

Summer 2008

# Simon Says



# Simon Says

\$5

L-r: Derrick Gray, Corey Davis



Front cover, l-r: Trianna Cotton, Kiara Thomas, Myisha Jackson, Janisha Crump

**WELCOME** to the fourth edition of *Simon Says*, the Abram Simon Elementary School literary magazine, written and edited by the students of Simon Elementary. *Simon Says* is published through a collaborative effort between the school and the D.C. Creative Writing Workshop, an independent non-profit working to create a literary renaissance in Southeast Washington. In September 2004, after four years of providing award-winning programming at Charles Hart Middle School, the D.C. Creative Writing Workshop expanded to offer similar programs to students at Simon and at nearby Ballou High School. This year, fifth graders at Simon have devoted themselves to learning the joy of self expression and the power of the written word. *Simon Says* is the result of nearly a year of workshops with professional writers, giving our young writers the opportunity to exercise their creative energies, speak their minds, and be heard by an audience throughout the city.

We have many friends who have helped to make *Simon Says* possible, and we would like to express our gratitude to them. Our sincerest thanks go out to the Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation, Children's Fund of Metropolitan Washington, Community Foundation for the National Capital Region, D.C. Children and Youth Investment Trust Corporation Project My Time, John Edward Fowler Foundation, Rita Susswein Gottesman Fund of the Alexandria Community Trust, Harman Family Foundation, International Monetary Fund, Lucas-Spindletop Foundation, Mattel Children's Foundation, Marpat Foundation, Moran Family Fund, Meyer Foundation, Prince Charitable Trusts, Luther Replogle Foundation, Spring Creek Foundation, Hattie M. Strong Foundation, The Tom Lane Fund, Wachovia Foundation, the Washington Redskins, Wendling Foundation, Weissberg Foundation, The World Bank, Anonymous, Michael Joy and TSCJoy/Monterey, LLC, Sarah Booth and Bloomberg L.P., Wells Fargo Home Mortgage, Karibu Books, GO! Creative, LLC, the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, the Arena Stage, the Shakespeare Theatre, Woolly Mammoth Theater, McGuire Williams Associates, Joyce Page and Ms. Printing, Tollefson & Gustini Investment Management, our friends at Popeye's on Malcolm X Avenue, George and Lenore Cohen, Janet and



James Horgen, LeRoy Eakin III, Fritz Edler, Tom and Carolyn Grey, Lawrence Hoffman, Mark Hollinger and Kathy McNeil Hollinger, Frances Horn, Betsy Karel, Gay and Charlie Lord, Kathy Melrod, Judine Slaughter, Richard Thompson, Juanita Wade, Vera M. White, and Martin Youmans.

Special thanks for the hard work and dedication of the D.C. Creative Writing Workshop Board of Directors: Ajeenah Amir, Mary Ann Brownlow, Bernie Horn, Kathleen Huston, Michael Joy, Joan Kennan, Aileen Morse, Bill Newlin, Dr. Pat Papero, Larry Robertson, Raina Rose Tagle, Nancy Schwalb, and Rosetta Thurman.

We would also like to thank the principal, Dr. Adelaide Flamer and fifth grade teacher Ms. Sheba Tartt-Walker, who are our partners in this endeavor.



Kiara Thomas

# contents

## Stelita Better

My Life .....	1
My Feeling.....	1
I Love .....	4
My Favorite Thing to Do .....	8
The Darkness.....	12
Love.....	14
My Color .....	19
Class .....	19
My Eyes.....	19
It Will Always Be .....	20
My Family .....	20
Something that is white, a cloud .....	24

## Billy Chandler

Dreams.....	5
-------------	---

## Tianna Cotton

Poem #1 .....	26
---------------	----

## Janisha Crump

The Unknown Dream.....	9
Winter in my Brain .....	13
The Other Side of Me .....	15

