2020
SUMMER
INK

# Summer Ink

## Introduction

It goes without saying that this year's *Collection*—like everything else in 2020—looks a little different. We're missing the glossy paper, action-packed photos, list of thanks to all the people and places we visited, and, of course, the now-annual tales of conquering the rock ledge at Hammond Pond. For Summer Ink, just like many other organizations, the summer of 2020 was really different.

Some things stay the same, though. In the midst of figuring out what to do and how we could possibly run camp, we were reminded that Summer Ink is more than college campuses, canoe trips, and rides on the Green Line. Yes, our adventures are incredibly important and they give us so much to write about but so does the world around us. In taking a step back, we saw past what was missing and had the unintended pleasure of seeing how adaptable Summer Ink was to an online format.

Speaking of the new format: did you ever think playing a kazoo or making an origami crane could be so tricky? Did you know how nervous people could get about drawing noses? While the Adventure Box wasn't the same as a trip to Spectacle Island, it had its share of entertaining, engaging (and yes, bizarre) activities that evoked many of the same responses as in-person camp. The writing in the *Collection* bears that out, and we hope the reader can sense what our summer was all about. And if there were ever a silver lining to moving online, it was being able to meet people from all over America (and even Europe!) and get everyone in the same virtual space. Special thanks goes out to David Blake, our Camp Director, for gamely managing the new format, and to the other senior counselors and our specialist instructors for bringing their enthusiasm, skill, and energy to Summer Ink 2020.

Finally, this *Collection* is a reminder to look at the big picture. Is it the same as last year's? No. But we still made new friends, learned new things, and wrote about all of it. Some might argue that, on balance, Summer Ink 2020 was a lot like any other year.

Enjoy this work!

Rosamund Conroy
Executive Director
Summer Ink
October 2020

Summer Ink is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. Its mission is to give all students the power to explore their ideas, the skills to communicate them clearly, and the conviction that the world wants to hear them.

**The Summer Ink Board of Directors**
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The Hingham and Hull Post Offices for putting up with the non-stop Adventure Box mailings.

# IN MEMORIAM

*"If your actions inspire others to dream more, learn more, do more, and become more, you are a leader."*

**— John Quincy Adams**

Last September, it was with enormous sadness that we learned that David Summergrad, one of our long-time board members, had passed away suddenly. For over twenty-five years, David championed our mission of empowering young people to claim and share their unique voice through writing. He brought a tremendous energy and enthusiasm to our organization and he supported our work in so many important ways. David was also a tireless champion of equality and access for all, two passions that were well matched by his joy and enthusiasm for education. David was a teacher, professor, administrator, mentor, volunteer and role model. He leaves a tremendous legacy and will be greatly missed.

# Editor's Note

*The Collection* is made up of journal entries and a few independent pieces. In this form of writing—journaling—campers respond to a prompt that asks them to focus on a particular moment in an activity they have just undertaken. Because of the spontaneous format, campers are able to freely experiment with such skills as dialogue or sensory detail without the pressure of organizing their thoughts for a reader.

In order to build on these short entries, campers had the opportunity to pick their favorite entry and revise it by the end of camp. While different from our traditional "polished pieces," these revised journal entries gave campers a chance to build on the skills of readability and focus. As an aside, readers may note that some campers have multiple entries in *The Collection*. This selection reflects the contributions of some repeat attendees, as well as the desire to round out the topics covered in this body of work.

Finally, previous editors said it best when they stated that they attempted to correct any glaring errors in these entries that might distract from, or obscure, the campers' meaning, while still honoring the raw spontaneity of the form. I maintained the essence of this approach and edited journal entries for readability, not grammatical exactness. As such, the reader can still enjoy both the meanings and insights that are shared here while being able to appreciate the fact that the pieces were created by young writers with an evolving skill set.

Rosamund Conroy
Editor

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# Journal Entries

## Balloon Animals

*On the first day of camp, campers took part in a balloon animal challenge led by one of our senior counselors. In between squeaks and popping, some balloon swords and dogs gradually took shape.*

### Namya Miller, 5th grade

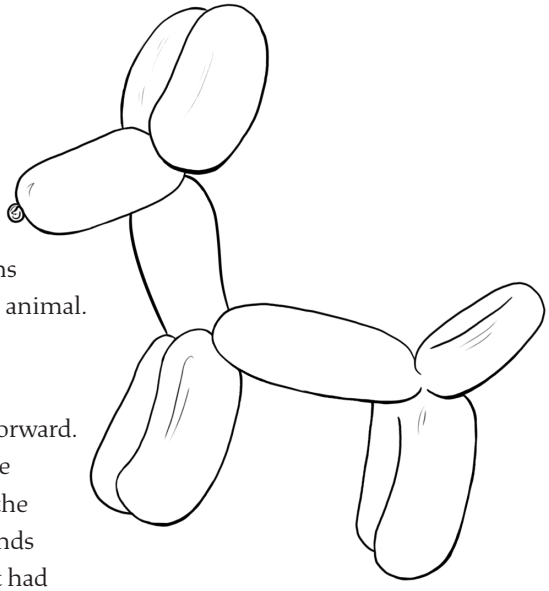
It was time for the adventure box activity. I was as excited as a shark about to eat its dinner. Without hesitation I tore open the brown paper, and peered at the small balloon making kit in my hands. Balloons!! One of my all time favorite toys. "Today we are going to make balloon swords," announced one of the counselors. We all blew up the balloons with the pumps in the kit. All was going well until I realized that I would have to tie the end of the balloon. The counselor asked if anyone didn't know how to tie the end of the balloon, but I was so focused on trying to figure what I was going to do, that it sounded like a dream. I looked up at the screen. Everyone else had tied their balloon and was moving on to the next step. I grabbed some tape and taped the small hole closed. The balloon made a little sneeze, but then all was quiet. I tied my balloon sword with no other problem. But then, as I was giving my new sword a few swings, it started wheezing!!! I tried tying the balloon hole closed with another balloon, I tried putting on more tape, I tried twisting it. But nothing worked. Finally I pulled off everything I had put on it. I would have to try to tie it. I had seen my dad do it before, but I always wrapped it around my finger too tight and could not get it off. It always felt like a snake squeezing my finger tighter, and tighter. With pursed lips I pulled the balloon around my finger and pushed it under the loop. The rubber of the balloon felt as grainy as sand, as I pulled the  balloon through. Then, to my amazement, I could slide it off easily!! I had done. I had tied my first balloon.

### Eila Murray, 5th grade

Shhhhhhhuuuuussssssss. I try to blow up the balloon but it is staying the same. Just then, it flies off my balloon pump! I approach it carefully. I try again. Squeeeeeeeeak. My pump stopped working. I decided this would be a small balloon. I tried a pink one. I pumped it hard but somehow the air was coming out. Only a little bit though. It was working! Suddenly, I heard a loud noise.The next thing I knew, the balloon was laying on the floor in pieces. It had popped. I tried a few more. They were all ineffective. Finally, I tried a yellow one. It turned out really good and long!

### Ryan Chang, 5th grade

Pump, pump, pump. "This is really hard," I thought as I tried to copy my Mom's balloon dog. Her balloon dog was perfect. The legs were perfect and the tale was short. "You just have to twist here and twist here." Pump, pump, crack! Suddenly I realized that I was pushing too hard. The pump broke. "Noooooooo," I wailed. This is the worst day ever. "You can still use it," my Mom assured me. "But how?" I asked in disbelief. "Like this?" "Yes." "This is so much fun," I thought. "I should do it more often." Then when I looked down I realized I did it! I saw the tale, legs, and nose, it was perfect. I am now an expert. I know where to twist and bend. I know where to push and where to pull. The balloon is a very loud object. It has a horrible squeak and



is not very smooth. The friction is very uncomfortable. When I rub my hand on it, my skin gets caught on the balloon. When I throw it, the sweat makes a balloon stick to my fingers. It is very sticky. I like that when you finish making the animal it usually turns out great. If you use your imagination then you can kind of see the animal.

### Erik Stauffer, 8th grade

Making the balloon sword for the most part was pretty straight forward. Blow up the balloon, tie the knot, and then fold it. But when it came to twisting the balloon there was something a little off. As I folded the balloon, the rubber squeaked in my hands, and after a while, my hands reeked of rubber. I tried to twist the balloon, but when I let go, I just had to restart. Looking around, I saw the majority of the other people had figured it out. Everyone's sword was long and even, so I was a little bit annoyed. However, on my second attempt, I quickly folded the balloon, and folded it again with determination to complete my balloon sword. I twisted each part of the handle twice, hoping that it would stay together. As I released, I was so relieved to see that I had succeeded. I had made a balloon sword, even though the handle was extremely uneven.

### Max Milton, 6th grade

As I was pumping up the balloon, I thought to myself: something is going to go wrong. And I was right. Once the balloon was full with air, I twisted it into the shape of a backwards "s." The next step is to pinch in the middle and twist. It was scary to do that at first but once I did it, it was fine, but all the folds came undone. Once I was at that step again, I did the exact same thing again. This time however, a knot was tied in the balloon, so I had to start all over. After that, when I tried to blow up the balloon, it flew off the pump, and landed on the floor. At this point we were about to finish, so I didn't try again.

### Annabelle Taghinia, 7th grade

I carefulIy pulled the elastic rimmed opening on the balloon on the pump nozzle then pulled back the pump handle while holding down the balloon. I heard the whistle of air pulling through the pump, but the balloon never inflated. I sighed in disbelief. "You gotta be kidding me," I grumbled, smacking the hard plastic pump down on the bed next to me. That's when I noticed a strange little hole with another circle of plastic inside it staring up at me from beside the little pump nozzle. I pulled and pushed at the pump with one hand, and felt the air over the strange looking hole. I felt the air that was supposed to be in my balloon tickle my finger. I smiled and tried again, but this time I covered the hole with my finger when I pushed. Success! The balloon inflated a little bit, and the color changed from deep forest green to a much lighter lime color. I breathed in deeply in relief, inhaling the rubber scent that sat heavily in the air around the balloons, reminding me of birthday parties and balloon dogs. Then I continued to steadily repeat these steps until my balloon was ready to tie. I pinched the elastic loop end of the balloon that covered the tip of the pump together so no air would come out, and tugged the balloon off the pump, pulling gently until it gave and popped right off. I twisted the end of the balloon around two

of my fingers, wincing slightly as the circulation got cut off and my fingers became flushed bright red. Then, using my other hand, I quickly poked the tiny elastic end of the balloon through my loop and pulled my red fingers out of the tight rubber trap. I stared down at what looked like the world's largest lime green sausage and gave it a large smile, my shoulders relaxing. I leaned into the wall and wondered what came next, but even the thoughts of the struggle that was almost guaranteed ahead couldn't fully deflate my determination.

### Jahan Patel, 5th grade

It was so hard to tie the knot. I had never tied one before. It took me a few tries to get it, mostly because I didn't want to try. The tension was never higher than when the sound of a balloon rubbed against a  balloon. The screech of murder whispered in the air. It felt like the balloon was going to pop at any second. I hoped that it would be quick, but yet again the balloon denied my wishes. The balloon was going to go down, right after I figured out how to tie a knot in it. In the end, I didn't get how to tie the knot, so I just let my dad tie it.....And then I pierced it with a blade only known as the deadly scissors. Its almost completely silent moan echoed in my ears.

