

Sketching Worlds

An Anthology of Who We Are

Goucher College Essay Creative Writing Workshop
Summer 2019 | Young Writers' Anthology

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I Miss My Fish

by Caroline Hervy

I remember when I saw a ghost. That turned out to be my little brother wearing a T-shirt three sizes too big.

I remember running errands with my mom, following her around the store. Only to discover it was not my mom I had been following for the past ten minutes. And I was very lost.

I remember when I burnt to a crisp after a day on the lake where I reasoned it was “too cloudy” to need sunscreen. It was not.

I remember the first time I had Panera mac-n-cheese. My eyes had just been dilated and I ran into a pole shortly after.

I remember giving my goldfish a bath. I was five. And it died

Movie

by Kayla Wilford

I watched this scene once. I look up and view white bunnies munching on grass and butterflies resting on coneflowers. I watched the neighborhood children draw chalk on the sidewalk. The Great Cookie truck parked alongside the beautiful oak tree. I watched the mailman put mail in my neighbors' mailbox. The aroma of snicker-doodle cookies was in the air. The sidewalk artist smiled at me showing her buck teeth. Was it the joy of everyone around me that made this moment feel like a movie or was it the green grass that was cut to perfection? Why can't this moment last forever?

The Chase

by Iziah House

Marco was running through a corn maze with a strange man in hot pursuit. This man was in a doctor's outfit, strangely enough. With every step and turn, the man seemed to get closer and closer. Marco had been running for what seemed to be ages, when he turned around, and the doctor disappeared. He slowed to a walk and thought to himself how he'd gotten in this situation, and he honestly couldn't remember how it started. He thought, "Am I dreaming?" He pinched himself and exclaimed, "Owww. I'm definitely not dreaming." Then, out of nowhere, the doctor reappeared and the chase was on again. Somewhere he heard over a speaker, "An Apple a Day, Keeps the Doctor Away." And at that moment, he knew exactly what must be done.

Do You Want an Apple?

by Rayelle Cato

The walk from here to there would take two days but will last forever. Grab the red apple from the poison is the goal. The walk was clear at first. Tulips and dandelions littered the area, a nice breeze trickling through, and the sun was shining as bright as ever. I took the first step confidently and the ground tried to drown me. My boots had floaties in them and kept me afloat. I continued walking until I realized the ground was whispering to my boots. The floaties started deflating and I was sinking faster and faster. The dirt was already up to my waist, my right wrist getting stuck. But the apple was getting closer and closer, a small distance away. I reached out and the apple rolled away, further than it's ever gone. The poison burned my skin, left it a sickly yellow covered with boils. I was stuck. Stuck to a forever sinking ground with boots that could help but didn't want to. It was unfair. Especially when the boots worked for other people and the ground only shook. The apple was placed back in the poison, but I was already buried too deep.

Away

by Audrey Habacon

I wake up all alone, in an unfamiliar room, yet the setting is awfully familiar. I look around and get up. I grab some breakfast, a slice or two of bread. I drink some tea and just sit. My eyes gaze at the wall. There I find a clock, and just stare. The arrows moving centimeter by centimeter, inch by inch. The longhand moving along smoothly and slowly, the short hand barely even moving, and the third hand moving with every beat of my heart. I pick up my phone and every message reads “Good Night!” “I’m going to bed,” and “Stay safe. Have a good night”. My heart sinks, no longer beating as every second passes. I close my eyes and I feel seconds quickly passing but time staying still, as am I seated all alone. I realize I am not home.

Bye Bye Plastic

by Cayla Habacon

I was aimlessly scrolling through my Facebook page when I suddenly became so engrossed with something that caught my eye, an organization named “Bye bye plastic bags PH.” I was intrigued by the information it presented but at the same time devastated with myself because as the information I read finally sunk in, I realized that I myself was a hypocrite—I recall myself once sitting comfortably eating a chicken and rice meal from McDonald’s using plastic utensils. As I recognized that this one meal could cause a wave of effects towards the marine ecosystem and environment, I remember hoping to be a drop in the ocean, creating a ripple of waves. The main goal of the organization was to prevent one’s usage of plastic, and there I was carelessly contributing to the problem our world currently faces. I felt a huge weight on my shoulders seeing that the endless amount of plastic in oceans and coastal areas is caused by actions done by people like me. Feeling this regret, I immediately signed up to be a coastal crew member in order to end the possibility of creating a sea of plastic.

The Art of Basketball (excerpt)

by Kamal Quickley

“Basketball is not a game, it is an art form. You master the fundamentals so you can forget ’em, so you can improvise and just concentrate on what really matters: getting a bucket.”

—Kyrie Irving.

How can basketball be an art form? An artist has to have an idea and paint what they want. They also have to be creative and focus on what they are doing. When you mess up a painting, you have to start over. The first time I came across basketball is when my grandmother bought me a basketball hoop for my birthday. I played in my backyard. I played all the time, about 2 hours a day. My basketball is brown, old, ripped up, with black lines to guide your fingers. It wouldn't be used in a real game, but it's a ball that I can practice with. I play my heart out. Seeing myself shoot the ball and hearing it slip through the net means I am getting better and helps me focus on shots I can make in real games. Basketball helps you get over things. When you are feeling down, you can play with friends and family. My grandfather and big cousin help me learn. They help me push through some things.

