CAT

Sydney Smith

One morning in spring I woke up, and my mom said we were getting a cat. I asked what kind, and she said a Bengal. When the cat came, we decided to name it Mojo. He didn’t like Liam, my older brother. And he didn’t like Audrey, my babysitter. When we let Mojo in the house, he ran under Liam’s dresser. Next Mojo ran under my bed.

When Mojo got older, he liked Liam and Audrey. Now he hides in the laundry room. There are three holes in there. He goes in all of the holes. When Mojo was a baby, he couldn’t climb up there. He was too small. He was so small my dad could hold Mojo in one hand.

Mojo is a house cat. He got outside once, but we caught him. Audrey let him outside. Mojo ran under the deck. There were a lot of spiders under there.

My cat doesn’t bite. He kills mice. My cat doesn’t like visitors. My cat likes to come out at night.

OPENING NIGHT

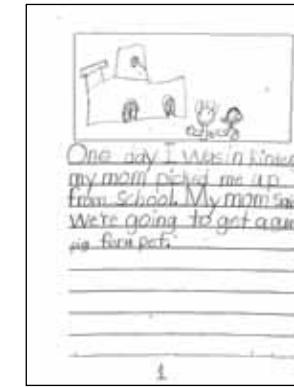
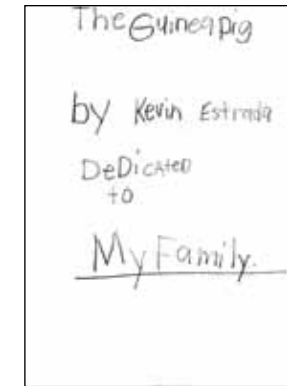
Grace DeBrotta

It's dark.
It's quiet.
Stillness is around.
I am shaking with terror and anticipation.
A thousand worries race through my mind as I think about what might happen.
What if someone forgets?
What if they don't like us?
Or the worst thought
What if I mess up?
Suddenly, music begins to float and bubble over our heads.
We have heard it before and know it by heart.
Last wishes of good luck are given to friends.
Stomachs churn, blood pumps, and heads spin.
No going back.
The music builds, and we are seconds away from being revealed.
The pressure is too much to bear.
People scramble to get to the right places.
Then light.
Warm light, that floods over us.
A million faces stare us down.
A million pairs of eyes watch us, and as they do,
Every tense feeling,
Every worried thought,
And every doubt
Races away.
I know what to do.
We know what to do.
Then, it begins.
We move, sing, and speak.
We come alive.
They watch every move.
They come alive with us.
When we are through, they begin to clap.
Loud.
Then one stands and another and another.
Finally, the whole house is on their feet.
Happiness.
A wave of immense relief, joy and pride washes over us.
We did it.
They will remember how they cried, laughed, felt, and cheered.
We walk off and share hugs and words of congratulations.
We made it.
They liked us.
But it is not over yet.
We have to perform again tomorrow.
And the next day,
And the next day.
Because that one night of terror,
Of fear,
Of joy,
And of worries
Is just the beginning.

RUN AWAY

Sally Jane Pohlman

When I run
all of my troubles
leave me
They stay where I started
And I run
Away from them
The only thing
I think about
is taking
the next
step
The
tap, tap, tap
of my feet
on the sidewalk
is calming
Take a deep
breath and
start running
Again
As far as
I can



THE GUINEA PIG

Kevin Estrada

The Guinea Pig
by Kevin Estrada
Dedicated
to
My Family.

One day I was in Kindergarten, my mom picked me up from school. My mom said we're going to get a guinea pig for a pet.

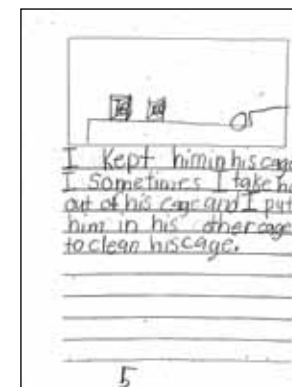
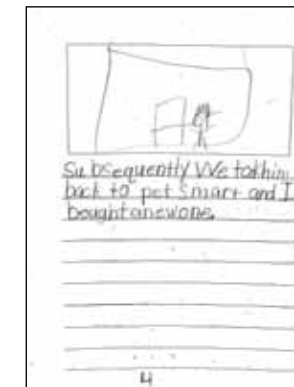
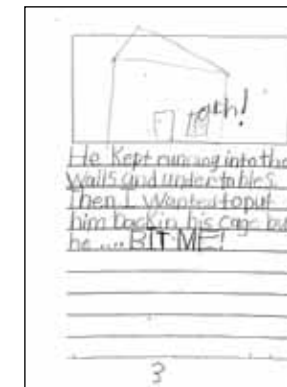
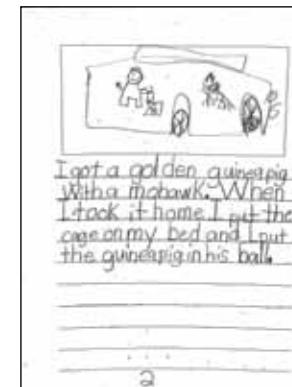
I got a golden guinea pig with a mohawk. When I took it home I put the cage on my bed and I put the guinea pig in his ball.

He kept running into the walls and under tables. Then I wanted to put him back in his cage but he... BIT ME!

Subsequently, we took him back to PetSmart and I bought a new one.

I kept him in his cage. Sometimes I take him out of his cage and I put him in his other cage to clean his cage.

My new guinea pig does not bite. He is my favorite pet in the whole world.



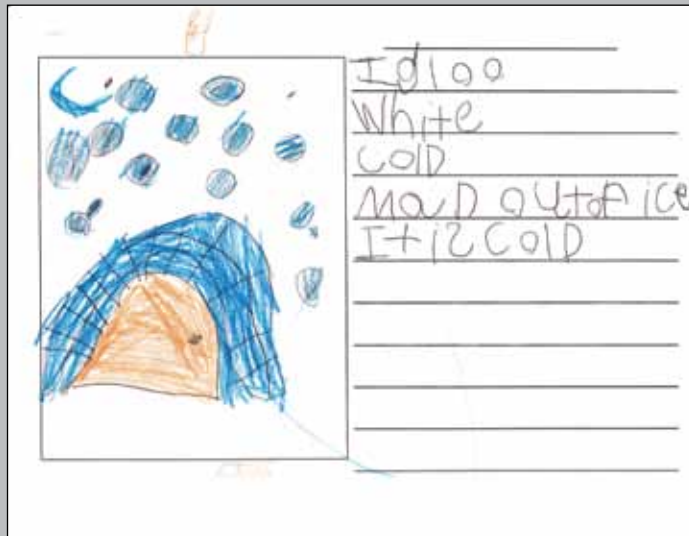
HOW TO SAVE A LIFE

Keegan Stein

This summer I went to Lake Michigan. It was a lot of fun. We stayed for about a week. We were still in Indiana, but we were at the edge of the state. We were in a city called Michigan City. We went with my dad and my stepmother's side of the family. I shared a room with my cousin Anna.