## Diamonte Dimery

All I Want .....	6
The Game room.....	21

## Jaquan Dunn

Poem #1 .....	22
---------------	----

## Samone Grant

Get Comcast .....	10
The Day Light .....	26



# contents

## Derick Gray

My Room ..... 21

## Myisha Jackson

Dreaming in the Sky ..... 7

## Khalil Jones

World of D.C..... 3

Summer in Georgia..... 13

Angry..... 14

A Cricket ..... 17

Green ..... 18

## Stephon Mingo

Poem #1 ..... 23

## Anthony Simms

Dreams..... 25

## Keyara Snead

Baltimore..... 3

Shoe..... 5

My Seat..... 11

Florida ..... 12

Keyara ..... 16

Life is Sweet ..... 16

The World Will Stay the Same..... 16

## Marcus Jamal Watson

My messy bedroom..... 22

## Takeya Whitlow

All Pink and Blue ..... 7

## Jasmin Williams

I Dream..... 9

Rain Dance ..... 23

Fabulous Me ..... 25



# Simon Says

Summer 2008



Jaster Alexander

## My Life

My life is the darkness in my house,  
a royal big tower, thickness like glass.  
My life whispers for wisdom and silver-gold,  
a shadow on the wall, a fountain that has blood coming out of it.  
My life is sandpaper that I write on.  
My life is not good because my mother and my father  
are not together no more.  
My life is like popcorn popping in the air,  
teardrops coming out of people's eyes.  
People's eyes are bloody because they are sad,  
but my life is peaceful, dotted with animals.

*Stelita Better*

## My Feeling

My feeling is like celebrating my heart.  
My inspiration is my mother and father.  
They are crashing in these homely ways.  
I laugh at mothers who are marching for better life.  
I believe in God because he is my father,  
and he will always be my father no matter what happens.  
I wince at my sister because she is afraid and mad.  
I am not afraid of anything,  
because God told me to not be afraid of anything.  
I behold my heart, because it is alive and cracking at the same time.  
I know I am smart and a butterfly, and I am free.

*Stelita Better*



L-r Samone Grant, Jasmyn Williams, Stehla Better

## World of D.C.

Since I was born in D.C., I've seen glass on the ground,  
Glass broken on somebody's head;  
Some people do not live in D.C.  
because they think about violence,  
But it might be true.  
I've seen a man, and somebody exiled him  
from the world of D.C.  
And you might know that person.

*Khalil Jones*

## Baltimore

Violence, drama  
some house I saw was scarier.  
We have fragments of glass all over the ground.  
Oh, my cousin is left-handed  
and he used it in his fight.  
He punched and kicked and he won.  
I got exiled out of Baltimore.  
Why?

*Keyara Snead*

## I Love

I love my mouth.  
I scream for somebody to help me.  
I say my prayers at night  
so I can be blessed by angels.  
I love my heart  
because it is money.  
I love my hands  
they are crayons  
I love when I cry,  
I will go crazy and my tears are colorful.  
I love my back  
because I have feathers.  
I love my name  
it is a lion in the woods hunting for food.  
I love the outside  
because it is relaxing and refreshing.  
I love beaches  
when me and my family are together.  
I love my nose  
because it helps me smell.  
I love my sister and brother  
even though we fight, we still love each other.  
I love my body  
because it is made out of dragons, lions,  
and one million angels.

*Stelita Better*



David Knight

## Shoe

Shoe, shoe  
if I was a shoe,  
if I was walked on, what would I do?  
I am yellow, brown, white, and red  
the dark closet is my bed.  
The other shoes are so lazy,  
when I go out, I'm so crazy,  
I wash up in the rain,  
when I walk, I get a stain,  
when I tripped  
over the curb  
this happened  
when I skipped—  
Shoe, shoe  
I am a shoe  
Now I know what to do.

*Keyara Snead*

## Dreams

He dreams of being a professional baseball player  
like Jackie Robinson, hitting  
the ball like a rocket flying into space  
  
and running faster than a rock  
coming from a place,  
thrown by a lefty.

*Billy Chandler*

## All I Want

To go to a mall and  
shop around like a bee,

with my black and white  
dress, buying sun  
glasses to match.

To go to a picnic with  
my family and dance until  
it gets dark

and go home and play  
games with my two cousins,  
it's going to be sweet.

Have you ever done the  
same thing like me?

*Kiarra Thomas*

## Street Racer

To be a street racer,  
shifting gears in a muscle car,  
drifting past turns and curves.

When an open bridge is near  
hit the gas and make it across.

