



Grace Ink.

Stories, Poems and Art from
Grace Academy

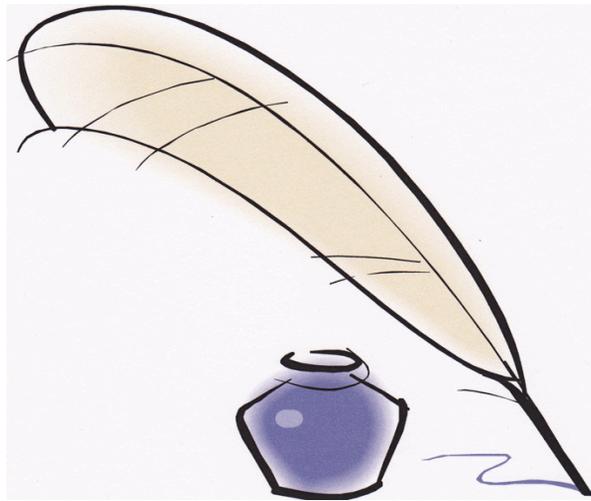


Winter, 2018

Grace Ink.

Created by the Grace Academy Creative Writing Club

Charisma Asamoah, De'Geal Davis, Francesca Guevara, May Htoo,
Abigail Islam, Karina Ntoni, Amanda Oganda, Eh Wah Wah and
Angelina Wisdom



And featuring artwork from a selection of
Grace Academy artists

Joelhyannis Davila, Tarana Downer, Gabriella Frieman, Avalessa
Gallardo, Kee La Paw, Lanay Leryer, Maria May, Tarapi Pyo,
Jenessie Rivera and Eh Wah Wah

Cover Photo by Eh Wah Wah

Thought-free line

By Abigail Islam

Pen in hand,
staring at the blank, lined paper
just waiting
for your imagination to run wild.
The exhilarating feeling
of impatience
you get when you begin to think.
Word after word,
sentence after sentence,
then blank...your mind goes blank.
The pace of your heart begins to quicken
"Wait, no --"
this can't be the end
of what I truly want to say.
Your thoughts begin to fade into the abyss.
You creep through the walls of your mind
trying to find that one line,
that thought-free line.
The rain begins to fall against the window pane
It seems as if the raindrops were dancing
to the humming sound of the wind.
It's like a sweet song
sending you memories
thick with emotion
to fill in the blanks.



Ingredients for Making a Friend

By Eh Wah Wah

1 cup of a warm smile
3 quarts of funny faces
½ a spoonful of playful antics
4 cups of compassion

A Dog's Lament

By Francesca Guevara

Why do we dogs get abused?
I just think humans are confused.
They take us for granted,
And that gets us frantic.
Humans don't really care for us as much as they pretend to,
Or why would they make fake shelters and act like they do?
They shelter us for a little while and then...you have no clue,
Because you've never tried to put yourself in our shoes.



Apple of My Eye

By Francesca Guevara

I spy
With my little eye
The animal I love
The one I kiss and hug
Not a human, not a bug
Someone that I care for and who cares for me
Someone that is gone, never to be seen
The apple of my eye
I had to say goodbye



Stereotypes

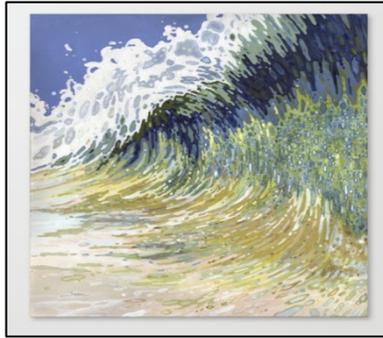
By Charisma Asamoah and Eh Wah Wah

I hear a "shhh!" around the school
I hear the new girl is not that cool
She wears a label across her head
It was something I think I shouldn't have said
Fat. Ugly. Disgusting.
Why does the world have to label her?
I don't know
As a matter of fact
I see a light that makes her glow
From the tears dripping down her eye
I knew a girl like her shouldn't cry

I hear the chatter
that doesn't really matter
Everyone's talking about me
but I try not to let them know
that it hurts me so
I feel like I need a... better glow
The whole world should know
No! No! No!!!
I wanna be a shining star.
Not that old totaled car.
I need.... a friend!