Down the street, about three blocks away, was Lake Michigan. We arrived, and all the kids raced in. It was the perfect temperature and seemed like a perfect day. My step-uncle, step-grandmother, step-aunt, dad and stepmom built this big sand dragon. A few minutes later, Anna and I were helping them. My baby sister, Sadie, was playing in the shallow water. I went back to what I was doing. But then I looked back, just randomly. And I was looking around like, "Where's Sadie?" But then I found her, and I was horrified. I saw a little foot come up from the water, and I ran over as quickly as I could and saw my sister's face. Her eyes were open, and so was her mouth. Babies don't know how to blow bubbles, which made her nose flood. I reached out and grabbed her as quickly as possible.

I saved her life. If no one had noticed, then, I wouldn't have a little sister anymore. It made me so happy that I noticed Sadie. She clenched onto my arm and coughed up a little water. My heart skipped two beats. Everyone was so relieved and proud of me. "Wow," I thought to myself. "They're proud of me."



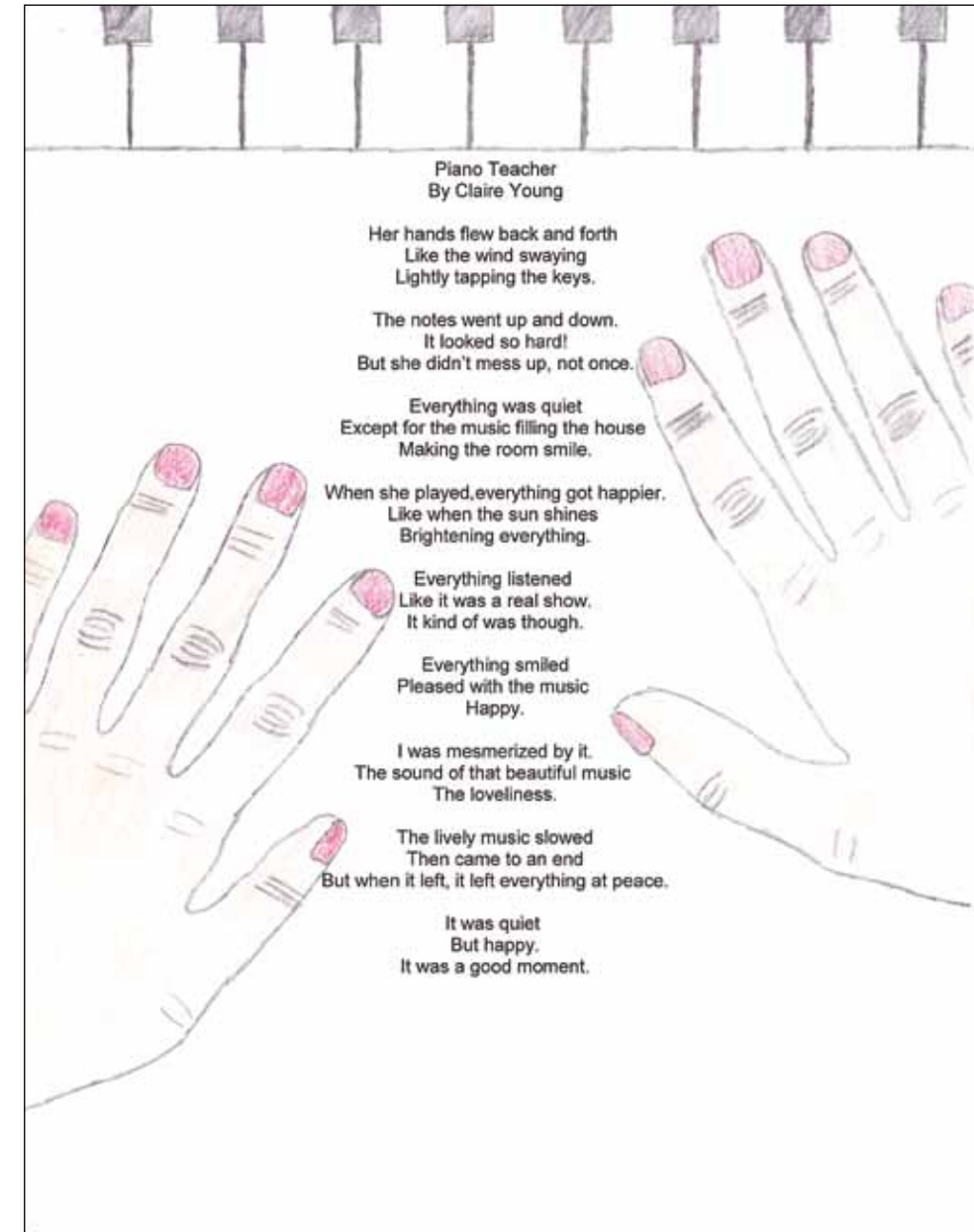
IGLOO

Trinity Edwards

Igloo
White
Cold
Made out of ice
It is cold

PIANO TEACHER

Claire Young



MY MESSY ROOM

Alejandro Navarro

My room is messy. When I get up for school, I don't do my bed. I like to throw my clothes on the floor when I get home from school. Then, my mom comes downstairs and says, "Clean your room!"

I clean my room, but did you know that I don't really clean my room? I put the things under my bed, and the next day it's all messy again. Sometimes my sister comes and makes a disaster in my room, and I say, "You're going to clean my room!" Actually, the only time my room is clean is when I'm not home.

My friend Anthony keeps his room messy too. When I went to his house, his room was unbelievable! There were clothes everywhere and Legos all over the floor. Anthony and I are messy with our rooms, but we're still normal.

Did you know that I may be the only person in my family that has a messy room? The rest of my family keeps their rooms clean. Hey, my room is messy! But I like it like that!

CASTING THE LINE

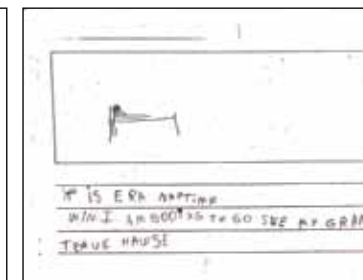
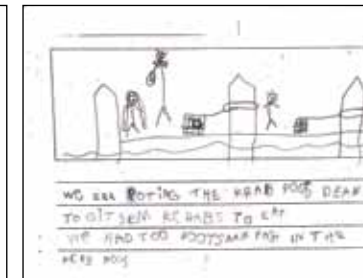
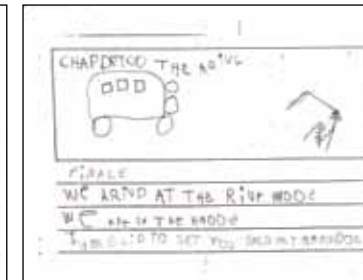
Drew Skelton

The worm wiggled on my fingers trying to free itself. I finally was able to get the hook onto the worm. I was looking at the water and trying to find a spot to cast my worm. The wait began.

I was thinking about how long I might be standing on the dock when all of a sudden I felt a tug on my line. I was shocked!

As I pulled the fish from the murky water, it flipped and flopped in the water struggling to free itself. I tugged the hook out of the slimy fish's mouth. It was a wet and squishy feeling.