*Diamonte Dimery*

## All Pink and Blue

To be a fashion designer wearing all pink  
and blue colors.

In a city that looks like a dream  
castle with a lot of people.

I want to have models in my designs,  
make millions of dollars cause  
people love some pink and blue cloth.

I had pink and blue dresses  
too short, too long, the shirts are pink  
the jeans are blue with pink designs  
and shorts and capris and gauchos.

Have you wished you were pink  
and blue like me?

*Takeya Whitlow*

## Dreaming in the Sky

To fly in the sky like a pink  
eagle. Then to have a video with  
the pink eagle.

I want to see Naomi Campbell  
walk down the walkway wearing pink.

And then go to pink university  
where they make all pink clothes  
for me me me.

I want to be a million pink clothes.

*Myisha Jackson*



Jaquan Dunn

## My Favorite Thing to Do

My favorite thing to do is  
to dream. When I dream,  
I dream about my

family, how they all argue  
and that means me too. But  
when somebody else dreams

their dream is to follow  
somebody else's dream.  
When somebody dreams they

dream about a pencil  
getting sharpened and they  
are imagining if the

pencil can do what  
the people do. So

they get some  
information about  
that and they tell

their parents, but  
you know that  
the parents do  
believe them because

it is a pencil and you  
know pencils just right.

But when you think  
of it, it is like you

forget about your life  
and what you want  
to do in life.

When you think  
of a dream or if  
you imagine a

dream than do  
what you want  
to do in life.

What is your dream?

*Stelita Better*

## I Dream

I dream about being an only child,  
to be daddy's little girl forever  
and be able to go wild-  
even if under the weather.

To make 6 other siblings disappear.

Angry big sister just because I'm a little  
sister too, but I still dream of more  
more of me, myself and I, my goals  
and my fortune. Do you have any  
paper I can borrow?

*Jasmin Williams*

## The Unknown Dream

To fly to space with a four legged monkey  
and a nineteen legged spider.  
The four legged monkey dies without  
oxygen, the nineteen legged spider survives  
from blood.

I want to see if the four legged monkey  
could come back alive and play  
baseball, and hit the smallest planet, Pluto  
until the news changed everything.

The news changed everything,  
they said it's not a planet.

Have you ever played base  
ball on the moon?

*Janisha Crump*

## Get Comcast

Timmy the turtle has DSL,  
which is very slow

Comcast is a much better  
but he doesn't think so

turtles are slow, people are  
fast

if only Timmy the turtle will get  
Comcast

Larry the snail,  
comes to tell Timmy about how  
slow he really is

He says to him it's not good  
and they need to straighten out  
some business.

Timmy does listen but doesn't  
believe that DSL's slow

Larry doesn't give up and says,  
no, no, no!

Larry slides to the computer  
and turns it on

Timmy watches while  
the day goes along,

the computer is slow  
because it's DSL

Larry tells Timmy its  
going to be forever before  
the computer turns on.

Timmy says too bad, I don't  
care, so be gone.

Larry gives up, he tried  
his best.

He leaves and goes to  
take a rest.

*Samone Grant*

## My Seat

I stick to my seat  
I move my feet  
I move to the beat  
I stick to my seat

I stick to the seat  
I have cleaned the room  
I stick to the seat  
With the broom

I love my seat  
It is a chair  
I stick to my seat  
People like to stare

My seat my seat  
My seat and me  
We sting so hard  
We sting like a bee

*Keyara Snead*



Derick Gray

## Florida

I like Florida, it's so good.  
Should I go back? I should, I should!  
It's so pretty,  
it's like a big city.

The air smells like chicken  
Mickey and Minnie sometimes be picking  
on people. My hotel room was so nice,  
the only thing big was the price.

The carpet was clean  
even in between.  
The place was hot  
if you like it or not.

Too much sun  
but a lot of fun.  
That's the end,  
you're my friend.

*Keyara Snead*

## The Darkness

Darkness made out of needles  
Empty rooms that children don't know about  
It is unforgiving walls  
Blizzards that scare me.

Loneliness in the darkness  
When I blink, there are tornadoes coming toward me  
It is untouchable pictures that you cannot see  
It is midnight, I can't see, so you are asleep in the darkness.

