

a tumble
of
glorious
proportion



STANFORD ANTHOLOGY FOR YOUTH

2015 • VOLUME 19

SAY
2015

*
Stanford
Anthology
for Youth



Stanford Anthology for Youth

you
see,
there
is
beauty
in
these
cold
dark
places

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** A collection of writing and art by San Francisco Bay Area middle-school students.

* Anabella Schofield (*cover art*) is 13 years old, in the 8th grade, and attends Central Middle School. She loves to spend time with friends, her parents, and twin sister Sofia. Anabella loves to write, read, paint, play cello, play piano, and compose music!

DEAR WRITERS:

We have a question for you:

What is good writing?

Yeah. We don't know, either. Unfortunately, here at SAY, part of our business is passing judgement on your writing. But how can we, when we're not sure if we're asking the right questions? What if the question should be: *What is bad writing?* What if the question should be: *Why are we writing in the first place?*

Here's what we *can* tell you: most of the time, good writing doesn't ring your doorbell and stand there with a "Hello, My Name Is Good Writing" sticker on its jacket. Sure, every once in a while it does. Every once in a while, it wipes its grammatically-correct shoes on your welcome mat and offers you a jar of marmalade for your hospitality. It is spick and span: not a wrinkle in its trousers, not a comma out of place. We're not going to lie: we like it when that happens. We're fond of marmalade, and we enjoy a good chat about verb tenses.

But lots of times, it's not like that at all.

Sometimes, good writing is an accident — an uncaught typo that changes the meaning of a sentence in a poetic way. Good writing can be a particularly snappy line of dialogue, or it can be a run-on sentence that just *works*.

Good writing does not usually arrive in uniform. It likes to show up to the party wearing some sort of preposterous disguise: stick-on sideburns or a banana suit. Think of this anthology as the best costume party you've ever attended.

But before you enter, we'd like to collect some of your adjectives. Give us your *goods* and your *bads*: you won't need them here. You can have them back at the end.

Editors, *Stanford Anthology for Youth*
June 2014

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**



ELLA MILES-URDAN & PILAR SHEN-BARRO

2 PM on the Dot

(*Girl enters stage right, goes to counter.*)

GIRL

Can I have a hot chocolate please?

COFFEE GIRL

Sure, it will be three dollars.

GIRL

I only have two dollars and fifty cents. Sorry.

6

COFFEE GIRL

Oh... you can just have it.

(*Girl walks to table with hot chocolate/cup.*)

GIRL

2 pm on the dot. He's here again. He comes every day. First, he comes into the coffee shop, then walks out to the train tracks. He waits for the train but doesn't board. What's he waiting for? I don't understand.

(*Man enters stage right.*)



Ella Miles-Urdan enjoys acting, writing, and dancing. She has performed in several plays, including this one which she co-wrote with her friend, Pia (Pilar). Pia likes to read, act, and listen to music. The concept for this piece came from a movie Pia watched about a book that returned every day to a train station, awaiting its owner. Ella and Pia are close friends who attend school together and live in Berkeley.



Vivian Yang (*previous page*) is currently in eighth grade. She lives with her parents and two brothers in Palo Alto. Her hobbies include sketching, writing science fiction stories, and listening to music. As a huge fan of Hans Zimmer, she spends her time collecting soundtracks of movies that he has scored.



BETH FINEBERG

Three Haiku

Dreams

I am a small squid
I want to be potato
But I can't be one

Taco Tree

Bury a taco
Add water to its new dirt
A taco will grow

Banana Phone

Ring ring it's my phone
I answer but it won't work
My banana phone



Beth Fineberg is a 7th grader who currently attends J.L. Stanford Middle School. She was born in Palo Alto and has lived there ever since. Beth has many hobbies including singing and writing haikus and other works meant to make people laugh.



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*miles of ocean
in fine inches*

Stanford Anthology for Youth

miles [a collection of
in five writings by San
Francisco Bay
Area middle-
school students] *of ocean
inches*



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Stanford Anthology for Youth strives to ensure the originality of the submissions contained within this publication. Stanford Anthology for Youth assumes no responsibility for any works that may not be the original creation of the contributor to whom the piece is credited.

Dear Writers,

You've been told that you're making a tempest in a teapot. That you're being overdramatic. That when you look back on this moment in five years, you'll laugh at yourself for making such a big deal out of something so insignificant. You've been told that burning yourself on a waffle iron isn't a sign of the apocalypse, that this soccer injury will be ancient history by the end of the week, that one day you will put your face up really close to a mirror and think, *That girl is beautiful.*

The people who tell you these things—sometimes they're right.

But often they're not. You sent us hundreds of submissions, and none of them were trivial. Here are some things you wrote about: war, love, death, mental illness, birth, suicide, homicide, and what will happen when the world really does end. You wrote some things that made us laugh, yes. But you also wrote a lot of things that were controversial and disturbing. You made us want to look away. You thoroughly creeped us out.

We include this work in the anthology not only because it is well-written (spine shivers, you may know, can often serve as a thermometer for effective writing), but also because it reflects the things that are important to you. Writing a story in which one character kills another doesn't mean you're plotting a mass murder. But it might mean that you want to make sense of death, or understand the possibility of a third world war.

Because these things matter to you, they matter to us. We hope that, by publishing the pieces of writing that scare and unnerve us the most, we can jumpstart a conversation about these big issues. These are things we all should be talking about: friends, family, and teachers. You are teaching us not to ignore those things that make us curious or worried or scared.

And the small things? They're just as important. Your tempest cannot be confined to its teapot. Your tempest is a red-alert-on-the-Weather-Channel, hide-under-the-bed-with-the-dog thunderstorm—no, *hurricane*. You know what matters to you, and we want you to declare it to the world.



Emma Cheatham

lucy [is an eighth grader at JLS Middle School. She likes poetry, books, and sports.] Augustine

Fading

i

feel like i am
continually blown
around by the wind
and i feel like i

am

never going to
regain the vibrancy
i used to dream of
but things become

faded

when i abandon
them on windowsills
and they can never
quite be the same

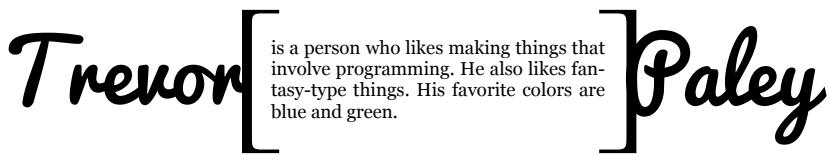
because

the sun longs for the color
it lacks so instead
it will steal its saturation
it will bleach them

of

their dyes and chlorophyll
but they will burn before
they reach the sun
just as i did before i reached

you



is a person who likes making things that involve programming. He also likes fantasy-type things. His favorite colors are blue and green.

Connecting Writing

Johnny wrote a story.
Then he published it.
It was about an orphan.

People went and read his story.
They thought that is showed a horrible event in his life.
People felt sorry for him.

Johnny was annoyed.
That is because everyone thought he was once in a similar situation.
Then he kept his writings secret.

Then I wrote this poem.
Of a person called Johnny.
Who hated when people drew connections from the story to him.

I have no connections to this story.



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