At the end of the day, I ended up with a total of seven fish. I always throw the fish back after I catch them. I was really excited to go fishing. I was trying to catch a big one that day, but he got away. Maybe next time.



THE RIVER HOUSE

Maggie Boncosky

I am sleeping. It is really night. I am driving. I have gone about two miles. Now it is morning. I am awake. My brother Sam is still asleep.

Now Sam is awake. Now we have gone six miles. Now we have stopped for breakfast.

Now we are watching a movie.

Finally we arrived at the river house. We are in the house. "I am glad to see you," said my grandma.

My grandma gave me a desk. I said, "Thank you, Grandma."

We are putting the crab pots down to get some crabs to eat. We had to put some fish in the crab pots.

Now Grandma gave Sam and me a couple of bunny marshmallows that were colorful.

It is our naptime. When I (get up) I am going to go see my grandpa's tree house.

THE HOME RUN

Mason Vaughn

I was in a game.
The best game ever made.
Baseball
I was in the championship game
with the game on the line.
I was in the "on deck circle."
My team was down by one
with a guy on two,
the count
2-1.

Coach gives the sign.
The batter nods and says,
"I hope this works"
in his head.
The pitch came in,
and he squared to bunt.
He laid it down.
The batter got out,
but the man on second got to third.
It was my turn to bat,
but first they put in a new pitcher.
Their best pitcher.
I got the signs from Coach:
He gave me the take sign.
As the pitch came in, I wished
he would not have given me that sign.
The pitch was right down the middle
for strike one.
I stepped out of the box,
and picked up a new sign:
This time he said swing away.
The pitch came in,
but way too low.
This made the count 1-1.
I stepped out once again
and picked up the same sign.

The pitch came in right down the middle.
I swung and hit it right up the middle.
The ball was deep and pretty high too.
As the ball sailed over the high gray fence,
I jogged around the bases.
I stepped on home and all of a sudden
people were yelling and screaming
because we won the game.
The best game ever made.
Baseball

LEAVING HOME

Khadijah Doumbia

Swollen eyes, and tears
roll down Lena's cheeks as
she cries.
But calm and quiet
she listens

Knowing she will be traveling a
great distance. Brand new faces,
all in one place

The sun is shining down on Lena
as her Chicago feet touch the
scorching
Arizona
sand

CREEK

Andrew Bessler

There,
There is the creek
flowing silently
Rush, rush
it seems to say
like a small boy
wanting to play
That,
That is the creek.

MY SUMMER

Peyton Sparks

It's the last day of school
The clock is ticking
I spend time saying goodbye to my friends

I hear the bell ring
and now I know
It's time for summer to begin

The first day of summer
I could not wait
to spend time with family and friends

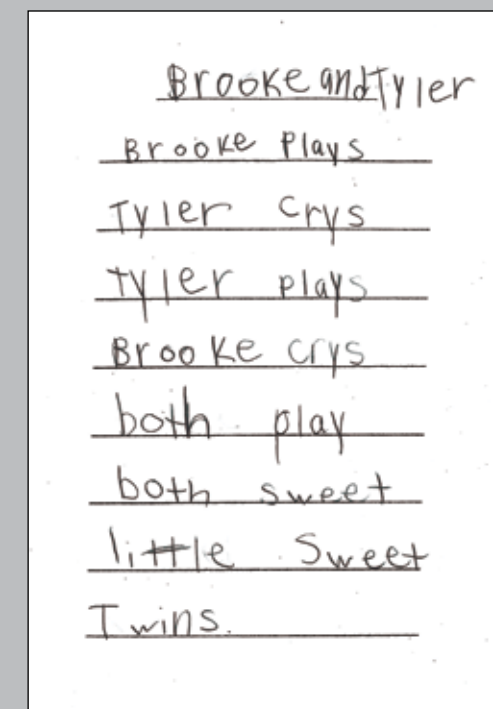
I spent many days swimming
riding my bike
playing basketball
finished baseball season
with a win

I enjoyed cookouts
And a family reunion
Spent time with my grandma
who is also my friend

The days became hot
The weeks became short
The first day of school
was about to begin

BROOKE AND TYLER

Lindsay Koontz



THE NEW KID

Chris Johnson

He is the new kid; no one understands his "awkwardness."

He never talks to people, and he seems "stupid."

The teacher calls on him in class.

She wants to know the answer to a question.

It's obvious: he doesn't know the answer.

He clenches his fists; they begin to sweat.

He is panicking, thinking to himself, "Don't embarrass yourself."

He's at a loss for words.

His classmates begin to wonder what is the problem.

Some begin to snicker, some to lose focus and talk with friends.

He looks around and mumbles, "I don't know."

Some of his peers laugh softly.

"Oh no," he thinks. "I've blown it! I just can't blend in!"

He slumps in his chair.

He doesn't understand why he was created the way he was, or why he just can't be normal.

He feels lost.

Dumb.

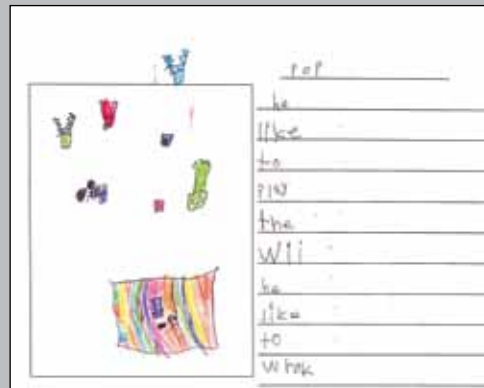
Alone.

No matter where he is, he's always the new kid.

POP

Andrew Yager

He
like
to
play
the
Wii
He
like
to
work

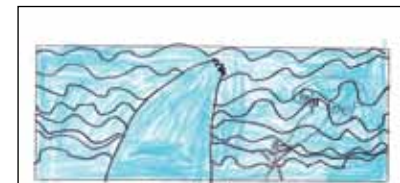


THE BEACH

Keegan Leous



The Beach
There was a black crab. There were 2 starfish. It was hard to get past the waves. I made a sand castle.

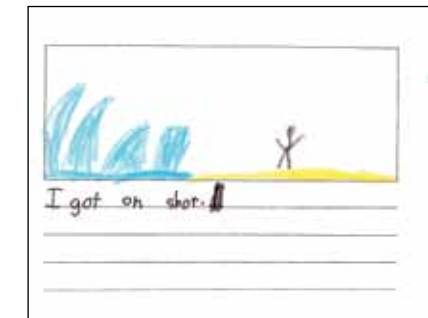


The beach A very big wave was so strong. I was running for shore. I got knocked down. I got water in my nose.

There was a black crab. There (were) two starfish. It was hard to get past the waves. I made a sand castle.

A very big wave was so strong. I was running for shore. I got knocked down. I got water in my nose.

I got on shore.



I got on shore.

GONE

Samantha Jones

With one hand she took out the braid of deep red hair. Her misty eyes following the approaching storm with hatred. Her other hand was clutching the bed sheet, tightening with each stroke of lightning.

