Barack Obama Inspiration Essay

“Today I say to you that the challenges we face are real. They are serious and they are many. They will not be met easily or in short span of time, but know this America, they will be met.”

These are the words of our 44th president, Mr. Barack Hussein Obama. Today and throughout his whole campaign, his words of hope, wisdom, and action has inspired not only America, but me as well.

President Obama has inspired me because he has become the nation’s first African-American president. That’s inspiring to me because it sends a message to every child, especially children of color, that you can do anything you want as long as you set your mind to it, like President Obama did.

He is an inspiration to me because he overcame many obstacles in his life. He endured his mother's death, father's death, and grandmother’s death. He experienced several tremendous losses, but he dusted himself off and kept on going.

The final way he’s inspired me is by his great determination. I am inspired by that because he never stopped if something got in his way, and if it did, he would find a reasonable and civilized manner to find a solution and solve it.

He has even inspired me to help my community. To improve things in my community, I am going to try to donate more items to shelters and organizations that aid underprivileged people, I will volunteer with associations that help to beautify the city’s neighborhoods, and I will encourage my friends and family to recycle their plastic bottles, glass bottles, and old newspapers.

I want to donate more to the shelters and organizations that help underprivileged people because they don’t really have a lot of necessities to dispense among the residents living there and they may be short on money and supplies.

I will volunteer with organizations that help to beautify the city because we have a lot of tourists that visit our city because of it’s rich history and when they come, they don’t want to be greeted with potato chip bags
and plastic bottles blowing beneath their feet along with walls tarnished with unwanted graffiti drawn on them.

I will encourage my friends and family to recycle plastic bottles, glass bottles, old newspaper, and other items of that nature because we need to be mindful of the fact that if we just throw away our plastic, glass, and newspapers, they will just be sitting in a landfill for years and years on end and won’t be thought of again. But if we have more people to recycle, we will reduce the amount of plastic, glass, and newspaper that are put into landfills and increase the amount that is being recycled each year.

“On this day, we gather because we have chosen hope over fear, unity of purpose over conflict and discord.”

I am proud to do this essay because I know that I am honoring President Obama and all of his great accomplishments that have been completed over the years, along with his biggest accomplishment, becoming the first African-American president.

Henry School  Simone Oliver (8C)

Poem of Thanksgiving

I am thankful for the world and everything in it—

For those warm Saturday nights when me and my mom share ice cream while watching a good movie.
For the sound of the rain softly hitting the ground on a cool summer night.
For the feeling of victory when I block the other team from scoring a goal in field hockey.
For my mom who helps me in all of my life and supports me in everything I do.
For my dad, who is unfortunately not in my life right now, but who has shown me the fun side of life when I was with him.
For my mind which tells me right from wrong.

I am thankful for almost everything, but I will forever be most thankful for my mother who will always be there for me.
Hafeez Johnson-Dorman (8A)

Thanksgiving Collage

I am thankful.

I am thankful for my grandma’s mac and cheese.
I am thankful for watching squirrels fight in a tree and my dog barking at a leaf.
I am thankful to watch and play football with friends and family.
I am thankful for my mom and grandma raising me so I can become a strong man.
I am thankful for peas, even though I don’t like them.
I am thankful for a car so I don’t have to walk a lot and a TV to watch.
I am thankful for my mom and grandma for loving me, and Shayla, Dominick, and Tremayne for being good friends.
I am thankful for my sense of humor.
I am thankful for my ability to solve a problem.
I am thankful for my talent of football and running.
I am thankful for my dog for being so protective.
I am thankful for my first black president and God for letting him be the president.
I am thankful for Ms. Cantarini, 8A, and the entire 2010
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Wagner

**I am from north Philly.**

*I am from famine and watching people starve*
*I am from the land of meek mills*
*I am from hate and every other feeling*
*I am from fight, pain and struggle*
*Where my brother would fight my mom with all his might*
*I am from giving up on their dreams*
*I am from sadness*
*I am poverty and starving*
*I am from dogs*
*I am from death of family members and sadness*
*I am from cops on the block*
*I am from drugs and people selling them*
*I am from guns*
*I am from where people are shot almost every day*
*I am from the news helicopters*
*I am from a split family*
*I am from gangs in front of my house*
I am from not being able to have a dream
I am from broken hearts
I am from McDonalds, fried chicken and Chinese food
I am from hip-hop