### Lauren Sadka, 7th grade

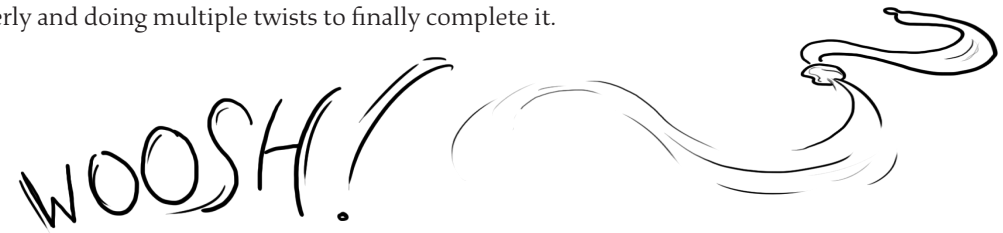
I listened hard. Silence. No loud noise, no pop. Satisfaction and excitement rushed through me like adrenaline. A large smile crept onto my face. I held it in my hand, proud, although it felt as if it might pop. As the seconds ticked by, I felt more and more confident. More and more proud. It had not popped, it had not deflated. I did it. The light, hollow balloon dagger was gripped tightly in my hand. It was as strong as a sword, but as fragile as a fly. It could burst at any moment. Hopefully, against its opponent. I held it with precision and steadiness, with triumph and prosperity. I decided to grab a new balloon. Now, for balloon sword number two.

### Maia Shen, 6th grade

Like a marathon and someone had just yelled "START!" We all grabbed a balloon and started pumping air into them. Squeaking noises soon filled the air. And I had to resist the urge to pull out my headphones. I wondered when this (STUPID) balloon would fill up?! I kept on pumping and somehow it didn't seem to grow in size! I went through one, two, three maybe even four balloons to finally get what I was looking for! AND THAT WAS ONLY THE FIRST STEP! I listened to the instructions, and started folding my balloon and squishing it together to make it look like a sword. When I had folded it to the right shape, I started on the next step. The next step was the final step, and it made me squish and turn the balloon, but I was not having any luck. Like a spring it sprang back. I re-did the step over and over again, trying to make my yellow balloon into a knight in shining armor-worthy sword. I looked at my classmates' swords and found that it wasn't only me who was having trouble. I pictured a sword. A sword, imagine! I could start "fencing" with my dad! I was excited and then wondered if it was so hard to make one sword, how was I going to make one for my dad and maybe even one for my mom? Then I found a solution: they would make their own. Happy with my answer, I finished my yellow balloon sword.

### Arun Walcott, 8th grade

The popping of the balloons after I failed to blow them up multiple times kept repeatedly playing in my ears. I felt demotivated to keep going but I knew I needed to because I was so close yet so far. Additionally, each time a balloon popped I got more frustrated and wanted to give up more but I didn't and finally completed the difficult task. I just wanted the satisfaction of completing the task of making a balloon sword. I sighed because I knew it would take time. The smell of the rubber from the balloon while it flew around my room from another failed attempt motivated me more and more. The frustration was getting to me but I kept pushing. Then I finally figured it out by rewatching how the demonstrator finished the task which led me to tying it properly and doing multiple twists to finally complete it.




### Gabriel Segal, 8th grade

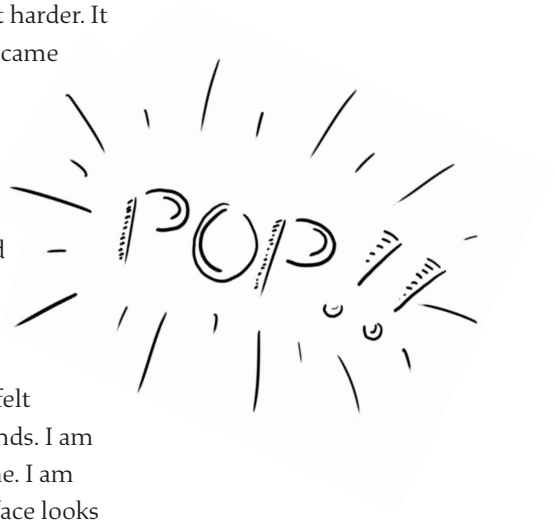
I was holding on to the pump waiting for the next direction as I tried to slip the deflated blue balloon on to the tip of it. Firmly grasping the pump I managed to put most of the balloon into the tip. I then began to push back and forth putting air into the balloon and watching it grow and change its color to a lighter shade of blue like paint losing its color. As the balloon inflated more and more the balloon would keep slipping off the tip bit by bit, but I never really noticed this and because of that the balloon slipped off and deflated. Total failure! I inflated the balloon yet again and that's when I noticed the balloon slipping off. I immediately grabbed the edge and held it while I was inflating and I managed to inflate the entire balloon. Success! Now was the hard part, tying a knot. I have no idea whatsoever on how to tie one so I called my dad to tie the knot for me, which he did a great job doing. The counselor began to give more directions on how to make a sword. I folded the edge of the sword with grace, making loud and obnoxious squeaks while wrapping my pointer finger around the edge of the sword for balance, which made the noises even louder. I realized that the piece I folded was a little too small but it was too late to fix my mistakes, so I kept going. I then put my arm in a weird angle to fold it again. Feeling the rubber material I then twisted it again using both of my hands. I was worried it would pop but luckily it didn't. I finally completed making my first balloon sword. I have lifted the sword from its stone!

### Piper Tierney, 5th grade

POP! The balloon twists. SNAP! It flings back. Turning, turning, turning. SQUEE! My fingers tense at the noise. REEEEE! The balloon comes apart. Ok, lets try again. POP! A good start. SNAP! I can kind of see the dog's head. CRACK! Now I can see the legs. Now the hind legs come into place. Now she is complete.

### Steven Martin Jr., 6th grade

I picked up my balloon and felt the smooth and thin plastic. I heard that we were going to make a balloon sword. Yes, I thought, last time I didn't get to make a sword because I did not know where my balloons were. I heard that we had to measure the handle of the balloon with our hand? I had questions in my head but I remembered what my mom said, "Don't ask too many questions." I ignored the questions, and picked up the balloon. I then measured it. Next I picked up the measured part, and curved it. I then curved again but this time was upside down, and a little bit smaller. Next I heard we had to twist it to make the fancy things on the sides. My hands started sweating when I was twisting the balloon and it made this rubber sound. I felt like the balloon was going to pop or explode. So I did it slower but it made it harder. It felt like trying to twist wood. I finally made the balloon into a sword. A grin came across my face: now I can make swords for my brother and sister to fight.




### Sissi Zhu, 6th grade

Today I tried to make a balloon sword. I think it is very hard to inflate the whole balloon and knot the balloon after it's fully inflated. It is very hard to inflate the balloon because there is always air coming out of the balloon. I used my fingers and made a loop to knot the balloon. At last I finally knotted the balloon and started to make the sword. I heard a lot of squeaky sounds that are made out of other people's balloons and my own balloon. I felt nervous because I thought that the balloon would pop in the next few seconds. I am stretching my arms as far as I can to avoid the balloon popping in front of me. I am trying to fold the balloon and then twist it to make it look like a sword. My face looks worried because I didn't really want the balloon to pop but the balloon still popped. I was trying my best to make the balloon sword but I didn't really make it. I tried to finish but in the end I only had a balloon stick, not a balloon sword.

## Music: Kazoo and Small Percussion

*Campers tried playing the kazoo, a small but mighty instrument (which isn't as intuitive as you'd think). Under the guidance of our music instructor, Sue, campers used finger bells, clackers, and mixing software to create some original Summer Ink music tracks.*

### Ana Tengler, 6th grade

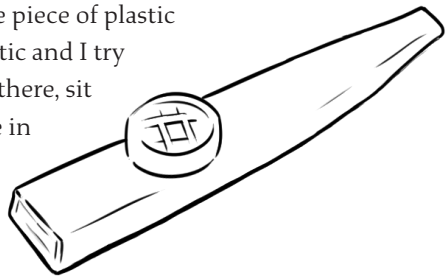
"Take off the plastic," I say to myself, unraveling my kazoo from the thin layer of bubble wrap that coats the outside. As I peel it off, once in a while I make an attempt to pop a bubble but they never seem to pop. If I do manage to pop one it won't make the cool noise and it deflates slowly. Once the kazoo is free I admire the metallic outside. I can see a strange version of myself as I peer into the smooth metal. The kazoo has a hole in the middle with a piece of plastic. Take off the plastic, I think. So, I take my finger and push the plastic down. Then I remove it gently with a pencil and blow on the larger end of the kazoo. I just sound like I'm blowing air. Because I am. What could I have done?, I wonder. I try again and this time I blow on the smaller end. Then I try the hole. Nothing works. Seriously? I was looking forward to playing the kazoo! I think to myself. I turn over the kazoo trying to find any possible opening to blow on. I only find the three openings: the larger end, the shorter end and the

hole. I try humming, and talking and even screaming. As I scream, my mom walks by my door and asks what I'm doing.

"Playing the kazoo," I call back. "Don't worry!"

"Okay..." she says, worried and she walks back to her office to work.

I look at my kazoo. Then I realized, maybe it wasn't the sounds I was making that were wrong... Welp, I broke the kazoo. I find the piece of plastic, crumpled on the table. I pick it up, shove it into the hole and blow....and the plastic pops out into the air and falls on the table. I look down at the plastic piece. It looks sadder than I feel; I had somehow managed to break my kazoo before even using it. The piece of plastic had almost folded itself into a ball! I try my best to smooth the plastic and I try again, with no luck. I look into the container the kazoo came in. In there, sit 4 more plastic pieces. I sigh with relief and I shove one plastic piece in the kazoo's hole and blow. Yet again it flies in the air. All the rest follow suit. The kazoo is really mad. And I am defeated.



### Zoe Uppot, 5th grade

As I picked up my kazoo, I could smell the slight smell of metal. I was tempted to use it but instead I waited for instructions. As I heard campers unwrapping bubble wrap, I waited silently looking down at my kazoo. The metallic object shined when I put it under the light. As soon as Sue Lindsey said, ''You may unmute yourselves and try the kazoo out,'' I happily unmuted myself and tried to play it. At first when I blew into it, it made an unexpected noise, a noise that sounded like "oo." I thought: Why is this not working? Is it broken? I thought this would be easy. Then I tried a firm but soft "hmm hmm hmm," and when I did that it made a trumpet-like sound. I could tell it was the sound of a kazoo! I did it a couple more times to see if it still worked and it did. Every time I hummed into the kazoo it would slightly vibrate in my hands. It was a nice sensation.

### Josephine Alpert, 7th grade

I hummed into the kazoo, trying to get a high pitched sound. Spit was on it but I saw that was normal. As I sang my voice came out of the kazoo but muffled and scratchy. I tried a higher note which rang in my ear. The scratchy sound was like an old radio. I tried making the sound at a beat. Dum, dum, dum. I hummed the notes on different beats. Then I tried to mimic a song I knew from Star Wars. It was easy to tell what it was. I could hear the vibrations in it. The vibrations throbbed through the kazoo. They trembled through the room. It felt like the sound stayed in the kazoo for a while. It waited for me to make another note.

### James Foleno, 8th grade

I lift up my kazoo and hum into it, hearing the shrill buzz that follows. The kazoo makes me think about a certain musician named Bob Dylan who often played the harmonica while singing. As I reach for a certain sound on my kazoo, I remember how my mother and father connected over him. Bob Dylan is my mom's favorite singer, and when she met my dad she was surprised to find out how much he loved him too.

Bob Dylan wasn't the only musician that my mom and dad both loved. They also bonded over the singer Gladys Knight. When my dad had to leave my mom when

they were dating because he lived in New Jersey, they would listen to her song, "Midnight Train to Georgia." "Midnight Train to Georgia" is a song about a man who has to leave his loved one and take a train through the night back to his home. Tears would trail down my mom's face as she sat in the car with my dad as they listened to the song together before he got on a train back to New Jersey. Many years later, I wrapped my arms around my mom as we listened to that same song at his funeral. My relationship with my dad was complicated. My mom and him had separated before he died. That's why those singers bring up a lot of mixed emotions in me when I think about him. As I hum the final notes on my kazoo, I think about how despite all the hardship, I am still grateful for how Bob Dylan and Gladys Knight bring me closer to the love that my parents had.