The power was out, the storm leaving a glow of light on her face. The wind blowing hard, out of nowhere a twister appeared on the horizon. A scream had formed inside Rose but she held it in.

She ran to the door with her hair half braided, blue dress flying everywhere. Rose was out of the door in the hall. She tripped over her dress and looked back. Rose could see out the window but she could not see what was to bring her doom.

AT THE ZOO

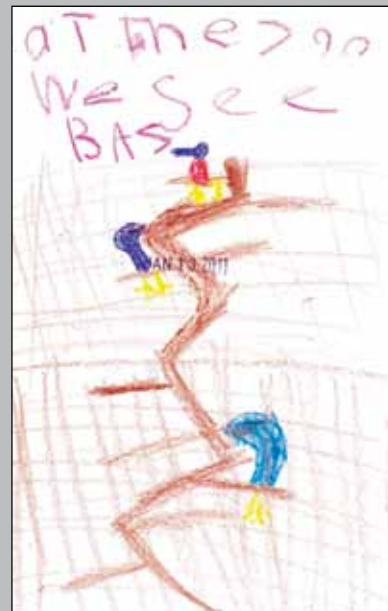
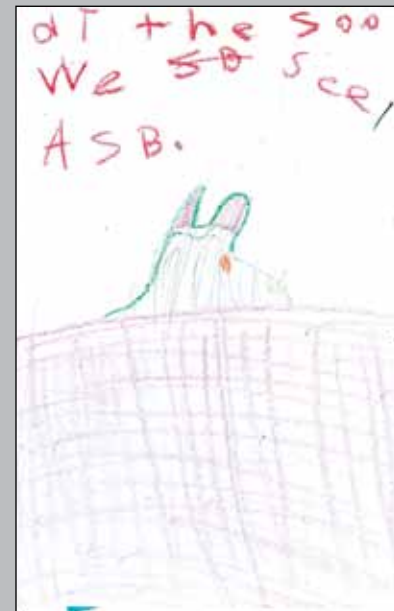
Sadie Schmitt

At the zoo
we see a
kangaroo.

At the zoo
we see
a zebra.

At the zoo
we see
a giraffe.

At the zoo
we see
birds.



THE ANNUAL MATHYUS FAMILY CAMP-OUT!

Morgan Osman

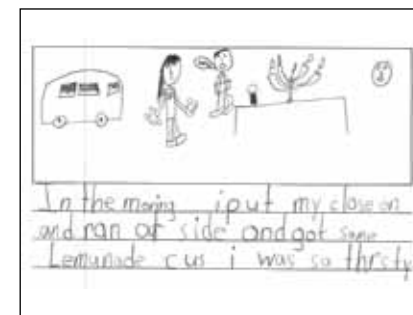
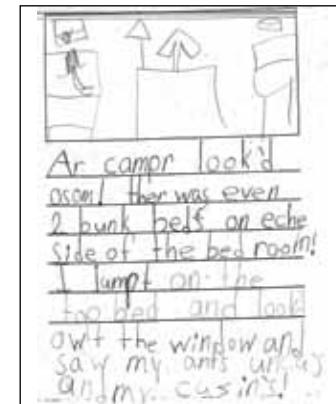
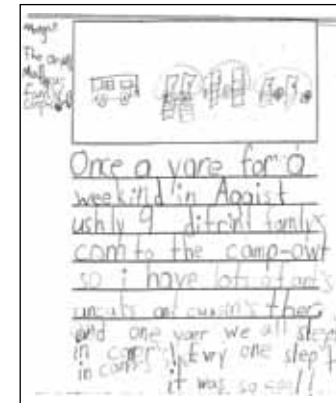
Once a year for a weekend in August usually nine different families come to the camp-out, so I have lots of aunts, uncles and cousins there. And one year we all slept in campers! Everyone slept in campers. It was so cool!

Our camper looked awesome! There (were) even two bunk beds on each side of the bedroom! I jumped on the top bed and looked out the window and saw my aunts, uncles and my cousins!

The camper was so cool in the kitchen! And there was a big huge bed there that had a huge curtain so when it was light the person who slept there would not see the light. So they could sleep late!

The camper is not so big. I'm just glad I can fit my stuff in there. Then it got dark!

In the morning I put my clothes on and ran outside and got some lemonade (because) I was so thirsty!



CAPS FOR CHEMO

Morgan Watkins

Do you think that people who have received chemotherapy would rather wear a soft and warm hat or stay bald and have a cold head? I believe they would choose to wear a hat, of course!

People can become bald when they take chemotherapy. Chemotherapy is a type of cancer treatment that uses drugs to destroy cancer cells. Chemotherapy stops or slows the growth of cancer cells. Cancer cells grow and divide quickly. Chemotherapy can also harm healthy cells (non-cancerous cells) that also divide quickly, like hair cells. (Think how fast your hair grows.)

Chemotherapy is used to:

- *Control cancer.* Chemotherapy can keep the cancer from spreading, slowing the growth or destroying cancer cells that have started spreading.
- *Provide palliative care.* Palliative care means to treat and control the cancer and its symptoms. Chemotherapy can shrink the tumors that cause pain and/or pressure.
- *Cure cancer.* Chemotherapy destroys cancer cells so that you can't find/detect them and where they will not grow back.

Chemotherapy can be given during a hospital stay, at home, at a doctor's office, at a clinic or through an outpatient unit in a hospital (where you don't stay overnight).

Chemotherapy can be given:

- Topically through a cream that is rubbed on the skin.
- Orally through pills, capsules or liquid that you swallow.
- By injections or shots in the muscle, arm, hip, leg or belly.
- Intra-arterially (IA), which means directly into an artery.
- Intra-peritoneally (IP) or directly into the peritoneal cavity (an area of the body containing organs).
- Intravenously (IV), which is when a tube is placed directly into the vein and the drug is given over a period of time. IVs can be given through catheters or ports, sometimes with the help of a pump.

When a person goes through chemotherapy, it can make them feel embarrassed, devastated, anxious, frustrated, helpless, afraid, lonely and angry. Losing their hair through chemotherapy can add to these feelings. Patients can feel embarrassed, insecure, and frustrated when they go through the process of hair loss. There are some ways to cope with your feelings like relaxing, exercising, talking with others, and joining a support group.

Chemotherapy can cause side effects. Side effects are problems caused by the cancer treatment, the chemotherapy, rather than the cancer itself. The chemotherapy kills the bad cancer cells, but also kills some healthy cells as well. Chemotherapy patients may have lot of side effects, a few or none at all. Sometimes side effects can be long-term and won't go away. Other times the side effects go away once the chemo is done. But it can take months or years for some side effects to go away.

Some side effects of chemotherapy are: anemia, loss of appetite, constipation, diarrhea, bleeding, fatigue, nausea, vomiting, pain, flue-like symptoms, vision changes, headache, fever, chills, muscle and joint aches, and hair loss.

Hair loss is one of the most common side effects and it is the problem that I want to help make a difference. Hair loss is also called alopecia (al-oh-PEE-shuh). Hair loss can be when all or just some of your hair falls out. You can lose the hair on your head, eyelashes, eyebrows, facial hair (like beards or mustaches), arm and leg hair, and even underarm and pubic hair.