I am from drug heads
I am from bills
I am from robbery
I am from where you can’t trust your friends
I am from arguments with my mom because of her boy friend
I am from a family that hates each other but deep down love each other

DePaul Catholic
Meat (8th grade)

Cherokee/ Native American
African American
Humorous/Funny
School/My Education
Music/Paramore/Shinedown/Jonas Brothers
Hollywood Undead/Cobra Starship/Lady Gaga/Taylor Swift
I love Science mainly Archeology, mummies, ancient ice men, Pharohs, Queens, Caves
I like writing poems, songs, and raps, but mainly rock is my favorite music.
I don’t like people who are too obnicshus.
I don’t like people who talk too too much.
I like people who are goofy, and can still be serious about certain conversations.
Don’t start nuthin won’t be nuthin
Sports
BMB show on you tube soon
No petty
Art

Lean on Me

There was a time when I had to lean on my friend Ericka. It was a hard day when we went to the mall. It started good and ended bad.

This is how it happened. It started how me and my friends were going to the movies. So when I ask my grammom to take me she said okay. The day of the movie my friends backed out except for Ericka. So we decide to go to the mall.

When we were on our way to my grammoms house we found out she wanted us to catch the bus. So when we got to the bus I called my stepmom. She told me go back. So I went back to grammoms. She called my dad he got mad. Then my grammom talk to him and then she said go head. So when we left we thought my dad said yes.

When we were almost at the we saw our bus. Then we missed the bus. So while waiting for the next bus, we got on the wrong one and got off. Then we found the right bus and we rode off.
On the way to the mall my dad called (my grammom said “don’t answer any calls, but mine.”) I answered it anyway. He was mad when he said he wanna talk to my grammom and I said she at home. He made me so scared. For many reasons, one because he said he was going to tear me up. Then because was like watch what happens when you get home. I was scared and crying. I was happy to have Ericka there with me.

When we got the mall she cheered me right up. Making jokes about all kinds crazy things. Then we snuck in to David n Busters. We really wanted to go in. We had to be 18 though.

During our day out we missed 10 calls from my dad, and hung up on my stepmom.

When my grammom came to get us my stomach dropped. I didn’t even wanna leave. I was praying for it not to end. When we were driving home Ericka said she had my back.

When we dropped her off she you know where I live, if anything happens come here. When I got home no one was there. When my stepmom got home she was mad. When my dad got home he was like I can leave and don’t come back. So I told Ericka and she said call me tomorrow to tell me what happens. So I talk to my dad and he said what’s my choice. I decided to stay. Even though I was scared I stayed.

That was one hard day. That was the worst and the best day. I learned never to assume always be sure. At the end I got grounded and gained a best friend.

-Nyiesha Sizer

Me at 12 years old
I am different because before when I was younger I didn’t understand that as well as I do now. Also I was shorter and an now really moody. I might get sad or upset over small things. I believe that you should be kind to those who have sensitive feelings and not be rude or mean just say I don’t care about her feelings I really don’t care if someone says something to me I need to stop doing on what they don’t like about me but like my dad ALWAYS says it’s not what you say but it’s how you say it. Sometimes isn’t good to keep rude comments to yourself sometimes that makes me mad. I’m interested in fashion designing, drawing and writing poetry. My favorite subjects have to be English, and art. English because I like to write things including poetry, stories, etc. and art because I love to draw. I now have longer hair and taller.

Leeds Middle School

I am From

I am from reality
Where dreams don’t come through
Unless you make them
Where there in not always a happy ending
Where people die and suffer
Everyday
Where people are at war
Where there is hatred, jealousy,
Loneliness, fear, and brutality
But where there’s also happiness, friendship
Love and kindness
Where people form bonds
And alliances
I am from a world that’s harsh
But without the harshness
It would be unbalanced.