*Stelita Better*

## Winter in my Brain

Winter in my brain  
doing everything in my mind  
Snowing, raining, storming  
I can't concentrate with all this on my mind  
All this darkness  
It's an empty room in my mind  
Oh my God! I'm seeing things  
the darkness is killing me  
Winter in my mind

*Janisha Crump*

## Summer in Georgia

Summer in Georgia  
sitting in the house  
saving myself from the sun  
Sitting down in the house  
made by my family  
it's made good to the point  
where we can survive  
But it does not have  
what we need in that state—  
an air conditioner to save us  
from the sun  
This is why when I visit  
my family  
I stay in the house and sleep  
and come out like a bat and play

*Khalil Jones*



Eugene Jones

## Angry

I am angry now  
as my bones are thrown in the flame,  
Guns going off in my brain.  
We think we know how it feels  
to be the oldest,  
If you have brothers or sisters  
you're in for a pain.  
They did something and blame it on you  
For what? To make you mad.

*Khalil Jones*

## Love

Love is a bright, yellow and crowded heart.  
It is an overdrive cop, trying to break you apart.  
It is a memory of a song.  
It is an animal calling you a lovely white city.  
Love is a rainbow that you love.  
Love is like money that scares you in the dark.  
Love is like a phone ringing in your ear  
telling you to get up in the morning.  
It is all about love in your body  
to make you proud.

*Stelita Better*

## The Other Side of Me

I may be mean on the outside,  
but on the inside, I'm very nice.  
In my brain, what am I?

I'm a person of color and a shadow of darkness  
I may be goofy  
but during work I'm very smart.  
Nobody can stop me from doing that.

I may live in a bad hood, but guess what?  
My hood is just like yours.  
Now I got all this on my mind  
It's making me go crazy  
like that empty room being  
filled up in that little boy's head  
Just like mine.

Oh my, are they bad or good?  
Okay, I'm alright—  
It's just my imaginary thinking.  
This is not my mouth  
it's a daydream  
so all the readers get over it  
and  
I have no other side of me.

*Janisha Crump*



Stelita Better

## Keyara

Hi, my name is Keyara.  
My favorite teacher was Ms. Anderson.  
She died right in front of the class.  
Another thing is, I had a dog  
but my mom gave him away  
because we were moving to another house.  
My heart is frozen shut.

*Keyara Snead*

## Life is Sweet

Today is sunny and I am very happy.  
I feel great and today is Monday and Sunday.  
I feel extremely radiant, like the sun without burning.  
I feel like a daisy without the bee.  
In the evening, I feel like fall  
because fall is a very relaxing season.  
And when I go to sleep,  
I feel like I am lying on the beach in spring.  
Life is sweet.

*Keyara Snead*

## The World Will Stay the Same

When it rains or snows  
there will be a mess.  
But the world will stay the same.  
When there is something wrong  
the wind will howl.  
But the world will stay the same.  
When the trees burn down  
the world will stay the same.

*Keyara Snead*

## A Cricket

You hear something in your house,  
so you go see what it is about.  
You look on the ground and  
all around  
And still can't find that noise,  
you look on your bathroom  
floor and you see a cricket.

*Khalil Jones*



L-r: Samone Grant, Jasmyn Williams, Stelita Better

## Green

And you live your life like the green  
trees in the sky,  
brave like a skier going down a slope.  
Irish green a bug in  
the air, lonely just like a tree.

And brave,  
brave,  
brave as green  
cool as green

And I don't want to be brown like  
the dirt off the ground  
not even navy blue like a flower on a tree

brave,  
brave,  
brave as green  
cool as green

Cause I'm brave means I will  
not fall down, but stand tall  
so don't disrespect me or the color  
green, just be cool.

*Khalil Jones*



Jantsha Crump

## My Color

My color burgundy is dark  
It is like the moon in the sky  
Burgundy is a frosted chocolate ice cream  
with a cherry on top  
Burgundy is like a dark color from the woods  
It is an eggshell buried in the sand  
It is a burgundy gun, pointing to you in your face  
Burgundy is a color melting over your head.

*Stelita Better*

## Class

A girl in the corner was not happy.  
I said, "Are you not happy because you don't have happiness in your body?"  
She said, in the corner dark with shadows, "I just want to be left alone."