When you have lost your hair on your head, it is important to wear something on your head since your head can be exposed to cold weather and sunshine. In the cold weather you will probably want something warm on your head since you can lose body heat from your head. In the sunshine, your head can get sunburned easily with no hair to protect it. Chemotherapy makes sunburns more likely.

Wearing a hat during hair loss would help chemotherapy patients go out and live their lives without feeling bothered about how they look and how people stare at them.

Hats can be a more comfortable option than a hot, itchy wig and other forms of head wear. Hats are truly easy to wear, they are stylish and could add confidence to the person that wears them. With the right choice and right fit of a hat, you can make hair loss a lot easier says <http://giftsforcancerpatients.nethats-for-cancer-patients>.

To help with the problem of hair loss, I went to two different cancer centers and delivered crocheted and knitted hats that I made myself and asked others to make too. In all, I collected 78 hats! The cancer centers I went to were: the Little Red Door and the Central Indiana Cancer Center.

I delivered 65 hats to the Central Indiana Cancer Center. The charge nurse there, Lesley, told me that the hats would be put to good use. And now that I gave them some new colorful hats, the patients will be flocking over to the rack that holds the hats every day!

I learned at the Central Indiana Cancer Center that usually older women wear wigs to cover their heads, but young adults want to have fun with hats and scarves. The kids don't usually care about showing off their bald heads.

I took the remaining 13 hats to the Little Red Door cancer agency. The Little Red Door helps patients who don't have insurance find a doctor and transportation to get to their appointments. It is a support and information center, rather than a treatment center. They have a "boutique" which has wigs, hats and scarves for their clients.

Many chemotherapy patients who have lost their hair enjoy wearing a comfortable, stylish, soft and warm hat. People who can crochet, knit, or even sew should keep chemotherapy patients in mind when they have the desire to do something helpful for others. I am glad I was able to provide 78 hats for chemotherapy patients.

THE HUGE SNOWMAN AND CAVE

Noe Lobatos

I remember one winter morning when I was 7 years old. It was a snowy day and my uncles and I decided to go outside. We asked my abuela if we could play outside. She said, "Yes!" Moi, Juan, Eddy and I changed into our snow clothes.

I was thrilled to go outside. Next we decided to make a big snowman and a big cave. We made the snowman first. So we made three big snowballs and put them on top of each other. The snowman had a Christmas hat. The eyes were two limes. The nose was a carrot and the buttons were two small rocks. The snowman took us about one hour.

Now we could make the big cave. We got a lot of snow and made it into a mountain of snow. Next we dug a hole in the cave... It was BIG! Half of the cave was my uncles' and half was mine. It took us one hour.

We were tired but not too tired to play snowball fight! It was fun. We drank some hot cocoa. It was sensational!



MY DOG ZEPHIE!

Kate Mills

Hi. I have a dog. Her name is Zephie!

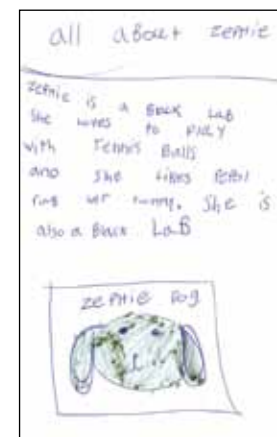
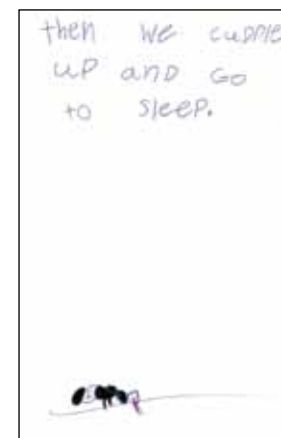
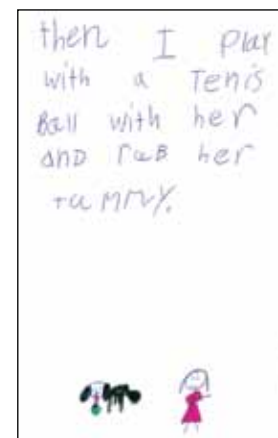
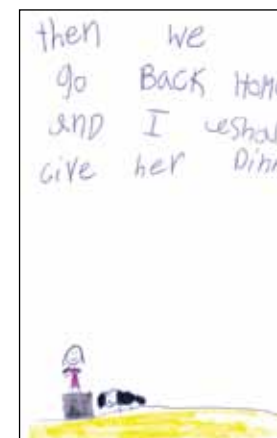
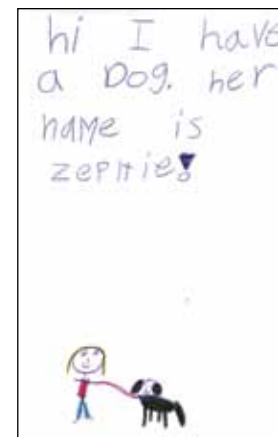
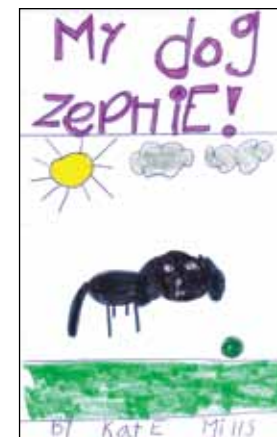
I like to take her on walks. Mostly to the Butler Field.

Then we go back home and I usually give her dinner.

Then I play with a tennis ball with her and rub her tummy.

Then we cuddle up and go to sleep.

All About Zephie
Zephie is a black Lab.
She loves to play with tennis balls and she likes people (to) rub her tummy. She is also a black Lab.



MY MOM HAS A NEW JOB

Ashley Garcia

My mom has a new job. I see nice clothes and my dad found my mom first. I gave my mom a candy and my mom liked it. I saw my mom's work. I saw (many) people. The people were buying clothes.

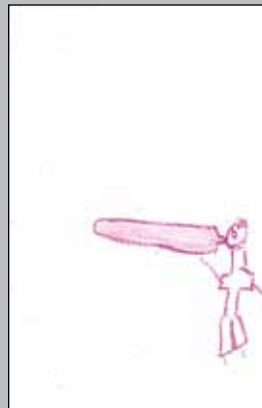
We bought a pack with balloons. My dad knows how to blow balloons. (With) the balloons my dad said I could make a rabbit and a horse. I am excited.

Me and my brothers are having fun. I was too excited!

My dad told my mom to "drive safe." I gave my mom a hug. My mom gave me a hug.



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Littmus Lozenge

Victor Gomez, Jr.

I have been reading *Because of Winn-Dixie*, and it has been a great book so far. In the story the author, Kate DiCamillo, mentioned a candy called the Littmus Lozenge. My teacher, Mr. Clark, said that Littmus Lozenges are real. So I did some research on the computer.

A Littmus Lozenge is a small flavored tablet made from sugar or syrup. It is often formed in the original diamond shape. The original recipe is: Frozen honey and, it is said... Tears.

The Littmus Lozenge was sold world-wide:

USA
Middle England
France
Germany

The Littmus Lozenge factory is still standing today in Naomi, Florida.