**Teen Challenges**
There are many struggles in a teen’s life
Being an outcast
Being isolated
Being pressured
Being ridiculed
Being different
Being judged
Problems that might seem small to adults
Problems that adults may not understand
But to us are overwhelming
Everyday teens do drugs
To escape their problems
Because they feel misunderstood
Or miserable
Having sex to feel wanted
Or perhaps needed
But they are dying on the inside
And want to escape themselves
It sometimes causes suicides
They say your teen years
Are suppose to be your best
But are they really?
Quandre
Can you hear me?
Through my cries of despair.
Can you hear me?
When my heart is full of fear.
Can you hear me?
When my dad always bails.
Can you hear me?
He’s like a broken record that never fails.
Can you hear me?
With all my hardships – I just drop and cry.
Can you hear me?
It won’t hold me back – I have to try!
Can you hear me?
Up alone in my room.
Can you hear me?
Sweep away my tears with a raggedy old broom.
Can you hear me?
‘Cause I can’t hear you.
Can you hear me?
‘Cause I don’t know what to

De Paul Catholic

Davina Harrell

Writing
Poem- “This House, is my house”
November 5, 2009

The chaos that surround me.
It’s like a hurricane.
I can’t control it.
I can’t handle it.
All the arguing and fighting.

My house is so crazy.
There’s crying and sadness.
I can’t stop it.
It’s a sad moment.

She’s making me mad.
She’s the reason I think that way.
They’re the reason I keep things inside.

I can’t wait until therapy but it seems so weird,
Talking to someone I hardly know
Telling them how I feel.

This will never end.
The arguing, the crying, the sadness, and the madness.

It’s out of control in this house.
I just can’t take this anymore.
This is my struggle.
This is my house.

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Davina Harrell
Writing
Poem-“My Life’
November 5, 2009

My life is not great all the time.
But the people I know think it is.
I never told anybody about my past.
I don’t think I want to either.

My aunt passed and I was very sad.
She meant a lot to me.
I didn’t cry at her funeral; I never cried at a funeral.
I just kept my feelings inside.

All the friend fights and arguments.
It’s like a storm.

All these years arguments and I still stand.
I stand with the people I love and the people that love me.  
Everybody goes through their own hard times.  
I just go through mine differently.  
This is my life, with me still standing.

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Flaws and All  
When I smile in class,   
I sit and think,  
While the time passes.  
I think about whether I'm happy,  
Sad, or just plain mad.  
I think is there a reason  
For me to smile,  
Or am I hiding my anger behind my  
Beautiful brown eyes. 
The eyes that seem like they cry,  
At night from the mean and hurtful things  
People say that I don't like.  
But that's alright because I get up,  
And stand tall,  
Because I'm Beautiful  
Flaws and All
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**Nowhere to Go!**

She’s sad and lonely  
She’s lonely because her mom left a long time ago  
And she does not know where she is  
She’s wonders how she could just up and leave her kids  
Feeling no love  
She goes out in search of love  
Only to be taken advantage of  
After she felt no love still  
It just seemed like she would never heal  
How could she have prevented this there is no answer?
Boys these days are like panthers
They attack when you are vulnerable
And leave you with the consequences
Some use you others don’t
Will she ever be the same again she won’t!!!!
Adjani Jenkins

People are irreplaceable

Chamika Watts
People?
November 5 2009

People are irreplaceable
People are unstoppable
Do you consider your self a person?
Because I don’t

People call me a martian
Am I?
I say to my self

This is unbelievable people call you names
Is it worth it?
No, your parents gave you a name
So why don’t people call you by it?
And give you nicknames?

That’s beyond me
Is that a question or apart of my ego
“I got a big ego”
“Such a big ego”
“That no one can stop me”
That’s who I am
Every morning I wake up and look around
To make sure everything is in place
I check in my parents room
She is not in there

Mom! “Where are you”
No answer
I go downstairs, I check everywhere
Nobody is there

Mom! “Where are you” I yell
No answer
Just when I begin to panic
I hear footsteps, ”What do you want Chamika?”
I was worrying about you
“Where are you?”

Doing your chores
Oh yeah, what had happened was……
You didn’t do them is what happened. My mom says
Well you’re the mom I say
And you’re the child my mom says
Student-generated piece from Jack's perspective when he wears the mask:

Woohooo! I’m free! I can do anything now! Nothing can stop me! Nothing! Ha! Ha! Piggy’s really in for it now! I’m gonna find him, and when I do, I’m gonna rip him apart! Ralph can’t stop me! Samneric can’t stop me! Ahaha! The pig doesn’t stand a chance either. She’ll never see it coming! Everyone shall fear me! I will be chief! Ralph can’t deny me my rightful place now! Everyone will listen to me! Aha! Ahaha! Ahaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

Student-generated piece from Jack’s perspective when he wears the mask:

Today I wore a mask. The feeling was like no other than I had ever felt before. I was free! I could do anything, whatever my heart desired with this mask on my face. I was free from self consciousness and self preservation. I was free. No one could stop me with my mask on, they were scared. They were scared of my true self, of my real personality. Ha! How I mock them now, for their faces of terror were genuine, full of fear. I had the power, no one doubted that anymore. I was greater than Ralph for a moment, and I still am. No one can doubt my power now! Today, I wore the mask.