### Claire Weems, 6th grade

I was anxious as she pressed the record button. I was chosen to go first. "One, Two, Three, And go!" I tried to hum into the kazoo as hard as I could, but it turned into a sad, lowly blow. No sound came out, so I tried again. Pushing as hard as I could, trying to force a hum into the kazoo like a cat into a bath, but to no avail. I started to worry. "What if I just couldn't play kazoo?" I dismissed the thought. "Everyone can play kazoo... right?" Worrying that I'd be the only person ever to not be able to play kazoo, I persisted. "This has to work this time!" "Third time's the charm I guess... " I tried again. I took a breath and let nothing distract me at this truly crucial moment. I put the finger of one hand above the pipe piece, and another below. I tried to clear my throat as best as I could, but nothing really happened other than sounding like I coughed. I tried to swallow my worries, but this didn't seem like the kind of worry to swallow in one gulp. It seemed more like the dry, chewy, rubbery chicken that the school sometimes serves. A big unmanageable lump. I look up and everyone's looking at me. 'Why is that a problem?' I ask myself. I know the answer even if it isn't true. I have wasted two seconds of their time and now I need to finish. But like I said, that's not true. So I sit up a little taller, grasp a little firmer, breathe a little deeper, and hum a little harder. I blew, and was shocked to hear the low humming of vibrations flowing out the end of the blue and gold kazoo. Then, almost as soon as it had started, my turn was over.

### Steven Martin, Jr., 6th grade

As I was opening the kazoo I smelled a horrible smell and my face made a disgusting look. It smelled like fresh wood, and I hate that smell. When I got my kazoo I could feel my two fingers, one on the top and one on the bottom. I held tight and took a deep breath and blew into the kazoo.  All I heard was air and no sound. I was in shock. Is it broken? I thought to myself. If the kazoo is broken, what part of it is broken? I looked around the kazoo and couldn't see anything broken, I looked inside the kazoo and still, nothing was broken. I then looked top to bottom, but still nothing broken.

I found out that you have to blow on the big side. I turned the kazoo around and still felt my hands touching the plastic kazoo. I put one finger on top and one on the bottom. I took one little breath. I put my mouth around the big side, and blew into the kazoo, but not a sound. I tried one last time, I took another deep breath, and blew in.The next thing I heard was a different sound, not like the sounds I'm used to, but it sounded really weird. I was still wondering how come it didn't work as well

as I thought. I was confused about blowing on the big side instead of the small side. Questions started to pop in my head like crazy and I'm still wondering why the kazoo made a weird sound.

### Juliana Segal, 6th grade

"The main meeting is starting!" I say as I take my kazoo out of my mouth and hold it in my hands. I return to the main session to see everyone there. "Ok, are we all here?" David says. We all nod. "First up we have the cool beans!" I watch a small amount of people raise their kazoos to their mouth and begin to play. I hear random noises which make me laugh. As soon as they are finished someone types what song they think it is. I didn't pay attention so I have no idea what song it is. "Next the blue bananas!" I get ready to start playing our song as I hear our team name. Our team name being said out loud made me giggle. I take a deep breath and as soon as I hear Piper start to play the Star Wars theme song, I join in. I can feel my lip vibrating as I play. More than half way through the song someone already guesses what song it is. The Star Wars theme song! Even though I see that typed into the chat I keep going. As soon as I don't hear anyone playing anymore I put my kazoo down on my desk. I mute myself and hear everyone laughing. They weren't laughing at me though, they were laughing with me. I have a wide smile on my face and by the end I start to laugh too.

### Parker Mace, 9th grade

When I was playing the kazoo, I noticed that it had a somewhat similar sound to the old microphones from the 40's and 50's, so I tried as hard as I could to emulate this sound, but there was a problem. The big issue with trying to sound like an old recording is that there is no obvious path towards success; describing the sound of an old microphone is very difficult and I often found myself in a position where I knew it didn't sound quite right, yet it was hard to tell what exactly the problem was. In my futile attempts, I felt the cold metal of the kazoo against my lips, as I attempted to activate my goal. The vibrations of the instrument ran through my fingers and into my arms when I played, and I could hear the harsh sound being produced, knowing that it wasn't quite right. The kazoo was reminiscent of nails on a chalkboard, its rough vibrations causing pain in my ear comparable to getting blood drawn. I had to stop, and after I did I could still feel the eerie ringing in my ears. While making some particularly unpleasant noises with the kazoo, I realized that my efforts were going to be in vain, and that the unique and interesting sound of that awkward metallic instrument would have to wait.

### Annabelle Taghinia, 7th grade

I uncertainly blew very gently into my kazoo. No sound chrome out, and my frustration levels skyrocketed. "Whoops!" I laughed, realizing that we weren't really supposed to blow at all, just hum. I began to hum, feeling that familiar sensation of vibrations thrumming through my body, lightly on higher notes, and getting more and more concentrated as the notes became deeper. A tickling sensation occupied the thrum to make a very strange yet familiar feeling of humming.

I hummed a note, and it came just how I wanted it to (well, maybe a little scratchy) and I smiled triumphantly at the cold metal instrument sitting between my fingers.

## Portraiture

*Our campers learned about portraiture when Susie, a well-known local portrait artist, Zoomed in and led them in a lesson about drawing faces. Campers spent a lot of time on facial features, such as eyes and noses, and picked up several new tips.*

### Abigail Kim, 7th grade

I peered at my open sketchbook on my desk, squinting my eyes at the first page. It showed my egg shaped head that I drew with nothing except for a few dark tick marks. I pressed my slightly sharpened pencil into the soft, white paper and began to draw the eye. The pencil was ice skating on the paper as it curved and turned, creating long lines that made up the eye. First I sketched the outline of the eye, shaped like a miniature lemon. I hunched over the paper, being extra careful about how I drew it. Then I drew the tinier circle inside that held the dark as a night pupil. After that, I included the eyelashes that flicked up toward the sky. Twice, I erased the eyelashes with the tip of the bluish green pencil and started over, not liking what I saw. My body tensed up as I started to draw a second time, with the tightened grip of my pencil. I rubbed my index finger over it, almost like I could feel those eyelashes. "Eyes describe us," I think I heard the teacher say. I stepped back and saw one little eye intently staring back at me. I smiled back, almost like the drawing was human.

### Lotte McKendry, 5th grade

When I was trying to do the shading on the bottom of the lip, it was difficult because I did not think it looked right. I kept on trying to change it, over and over. I erased so much that there were many tiny pieces of eraser bits all over my desk, like there was just a huge eraser bomb that exploded all over the table. When the room went silent, I could hear the "scritch, scratch" noise of the pencils drawing away. Everyone was going so fast. I was trying to catch up. I kept on looking up to see the drawing of what it should look like, but I didn't quite get it right. I looked straight at it and looked at all the tiny details. I realized I had to make the line kind of curvy, so I started drawing, and I think I got it. It looked pretty similar to the drawing up top, so it's fine as long as it's pretty similar. I was really proud of myself after, and the feeling of satisfaction was so nice. It felt like the feeling after you win a race.

### Gia Wigfall, 8th grade

When I first open the day three package I am pretty nervous because I know I can't draw and I don't want to embarrass myself in front of my fellow campers. The sketchbook and the pencils are very fancy, they kind of made me feel like I was an artist. The first step was to draw an egg shaped head. When I first pick up the pencil I start making the egg shaped head. My hands are slowly shaking. I am trying my best not to mess up. I saw that the head shape wasn't the best, some of the lines were short or long or bold or thin. I only erased a little bit because I didn't want to make marks. In my head I was getting frustrated. Then the teacher started explaining how to start the face stuff. I got what she was saying but it didn't look like hers. I was confused on why it didn't look like hers but I have to remember she started drawing when she was five years old.  In my head I'm saying, at least it looks somewhat like a real person.

When everyone was done with their faces, I wasn't proud of my work, but the teacher asked me to show mine to everyone. I really didn't want to but I said in my head: you know what, let me try something new, something outside of my comfort zone.

### Bilal (BJ) Dawan-Abdullah II, 6th grade

When we started drawing the eyes, I got a little scared that I was going to mess up. I had done this before but I didn't know if this was going to come out as it normally does. It felt like the pencil was going faster than it normally writes or draws because I was on a different piece of paper at the time. I got a little frustrated because it was a lot harder than I expected it to be. I felt like a mushroom getting stepped on. I have done portraits like this but it was a little harder because of the paper. It didn't come out as I thought it would. I knew I could fix it and when I saw it I knew I could add some things. So I kept trying and trying until I got it.

### Benjamin Maranon, 6th grade

When we were making our portrait, I started out very calm with making it. It was easy for me to make the upper body part, when I draw a portrait of people that is where I start. I always start on the upper body part because it's like the core/base to me. It also makes it easier for me so I can line up the whole final product. Also when I'm done, I just finish the whole body, because after I finish it, I have one third of it done. When I finish the upper body part, my facial expression is happy and disappointed. The reason why I'm disappointed, it's that I keep telling myself, "Geez, I could've done better than this," but most of the time I don't feel disappointed. I was still very calm, but focused on the drawing. When it comes to drawing the shape of the face, that is one of the harder parts for me. It was like approaching doom for me. When I was done with face shape, I was so relieved it turned out great. It was very nice to see it wasn't a bubble-shape head because most of the time I do a bubble kind of shape. It looked like a part of a circle on top where the hair is and the rest looks like a vase. The shape of my face was really similar to my actual face. Most of the other parts were a little bit easier than the shape of the face. The hair was hard but not as hard as the shape of the face part.

### Adheesh Rajaragupathi, 5th grade

The next session after the music activity is the drawing activity. Mrs. Susan, the art teacher, likes to draw faces of people she likes. So we drew a picture of a face. The hardest part of drawing the face is the eyes. I had to make eyes like Susan's drawing but it was too hard. The eyes look like a grumpy person's eyes and the eyes look kinda hilarious. Her eyes looked like a real beautiful person and mine looked like a grumpy, mean woman nobody liked. I had to add a lot of details to the eyes but it was too hard. Susan is a pro at drawing. She drew a detailed eye under one minute. If I drew a detailed eye it would look like C-P30 from Star Wars. We made half of it but then it looked like a real human's face a little bit. I added some curly hair on my drawing. It looked kinda funny but it was still amazing.

### Gabriella Arrendol, 8th grade

I make a few bold strokes of the pencil on the off-white parchment paper, drawing out two circles about the size of a bottle cap. As I fiddle with my magenta mechanical pencil, I begin to get a little grumpy. As an artist, I've done these types of lessons what feels like millions of times already, and I was beginning to get tired of it. Though, as I drew out the guidelines for my eyelids I decided to give this a chance. As the pencil glides across the sketchpad, I kind of tune out. I'm almost half listening as I add more detail to the irises and shading the top of the eyeball, the eyelid acting like an umbrella on a sunny day. I shift my attention to the corners of the eye, drawing in the tiny salmon pink glob of a tear duct and then move away from it. I shift gears to start shading--shadows from the eyelashes like the leaves on a palm tree. I then move, adding more detail around the pupils, making it even more of a dark, endless pit. I raise my pencil off my creation and scan it over, reviewing my work; the eyeballs are too far apart. My face starts to warm up as I erase the left eye to redraw it closer to the center. As I'm rubbing the eraser on this paper, I notice that both eyes are just too close to the edges on the face. I facepalm and start working on the nose along with the rest of the camp, blaming the lack of symmetry on the lack of breakfast in my stomach. Even after we move onto the lips, I can't stop thinking about the lopiness of the eyes. Once in a while I look back at the space between them and measure the distance with my thumb. The space is larger than my thumb. At the realization of this my brow starts to knit as I slightly grip my pencil, but then I hear our instructor say something that hits me like a punch to the gut. She said something along the lines of, "Everyone's faces are different. Isn't that just so fascinating?" At hearing this my face loosens up and I just stare at my art. No matter how this turns out, they are still a human being, at least one that descended from my mind, and the more I look at this person, the more beautiful they become in my eyes.