The Littmus Lozenge is so old that it isn't sold world-wide anymore. The Littmus Lozenge is only found in Naomi, Florida at a place called Pucket Oaks or at Sonny Ranch.

The taste is interesting and is the reason it was sold world-wide. The taste, many Floridians say, is sweet, and also sad or melancholy.

Customer response in Pucket Oaks:

- 37% of customers spit it out and never come back again.
- 63% of customers start to cry.

In the past five years, slowly, Littmus Lozenges have begun to increase again and spread to Georgia. All thanks to Kate DiCamillo and her book *Because of Winn-Dixie*.

RAIN

Beth Messaglia

rain
is revenge
herding children
indoors from sunny days

rain
is mercy
having people
play under wet,
gracious skies

rain
is depression
God's wet tears
dripping down from
above

this
is
RAIN

I AM RICH

Oscar Lopez

One day in the summer my dad said, "Help me." He said, "If you help me, I will give you money." My brother Edgar had to help my dad, too. I saw my brother whimper because he wanted to go to his friend's house.

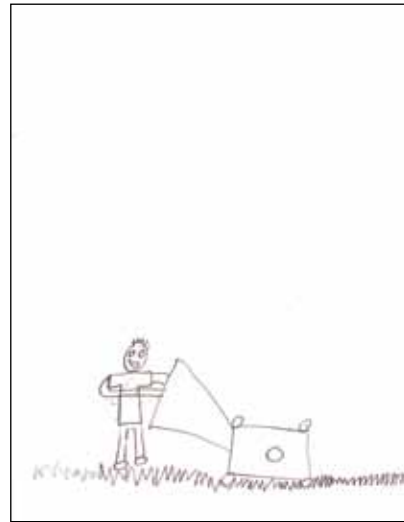
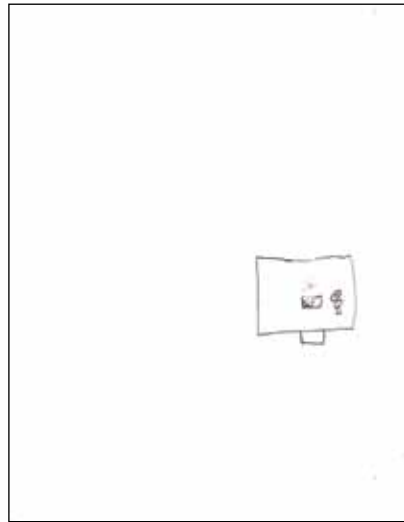
First, I took out the trash and my dad said, "Awesome job." Next he said, "Cut the grass," and I said, "OK." I picked up the grass after I cut it.

After I cut the grass he said to stop and clean my room. I cleaned my room and I was going to clean the bathroom next. I cleaned the bathroom and then my mom and dad called me and said to feed the fish.

Subsequently, my dad called me again and he said, "Feed the dog," and I said, "OK." I went to feed my dog Rambo. He was in the garage. I opened the door to the garage and it smelled like rotten eggs. I gave Rambo dog food and water. I sprayed air freshener and it smelled better.

My dad called me again and I went back and he said, "Here is your money," and I said, "YES!" It was exciting but I was tired and I went to sleep.

But first I put my money in a safe place.



SPLASH!

Anna Marcou

I was running as fast as I possibly could through the blazing hot sun of Florida's Clearwater Beach. It was Spring Break and I was carefree, except for the fact that my brother, Andrew, was chasing me with a giant green bucket of icy cold ocean water.

I ran and ran, and it felt like I was running for an eternity on that hot sand and all of a sudden, SPLOOSH! I plunged into the cold water of the ocean. I started running again. This time, I was slowed down just a bit because of all the water.

After I thought I was far enough in the water, I turned around. There was Andrew, standing at the shore, not wanting to go into the big crashing waves. I gave him a look that laughed, "Ha ha... you can't get me!" He answered me with a look that said, "Oh, I'm gonna get you so good when you get out of there! You can't stay in there forever." I soon found out that he was right. The water was really cold and soon I was running out of it.

As I was nearing the shore, another huge frigid wave slammed hard against my back, knocking me over. As I staggered to my feet, I felt that all too familiar icy cold ocean water splash right against my already wet face. As I opened my burning eyes, I saw Andrew standing there with the big, green bucket under his arms... a huge smirk on his face. It was on.

I went up to our beach bag to pretend to dry off my soaking and still burning eyes, but I really grabbed a red bucket and hid it in our shell bucket. It looked like I was looking for shells, just like Andrew. As soon as I got in the water, I scooped up some of that same icy cold ocean water in my red bucket. I quietly snuck over, right behind Andrew, and dumped every drop of that icy, cold ocean water over his sandy head. I remember that wet smile on his face. After that, I thought this one word: VICTORY!

QUIET

Lillian White

Everything is quiet, but the outside world.
Only my page turns.
Everyone is sleeping, but me.
The tree branches hit the window.
Rain thumps against the house.
The clock ticks.
Only my page turns.
Unknowing of how late it is,
I read and read.
Wind blows against my window.
Lightning flashes outside my window, lighting up my room.
I read and read.
The storm brews outside.
I am the only one awake.
Unaware of the time, I read.
Everyone is sleeping, but me.
The house is quiet.
My page turns, filling me with adventure.
The room is quiet.
The house is quiet.
The outside is not.
Lightning booms, rain splats, wind whirls.
I look at the clock, 2 A.M.
Everyone is asleep, but me.
The storm slows.
The rain stops.
The wind stops.
My room goes dark.
The adventures stop.
Nothing moves, not even me.
Everything is quiet.
Everyone is asleep.

WHEN I WAS GETTING TO FLORIDA

Link Dooley

When I went to Florida
we took the car and I
played my DSi. And I liked it
a lot. It was before I got my DSi XL.

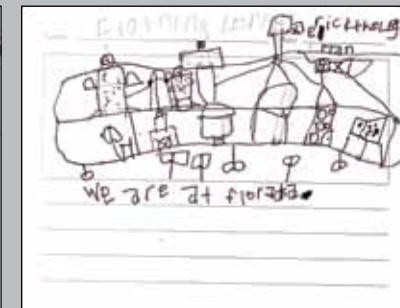
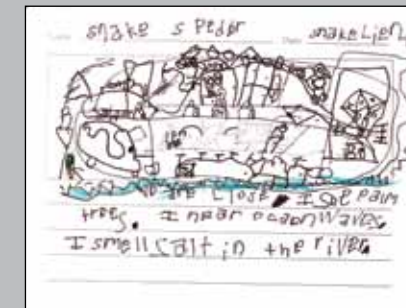
We pass houses and trees.

We can feel the
breeze in our hairs.

We are close. I see palm
trees. I hear ocean waves.
I smell salt in the river.

We are at Florida.

Now we can celebrate my
granddad's birthday. He was 51!
I had a good time.