The masks students wear:

The mask I wear is the mask of a good student. Understanding everything the teacher says and writing it down or nodding my way through the day. Inside I am confused and not following in class. Without my mask I am behind in class, afraid of asking a stupid question, self conscious of my work and afraid of grades. My mask protects me from my own criticism about my work. It reassures me that the work is easy to do.

The masks students wear:

When I first came to this school I needed to change to fit in. Everyone was different than me so I turned into what people wanted me to be rather than the real me. It was a mask that is pretty much a permanent mask. It helped me gain friends but made me loud and annoying to teachers which in turn lowered my grades. I know that it would be very hard to change back to the old me, but it would help me greatly. I’ve tried before but failed every time.

The masks students wear:

My mask, the mask I wear everyday. It covers my face with a disguise so clever, that no one suspects. I see people talk to me I watch from behind my everyday mask. If someone asks how I am doing I will never answer straight. When someone says “how easy was that,” no matter how I truly feel I say whatever will make me be most accepted. My true face hidden, my mask holding in my feelings against my will. Will I never be free!? The mask I wear holds everything inside-my feelings and emotions. O how I hate my mask, never letting go. My mask is too clever even for me. The mask never lets go.
Eighth Grade Student
Leeds Middle School
Have you ever felt? That you don’t belong?
You’re so different from everyone else.
Your family is people of sports and video games.
Parents push you to do what they want or did when they were young.
It’s like two football teams;
My mom the Quarterback,
My sister the Wide Receiver,
and My brother the Running Back,
and My dad the tackler.
And me, I’m on the other team trying to protect my dreams and goals.
But the score is 0-97.
I try my best to get around my dad by giving him his favorite toy: the Baskteball.
I get by my brother with the latest video game.
I get by my sister with H&M clothes.
But...BOOM!!!
I hit the floor.
My mom is never distracted by anything.
The score is 0-100.
They have won the game by crushing my dreams, what they don’t realize is that they lost the best point of the game:
ME

I Am from North Philly

Wagner Middle School
I am from famine and watching people starve
I am from the land of meek mills
I am from hate and every other feeling
I am from fight pain and struggle
When my brother would fight my mom with all his might
I am from giving up on their dreams
I am from sadness
I am poverty and starving
I am from dogs
I am from death of family members and sadness
I am from cops on the block
I am from drugs and people selling them
I am from guns
I am from where people are shot almost every day
I am from the news helicopters
I am from a split family
I am from gangs in front of my house
I am from not being able to have a dream
I am from broken hearts
I am from McDonalds, fried chicken and Chinese food
I am from hip-hop
I am from drug heads
I am from bills
I am from robbery
I am from where you can’t trust your friends
I am from arguments with my mom because of her boyfriend
I am from a family that hates each other but deep down love each other.

I Am From North Philly
I am from a family that hates each other

This House, is My House
Eighth Grade Student
Depaul Catholic Middle School
The chaos that surrounds me,
It's like a hurricane.
I can’t control it.
I can’t handle it.
All the arguing and fighting.
My house is so crazy.
There’s crying and sadness.
I can’t stop it.
It's a sad moment.
She’s making me mad.
She’s the reason I think that way.
They’re the reason I keep things inside.
I can’t wait until therapy but it seems so weird,
Talking to someone I hardly know
Telling them how I feel.
This will never end.
The arguing, the crying, the sadness, and the madness.
It’s out of control in this house.
I just can’t take this anymore.
This is my struggle.
This is my house.

Flaws and All
Eighth Grade Student
When I smile in class, I sit and think while the time passes.
I think about whether I'm happy, sad, or just plain mad.
I think is there a reason for me to smile,
or am I hiding my anger behind my beautiful brown eyes?
The eyes that seem like they cry, at night from
the mean and hurtful things people say that I don’t like.
But that’s alright because I get up,
And stand tall,
Because I'm Beautiful