

Clark

In the Halls – 6th Grade

When I'm walking down the halls, I feel like I'm in a jail with everybody staring at me, Laughing and talking about me.

If I don't wear what they wear, They look at me as if I was A stranger to them.

When people look at me or roll their eyes at me, I feel like I'm not welcome. I was never welcomed in the halls.

Four Pockets – 6th Grade

I have four pockets. The first pocket has all my problems, Fights and bad things I've been in. It holds all the bad, but no good. It holds the stuff I don't want. It holds the lessons I should've learned during those situations. I'm trying very hard to get rid of pocket one.

The second pocket has the people I know, And the people I love. The people I know sometimes talk to me when they feel like it. The people I love don't really leave me alone. They love me with all their heart, but at least it's better than being alone.

The third pocket has all the good things I've done or been in. I felt really great when I was in those good things. I felt like I was important, all those times.

The fourth pocket has all of the good and bad decisions I've made. It has everything that I'm going to do when I'm older. When my time comes, I will take one last look at all my four pockets, Then move on.

Ms. Unknown – 7th Grade

So quiet and lonely No one to talk to She can't see anything, everything is vague
She's too quiet She is so lonely Who is this she? Who is this Ms. Unknown?
She wants to look and stare She wants to
mumble and talk under her breath Who is this
she? Who is this Ms. Unknown?

She's too emotional She
cries and gets mad She
laughs and then gets sad
Who is this she? This she is
me.

...etc... - 8th Grade

I give up, I give up, I JUST GIVE UP It always turns out this way Even when I try not to show it It always happens to me.

Why Me?

What did I do?

Why is this never happening to people I know?

Maybe I'll just never be happy

Is there something wrong with me?

I try to change

I really try to

I try to hang out with people not like me

Change the way I look

(But that never works)

Change my personality

(That's hard to do)

Change my hair

All I wanted to do was feel happy

I can never stop worrying about what people think, Or how they feel about me

Even if it's people I don't care about.

Why, Why, Why, Why, Why

Cunningham

Pain – Anonymous

I smile because I deserve to. Covering all the pain I feel inside,
There are just too many problems for one teen to solve!

Our parents say we've got it good, But do we really? They
just don't know all the pain we go through. All the trouble
we can find; From drugs to violence to going to jail, and
beyond!

I don't understand how People can be so cold. I
don't understand How people can have kids and
show no love.

I believe that no one really knows All the pain
we go through. No one really knows that every
smile Is filled with pain. No one knows what
we really wish for.

Why is appearance everything? Why don't our
insides mean anything? When is it the thought
that matters? Not the looks. But the insides that

count!

Galbraith

Do You Really Know Me? -Anonymous

Do you really know me? Or do you only know what's skin deep? Do you know when I'm hurting? Or, do you assume that by the way I dress, That I'm trying to have everyone impressed, With my appearance? Maybe you only know what I'm willing to show.

Can you look into my eyes and see the hurt, pain, and anger? That was made to build me, but I will also break me. Can you tell when I'm bleeding from my soul, with cracks in my heart, Hurt in my eyes and fear on my breath. Or do you only know what's skin deep. And with that I say, You don't know me No matter how I might appear.

Why is it that you're so quick to say you know me, When you've only gotten to know my outer shell? You can't judge me. You can't sit here and tell me you know me, Without knowing the things that made me who I am, The things that made me the strong person I am. So I say no one can break me, I say you don't know me, No matter how I might appear.

Do You Really Know Me? – Anonymous

Do you really know what it's like to live my life? Playing the role of a happy kid? With realistic thoughts of ending everything, Misery, pain, fake smiles, sorrow and LIFE ? Do you really know me as the young girl I really am, The one who turns her pillow to the dry side after long nights, The other side soaked in tears? Do you really know me, the girl who seems to have it all, But inside knows she has nothing?

If you really knew me, you'd know I have a lot to say, But don't know where to start. You'd know my terrible dreams are the vultures of my reality. If you really knew me, you'd know I try my best to be who my parents want me to be, But you'd also know my best will never be good enough. You'd know that within my laughter is pain, And there's nothing to really laugh about.

If you really knew me you'd know I hate the presences shown when I look in the mirror, And you'll know all the right reasons why. If you really knew me, you'd know I don't have real friends. You'd know that I really do try in school. But then I think of my reality again. I realize, what's the point of trying when you know you're not going to make it? And that's when my fake friends come in and instead of being the kind-hearted person I am, I pull them down with me, tired of feeling alone in all of this. If you really knew me, you'd know I want more in life, Than what I have

Do You Really Know Me? - Anonymous

Do you really know me? What do you know about me? You see pretty eyes, nice smile, laughing, giggling, chattering. But understand me. You see a smile but it's followed by a frown, A frown when I can't go see your friends Because I have to watch kids You see laughing but it's follow by crying At school, at home Because you talk about or hit me Do you really know me? Do you know what I been through? Do you know what I see unless I tell you? Do you know I was bullied in elementary school? Who knows me?