ARTIST

Caroline Bell

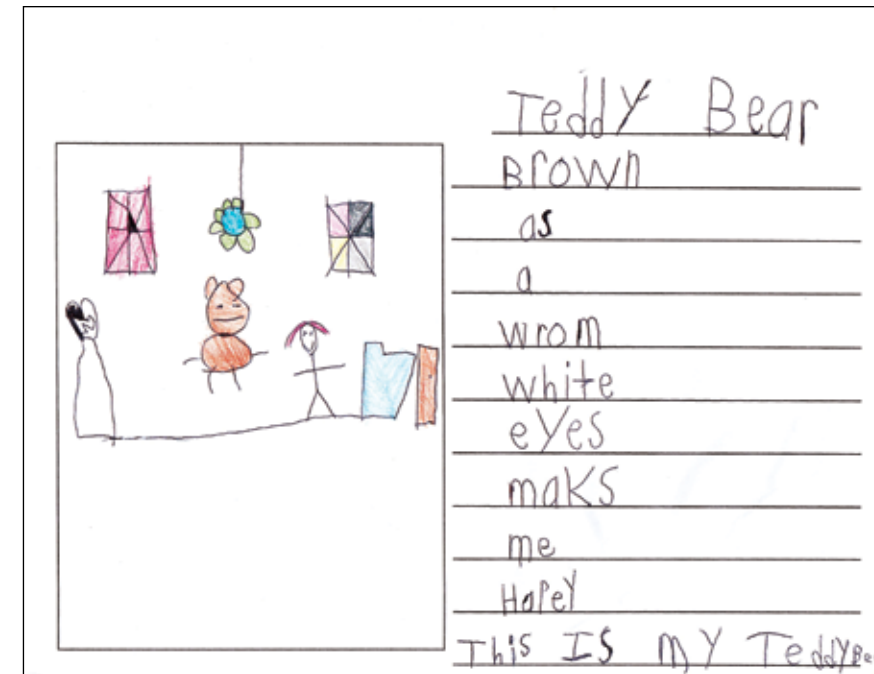
For Robert
 I see a yellow sun outside.
 I see a red heart restaurant.
 I see a green slimy snake at a museum!
 I see a hot volcano at the house!
 I see a brown monkey at the jungle!



THE SPECIAL DAY

Luqman Abdulhakim

Last night I saw my grandmother that lives in Germany. My mom has not seen her in 12 years. I was so excited to see her, it almost made me cry. I was happy because she even gave me a gift, a watch. It was shiny blue with white, black and gray outlines. It is my favorite watch, I mean it really! She made dinner. It was pancakes. They were not sweet. We could have mango jam. I got meat sauce. They were good! I hated the mushrooms in it, but I ate them anyway. Then my mom went to drop off my big sister at her apartment with her brother. When she left, I made my grandma a paper fox. I carefully made the fold and gave her the paper fox. She said, "Me," in an accent. I understood her. I then made her a paper crane. I loved spending time with my grandma.



TEDDY BEAR

Adina Gros

Brown
 as
 a
 worm
 white
 eyes
 makes
 me
 happy
 This is my Teddy Bear

BABYSITTING EMMA

Ashley Meyer

One Saturday night, Jamie and her twin brother John were at their new big house. John and Jamie are identical twins. They both have blonde hair and blue eyes. Their mom thinks they are very outgoing and kind. They were playing ping-pong in their basement.

“Hey kids, come up here please!” yelled their mother kindly. Their mother has blonde hair and blue eyes, too. She loves her children a lot and helps out everyone she meets.

“Okay,” they yelled back. They raced each other up the stairs and standing there was their little cousin Emma.

“I was wondering if you two could watch Emma. I was supposed to watch her, but I need to get a few things from the store. I will be back at 8:00,” their mother said.

Emma is a toddler. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Everyone she meets thinks she is adorable. Emma was at the house because her parents went out to dinner. Emma loves to chase around cats. She thinks their tails are toys.

John and Jamie kept arguing about who was going to watch her. “Enough,” yelled their mother, “You will each watch her for an hour and a half.”

First, it was Jamie’s turn. The baby didn’t want to play with her own toys, so Jamie let her use her little brown teddy bear. All Emma did was sit by the big TV and chew on the teddy bear’s ears. Jamie hated the shows for toddlers but watched them anyway. The hour and a half went by fast and it was John’s turn before she knew it.

John came into the family room flaming. “I don’t want to watch some stupid baby!” he yelled.

“Well,” Jamie began, “I watched her, so now it is your turn.”

“Whatever,” he mumbled under his breath. John didn’t want to watch some stupid baby show, so he flipped though the channels until he found his favorite show. When he turned around the baby was gone! John began to panic. He ran and told Jamie.

“What! How could you lose a baby?” she yelled. “The only way you could lose a baby is if you weren’t watching her. Most likely you were watching TV.” John stood there quietly.

On the table there was a basket of Emma’s toys and a list of things that she liked to eat. Jamie ran over to it and quickly examined it. “I’ve got it!” exclaimed Jamie, “We can use these things to try to get her to come to us. I’ll make grilled cheese because that is her favorite and you go get something that makes noise and grab a walkie-talkie.”

John ran to the basket of toys while Jamie cooked grilled cheese. John picked out five toys that rattled. He ran all around the big house. There was furniture in the house, which was bad for them because Emma could hide underneath or in it.

Jamie said through the walkie-talkie, “Hey John did you find her yet?”

“No,” he replied.

“The grilled cheese is done. I’m going to leave one here on the counter and take one with me.”

“Okay,” replied John. They ran all around the house.

Meanwhile Emma walked into the kitchen and took the grilled cheese. She ate half of it and then quietly walked back up the stairs. John and Jamie ran down the stairs to the kitchen and saw the grilled cheese was half gone! “Where did it go?” asked John.

“I don’t know,” replied Jamie. They both looked at each other. Then John looked at the clock.

“Oh no,” he said, “It’s 7:20! Mom will be home in forty minutes. That is not enough time to find a small kid in a big house.”

They both ran around the house finding no sign of Emma, but then they heard something. It was mom’s car. “But it is only 7:30!” exclaimed Jamie, “John you stay here and I’ll try to find Emma.”

“Okay,” John said. Jamie ran and ran.

Meanwhile mom grabbed the groceries and was closing her car door. SLAM, went her car door as she shut it.

Jamie heard a meow. She ran to the extra bedroom. There were her two cats lying on the bed and to Jamie’s amazement and relief, Emma was with them sound asleep. Jamie quickly, but gently grabbed Emma and went down stairs.

“John, John,” she yelled, “Where are you?”

“I’m in the family room,” he yelled back. Jamie set Emma down on the couch in the family room and changed the channel. Just then their mom walked in.

“Hey kids,” she said.

“Hey mom,” they replied.

“So, how was baby sitting?” she asked.

Not wanting to tell their mom what had happened they said, “Oh, it was great!”

“That’s a relief,” mom said, “I’m going to need you to watch Emma again tomorrow.”

They both look at each other and thought, oh no, not again.