### Parker Mace, 9th grade

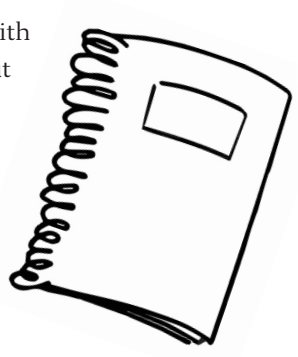
My pencil traced around the outside of the eye I was slowly creating, its pressure balancing precariously somewhere on the spectrum of incredibly dark to barely visible, its tip slowly depositing pigment to the surface of the paper. The line started to shake as vibrations raced from my unsteady hand through the pencil. The pencil weaved its way through all the small imperfections in the paper, like navigating through a mountain range. The graphite tip continued lightly scraping against the surface of the paper until it was hit off track by one of the countless members of the herd of eraser shavings migrating like buffalo across my paper. I picked up my eraser and removed my mistake with unnecessary ferocity, only adding to the herd of eraser shavings. I once again reached for my pencil and resumed the creation of the line I had now forgotten the purpose of. The exterior of the eye slowly began to take shape, yet it left me feeling uneasy as if something about it wasn't quite right, the proportions were all off, and it was much different than what the instructor had made. I grabbed my soft pink eraser and stared at my mess of an eye staring back at me as I tried to figure out how to fix it. My mind slowly drifted until I found myself looking toward the scattered array of eraser shavings that had invaded my desk like snow. They had gotten everywhere: on my computer, my drawing, and practically everywhere else. They seemed like they had carefully throughout their plan as if to make it as difficult as possible to remove them. With one powerful breath, they all went to the air like a swarm of locusts, only to land all over the recently cleaned floor.

### Xavier Sanchez, 7th grade

I heard the pencil as I dragged it across my paper. I would try my hardest to not make a mistake, however that was impossible. I flipped my pencil and dragged it across my paper. The little stubbles of the eraser came off. They were like bread crumbs. More and more and more gathered on my paper until my paper was fully covered. I brushed them off. I had no idea where they went. They weren't on the floor nor were they on my lap; they had just disappeared. As I continued to draw, I had a hard time drawing lips. My paper was covered with stubbles of the eraser an abundance of times. I knew if I wanted to be done with my drawing, that this was the final obstacle. I moved my pencil up, down and to the side. Slowly and carefully drawing a line, then a half circle. Then repeated myself on the opposite side. Slowly and carefully, I was almost done. All I had to do now was connect the lines, dragging my pencil up and to the side. One more centimeter, one more millimeter. Finally, after an abundance of tries, I got it. I'm not sure if it was the best, nor was it the worst but it was just right for me. I had finally drawn the lips. The lips looked like my dads. Very wide and big. I was relieved and I felt a cool breeze when I was done. I had finally completed the hardest obstacle.

### Namya Miller, 5th grade

Scritch, scratch, scritch, scratch. It sounded like cats pawing at the floor. As I drew the outline for a face, wonderful thoughts filled my brain like apple juice. After this drawing lesson, I could become famous! I could just picture it. Come see the amazing kid artist! Get your tickets here! "Now make a round circle for the eye." I snapped out of my daydream, and drew not two big circles, but fat ovals. I thought that the circle eyes looked like apples. I had no idea that we were going to change the circle eyes. "Now let's make some eyebrows." Wait, I was still stuck on the eyes! My left eye seemed to be as high as a building wall, my right was talking to worms. I frantically grasped my eraser, determined to make perfect almond eyes. I scribbled in new eyes but it was the same story. I forced myself to take deep breaths. I could still catch up with everyone else. I drew as fast as I could. My new eyes were the worst ones yet!! I tried to calm myself, telling myself that speed was not the answer right now. With a shaky hand I picked up the pencil and let it touch the page. As I drew, I could feel the friction of the drawing paper. I imagined grain being sprinkled on the paper, and wondered how they actually got that friction. I knew that they made paper out of trees, so did they not scrape off the barce? I shook my head, that could not be right. Plus, it was time to focus. I drew the outline of the eyes. Then I stopped to smell the remnants of breakfast. I started to calm down. I drew the pupils of the eyes. Slowly and carefully, I drew eyebrows, and a nose. I had caught up with everyone else. I allowed myself to admire my work for a moment, then put my pencil back on that paper, to feel the familiar friction. I looked at the piece of paper. Happiness seeped into my body. Perfect! It looked exactly like my Dad. I was so pleased that I planned to fill every page in my notebook. All because of the perfect picture.



### Danay Almond, 9th grade

As I slowly begin to brush the sharp wooden pencil across the smooth but rough piece of paper, I start to draw my head like an egg because that is what the teacher said. After I drew the head, I thought, did this human head look like an egg or something else? I was confused so I began drawing over the head, over and over again until I was left with so many marks on my paper. When I think about it in my head it actually came out good. Then it was time to move on. She began to tell us to draw two straight lines intersecting the head, one down the middle and one in the middle between that line. That was pretty easy. Then she said to make sure you write two lines in between the lines you already created to make the eyes and the mouth in the nose. That was also pretty easy. After all of that we started to actually draw. We started off with drawing the eyes step-by-step. I slowly watched her pick up her pencil and brush through the nice ,white piece of paper sent through the camera. I can see her eyes come out perfect. So I did the same thing but instead it did not come out as good because the head was too round and the eyes were too big. She told us to show her because she wanted to see our progress. My eyes did not come out as good as I wanted them to, so while she was taking I was making them look better. I was just adding little things. After that they actually came out good and I was happy. The last three things we were told to do was to draw hair, mouth and a nose. Surprisingly, those came out good, too. I was happy with my drawing. After I was done I just started adding little things to my drawing, like drawing the eyelashes and making the eyes darker. My drawing actually looked like a human being on paper. This is my first time drawing. I thought my drawing was not going to come out good. But indeed it did, for it being my first time drawing on a nice sheet of paper. I actually might like drawing. I was somewhat happy to show the teacher everything. My drawing proved to me that this world is not perfect and my drawing wasn't perfect either. My drawing is of a beautiful young lady who lives somewhere in a good environment and enjoys doing what she is doing.

### Evelyn Mace, 7th grade

My brow furrowed as, for what felt like the hundredth time, I grabbed the rough, pale pink eraser. I dragged it across the cream-colored page, again and again, trying to get rid of the pencil marks. The eraser, ash grey from graphite, left little pieces of itself strewn across my paper, releasing the smell of rubber into the air. With a hand tired from drawing, I swept the eraser shavings onto the floor and picked up my navy blue pencil, already sweaty from my palm. I gently sketched the head's outline once more, my pencil moving slowly against the paper's uneven surface. With every stroke of my pen, a face began to form. A figure appeared from nowhere, taking shape with every line. The pencil on the paper, moved slowly, cautiously, not wanting to make another mistake. I drew and drew, finally creating what would soon become a face.

### Felix Regnault, 6th grade

The white paper just sits there like the last page of a test. I grab my pencil like a sword, and I try to defeat this piece of paper. First I make circles. The light gray circles appear very colorful on this plain white canvas. Luckily, this is not the only easy part. Another easy part is making the oval from the circles. Next is the dot. This is the part

that I struggle with the most because it has to be in the direct center. The reason the dot is so important is because without the dot you can't draw the other parts of the face. Oh no, I mess up! I can only erase stuff two times, otherwise the background is too gray and now I can only erase one more time. I very carefully use my pencil to measure the circle. Just when I think the hard part is over I remember the eyes. The reason the eyes are so hard is because if both eyes don't look the same then your whole face is off. I had the same feeling as when a surprise quiz comes up in class—the worst is far from over. I start to draw my eyes, but it is harder than I remember, and I make a mistake. When I was drawing the eyes, I tried to make skinny light marks to make the outline of the eyes, then I made a thick gray outline for the eyes. The eyes look more like disfigured pears than real eyes. I did not erase it, because I could not erase it. That would erase other parts of the face, too. It's over. The paper has defeated me, like in a video game with no checkpoints and I have to start from scratch.

### Avery Carangelo, 8th grade

I sketch the outline of the eyes and fill in the pupil. The face starts to come together in front of me. I revise the shape of the eyes a few times and shade in a little corner of the eyes for the tear ducts. I make some shading strokes and rub them out, feeling the bumpy paper and getting some dark graphite on my fingers. I move on to the eyebrows and draw the outline of them. I use small lines to fill it in, but I'm not happy with them because they look like two fluffy caterpillars climbed onto my paper, so I erase and try again. Outline, little lines to fill in, and staring at them until I don't like them. This time I decide not to draw an outline, and simply freehand little lines. I hear the skrtch of my pencil on the paper, making a rhythm to draw to. I lean back and look at the eyebrows and decide that I like them. I'm learning today and now I know that simplicity and staying true to life are the ways to draw well. Regular eyebrows don't have an outline, so when drawing them they shouldn't be outlined. For the nose, I draw a little fancy "u" and shade an outline on the side far from the light. I am used to shading, as Mom used to make me and my sister learn to draw. I rub the streaks I drew to shade them, blending them into each other and the rest of the paper so it looks like a light fog has settled over certain parts of my drawing.

### Rosemary Wang, 5th grade

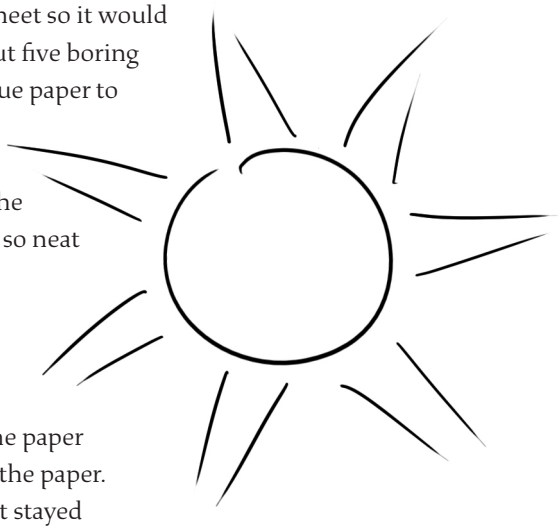
I concentrated on drawing the face for my portrait. I could hear the smooth, satisfying sound of my pencil moving across the paper. When I finished the eyes, I gave it a good look. It looked pretty wonky and out of shape. I sighed, and picked up my eraser, erasing the lines that took so long to draw. After erasing it, I took out my pencil and tried again. I drew carefully, trying to make neatly curved lines. I tried to improve on what I messed up on last time. It looked somewhat better this time. I looked at Susie's example and tried to do the same. The details in her example looked very precise and well drawn. I made small lines on the face and shading, copying her style. Once I was somewhat satisfied, I moved on to the nose. I hate drawing noses. They're hard to draw and look weird. I guess that can't be helped. Even so, I tried my best. I followed the instructions carefully and when I was finished, it didn't look half bad! It was well placed, and it looked really real! That was a huge accomplishment for me and I smiled.

## Solar Art

*Under the guidance of Rose, a professional photojournalist, campers got to experiment with making solar artwork. Using cyanotype paper, household items, and sunlight, many campers were surprised and delighted at the vivid pieces that emerged.*

### Hope Williams, 8th grade

I went outside to make my solar art. I used a key chain that said 'love' and because it was bright pink with glitter in it, I thought it would look nice on the paper. Once I walked outside I could feel the beaming hot sun pounding onto my skin. But instead of going back inside I stayed outside to do my art work. I sat on the burning stairs making sure I was facing the bright sun. I put down the cardboard, then the blue sun print paper, then I quickly put down my keychain and the acrylic sheet so it would print the keychain and not just nothing. I sat there and waited about five boring minutes for the print to show up on the paper and for the bright blue paper to turn white. I thought the print was going to be very light and that you would barely be able to see what the keychain said, but after the five minutes the print of the keychain was fully on the paper. The print looked just like the key chain and the lines on the paper were so neat and clean.