Do you know switching between mom and dad twice? Because I can't choose, Because I think I'm going to hurt one of their feeling Do you know my true friends? Because I don't know for sure, but I know a couple Sadirah, Jasmine, Tonya, Tony Do you know what I deal with? You say you do, but you don't.

Do you know I had to move up here? I mean I had to move to North Philly or wherever I am Just because she said so and a man died there Did you know I have to share a room and hate it? Who am I? Do you know me? No What's my name? Tashona , Tasona , Tajana , Tasjone How many people hurt my feelings? A lot How many people hit me? Many? A couple? How many times did I cry? I say silly things to hide my pain. Do you really know me?

I hurt inside when I hear my dad's gone again My life is a dairy with a million locks I live in Philadelphia with my mom My dad's in a place called Williamsport I ask him to send me money Anything over 10 dollars I'm happy with He says he'll send it in a few days I keep looking in the mail, but it never comes. So I call again. He says that line again - four days But it never comes. I stop asking

Do you really know me? You say you do. You don't If you know me, The sky is green. No one knows me. Only me

C.W. Henry

8th Grade

I have a voice.
I am rarely allowed to use this voice.
This book has re-entitled me my claim to my voice.
This voice I have is often hushed by opposing views.
But not for long because when they turn their backs I let the whole world loose.
This voice is quiet, this voice is loud, this voice is very proud.
This voice is truth and never a lie.
This voice retaliates when haters despise.
This voice is soothing, this voice is angry.
This voice is letting itself be known.
THIS VOICE IS MINE.
MY voice is here and will never go.
MY voice is here and I'm not afraid to let it show.
MY voice is strong and beautiful, bright, and overwhelming.
MY voice has caused other people's eyes to start tearing.
MY voice is of passion, pride, and glory.
MY voice tells MY story.
A story of sadness, hope, and love,
 blowing kisses to angels above.
MY voice creates change.
MY voice is to speak.
MY voice is exciting and never bleak.
MY voice is tired of staying quiet,
 it's been this way far too long.
The longer and longer she stays quiet, the louder her voice grows.

Shuman

If you really knew me you would know... - 6th Grade

I used to be afraid of the dark until I was 9 years old. If you really knew me you would know that my favorite colors are blue, black, and red. If you really knew me you would know that I'm a sensitive person. If you really knew me you would know that I'm a follower. If you really knew me you would know that I'm ashamed of myself for not being able to see my uncle, grandfather, or cousin before they passed away. If you really knew me you would know that my brother doesn't accept me as his sister. If you really know me you would know that I get jealous a lot. If you really knew me you would know that my mom says I should've been born a boy. When my mom says that it breaks my heart.

Do you know me? The real me?

I guess not.

Anger – 8th Grade

Anger is the beast inside of me.
Anger is the one thing that makes me do bad decisions.
Decisions like yell, kick, and scream
Anger makes me cause most of my destruction.
Anger is like those two angels that sit on your shoulder.
There's the angel from Hell and the one from heaven.
When I become enraged that's the devil speaking through me.
Hell angel is on the devil's side.
So he tells me to act out in a way that could make me get in trouble.
The heavenly angel tells me to calm down.
To take a breath.
I want to listen to the heavenly angel.
But my anger won't let me.
I am torn between the two.
Like a child that loves their mom and dad,
But sadly they are getting divorced.
So the child must choose which one to live with.
While I struggle to choose a side, Hell angel shoots the heavenly angel!
When the heavenly angel is dead that's when I go off.
I throw chairs, I scream, and punch everything in sight.
By the time I am done with my tantrum
The heavenly angel comes back to life.
It is now too late to calm down and think about what I am about to do.
Because by now the damage is already caused.
I beat myself up inside.
Why do I have these issues?
Why am I cursed with this?
The devil and the Hell angel laugh.
Because they know that they have been successful.
The heavenly angel tells me what to do the next time.
But I know in my mind I won't do it.
And I am angry at the fact that I can't control my anger.
I hope that this anger will go away forever.
But I know it will come to live another day.
Someday.