At the Beach

By Karina Ntoni



At the beach
I see and smell
the salty waves
that really swell
At the beach

School

By May Htoo

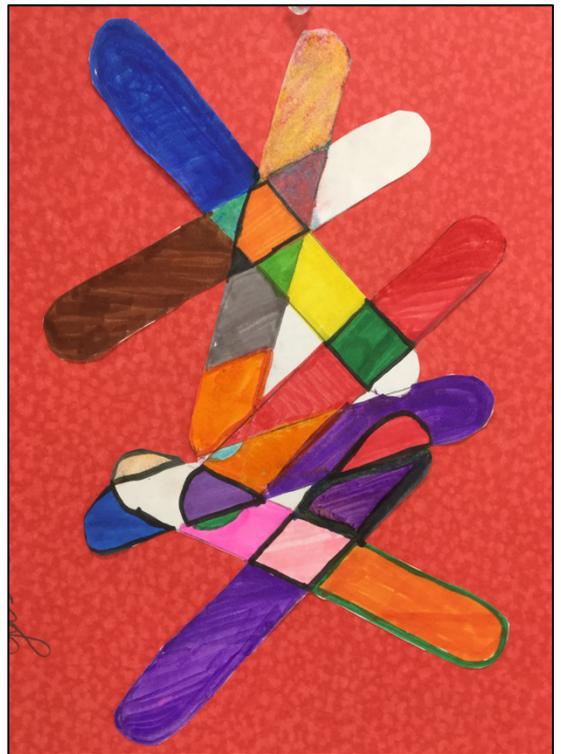


School
Oh, school
How people love school
A day
that we can learn
A day
that we all can be together
A day
that we have homework
And a day
that we can all be helpful to one another

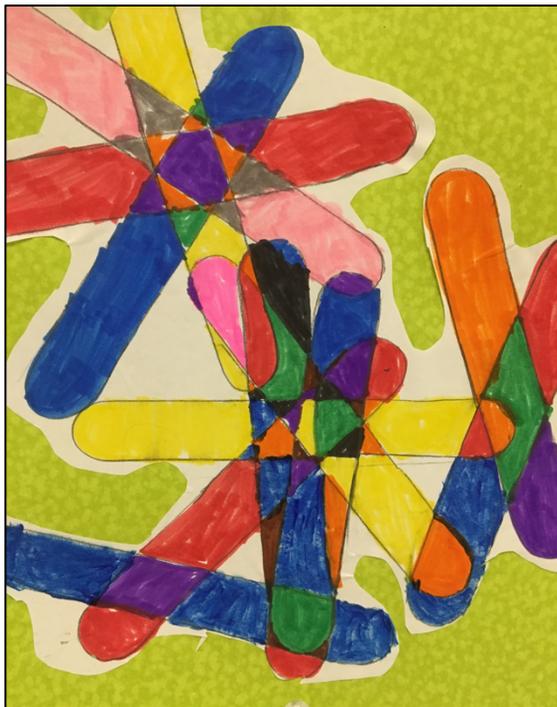
Popsicle Stick Paintings



Jenessie Rivera, Grade 5



Gabriella Frieman, Grade 5



Avalessé Gallardo, Grade 5



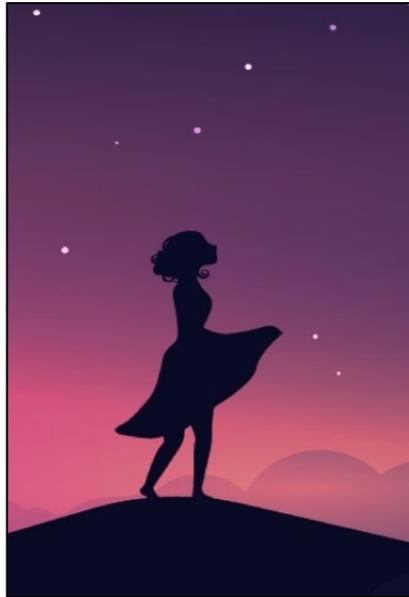
Joelhyannis Davila, Grade 5

Depression

By Angelina Wisdom

It's a kid that never speaks
The guy who's always tired
The woman who's "too emotional"
The man who just got fired

It's a hidden disease
That's affecting so many lives
Wake up and listen
To the silent cries



Night

By De'Geal Davis

People walking
Cars driving by
Getting darker by the minute
The stars coming out
Wondering if some follow the stars
Journeying off into the night
Where do these people go?