### Diya Gadodia, 7th grade

I ran indoors to wash my solar art. The paper had a faint outline of the objects I was using, but I couldn't see them too well. I held the paper under the tap, and I turned it on. The water gushed out and coated the paper. I expected the paper to crumble a little, but it was waterproof, and it stayed together. The water covered the white paper, turning it blue. The colors ran together, and the outlines that the objects had made disappeared. I wondered if I'd done something wrong, but I kept holding it under the water anyway. The water splashed on me, covering my t-shirt with drops. It looked like I was wearing a polka dotted t-shirt. It was really cold, but it felt amazing, as I was really hot from standing in the sun. It sloshed in the sink, and made a gurgling sound as it went down the drain. The paper was a swirl of white and blue, and it looked like tie-dye. After about ten seconds, it turned solid blue. The outlines reappeared, but they were sharper, and more defined. They had darkened into shapes. I turned off the faucet after it had been one minute, and I put the paper in between two paper towels so it could dry.

The paper was light blue, and it had red splotches on it, making it purple in some places. Out of the three objects I used—a blue heart and M&M necklace, flowery paperweight, and cooking whisk—the necklace came out best. You could see it really easily, and it was so detailed, down to every tiny bead that made up the chain. It was also three dimensional. The whisk was faint, and you could see the vague lines that made it up, but it was a little unclear. The paperweight had smudged together, and looked like a messy white circle, with empty strips in the middle. I was disappointed with the paperweight, but I was extremely happy with how the necklace and whisk came out.

### Calvin Lewis, 8th grade

As I slowly withdraw the items from its crisp packaging, I take a deep breath and inhale the stale scent of cardboard. I imagine the paper looking crisp and ready to be put to the test. Then as I move toward going outside, I turn on my camera as if I have just been born. As I begin to sit down, I notice I forgot some cardboard and some things to put onto it. I ultimately decide to bring down a pen and some circles from a prior project that I had completed.The pen has green ink and the circles are bright orange. As I sit down, I feel the glare of the sun on the back of my neck and then I consider bringing a hat. I decide against it, so I begin my paper. I realize that the pen is too thick to put below the plexiglass. So it's just the circles. I randomly drop them so they make a design, and then let them sit in the hot sun. After a few minutes, I wet the paper and immediately feel like something is wrong; the page is getting soaked! I immediately panicked, and hoped that I was doing it like my instructor had said it. I could almost hear my heart beating out of my chest, and my hands began to shake. I feel ruined inside and then, I see that the colors and the white outline of the circles are showing! Success, I say to myself, as I pull out a few 'success' dance moves.

### Aarav Puri, 6th grade

When I was doing the art I decided to use paper to make an image of  a triangle. I was feeling very aggravated because the paper was being SOOO slow. Hurry UP! I thought as the paper was sitting there on my laptop. I thought: WORK FASTER SILLY BLUE PAPER THINGAMAJIIGGGG.  I was waiting and getting angry at the paper as it slowly and slowly turned white. I hoped it would work. I went to the sink  to develop my picture. It took forever but in the end it was worth it.

### Bilal (BJ) Dawan-Abdullah II, 6th grade

I didn't know if I was going to mess up or not because it was my first time doing this. When I saw the paper turning white, I thought that I did something wrong. My face was sweating like a blue humpback whale was splashing water in my face. Moreover I thought something was going to go wrong. When I came back I was kinda scared because I didn't know if I had time to make a new one. I didn't do anything wrong. I thought to myself, "thank goodness." I felt like I just finished a three mile run! To conclude, I thought that something extremely bad was going to happen. For example, the picture was not going to come out that good because this was my first time. Overall it was really fun and I will definitely do this again!

### Eliora Ancowitz, 5th grade

I went to find the right pieces for my sun art. What I came up with was a friendship necklace, a glass heart, puzzle pieces, and a plastic rubber band. I placed them down on the paper to take outside—the puzzle pieces on the sides, the necklace in the middle, the glass heart on the bottom corner, and plastic hair tie in the top corner. I put it outside on my porch in the sun and waited. It wasn't that sunny, so I had to find the sunniest place on the porch. When the paper started turning white, I went to the sink to rinse it off. The water was pouring down  my sheet. It  was splashing everywhere! My sheet was darkening by the second, but where I had placed the objects stayed white. The paper started looking super cool. I rinsed off my paper some more. The texture was so odd. It felt like a liquid and solid at the same time. It kept its shape but almost felt like it wouldn't.

### Akshaj Ghanta, 7th grade

"Oh no, I need to find something, quickly," I thought. I had originally thought of just using my tape dispenser for the print, but then I realized that it wouldn't be that good. I already put my blue paper close to the sun, so I needed to get something fast. I saw other people doing flowers, so I thought it was a really great Idea. I went to a plant and plucked off a petal on a flower. Then, I tried to find a sunny place. I looked outside, and it looked like the front yard was really sunny. I put mine there. "The worst part," I thought, "waiting." I didn't expect it to be that good because the instructor said to not expose the blue paper until you use it. I had tried to find something while it was already out. I looked at my paper. It had turned into a lighter blue. I could hear the birds chirping. I was super scared that it would turn out bad. I took it out and took off the plexiglass and then the petal that I put on top of the blue paper. It had worked! It even captured the lines on the petal! I turned the faucet on. I could feel the cold water rushing through my hands and fingers. The water from the faucet was piling up and up. I stopped the water. I dunked the paper in the water. I started counting. "1, 2, 3, 4, 5…" The anticipation in me wanted to just take it out. The water was starting to become blue. "45, 46, 47, 48…" The water was almost as blue as the sky on a nice summer day. "58, 59, 60! Finally," I thought. I snatched the paper and looked at it. The outside of my petal had become a deep, rich blue. I put it on the countertop to dry. I was really excited to see how this would turn out!

### Nicholas Stauffer, 6th grade

When I started, I thought it would be some art paint thing. I was surprised to hear that the paper couldn't be in the sun. I was listening to the instructions, and then tried to find something I could use for the art. The object I chose was a little chocolate eraser and then, as the counselor was about to start, I realized that it would not work. Quickly I looked all around my room trying to find something. I said to myself; use the first flat thing you see. I looked at the balloons from the first session, I got one and almost missed the rest of the instructions. I arranged the figure so that where it was, an almost diagonal direction and put it on my window. It was a bit of sun on one part of it. I thought it would be enough. Five minutes later the teacher asked if mine was done, I went to check and nothing happened. Then I realized there was no sun, quickly I said I would move and raced down the stairs as fast as I could. There was no sun. I opened some windows, but none of them let out enough light or were big enough. Then I saw a big window behind me that was shining out the sides, I opened it a little bit and knew it would just shine on the couch. I thought I could not do it. Looked at the window and realized I had only opened it halfway. I opened the rest and it started to shine on the floor of the living room. I set it down and went back up. I hope I didn't miss anything important, I thought to myself, I didn't. Just one more step after this.

### Lina Anand, 7th grade

I could feel the adrenaline pumping through my body as I pulled out the plexiglass. I was so ready to make something cool. I had been thinking about what I was going to use all day. I had finally decided. The hydrangeas from the garden. The hydrangeas were a blueish purple and bunched together, so it was difficult to

get some. There were lots of little purple flowers. I picked some flowers from the little bunch I had gathered. I felt the soft petals fall into my hand. They felt like a blanket, like a small fragrant blanket. The pungent smell of flowers filled my head. As I looked around the garden I could see small rose petals in the grass next to me. I was trying not to let any petals from the plant fall. I walked inside and felt a rush of cold air. Relieved, I gently placed them on the clear plexiglass. I couldn't hold in my excitement! I pulled the blue and white paper out of its black plastic packaging. I flipped the plexiglass over onto it. The paper was rough and small. It was different to how I had imagined. I was ready to make my solar art.

### Nicolas Regnault, 8th grade

I was walking down the stairs trying to push on the plexi glass and make sure it didn't move. Ahhh, I readjusted it outside. I sat down, it felt like 100 hundred degrees. I remembered when I opened the bag the overwhelming chemical smell. 4 minutes left... when I walked down the stairs I noticed the weird smoothness of the paper that was unlike any other paper. Not rough and thick, It was thin and in my opinion very soft. 3 minutes left... I saw the paper slowly transitioning and an outline of the object, a cool screwdriver key, forming. I saw that it was more blurry where there were parts that were lifted off the paper. 2 minutes left... I was thinking that it was weird that something was changing and happening but it was fully silent. Only me sitting outside in the heat. 1 minute left... I was wondering what it was going to look like after it was done. The outside was turning white and the shadowed part was turning blue. It was done, I remembered the paper feeling more brittle the second time I touched it. I dipped it in the water and saw it transform.

### Lauren Sadka, 7th grade

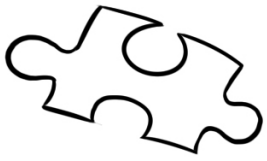
I watched carefully as the paper was laid out in the sun. It felt like an eternity until it turned light blue. I sat there, wondering what it might look like. I squinted as the sun showered me with light and heat, all from one direction. It was nice to be warm. Inside, I felt cold and moist, from the frigid water in the pool. And here, it was just right. Except the fact that the sun was slowly setting, which meant mosquitoes. A fly landed on my knee, rubbing its hands together. I'm not sure if they're legs or arms. I tried hard not to move from the uncomfortable position I was in, but it was hard fending off a fly with no hands. I glanced back at my art-in-the-making. Pressed between the Sunprint paper and the plexiglass, the rainbow loom bracelet was in an awkward position and so was the flower. I groaned under my breath. I wish I could change it, but there was nothing I could do now. I have to make another one after this, as I am almost sure this one would turn out as a disaster. It's like the artist said,"You have to be willing to be bad enough at something for some time if you want it to be good." Or something along those lines. And I am an artist, in a way. I just need to try more. I already know what I'm going to do next. I'm going to make a spiral out of my rainbow loom bracelet, seeing as it has an interesting texture. It was hard, and not solid. There were, really, lots of small elastics linked in with one another. But now, I hope the shadow from the setting sun won't affect it. But then, a moment of peace. I felt as relaxed as ever. I gazed up at the sky and found that its color began to shift to a pink, orange color, and the clouds no longer had a silver lining, but a pinkish one. My watch suddenly caught my attention. 6 minutes! I hope it doesn't matter. Oh wait, I forgot! DO NOT OVEREXPOSE. Oops.

### Dori Wilson, 7th grade

In front of me is a small package with the words "Sunprint Kit" on the front. Today our resident expert is a photographer, and she's talking about negative photos and film. Photography seems really interesting, and there's a lot to learn since I'm pretty sure the first one was made in 1826. Our resident photographer is saying that film was light sensitive and that's how you took a photo. The paper we're using for this activity is also light sensitive. I've already read the instructions, so I know to put an object on the light sensitive paper and let it develop in the sun. From where I am in my bedroom, I can see the balcony out the window, and I already know the perfect place for this experiment. One chair has a table next to it, and if I move it just a few feet over, it's perfectly in the sun and away from trees and any other objects that would block sunlight. I run down the stairs to grab the object I'm going to use. They are 3 random puzzle pieces from the box on the dining room table. I run back upstairs as fast as I can. I really don't want to miss anything. I grabbed the light sensitive paper, puzzle pieces, and then plexiglass and ran out to the balcony to put everything there. I carefully put the puzzle pieces on top of the paper, and put the plexiglass on top to keep the wind from moving the puzzle pieces. I can already tell the sun is turning the paper white. Five minutes later, I walk over to my window where I can see the paper. It's almost white. I go over to the balcony to grab the paper, and run it under water for a minute. I see the blue parts where the puzzle pieces were get white, and I get nervous that I did the wrong thing, and it'll just be a white paper. Then I see the white part that the puzzle pieces weren't covering start to turn blue and I let go a sigh of relief. Leaving the paper under the water for another minute or so, I see my masterpiece truly come to life. I can't wait to hang it on my wall next to the portrait from yesterday.

### Aiden Holness, 7th grade

When I put the paper out into the sun I didn't know what to expect. I was super anxious about what was going to happen to the paper. I thought that if I didn't follow the steps right my piece of paper was going to get ruined. I was sitting on the floor playing with my fingers trying to make the time pass faster. I was watching the time and waiting for the five minutes to pass by so I could take my paper out of the sun. Once the timer went off I darted down the stairs, ran outside, and yanked my paper out from under the sun. I gently removed the puzzle pieces and threw them to the side. I ran over to the sink and thought to myself, "Should I rinse it under cold water or hot water?" I decided to use cold water. I was in shock, somehow the paper that was blue had turned white. ''How?" I asked myself. I was amazed and lost for words. "This doesn't make any sense." I exclaimed. I felt the paper getting thin when I was running it under the water. I took the puzzle pieces off and there was my masterpiece. I saw the outline of my shape form. It looked even better than I thought.