*Stelita Better*

## My Eyes

My eyes are closed.  
I see lights that are flashing.  
I see candles that are mean and dark.  
I see blackberries on the table.  
I go outside, I see roses that come out of the ground.  
When it comes from out of the ground, it is on fire.  
When it rains, the fire goes out and the rose is burnt.  
When I open my eyes, it is sunny.  
When I open my eyes, I see happiness.  
I see butterflies flying through the air.  
But I see my family sad when I open my eyes,  
that is the sad thing.

*Stelita Better*

## It Will Always Be

It will always be learning in school  
It will be an iceberg dropping on my head  
It will be sun in my face to wake me up in the morning to go to school  
It will be somebody by my side when I need help  
It will be purple laughter all around me  
There will always be people helping homeless people out when they have no food to eat, no home to stay in

*Stelita Better*

## My Family

My family had melted.  
There are melted by the heat.  
They are frozen in the cold.  
They were blue when they were watching TV.  
They are guys that are dolls that people play with.  
They are dinosaur eggs that will crack in the sun.  
When they read a book, they cry every time.  
When they go outside, they feel scared like mice.  
When they get up in the morning, they always fight.  
At midnight, they sleep with a goat on the bed.  
They are crazy—when I see them every day.

*Stelita Better*



L-R: Eugene Jones, Marcus Watson, David Knight

## The Game room

I have a city make over on the wall.  
The black bed is on the right side.  
The brown TV is on the left side.  
The bed smells bland.  
I have a green Nintendo 64.  
There is a car collection.  
I have covers that smell fresh.  
The bed feels soft.  
The room is cold in mornings, hot at night.  
It is a bumpy bed.  
It tastes like chocolate.

*Diamonte Dimery*

## My Room

The fly on the wall in my room  
My room is green  
With a green floor  
And it smells sweet and it sounds peaceful  
It is fresh, soft, and pretty  
It is the best bedroom in the world  
I got a lot of sheets in my closet  
and a play station in my room and a flatscreen TV  
My bed is green, blue and white.

*Derick Gray*

## My messy bedroom

My room has two beds.  
My bed has spider-man covers and my brother has green army covers.  
My room has two small TV's and a carpet.  
We also have a lamp.  
I have a dresser and two windows. I have two hampers.  
My bed has lots of teddy bears and a lot of shirts and pants.  
And we have a scary closet filled with clothes and coats.  
We have a clock radio.  
I have shoes that smell nasty.  
The walls are bumpy and hard.  
My dresser is hard and brown and made out of wood  
and some of the drawers are broken.  
I have dirty clothes all over the hard floor.  
The carpet is bumpy and green.  
The floor is wooden and brown.  
My door is made out of wood and the lock is broken  
and the door knob is jigglely when you open it.  
The walls are blue.  
We also have a fan, a heater and an air conditioner.  
My room is messy.  
I have spider-man video games too.

*Marcus Jamal Watson*

## Poem #1

My real name is Jaquan Dunn  
Yesterday my name was Tech. O  
Today my name is Mysterio  
Tomorrow my name will be Jaquan pants Dunnbob  
Secretly, I know my name is Invisible man  
My name once was Peter  
My mom/dad/spouse/friend thinks my name is Patrick  
My name means squidward  
In my dreams my name is Pressssent

*Jaquan Dunn*

## Poem #1

I wish I get a new house without one mouse  
I wish I had a million dollar so I could be in the pop my collar

I wish my neighborhood  
I'm so hood  
Al the money on men pocket so fat  
It don't make no sense  
I want my license  
I wish my country  
I wish everyone could have a bike  
Me and my family could go on a hike  
I wish people don't fall  
Why do we have to walk the wall

*Stephon Mingo*

## Rain Dance

Rain is beautiful.  
Rain whispers my name.  
Rainy days are the best days.  
I see a face dancing and singing in the rain.  
It sings to me.  
Rain is my best friend.  
I see rain often.  
We dance to the rain song.  
When summer comes, rain will move a way  
But I will always remember... The Rain Dance

*Jasmin Williams*



L-r: Trianna Cotton,  
Myisha Jackson,  
Janisha Crump,  
Takeya Whitlow

## Something that is white, a cloud

The cloud is a puffy pillow that is white and feels good.  
The cloud is a taste that is a cotton candy.  
The cloud is white desert that is beautiful and big.  
It is a white treasure made of a dragon's eye.  
It is a white paper that is blank.  
The cloud is snow on a white star.  
The cloud is a white fog with a little cat foot.  
It is a big tornado heading this way with a wildlife wind.  
It is white people singing a song while it is swooning rain.  
It is something that is white, a cloud.