We're Going To Hawaii

By Karina Ntoni

"We're going to Hawaii!" said my mother as soon as I came through the door from school. I dropped my belongings onto the kitchen floor, and ran over to where my mother was standing to give her a gigantic hug.

All of a sudden my head was full of questions. Why were we going to Hawaii? How long would we be staying there? When would we be leaving?

As if Mom could read my face, she said, "Don't worry about anything, I've already taken care of the luggage, and packed everything in the minivan." I stood there not knowing what to do or say, for I was in complete shock.

"Come on!" Mom said. "If we don't get moving we'll miss our flight." As I climbed into the car, I pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming.

Watercolor Collage Painting



Samantha Allen, Grade 8



San De Min, Grade 8



Hartford is in Your Heart *By Charisma Asamoah*

Hartford is in your heart.
No matter how hard you try, you two can't part

Whether you come to work
Or to pick up a shirt

Whether you come to roam
Or because this is your home

Hartford is the capital of Connecticut
This is where some presidents learned etiquette

Hartford may be busy
But that's only because it's a city

Hartford is an idea, not just a place
It's everyone, no matter what race

Hartford is in your heart
It is like the middle of a target, and you are the dart

Hartford is in your heart
My heart
Is in Hartford



Hartford *By Karina Ntoni*

When I think of Hartford
the first thing that comes to my mind is
dozens of city buses
taking people to and from their destinations
Kids laughing
and playing outside during recess
Cars screeching
and honking
in the middle of traffic

Hartford Through a Window

By Francesca Guevara

City lights
On a pretty night
People riding buses, talking on phones
Faces looking at their drones
Crossing the streets
With their walking feet
Wind blowing through hair
Flowing everywhere
That's what I see through the window's glare



Hartford Through My Eyes

By Eh Wah Wah

Hartford through my eyes is...

A small town where everyone's welcome
Where a time for frowning is very seldom
A place where you can express who you are
And where everyone is driving in a car

Street lights shining, No place for pining
Wind roaring, Ships mooring
The morning sunshine, Rising as quick as a vine
The night sky, Where I'd want to fly

Inspirational,
Different,
Hospitable,
Strong

There is no other place I'd want to live

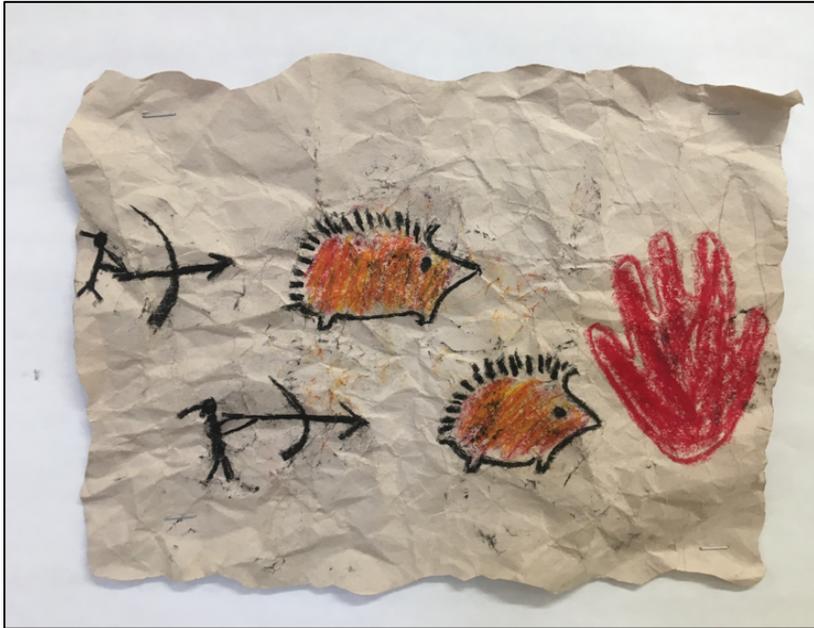
Cave Paintings



Kee La Paw, Grade 6



Maria May, Grade 6



Tarana Downer, Grade 6



Tarapi Pyo, Grade 6

Sky

By Abigail Islam

Blue skies
I see with open eyes

The sun's rays touch down
On a sliver of nature
By being selective
You're changing the perspective

Stay the same.