### Amanda Laycox, 5th grade

I was trying to create solar art when I started to assemble the materials. It was very stressful for me to assemble the materials. I always thought I was doing something wrong. It was even stressful for me to put it outside! The waiting was the hardest for

me, I always thought it might fall or it was not turning white, or I assembled it the wrong way. When I went outside my heart sank, I thought it had not worked. While my heart was sinking in my chest my mom asked what was wrong. I told her about the project and how I was just a little disappointed that my project didn't turn out. She looked at my project and said, "Are you sure it did not work?" "Yes." "Let's go check," she said hopefully. We brought it near the sink, and it turns out I was wrong! My mom helped me realize it had worked. I felt on top of the world!

### Anirudh Ghanta, 9th grade

I looked around the room, searching for an object with a unique shape or translucent pattern. My eyes settled on the one plant in the room. I plucked one of its spiky leaves off and placed it on top of the blue paper. A fresh earthy scent wafted from the leaf as I pressed the plexiglass on top of it. I spun around in my chair, looking out the window for an area with heavy sunlight. The puffy cumulus clouds were blocking the sun in this area, so I decided to go to my dad's office where the sun should be this time of day. Luckily, my dad wasn't present in the area, so I placed the drawing pad on top of one of the numerous stacks of paper. I walked back to my desk, where the solar art specialist announced that she had set a five minute timer. I waited three minutes, then decided to check on the sunprint. I arrived to find that almost no visible change had happened in the paper's appearance, so I decided to move it to the area outside my window, which was now sunny. I hurried outside and placed the paper on the ground by my front door. The warm rays of sunlight hit my back as I pressed the plexiglass back into place, heating up my body. Sure enough, five minutes after I had placed the pad outside, the paper was almost white. I grabbed the pad from the ground, making sure to keep the leaf in place. I brought the pad over to the closest sink and took out the paper. I carefully placed it under the water and started rinsing. The cool water rushed through the paper and over my fingers, eliminating a small drop of sap on my hand that I hadn't noticed before. I felt small droplets flying onto the tabletop and myself. I looked down into the sink, where the water was splashing heavily on the sink bottom, spraying the surrounding area with water. I twisted the water knob, reducing the flow of water. My attention went back to the paper. The color of the paper had slowly shifted back into a deep blue! I gaped in amazement. The shape of the leaf in the print was a pure white, in stark contrast to the deep blue of the paper. I shut off the sink and placed the paper on the tabletop, admiring my handiwork. It had come out well, with each individual spike appearing white on the leaf shown in the paper. I flattened out the paper and placed it in a corner. I couldn't wait to see it when it dries!

### Kathryn McFeeters, 8th grade

After hearing that we needed to grab sort-of flat objects to put on the solar paper, I quickly turned off my video and looked around my room, sometimes stepping on littered pieces of bedding that my hamster pushed out of her cage. I remembered that my Grandma gave me a charm bracelet so I grabbed it off my shelf, Ow... I forgot how sharp some of these were. Then I saw the fidget that my dad gave me when I was 8. It was like a cluttered pile of bracelets but they were all connected somehow. That should be flat enough! I quickly went back to my desk and turned my video back on, starting to

fidget with my object, all of the weird twists and turns satisfying to see. We were told to get one of the light sensitive pages out of the dark plastic bag they were trapped in and place it on the cardboard/flat surface, then place our object on it like a sandwich and place it underneath the sun. I took another look at the clear "glass" pane and wondered how flat I could get my object. I flattened it as much as I could and sighed, not flat enough, but it will have to do I guess. I followed the instructions and tried to find a flat enough place on my windowsill but not having much luck, I cleared off some junk and finally found a flat enough place! I set a timer on my phone and watched the paper for a few seconds, minutes. Nothing was happening! I shifted where the paper was but then I realized the sun wasn't directed into my room so no light was on the page! I sighed and tried to get more light on the page, shifting my object, changing the angle of the page but nothing worked. There was only a small sliver of light! I huffed and sat down trying to see how I could figure this out. I could wait for the sun to come back, or I could risk it and go outside. Come on! Usually I didn't want sun in my room and there is sun but now that I want sun, it goes away?! Really?!

### Sissi Zhu, 6th grade

Today I created solar art. First we watched a video and then we met the teacher who is going to give us directions. When we started to make solar art I decided to choose an eraser and a pencil. I put a book at the bottom then there's a special kind of paper and then I put my pencil and eraser on and at last I put a special kind of board which was made of plastic. I feel excited because if things go well I could see the paper turn to a different color. The part that has things on it should be blue and the rest should turn to white.

When we started to make solar art I chose to put an eraser and a pencil. I put the eraser first on the top left of my paper then put my pencil strate below. I heard a little sound when I was rubbing the paper and that feels very comfortable.It felt like the sound of capping wood. I felt confident because I think it is easy to put two things in place. At the end, the part that I put things on stays blue and the rest of the part turns to white.

### Dylan Coren, 7th grade

Hurry, hurry, I was thinking in my mind. This sun art project from Summer Ink really had me rushing. My computer is on the third floor while the sun was shining on the first. The cold, smooth pad of paper that my little tower was sitting on was very wobbly. Moving through my house very slowly and almost tripping down the stairs, I finally got the front door. As I placed the pieces down on top of the white banister I felt the hot summer rays of the sun shining on my face. "Whoa, that's bright!" I walked back inside and started waiting. It felt good to get out of the chair and use my legs. I laid out on the couch and absolutely forgot about what I was waiting for. " Hey Dyl, are you still in class?" "Oh shoot!" I took off, snatching my stuff off the porch, sprinting up the stairs. My slippery socks sliding on the ground while turning corners, making it that much harder to get back to the third floor. Once I got back in my chair I got to take a look at the blueish-white paper. "Wow. Looks pretty good." I showed the zoom class, and I said, "Yeah, I'm going to do this again."

### Kevin Francis, 7th grade

Today we made shadow pictures. I put the paper on the cardboard then I put my lego minifigure on it. I chose the lego minifigure, which is a lego person with arms and legs that you can move, because it was like a rectangle but had some other things on it too. I wanted to see if it would turn out like a lego but it turned into a lot of long lines. The glass was tilting because the minifigure wasn't stable, so I didn't put the glass on. I saw one thing on my table that the glass might fit on but it didn't have the cool stuff like the minifigure. Then I needed something to hold the cardboard so I got a pillow and put it underneath the side of the cardboard that was not on the window. The tree, in front of my house, was in the way of the sun so there wasn't much sunlight. Then I tried to open another window away from the tree but the window felt like it was rusted in place because the strings I use to open the windows didn't move at all. Finally I just decided that it would be better just to have the cardboard and the minifigure on the other window. I waited till the end of the class and when I looked at it, the shadow was white, so I washed the paper and the shadow became a lot of long lines. Not what I was going for, but at least it worked.

## Hacky Sack

*Making the most of small spaces and the advice of the specialist instructors Mike and Nigel, campers got to experience the surprising thrills (and frustrations) of "footbag," also known as hacky sacking.*

### Helen Hyry-Weintraub, 6th grade

I tossed the hackysack up and it seemed to pause at the top, not wanting to come down and get kicked. But it came down and I kicked. Ouch. Instead of kicking the hackysack, I kick my desk really hard. Oh well. I just need a minute. Wow! Bruising already? Ugh. How did I hurt myself doing hackysack? In theory this shouldn't happen. In 'Helen theory' there was a 95% chance this would happen anyway. Alright, let's go. Dropped the hackysack on my thigh and bounced it around a little. Up, down, up, down. Two. Up, down, up, down, up, down. Three. Up, down, up, down, up, down, up, down, up, down. Five! I set a record three bounces higher than my previous one!

### Akshaj Ghanta, 7th grade

"Huff, Pant." I was trying to use my feet to do the kick-ups. It was really hard to get the ball right in the center of my foot. I also wasn't using shoes so it was even harder. Everytime it was just going a tiny bit to the left or a tiny bit to the right. "Ugh." Now it was just getting annoying. I was doing it a couple of times but everytime it fell I would have to bend down and pick it up. Now the instructor was doing the kick-ups but you would rotate feet. One on the left and one on the right. I did that three times but then we moved on. Now we were moving on to the side kick-ups. Basically you just lift up your foot, turn it sideways, and use the inside of your foot to kick the ball. I was good at this one. It did not seem as hard as the kick-ups. I was best at the sideways kick-ups and was worst at the normal kick-ups. Now it was time to try and beat our record! I had gotten four in the beginning. So, I expected to get at least three or four. In the end I got four as my best.

### Kristine Lee, 7th grade

"UUUGH" I yelled. No matter what, I couldn't bounce it off my anything twice if it was the last thing I did. I tried throwing it upwards, downwards, sideways—I even tried to do a roundhouse kick once. Nothing. Well, at least it didn't fall into mom's coffee cup, I thought as I tried to bounce it off my thighs...and succeeded. I blinked in surprise. I actually managed to bounce it twice off my thighs! I jumped so high and loud, my sister said I would break the floor. It didn't matter. I DID IT!!!

### Anirudh Ghanta, 9th grade

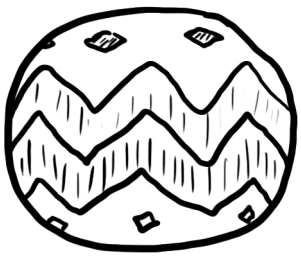
I dropped the hacky sack, my eyes following its every movement. As it came down, my right thigh came up and hit it upwards. I did not hit it with enough power. It flopped out and fell on the floor, the beans shuffling around inside the sack. I picked it up and tried again but accidentally hit my desk with my foot. This was not really my fault, as my desk was very close to the wall, so I only had a narrow space to practice in if I wanted to stay on camera. I had already done juggling on several occasions in soccer practices and in my house, but hacky sacks were much smaller than soccer balls and thus harder to juggle. I snatched the hacky sack from the floor, still determined to continue. I tried again, this time using much more power than before. My thigh made contact with the ball, but not in the right spot. It hit the part of my thigh closest to my stomach, which is soft, so it just flopped onto the floor again. Once again picking it up, I took a deep breath. I dropped the ball. It made contact close to my knee and rebounded into the air. I quickly rushed in and caught it with my head! It was a small victory, but I had been at it for quite a while so it felt good to finally accomplish the trick.

### Breann Lynch, 7th grade

I felt the little bag in my fingers feeling and hearing the beans inside. I loved the feeling of them in my hands.The instructor told us to stand up and again and practice throwing it up and hitting it on our thighs. The little ball went up into the air and bounced on my leg. Then it fell to the floor. I went to pick it up and tried it over and over again. That was definitely the hardest part. He told us to throw the ball and turn, then catch and use our feet. I was definitely good at doing my feet. Still everything felt like it was going so quickly. I barely got anytime to practice each one. I watched him do every move. Soon I had to turn my camera off so that know one would see me doing it. He told us to go back to our seats and say our high scores. I told everyone my high score was three and that I was really good at using my feet. I knew that day that I was definitely not that good at hacky sack.

### Evelyn Mace, 7th grade

I reached for the final adventure packet, feeling the smooth brown paper bag in my hands. I excitedly ripped it open as a crinkling noise filled the air. I dumped out the contents, revealing a small, intricately woven sack that was filled with little beads. It was soft and squishy in my palm, a beautiful thing that sat delicately on my hand. Magenta, teal, royal blue, and lime green created rings that went around the sack. It looked like a beautiful piece of art, and I could not believe that it was a hacky sack.



