

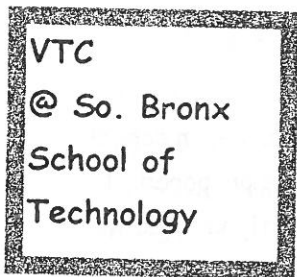
VTC @ So. Bx.

School of
Technology

writing workshop

with

Thelma Thomas



A Waterways Project
Publication
Richard Spiegel
Barbara Fisher
codirectors
Thomas Perry
administrative assistant

Thelma Thomas, Waterways' visiting artist

Dave Casey and Harvey Kaminsky, site teachers

Alan Werner, Principal, NYC VTC

Loretta White, Assistant Principal, NYC VTC

Richard Organisciak, Superintendent
Alternative, Adult and Continuing Education
Schools and Programs

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Orlando Lopez

The best mark I ever got in school was in gym. I was always prepared. I loved gym. My favorite thing to do was to play basketball. I also liked to play volleyball a lot.

We got along good with the gym teacher. We all used to wrestle with him and throw him down to the floor.

I got an A in gym, but my parents were happier when I got an 85 in science. It was an Earth Science class and the teacher was good. She knew what she was doing and made class interesting.

Rickford Atherton

One day in a basketball game, I was playing like Michael Jordan. Shootin' the ball just like Mike. No guards could guard me on the court; or stop me when I drove to the basket. I was getting fouled and still making the shots.

At the end of second half I was bringing my team to a national championship for the first time in my life. I was still playing like Michael Jordan throughout the whole game.

There were NBA coaches watching me to see if they wanted me on their team, to bring their teams to the NBA championship.

I am the next Michael Jordan.

Juan Cintron

My First School

When I was five years old, I was living in the Bronx; and my grandmother told me I was going to go to school. I was happy because my sister, Jeanette, was already in school. She told me that she liked school, so I was excited about going to school, too.

The day I was to go to school my grandmother woke me up early and I put on my special school clothes, and happily went to the front door of my apartment and told my grandmother to hurry up.

Luckily, my school, PS 50, was right across the street from where I lived. The kids lined up ready to go into the building.

What I really remember was even though I was happy at home when I had to go to school, I started to cry. I remember that even though I enjoyed school, every day my grandmother walked away I started to cry. In fact, one time I cried so much the principal had to call my grandmother to pick me up.

Now that I am older, I can still remember how I cried when going into school. I guess I really loved my grandmother, and didn't want to be separated from her.

Raymond Cardona

Reality

I can't write now and don't ask me why.
Maybe I'm in love . . . Not!

Sometimes I seem to lose my grip on reality so I pinch myself to wake up, because I know it's a dream.

People who don't know me well think I have problems. These same people are afraid of me, maybe because of the way I dress. But I know that my mind drifts and I confuse my dreams with reality.

My dreams are about money, clothes and girls. As soon as I get my diploma and learn construction skills my dreams will become a reality.

Jesus Ruis

When I was 7 I lived with my grandmother. There was a house full of girls. I was the only boy. They were all my cousins. One was 7, one was 5, and my aunt was 19.

Around Christmas time we always used to wonder if Santa Claus was real. We used to try to investigate. We stayed up when they told us to, "Go to sleep or Santa Claus will not leave you any presents." But we wanted to see if we could catch them wrapping the presents.

My grandmother was real good. As much as we would look, we could never find any gifts hidden away. I still don't know where she put them. I'm going to ask her today.

Corey Adamson

My First Christmas

I was five years old, and living in Queens. I was into wrestling and wanted a Hulk Hogan Action Figure.

I remember being up early on Christmas thinking whether Santa was going to bring me the toy or whether my mother would do it.

I was really upset and mad at Santa Claus and my mother. We were going to write a letter to Santa in the North Pole to complain about his not bringing my toy.

I remember being in my room all day and my mother made me some hot chocolate and cookies to make me feel better.

She said everything was going to be all right. She told me that she didn't think Santa forgot about me, but that he had so many other children to visit who did not have a mother to take care of them.

Even to this day I think about that Christmas and how I was so disappointed that day.

Trevance Mohammed

The Best Christmas I Ever Had

When I was 14 years old I had my best Christmas ever. Everything I asked for I got that day. The thing I wanted the most was Super Nintendo. In our house our parents only wrapped a couple of things to put under the tree, usually clothes.

So at first I was upset because my parents told me that Super Nintendo was sold out. After we all opened our gifts my parents brought in a Super Nintendo for me. I was happy and mad at the same time. They had made me sad, but when I saw it, I had to be happy. I played with it for a month.

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