Tarapi Pyo, Grade 6

A Piece of Peace

By Charisma Asamoah

Expressions. Your face and your smile. The light.
Does a nice white light fall over your face and make you feel a tingling sensation? Sometimes, do you just feel like you're with a friend and there's no joke, but that tingling sensation, the one that gets you every time, washes over you? And you become a piece of peace?
Only when that sensation finds you, are you truly at peace.
Remember, peace is not an idea, it's a feeling, and when you achieve it, you never want to let it go.
There is always sadness, anger, and jealousy waiting to knock on your door. But when you are at peace, your door is locked, safe, and secure.

Which Way to Go

By Francesca Guevara

I want to try to impress you,
but somehow I can't address you,
I don't know which way to go,
my heart is saying yes, but my mind is
telling me no.

I don't know which way to go, left or right,
I'm not being uptight,
but I don't know, I can't tell,
so would you please tell me how you feel?
Is this fake or real?

Please just tell me how you feel,
I'm not trying to make this a big deal,
but I just don't know
which step to go,
is it going to be yes or no ?

Even the next day,
nothing is okay,
my heart feels like it's going to break!
I feel like I'm dying,
and on the inside I'm crying,
I don't know which route to take,
and I can't find my way,
I'm trying my hardest,
but I keep making the same mistake...

Today is the last day,
I'm still trying to find my way
constantly fighting to press replay
But one thing I know is I need you
starting today
so this time please don't go away!



Alayr Collins, Grade 6

Nervous Breakdown

By Francesca Guevara

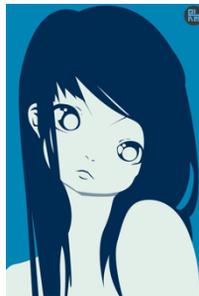


My eyes burn
My lips quiver
My hands tingle
My hips shiver.
I'm feeling dizzy
My mind is busy
My blood pressure is high
I'm going to cry
My muscles are tense
My shoulders are clenched
I feel absent-minded
My eyes feel blinded
Trying to bite my tongue
I almost feel numb



What Mood Am I Feeling?