### Lina Anand, 7th grade

I felt the little beads inside the hacky sack thump down on my thigh. I could feel the wool knitting as it bounced off my leg. I watched as the hacky sack fell to the ground in slow motion. I could feel the frustration bubbling. I waited for the sound of the beads, waiting for the thud from the floor. I picked up my hacky sack, feeling the uneven knitting and the rub of the beads against each other.There was a lovely triangle pattern made with different colors.

### Maia Shen, 6th grade

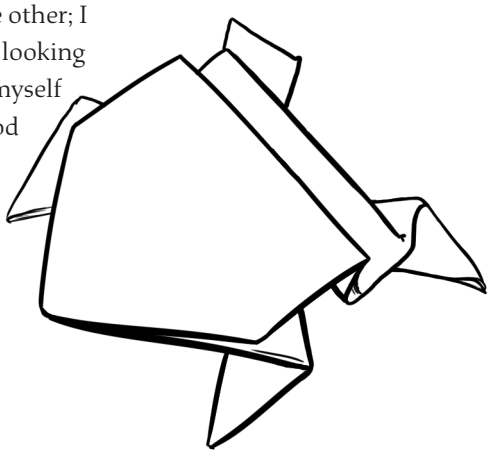
The long corridor had a yellow door at the end, and had a good amount of space to hit a hacky sack and most likely not break anything. But if you didn't know I STINK at the "art" of hacky sacking. My hacky sack looked like Earth with an orange design. Did I feel bad that I was hitting my home? No... But most likely because I could feel the beans hitting my foot, so I was reassured that it wasn't my home. I was trying to do a double with the top of my foot, which was basically hitting a hacky sack with the top of your foot twice in a row. It was so hard. It was like trying to stick a square into a circular hole. It was impossible! My foot was not flat and could not bounce random objects (like most feet). It wasn't manufactured in the "Hacky sack perfect feet," if I'm being honest, it might as well have been manufactured in the "Hacky sack imperfect feet." What was I doing wrong? I tilted my feet, and thought: maybe it was that my right foot was not the hacky sack foot, maybe left? I tried basically everything, from tilting my feet to stretching out my feet. You name it, I most likely did it. So next time you need help doing the hacky sacking sport don't go to me, I never did a double with the top of my foot.

## Origami

*In the last session, campers tried the art of origami under the guidance of Geena, one of our senior counselors. Using authentic origami paper posed additional challenges to this already difficult task, although a few campers were able to get their "frogs" to jump.*

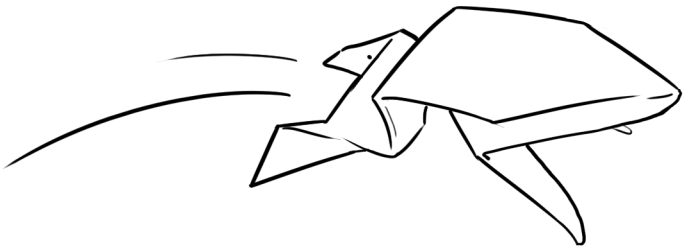
### Dylan Coren, 7th grade

As Geena was showing the videos of origami, I was flipping through the thin colorful sheets of origami. The pieces of paper were so smooth but at the same time sharp enough to cut yourself. I was trying my hardest to follow Geena's directions but at one part, I got completely lost. "I know this is hard but try and push through." Everything that Geena said went through one ear and out the other; I was way too concentrated on folding the paper. This frog was looking nothing like a frog what so ever. I felt frustrated. I had to tell myself to calm down because it wasn't important. Although, the good thing is that my mother wanted to try origami so when I gave up she gave me hers. I don't know what she did to her paper but the feeling was very different. The feeling was hard, super bent, and slippery.



### Ella Blaser, 6th grade

It jumped! I celebrate with myself. I look down at my finger and see marks from folding thick paper, all of the folds leave a trace. I pick up the origami frog again and I feel the ridges from the many creases under my fingers. I remember folding each line and sharpening each crease. Putting it down on my desk I push down on the side and again it springs in the air like an acrobat, landing on all four feet. The black speckled paper with white flowers leaps in the air and falls back down again. This simple piece of paper made a frog that can hop! That is so cool!, I think as my classmates on Zoom also let their frogs jump in the air. Colorful pieces of paper fly from every classmate's box on Zoom.

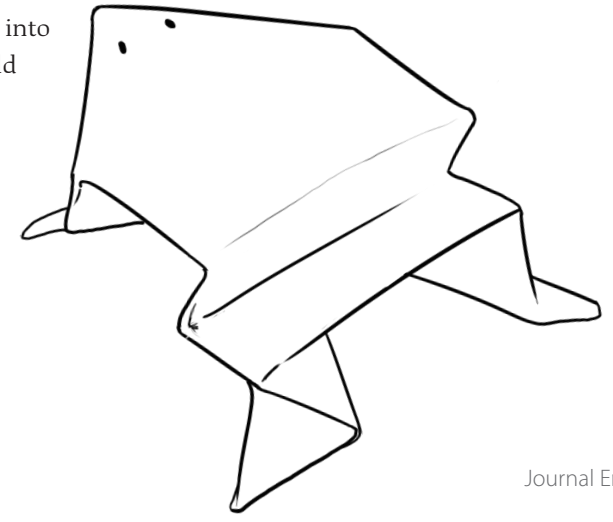


### Kevin Francis, 7th grade

When we were further into making our origami frog the paper was getting harder and harder to fold because the paper was overlapping so much that it was thicker. That meant that the folds would not be like a curve but a line. That is the most annoying thing for me when I make origami. Another annoying thing is when I can not do what they do. When I was at the boat part, I was very confused. They did it so easily but I couldn't get it. One more annoying thing is the folds would get more uneven like the legs. Some paper was on top and some was on the bottom but the bottom was longer than the top part. That made me more frustrated. Origami is very hard for me and it frustrates me, but when I am finished I either get the satisfaction that I did it, or I feel like it is incomplete.

### Aiden Holness, 7th grade

Most of the folds of the origami frog were easy but there was a part where I had to fold the legs at a certain angle or it wouldn't jump as high as I wanted it to. After I tried five different angles to fold the legs I finally got it. But the paper felt crinkly. It felt like a pile of rocks. It still had so many creases in it that I didn't want. I could see the paper ready to fall apart and rip into smithereens. So all of that messed up the way my frog could jump. I looked at my frog for a while and just accepted the fact that it wouldn't jump that well.



## Writing Drills and Other Pieces

*Campers sometimes produced a writing drill or another short work that merited inclusion in **The Collection**. The variety in these short pieces makes for an interesting addition to this body of work.*

### Ella Blaser, 6th grade

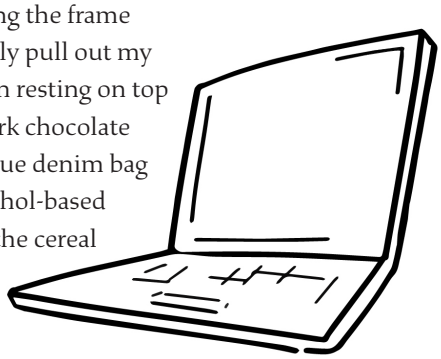
The light drizzles in through the folds of my dark purple curtains. Today, I think, is the first day  of Summer Ink! I'm excited and nervous. I pull myself from bed, trying to not give into my tiredness. The bed is beckoning for more sleep, but I pull away, determined to make it to class on time. Slowly I make my way from the bedroom, sleepiness slowly draining from me. What is camp going to be like? I ponder. My hands are dancing, ready to write. My heart races with prompts and ideas. Words flow into my head, sentences ready to pounce on the paper. I am ready to write.

### Breann Lynch, 7th grade

My mom stopped the car right in front of my grandma's house. My brother, Blake, watched the rain fall down out of the car window. He stepped out of the car and ran to the porch to ring the doorbell. I came walking to the porch, careful not to run in my new heels. He stood not even thinking to ring the doorbell, instead he just waited for me to come and push the button. There were so many sounds surrounding me. The birds chirping, the pitter patter of the rain, the doorbell ringing so loud you could hear outside, the cars racing by and my heels clanking on the floor. I watched my grandma, a tall and smart woman, open the door to let me and Blake inside. Upstairs I could hear the TV and smell macaroni cooking on the stove. I sat down next to Blake, so happy to be with my grandma. I watched my grandmother, a tall, intelligent, and brave woman who fought for her country in the military by making the soldiers food. I remembered the time I was walking through her house and saw her in a picture wearing a military suit. That's when she told me and Blake the story of how she was in the military. I remembered the moment like it was yesterday. When I thought of that I realized I wanted to be a cook, too. Just like my grandma. I remembered that she gave me a mixer. I could use my cookbooks, and her amazing help.

### Gabriella Arrendol, 8th grade

I slowly lower myself onto the seat of my couch, careful not to spill my cereal all over the smooth hazel hardwood flooring beneath my bare feet. As I lay my bowl of Raisin Bran on the glass coffee table, I reach under the couch for something that I desperately need to start this morning with. Unable to grapple my desired McGuffin, I get on my knees to look under the couch. As I move my hands along the frame of the cushions, I hit something round, but jagged. I've got it. I swiftly pull out my sketchbook along with the bag of Prismacolor markers that had been resting on top of my book of wonders all night. I plop myself back on top of the dark chocolate cushions and uncap one randomly selected marker from the dark blue denim bag I had poorly decorated years ago. Immediately the aroma of the alcohol-based ink fills the air. Looking over at the coffee table, I remembered that the cereal sitting in milk, that by now has taken on the taste of raisins still



exists, and I quickly take a spoon full and drop the contents in my mouth. I can never get enough of the taste of Raisin Bran and the scent marker ink in the morning.

### Calvin Lewis, 8th grade

When I woke up this morning, I looked around, as I usually do, and see the blank yellow wall that is next to my bed. I spin around to see the time, and it reads 6:48 am. I am relatively satisfied with that time, so I roll out of bed and let out a yawn. I smile when I look across to my Memories Wall, with all of the memories and cards that my friends, family and teachers have got me all these years. Then I went to my nightstand and immediately saw the mess on top of it. I groaned at the sight of my sports glasses, all the new books that my teachers got me through Scholastic. My little bamboo plant silently cries out for me to open my blinds. I have so much stuff just lying around that I did not know I had. I sigh, and head downstairs for breakfast.

### Sissi Zhu, 6th grade

I went to the kitchen and thought that toast would be a good choice for breakfast. First, I took a piece of butter out of the freezer quickly before my hands were frozen. Then I took a piece of Texas toast and put it in the toaster. I stood there and waited for three minutes. The toast smelled like I was baking bread in an oven. While I was waiting for the toast to come out I heard a sound, ding! The toast is ready. I saw the toast coming out from the toaster. A part of it is light brown but most of it is still white. After the toast was ready I sliced two small pieces of butter and smudged it on my toast and when I finished, it was ready for me to eat. I ate my toast and milk at our dining table. When I finished with making my toast I tried it and it tasted like a cloud with cream on it.

### Lila Berinsky, 7th grade

I opened my eyes as the sun shined through my window and directly on to my face. I looked around my room and noticed that I had forgotten to turn off my fairy lights last night. I was exhausted and it was early. I checked my two alarm clocks. I have trouble waking up, so I need multiple alarm clocks. The time is 8:10; I normally get up at around 9:00, sometimes 10:00. I rolled out of bed just wishing I could have 10 more minutes of sleep but I had my first day of writing camp today. I dragged myself to the kitchen and got myself some coffee. The smell alone was enough to brighten my mood. I could hear my stomach growl so I grabbed a granola bar and went and sat at the computer to set up for the class. The bright light glared into my eyes and I squinted trying to see the screen. I didn't know what to expect, my parents were making me do the camp so I wasn't exactly ecstatic, but not really dreading it either.