*Stelita Better*



L-r: Trianna Cotton, Mytisha Jackson, Janisha Crump, Takeya Whitlow

## Fabulous Me

My dream is the dream of a lifetime.  
Overly excited and full of energy.  
Dear to be fabulous is my motto.  
Everyone cheers my name as I walk down the runway.  
Lovely roses that I get from my fans.  
I appreciate this wonderful opportunity.  
Never, have I felt this excitement before.  
Giving is getting in my world.

Caring and sharing is beauty in my eyes.  
A new day in Paris, France for a new show tonight.  
Rushing to get dressed and ready to go.  
Every night I dream of what to do next.  
Excited and nervous, happy and afraid of everything.  
Rough as boys and sweet as honey but modeling completes me.

*Jasmin Williams*

## Dreams

My dreams are to be super fast and control fire with my hands.  
Wow! That is a call man and my dream is to be rich.  
And my last name will be Smith.  
So, I know you will get bad and I will be sad.  
Do not ask me for money, I knew you were going to ask me, I have  
twenty.

*Anthony Simms*

## The Day Light

The sky is a clear blue sky in the day.  
At noon the sky turns purple and orange.  
At night, the sky is sparkly with stars.  
Boom! I hear thunderstorms coming in and the sky turns grey and dark.  
When it is over I love to look at the sky and picture myself wandering on the clouds.  
The clouds are fluffy and white.  
I tasted it.  
It is cotton candy.  
To my surprise I found out that I ate all of the cloud that I was standing on.  
I fell down with a gentle joy.

*Samone Grant*

## Poem #1

I wish...  
I wish my family will not be alone.  
I wish I will become grown.  
My dog wishes she had the sand and bone.  
I wish my neighborhood would stop having a war.  
I wish my neighbor would stop slamming their door.  
I wish my neighborhood would be creative to draw.  
I wish my neighborhood would not fight no more.  
I wish the country would be free.  
I wish the country would agree.  
I wish the country could think like me!  
I wish the country's blind people could see.

*Tianna Cotton*



Jantsha Crump



L-r: Jaquan Dunn, Corey Davis,  
Anthony Simms, Samone Grant, Jasmin Williams, Stelita Better

## Your contributions help make *Simon Says* possible!

The D.C. Creative Writing Workshop is a non-profit organization dedicated to providing quality creative writing instruction to students in economically underserved areas of Washington D.C. One hundred percent of every donation goes directly toward our creative writing programs at Charles Hart Middle School, Simon Elementary, and Ballou High School, allowing our students to work with professional writers-in-residence in the classroom, the Drama Club, the Writing Club, and the Literary Magazine Club.

Show your support for *Simon Says* by mailing your tax-deductible contribution to:

The D.C. Creative Writing Workshop  
601 Mississippi Avenue, SE  
Washington, D.C. 20032

If you have books or equipment to donate, call us at: 202-445-4280.

Or check us out on the web at [www.dccww.org](http://www.dccww.org)



This magazine was made possible by funding from:

Anonymous

Bloomberg L.P.

Morris & Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation

DC Children and Youth Investment Trust Corporation

John E. Fowler Memorial Foundation

Harman Family Foundation

International Monetary Fund (IMF) Civic Program

Meyer Foundation

Metropolitan Children's Fund of Greater Washington

Prince Charitable Trust

Luther I. Replogle Foundation

Spring Creek Foundation

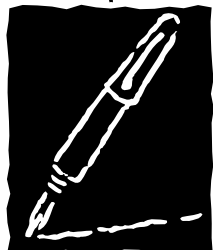
Hattie M. Strong Foundation

Weissberg Foundation

Wendling Foundation

The World Bank

**D.C. CREATIVE**



**WRITING WORKSHOP**