By May Htoo

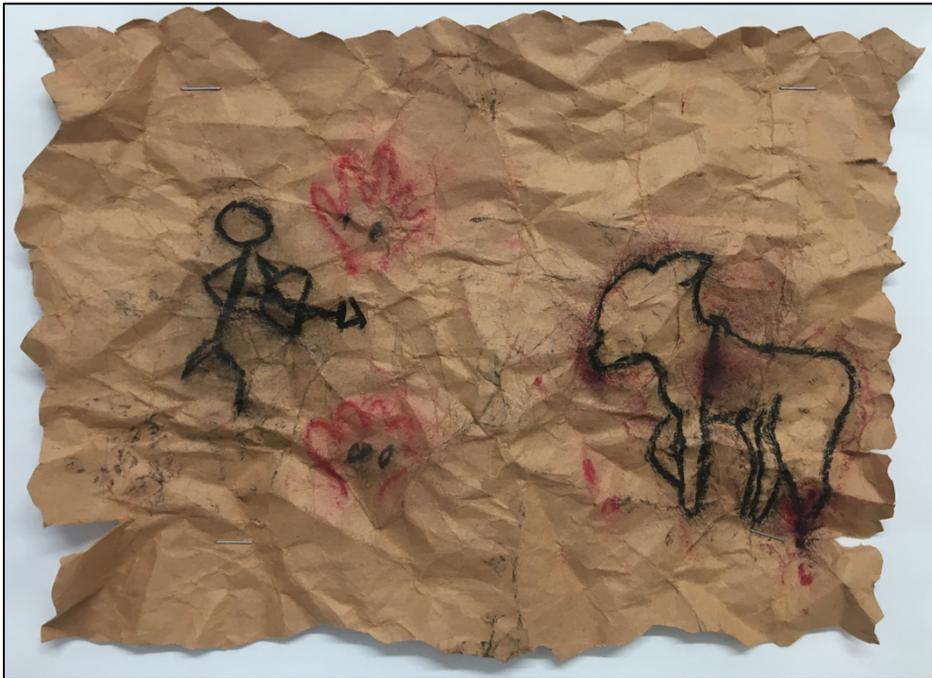


I'm feeling so blue
The sky
Is dark
What mood am I feeling?
I'm sitting down in my room,
Whimpering.
What mood am I feeling?

Embarrassed

By Karina Ntoni

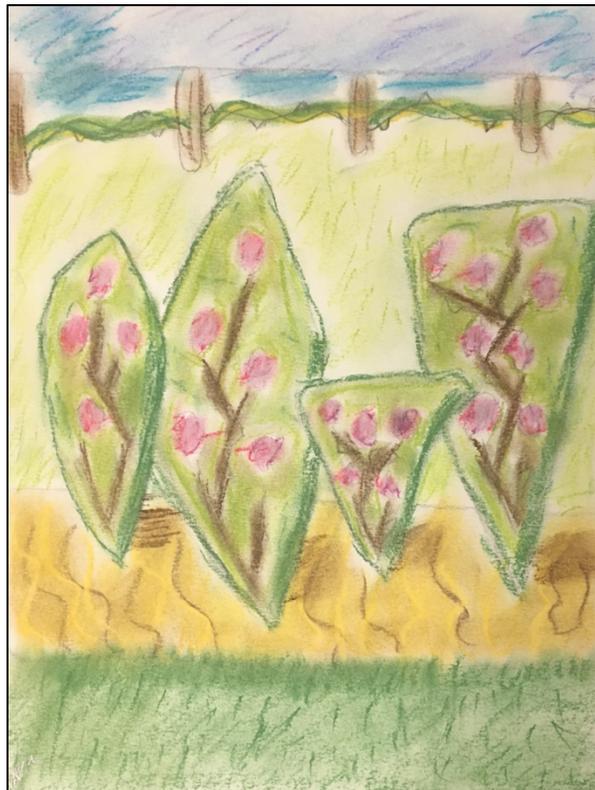
I hear a screaming in my head
something I should never have said
I turn around to see my friend
Making a sign that we've come to an end
The whispers and chatters going around school
spread the news that I'm such a fool
My eyes start to water
and my cheeks to feel hotter
I walk home from school, lonely and blue
Thinking of ways to say "I'm sorry" to Sue
Now everyone hates me because of my hurtful actions
but now I don't have much of a reaction



Lanay Leryer, Grade 6



Paw Shee, Grade 8

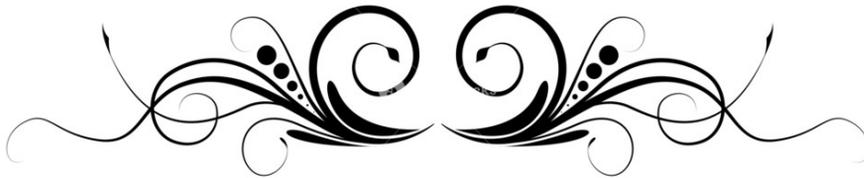


Eno Ya Kissi, Grade 6

Free

By De'Geal Davis

What if we were free
To do what we want
What if we became an anarchy
What if we could take
what we want
when we want
What if anything could be possible
Magical creatures
Unicorns...
What would happen?



What If?

By Francesca Guevara

What if a balloon could fly
All the way up to the sky?
What if humans could fly
Into the clouds up high?

What if we could hear animals cry
"Help, help! We don't want to die!"
What if sibling didn't fight,
but went to sleep peacefully in the night?

What if?