OH MEXICO IS SO EXCITING

Jose Najjar

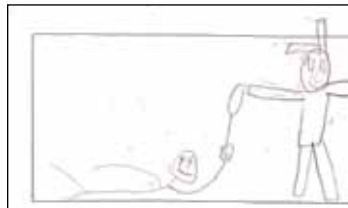
Once upon a time I was in Indiana. I was six years old. I wanted to go to Mexico with my family. So we went to buy a ticket to Mexico. The ticket cost one hundred dollars, but we did not care. Soon my mom, dad, brother Jason and I went to the bus station. We handed the bus driver the ticket. We got on. The bus went BRRRRRRR! The other people got on the bus, and the bus went to Mexico. It took days to get to Mexico. Certainly we got to Mexico but it was dark. We went to bed, and I felt delighted because we made it to Mexico.



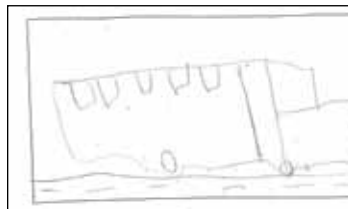
Then I woke up, and it was still dark. I saw a robber! I was alarmed! I called my parents. We went back downstairs. My dad had a gigantic stick. Subsequently my dad got behind the robber and...Crack! My dad hit him with the stick. The stick was broken, and we called the police. The robber was lying down on the floor, and he was unconscious. The police came and took the robber to jail.



Next the sun came out. We ate Frosted Flakes. They tasted scrumptious. Then we went outside to plant chiles so Grandpa could pick them later. We ate chiles for lunch. The chiles weren't that hot but to my brother they were.



A week later we left. My grandma and grandpa came with us. We got on the bus. My grandma took some chiles with her. While we were on the bus, a deer jumped in front of the bus. Everyone screamed, "AHHHH!" The deer ran away. On the way back to Indiana we saw wonderful stuff like rainbows, deer, farms and singing birds. We took pictures of all those things. I saw a sign that said, "Welcome to Indiana." Thirty minutes later...we got to our house. I was happy, because we made it. That was the wildest trip ever!



THE MARKET PLACE

Isabel Autor

I glance around me
I try to take in the wonders that lay
Before my eyes

I skip down the cobblestone road
Hundreds of people
Most hurrying all having somewhere to go
All making a sound
Some talking to their friends, some humming
The ones with things to sell
Shouting their melodious rhythms
Trying desperately
To attract costumers

"Red Roses

Sweet

"Red Roses"

What do I need?

"Chick Peas

Buy your fresh

"Chick peas"

What do I need?

"Red Roses

Sweet

"Red Roses"

What do I need?

I am in a state of bliss

As I make my way through the crowd

I spot my friend

Suddenly

I hear a bell

It is like a bubble of silence has made its way over us
No one moves the girls who were once dancing on the cobblestone road
Are frozen

I listen it rings 21 times

Who died?

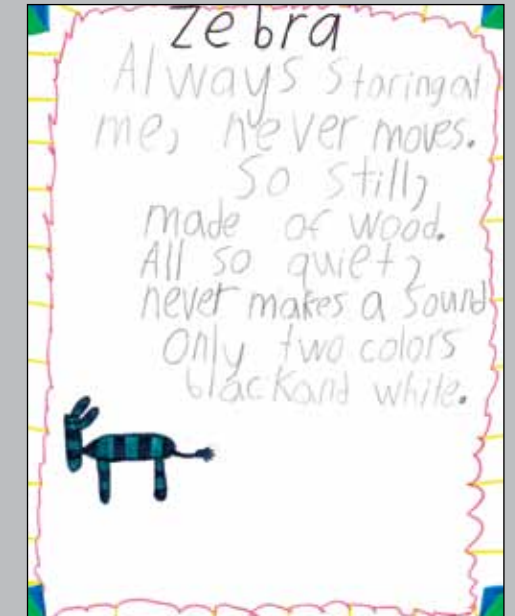
The Market is not such a happy place

Anymore

I make my way home with sorrow lapping at my heart

ZEBRA

Andrew Harrington



WONDERFUL WORLD

Kyle Feldkamp

I see the ocean
cold, blue ocean
wavy beach.
There are sand dollars
and seashells.
People swimming
there. Pebbles
wash up on the
shore. What a
wonderful world.

WHEN MY MONKEY GOT STUCK IN THE TREE

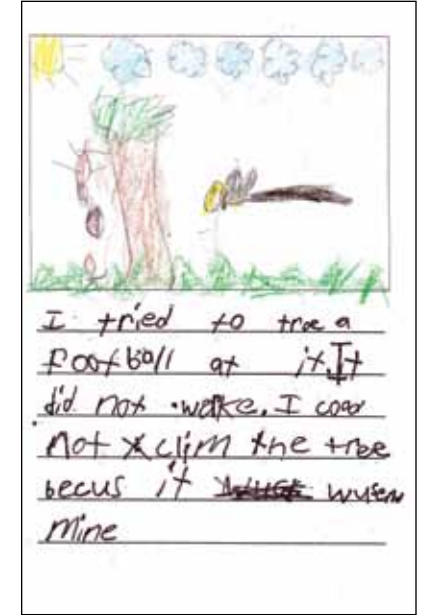
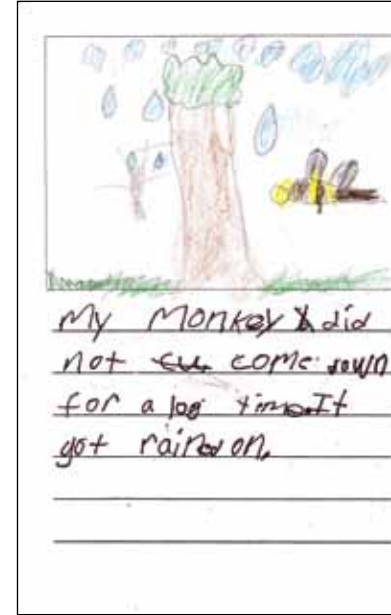
Kody Wiseman

When my monkey got
stuck in the tree,
I was sad. My
brother threw
it in the tree.

My monkey did
not come down
for a long time. It
got rained on.

I tried to throw a
football at it. It
did not work. I could
not climb the tree
because it wasn't
mine.

When I was
asleep my monkey
fell out of the tree.
When I
woke up I went out-
side. I was happy. I was
happy to see my monkey on
the ground!



PETALS

About my art

We are individuals, but everything we do is tied to others around us. There are several layers in the image: petals, specks in the sidewalk, shadows of the fence and the tree. All these layers are together, down on the ground. A lot of history combined to allow for a simple photograph. The sun shone, tree grew, the walk was built and I pushed the button on my camera.

Most of my images are of simple subjects with complex interactions. I'm inspired by my two-year-old daughter, who thinks everything around her is amazing. She stops to pick up rocks and pinecones and to stomp in puddles. A photograph captures a point in time, allowing us to later observe the interactions and relationships in all the little pieces in the image.

Andy Chen

About me

I take pictures, which sounds like a simple thing but I'm still trying to figure it all out. I was born in Taiwan and grew up in the Midwestern United States. My exposure to photography began in high school, where I spent countless, clueless hours in the darkroom as part of the yearbook staff. In addition to exhibiting my own work, I'm the gallery director of the StutzArtSpace in downtown Indianapolis.