Lego Set 8014

by Benjamin Uscamayta-Alvarado

A Star Wars Lego set. A Battle Pack, it says on the box. It looks like a small AT-ST, for those who have seen Star Wars. An All-Terrain Scout Transport. The walker has two flick-fire missiles and a Republic insignia positioned on each cheek. Two transparent orange wedge pieces and a hint of maroon and grass green pieces add color to an otherwise bland, light gray walker. Two short legs help it stand, leaning forward, as if it were about to fall. Four troopers are included. A gunner, two clones, and a commander with many accessories. Two figures can fit in the walker, except for the commander, as his leg armor, called kama, prevents his stubby white legs from moving to a sitting position. The main cannon is now lost for the second time, never to be found again. It was replaced by the sacrifice of another Lego set. The commander also lost his accessories. Few recovered. But the small pieces don't help the process. Now, my first Star Wars Lego set is covered in a thin layer of dust as computer games have driven me away from my Star Wars past.

The Guard

by Nicole Oberle

The blinding sun seated right upon my face. High in the clouds I sit upon my stand looking over the souls below me. Minutes are hours among the clouds, where my sole duty is to watch and wait. My focus on the glistening below me rather than where it longs to be surrounded by the comfort and familiarity of the clouds. If I allow my focus to drift away to the clouds for even a moment in time, the possibility of the forever end is all too great. Watch and wait, watch and wait is an old record spinning in my head as I stare below me..

Grandma: A Poem

by Dorien Wallace

As it came near the end, Grandma
Sitting in her antique peach couch Grandma
Waiting for the day to end she came
Around the corner's end Grandma
As the day slowly came to rest
She gave her best

Grandma
As she has white walls the glistening moon
Reflected off her christening gown
As the night came to day she prepared
To care, undespairs, Grandma
As the wooden chair began to wobble
She prepared for pills in bottles

Grandma
As Doris Johnson came to an end
Her long nightgowns had paired
Un-erred to be spared, Grandma

Remember Me, I Remember

by Alana Swinton

I remember, waking up,
the sound of paw patrol rings

I remember, waking up,
on Monday and I feel happy

I remember, reading text,
of my friends going off on a person

I remember, sitting at a bus stop,
waiting for the bus to pass me again, alone

I remember, falling asleep
Spongebob's voice fading from my ears

Remember me, the snails,
we give joy to the concrete

Remember me, the snails,
you only see us after it rains

Remember me, the snails
when it's sunny, you cease to care

Remember me, the snails
I guess you don't

Remember me, the birds
we bring joy to the world

Remember me, the birds
we visit in the summer and spring

Remember me, the birds
when it starts getting cold we leave

Remember me, the birds
I guess you don't

Remember Me, the eggnog
we bring joy to your taste buds

Remember Me, the eggnog
we are here during the fall

Remember Me, the eggnog
when close to death we are ignored

Remember Me, the eggnog
I guess you don't

Remember Me, it's you
you bring joy to friends and family

Remember Me, it's you
when you die you are forgotten

Remember Me, it's you
do you want to end up like snails, birds,
and eggnog

Remember Me, it's you
MAKE YOURSELF A LEGACY

Contributor Bios:

Caroline Hervey is a dedicated student currently in her junior year at Bryn Mawr School. She is a music fanatic and had a passion for photography. Caroline lives in Baltimore, Maryland, with her family and two adorable pets whom she spoils 24/7.

Kayla Wilford lives in Baltimore, Maryland. She attends Paul Laurence Dunbar High School. Her hobbies are eating, watching Netflix, sleeping and playing the piano.

Iziah House is a rising senior at the Brooklyn Latin School. He lives in New York City.

Aaron Tan is a high school student at Towson High. He has a dog in America and two cats in China. Aside from participating in the Goucher Writing Workshop, he is also interested in mathematics and linguistics. His favorite video games are Minecraft, League of Legends and Teamfight Tactics.

Rayelle Cato is an aspiring playwright and screenwriter. She attends Bard High School Early College. She lives with her sister and mother. She was born in Staten Island and moved to Baltimore when she was nine. Her hobbies include playing the ukulele, drawing, and watching Netflix.

Audrey Habacon is a 19-year-old incoming college freshman. She lives in the Philippines and will be attending the Ateneo de Manila University with her chosen degree in Legal Management. As an aspiring lawyer and businesswoman, Audrey also has several other interests, some of which include traveling, cooking, and playing sports like softball and golf. When asked about a fun fact about herself, more often than not, you will hear her say, 'I can lick my elbow.'

Cayla Habacon is a 17-year-old senior high school student from the Philippines who has a deep desire of taking up the challenge of combating plastic waste. As a dedicated teen, she is part of several organizations such as Bye bye plastic bags, Lifeline, Bata-batuta, Save Our Surroundings, and Kids for Kids. She loves kids and hopes to be a future pediatrician.

Kamal Quickley is a 10th grade student at Mergenthaler Vocational High School. He loves basketball.

Benjamin Farrell Uscamayta-Alvarado is a 17-year-old, first-generation Peruvian American living in North Potomac, Maryland. He attends Thomas Spriggs Wootton High School and is a rising senior. He retired from soccer and violin, practices a few pieces for the piano, and enjoys watching military documentaries and playing War Thunder and League of Legends.

Nicole Oberle is an 11th grade student at Fairview High School.

Dorien Wallace is a high school student living in Baltimore, MD.

Alana Swinton has three older sisters and two younger step-sisters. She was born in New York and raised in New York and Baltimore. She also is very good at all types of dancing and her interests and hobbies include photography, literature, and publishing



Featuring Work By

Rayelle Cato, Cayla Habacon,

Audrey Habacon, Caroline Hervy,

Iziah House, Nicole Oberle,

Kamal Quickley, Alana Swinston,

Benjamin Uscamayta-Alvarado,

Aaron Tan, Dorien Wallace,

& Kayla Wilford