Hartford

By Abigail Islam

Long, paved roads filled with memories
The Constitution, a part of this problematic society
We the people, misunderstood
just wishing they would take notice
Times have changed, you said
but no, they haven't
People are gone now
can't be brought back
due to your brutality in this community



Thanksgiving

By De'Geal Davis



It smells so nice
Turkey and greens, mostly
Many voices fill the air
I see people – some I know
And some I don't
Talking most of the night

Wall

By Angelina Wisdom

I put up a wall
That is so high
You will never see my pain
Or any of my scars
I create this character
And she is perfect
She's invisible
I carry on living these two lives
One for the public
And one just for me



Be You

By Amanda Ogando

No one is perfect,
Don't let anyone control you in life
Just because you're a girl.
Be yourself,
Be with the people
Who accept you for who you are,
Not for other things.
Stay you
Be you
Life is too short to be someone else.



About the Authors



My name is **Charisma Asamoah**. I was born in late June of 2006 in Manchester. I have three brothers. I like to write poems and stories. I like to watch YouTube and do my Snapchat streaks. My favorite food is lasagna.



Hi, my name is **De'Geal Davis**. I am 13 years old. I was born in St. Louis, Missouri. My mom is from New York and my dad is from Connecticut. My favorite genre to write is mystery and horror stories. My favorite genre of books to read are horror and adventure books. Some of my favorite books are *The Giver* and *The Lightning Thief* (part of the *Percy Jackson & the Olympians* series). This is my first year being in the Creative Writing club. My favorite subject in school is math, because I like the challenge that comes with it. When I am older, I want to become an FBI agent.



Hi, my name is **May Htoo**. I like to draw and play with my friends. I just love K-pop songs. They make my day light up – I like to listen to them all the time. I also enjoy watching K-pop videos that make me laugh. And every time I go to school, I get to see my friends and teachers. I'm so glad I got into Grace Academy and get to be in a safe place.



Greetings! My name is **Abigail Islam**. I am currently 13 years old. I am in the 8th grade, and ready to graduate into high school. One of my many passions is writing things such as poetry, short stories, and novels. I have been in the Creative Writing club for about four years and each year has been a different and unique experience. I will continue pursuing my writing career and possibly publish a writing piece one day.



Hi! My name is **Karina Ntoni**. I am a 12-year-old sixth grader, currently attending Grace Academy. I am usually really quiet, but once you get to know me, you just figure out the type of loving and caring person that I am. I enjoy reading cooking, swimming, playing lacrosse, and writing.



Hello, my name is **Amanda Ogando**. I am 13 years old. I was born in Hartford, CT. My heritage is Dominican and Puerto Rican. I am the youngest child – I have an older brother. I was raised by my wonderful mother. I love to eat at Panera Bread. Math is my favorite subject in school at this moment. I really like to be challenged with problems. When I get older, I would like to be in the army, because I enjoy helping others and I want to take a step further and help others around the world.



My name is **Angelina Wisdom**. I am 12 years old. My birthday is January 13, 2006. My hobbies are writing and playing squash. I like to write poetry, mostly about life experiences and the things around me.



Hello, hola, bonjour , caio
My name is **Eh Wah Wah**
I'm in sixth grade now
I have a flaw
Or maybe two, or three
I love to write
I'm sure you will see
I want to please you with all my might
Come along and write
with me!
I'm eleven and one of my hobbies is art
I go to Grace Academy
I truly love it with all my heart
It is an all-girls school, thankfully
I was born in Thailand
So far, Grace is grand
Writing is great..
You can express who you are
Once you start, you'll think it's fate
You'll grow into a star.



My name is **Francesca Guevara**, I'm 10 years old,
And college is my main goal
I used to live in a small town named Sebring in Florida
That was my old home but now I live in CT have moved far on.
I go to Grace Academy and
With good school history
I love to read and write too
But that not it, I'm not through.
Now you're going to learn about how my writing skills grew.
I started as an 8 year old who loved to read books and poetry
That's when I wrote my first poem, that was entitled "Little Tree"
I wrote radically
But I was only 8, so it was accidentally
I guess not for nothing, my writing can still
Be a creative mess! My mom's from Brazil
And my dad's from Trinidad
They're both proud of their countries as that was their home and land
I have a younger brother and older sister
But talking to them can be a tongue twister
That's it, thank you for reading this
Poem addressed to me. Oh and P.S.
I love the band B.T.S