### Olivia Fang, 7th grade

That Christmas dinner was one I'll never forget. We were at a restaurant in Lexington's town center. It was something I'd looked forward to all week. However, I was sorely mistaken. We ordered salad, scallops as an entree, and chocolate mousse

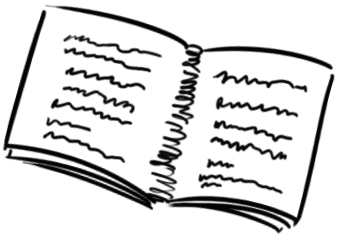
for dessert. That salad gave me a very poor first impression. My stomach cringed the moment I swallowed those mushy croutons. The vinegar on the salad was too sour, the bread they served us was stale, and the butter tasted like toothpaste. And that was only the appetizer. I already regretted ordering seafood, seeing as to how badly they could mess up salad, but I had to follow through. It was our Christmas dinner, after all. My scallops were the first dish to arrive. Sickly sweet and burnt, I could smell them from quite a distance. I had no idea what those scallops did to deserve this. They had literally been incinerated. The surface was blackened and had an appearance similar to coal. Wrapped in soggy bacon, there was no way I was going to eat this dish. Even before I took a bite, my stomach started churning and doing somersaults, backflips and triple aerials. I retreated to the bathroom and stayed there until it was all out. And as childish as it is, I was never coming back to this restaurant. Never in a million years.

### Helen Hyry-Weintraub, 6th grade

As I lie there in the dark I see the faint outlines of my decals and playbills up on the wall. The sloth that has headphones on and is playing loud music always confuses me. If he's listening to music, what are the headphones for? The best thing I could come up with was that he's using them to muffle the loud music. Under his decal are the words "Lets party!" He's not the only sloth in the room though. There is one sloth who is just hanging upside down chilling out. The one near the window at the back of my room is a meditating sloth. He has a speech bubble next to him that says " Ohm...". Then, there is the last sloth. He is next to the meditating sloth. Instead of hanging from the tree he's draped over the tree. He's just woken up from his nap. He has a speech bubble over his head that says "Slow down." I have a few playbill covers up on the opposite side of the window. I only have four playbills up right now, Phantom of the Opera, In the Heights, The Play That Goes Wrong, and Wicked. I'm only half listening to the audiobook that's playing from my phone. The rest of my mind is somewhere else; somewhere where it smells like fresh baked cookies and feels like all of the cute things in the world are hugging me. My friends are all there too. No more social distancing at this moment. The hug travels with me. As I run to my friends I feel complete. I stay with my friends as the audiobook turns off, and I slowly drift off to sleep. I stay in the blissful place until I wake up.

### Kristine Lee, 7th grade

I sat down in front of the TV as the first songs started to play. I was watching the Metropolitan Opera's "The Magic Flute'' with my family. My heart was pounding with exhilaration, and a smile stretched across my face. I loved "The Magic Flute." It was the reason I had started to play the flute in the first place. My favorite character was Papageno, the love-seeking birdcatcher. As the show went on, I hummed the songs and cut out paper feathers like Papageno's. What can I say, I really like that character!



### Jasmin League, 5th grade

When I ventured out into the backyard at the dead of night, I felt a serenity I hadn't felt before. From where I was standing, everything looked like it was taken out of a fantasy novel. The peaceful darkness seemed to engulf and swallow me and my thoughts, and the pale bright moon gave off enough light so that it was not pitch black outside. I could only see the dark shapes of the trees swaying in unison, carried by the wind. It felt like I was in the eye of a hurricane in that moment where everything is peaceful and silent, and you can only faintly sense the soundless motions of the wind whistling in every direction around you. I looked up, and I could see bright patches of blinding silver stars. It looked as though somebody had come and painted the night sky dark blue, and then taken a paintbrush and splattered white paint across the canvas. I felt small in a good way, like I was one tiny comet among dozens of galaxies. The beautiful moon gave my backyard an eerie, alien-like glow that sent a chilling shiver up my spine, but I couldn't help feeling calm and happy.

### Steven Martin Jr., 6th grade

My warm body was as hot as a light bulb under my sheet. I felt my hands under my pillow. The pillow felt like a cloud, soft, and fluffy. I heard my door open, and my dad turned on the light, and said in a calming voice, "Wake up, you have camp." All that calmness in my bed changed when my dad came in. When I tried getting up I flumped down on to my bed. It's really annoying when my dad wakes me up when I'm asleep. I pulled my sheet back on to my body but then thought to myself, "I have to get up, I have camp." Then I pulled the sheet off of me. When I got up I almost wanted to flop down again but when I opened my eyes, I felt the bright light blind me. I could hear the coffee machine on and making this boat motor sound and I smelled the coffee beans being crushed. I rubbed my eyes and crawled to my ladder. As I climbed down I felt my left foot first touch the wooden ladder, next both of my hands touch the smooth wood ladder. I wondered what we were going to do in camp today as my right foot touched the cold, wooden, rough floor.

### Kathryn McFeeters, 8th grade

I sat up quickly in my bed, awakened by my crazy dream. I felt sweat trickle down my face and my hands started to shake. Flashbacks of that dream came flooding in and I started to shake a bit more. When did my room get so cold? I struggled to get the covers on my jittery body. After I got it on, I felt a wave of warmth wash over me. I started to feel nauseous and panicked. I started to hear the same voices from my dream all over again, my breathing starting to quicken. I looked around me, not seeing their red eyes anymore. I sighed in relief and turned on my lamp on my bedside table. My room was filled with light. I looked around and out of the corner of my eye I saw it. It looked the same as in my dream: bright white eyes and a black figure. They resembled my fears.

### Josephine McPherson, 5th grade

"Joey!" My mom called. "Time for dinner"! I quickly headed down the rickety stairs and as I got through the kitchen door I felt the hot and relaxing steam go all around me. I could hear the chopping of vegetables around me and smelt the faint smell of rice. I knew exactly what we were having. Fried rice. As my mom placed this steamy hot dish next to me, I felt safe and relaxed because of the warmth of the steam and the hot rice. I quickly grabbed a bottle of soy sauce. I like adding a little extra. I watched this salty brown liquid drizzle perfectly on my plate. Then I got my fork and dug it deep into that hot, ricey goodness. I felt the rice just melt in my mouth as I ate it. The vegetables gave that little crunch and the rice gave it just the right amount of chewiness. The bland rice and the flavorful vegetables mixed together made the perfect taste and the soy sauce added that hint of saltiness. The steam combined with the delicious smell of the rice made me feel drowsy, like I could just fall asleep. I felt as if I were floating on a big warm cloud. As I ate the last piece of fried rice from my bowl, I felt a feeling of warmth inside. I can't wait to eat this again.

### Teagan Tierney, 6th grade

My mom piled a disgusting-looking green goop on my white glass plate. She told me it was spinach and that she wanted me to try some. The sunset reflected on my white plate. I picked up my silver pewter fork and stabbed into the glop of spinach. As the fork hit the spinach, it made a loud squelching noise. It looked like little bits of water ran down the side of the large mound of spinach. Suddenly, all of my hunger disappeared and my appetite was gone. I raised the fork to my mouth and slid the spinach off my fork. It squelched again and I felt the slimy wet texture hit my tongue. I chewed for  a moment and then made a face as I spit it out. "How could anyone like this?" I wondered.

### Lilia Hernandez Sato, 5th grade

For breakfast I had delicious, fluffy, sweet, warm, homemade bread made by a Panasonic bread machine that was made yesterday. It wasn't as delicious, fluffy, sweet, or warm as yesterday but it was fine for me because I was STARVING! I put an organic nutella spread on top with a silver knife. It was a dark brown on top of a golden bread. I was rushing to devour it so it was sloppy. "Come on, come on, Lilia hurry up! I'm STARVING!" my stomach growled. "Finished!" I told myself. Mmmmmmm, it was delicious.

### Aiden Holness, 7th grade

"AIDENNN! Wake up." My mom screamed. "It's too early," I whispered back. I peeked at the time and I saw it was 4:00 am. "4:00 am!" I screamed. "Why did you have to wake me up so early?" "We have to go on our road trip, remember." "Huhhh," I sighed. Five minutes passed by, I'm still laying down. "Swooosh!" My mom yanked the blanket off of me. I was freezing cold; my legs filling up with goosebumps, my lips shivering. I couldn't take it anymore and I jumped out of my bed, dashed to my closet and threw on some warm clothes. Now I was slowly bringing my temperature back to normal. "Much better," I exclaimed. "Now get ready, pack all your stuff and meet me in the car," my mom said. "Okay," I replied. I zoomed down the stairs as fast as Usain Bolt and ran to the bathroom. "Bling" my teeth were as shiny as ever. I

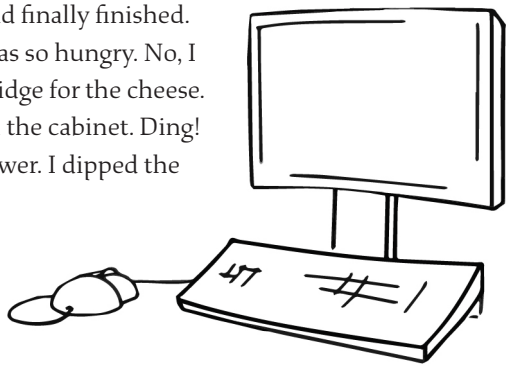
zoomed to the living room, grabbed my shiny orange basketball, my bright red shoes and my tablet. Now I was ready to go. I stepped outside and stared at my house. "Bye, Bye house." I hopped off the steps and jumped through the door of my car. "Boom!" I slammed the car door shut, and now we were off. "I hope I didn't forget anything."

### Enzo Santos, 6th grade

"RIIIINNNNG!" I groaned. "It's summer! Not SCHOOL!" I slumped out of bed and rolled down the hall to the bathroom. I turned on the shower and then waited for the water to heat up. When it was warm I got in. The moment the warm water touched my face I felt refreshed and awake. I washed up and brushed my teeth, the mint of the toothpaste was very "minty" and I spit the toothpaste out and gargled with water. I walked into the room and I looked over to my computer and thought, "I still have an hour until camp," so I walked towards my computer. I strode left to avoid my bed and then sat down on my chair and turned on my computer. I turned on Minecraft and logged into "Hypixel." I played for about an hour (but it felt kind of like ten minutes) and then logged onto camp.

### Hope Williams, 8th grade

I ran down stairs ready to make breakfast. I ran onto the  freezing wooden floor not realizing that I just stepped onto a puddle of water. I walked right over it because I was so hungry. I walked to the wooden pantry to get the plastic bagel bag that had one perfect bagel, just for me. I took the plain circular bagel out of the bag and put it into the piping hot toaster that my mom had turned on for me. Tick, tick, tick. I listened to the toaster as my bagels were cooking. DING! They had finally finished. I was so ready to just eat them without cream cheese because I was so hungry. No, I thought in my head, I need cream cheese, so I reached into the fridge for the cheese. I opened the cold container of cream cheese and got a knife from the cabinet. Ding! Was the noise the silverware made as I took the knife out the drawer. I dipped the shiny knife into the cold cream cheese and made my bagel.



THE PENCIL WAS ICE SKATING ON THE PAPER AS IT CURVED AND TURNED, CREATING LONG LINES THAT MADE UP THE EYE.

ABIGAIL KIM, 7TH GRADE

I saw the paper SLOWLY TRANSITIONING and an outline of the object, a **COOL SCREWDRIVER KEY,** forming.

NICOLAS REGNAULT, 8TH GRADE

I could only see the **DARK SHAPES** of the trees SWAYING IN UNISON, carried by the WIND.

JASMIN LEAGUE, 5TH GRADE

*I* **SNATCHED** *the paper and looked at it. The outside of my* PETAL *had become a* **DEEP, RICH BLUE.**

AKSHAY GHANTA, 7TH GRADE

*Words flow* into my head, sentences ready to **POUNCE ON THE PAPER.** I am ready to write.

ELLA BLASER, 6TH GRADE

It was time for the ADVENTURE BOX activity. I was as **EXCITED AS A SHARK** about to eat its dinner.

NAMYA MILLER, 5TH GRADE

The line STARTED TO SHAKE as vibrations raced from my UNSTEADY HAND through the pencil.

PARKER MACE, 9TH GRADE

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