Dancing in the Rain! – Anonymous

This quote to me means, every difficult obstacle that comes your way, you'll need to learn to deal with it, almost like overcoming it. The easy part is saying you'll overcome it, the hard part is overcoming it. I realize that I have anger issues and things that are close to me anger me easily. For example, one obstacle that made me frustrated is when my grand dad passed away, and every time someone insulted my granddad, I took my anger out on that person. One thing that made me overcome it was to control my anger by doing stuff like counting backwards from 5 to 1. It seems stupid, even ridiculous to some, but I saw it being used on television, so I tried it, and it worked!

Another example is when I played for a football team over the summer and my first game I played, I was starting in as a tight end, and I was excited. I was disappointed with myself when I couldn't keep up with the other players, and this made my teammates criticize me, and then my coach took me out the game. That day I was determined to get better in football. I'd practiced day and night, and I ate very healthy. The next week at the game, I was much better at it. I didn't get out of breath when I tried to chase after other people.

This quote helps me focus on my anger and other issues that I possess. Nonetheless, dancing in the rain is dealing with the many issues that surround people's lives. These are some examples why this quote to me means never give up and play the cards you are dealt!

You Are? – Anonymous

I'm your worst nightmare in life people might say.
Hey if I'm so dangerous why do I come from nature?
Beautiful Nature.

I comfort...

though:

I damage your lungs

put you in the hospital

I make you cough up blood, and

I can kill you, but still

I relieve your pain.

Once you start it'll be hard to get rid of me.

I'll always be knocking at your door.

Some people never open it and you can do the same, but
please just open the door.

Just a little.

It'll feel good.

Open it wider and you'll get

One thing though...

it'll only last for a couple of minutes

Worst nightmare? Wrong!

Let me introduce myself.

I'm drugs and you are?

Weakness – 7th Grade

Her weakness makes her stronger

So she must be the world's strongest woman
She has her ups and downs, good and bad days
But moves on with her life, it's not a good place to stay
Having breakdowns and struggles are hard
But it's like a disease with a cure, it won't stick or harden like tar.
A lot is on her mind I can see it, she wants to let it out
I think she needs to express it more but not with a loud shout
What is happening to her is it apart of a nerve
So that she'll feel it all the time, something she don't deserve
But again I will say her weaknesses make her stronger
So she must be the world's strongest woman.

Butterfly – 7th Grade

I started as a caterpillar lost in
my own world travel many miles
with tears upon my eyes
the big foot steps on me
but I don't die but shatter
For the rest of my life
I lay my head to run away
From the bad dream
of love in passion but killed
by the enemy
It stabs me in the heart over
and over again
but love only comes out
I bury its warmness because his
heart was so cold
I put six nails in that broken
piece of wood I woke
knowing it wouldn't be over
I become something beautiful
to most people but a death
sentence to me
I see a baby staring into my eyes
all I wish is to hold him in my
arms but I know it would kill
faster than before
a warrior from the
otherside squeeze me and take
every breath I hear a drop
of water maybe a tear
now I'm trapped not in heaven
but in....broken dreams.

Being judged by Others – 8th Grade

Why am I being judged!
I am being judged 24/7.
I am even judged by my own friends. I am judged by my own mother do you
think I even care what you think of me. I am called ugly, stupid, smart, The girl
who thinks she's all that then I must be.
People that judge me make be famous. I am judged at home do you think I care
what you say in public or at school. I don't need his I really don't I have way too
much on my plate. If I wanted someone to judge me I would've went to court.
But the thing is all y'all can get a life that is, even if you have one. If you need a
life then I can like help you but you can't have mine. You wouldn't want my life
it's all messed up totally. big time! If you want my life judge me

If you don't want my life then get your own.

Gun violence – 7th Grade

Please note, readers, that in this piece, the author is taking on the perspective of multiple characters involved in violent situations.

Gun violence is no game,
If you have a gun you have yourself to blame
Age 20 thinking he can fight and he can
Taking on 20 men
Called him one night and said,
“Meet me at the corner.”
One bullet in the back of the head,
Three of them running with a black car chasing them.
They ran into Pastorious.
One down, one cripple, another one done.
Haiti, after the Earthquake
a man had a bag of rice that fell out his car,
Another man picked it up to return it, but Boom, Boom.
No reason at all.
The gun is not a toy, it's not fun.
Everytime you use it a life is done.
It only takes one bullet,
1 year old.
One day I was sleeping and my mom and dad were arguing.
My dad took out the gun to shoot my mom but shoots me instead.
89 years old
I went to the store to buy milk.
there was a robbery and they sacrificed me to show they don't play.
You think teenage life is fun
It's not.
We have influences
It's your job to help us.
Gun violence is no game.
If I have a gun I'll have myself to blame.

BOOM!