

HULLABALOO!  
2017



*Hullabaloo!*  
A Friendship Academy  
Student Literary Arts Magazine  
Spring 2017

The Watson Institute  
Friendship Academy  
255 S Negley Ave  
Pittsburgh, PA 15206







# ARTISTS!

Devin D.

Demond M.

Che K.

Anna R.

Shaquwan P.

Josh P.

Tamere L.

Ryen B.

Kendra H.

Robert P.

Ralph S.

Tajah W.

Daymonte H.

Tionje S.

Tre M.

# MORE ARTISTS!

Marcus J.

Greg S.

Zion P.

Ian B.

Jeffrey L.

Jashaun A.

Brenden C.

Heizichiah C.

Tracey R. J.

Shamar L.

Sheldon R.

Benjamin R.

Sally S.

Davion T.

Inaya W.



DEVIN D.

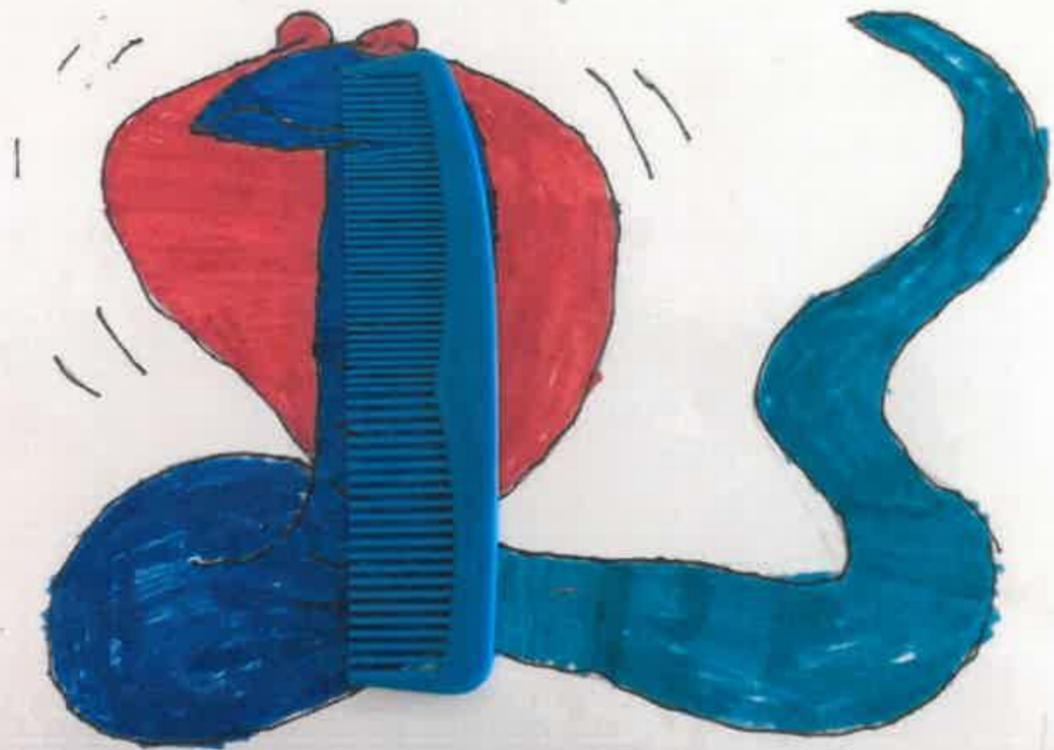
## The Hunt

Hello, my name is Billy Bob Joe. I am pretty tired because I was up all night studying birds. Studying birds is called ornithology. By the way, it's not as easy as you might think. Studying birds takes patience and stealth. I barely sleep because I work so hard—I don't have any time. The bad part for me is I have some enemies: a pack of wolves who always chase me when I'm bird-searching.

I go to the forest because that's where the bird I'm looking for lives: the Emerald Eagle. It's very hard even for me, and I'm a professional ornithologist. When I find the bird I'm looking for, I'm going to retire—maybe keep the bird as a pet, or maybe I'll sell him to a museum (and become a millionaire, of course). It has a gold-plated beak, emeralds on his head and neck and an emerald-plated chest—emeralds on its toenails, and diamonds on its feathers and its feet. One day, too, I'll get married. I'll have kids. I love kids even though I have none of my own.

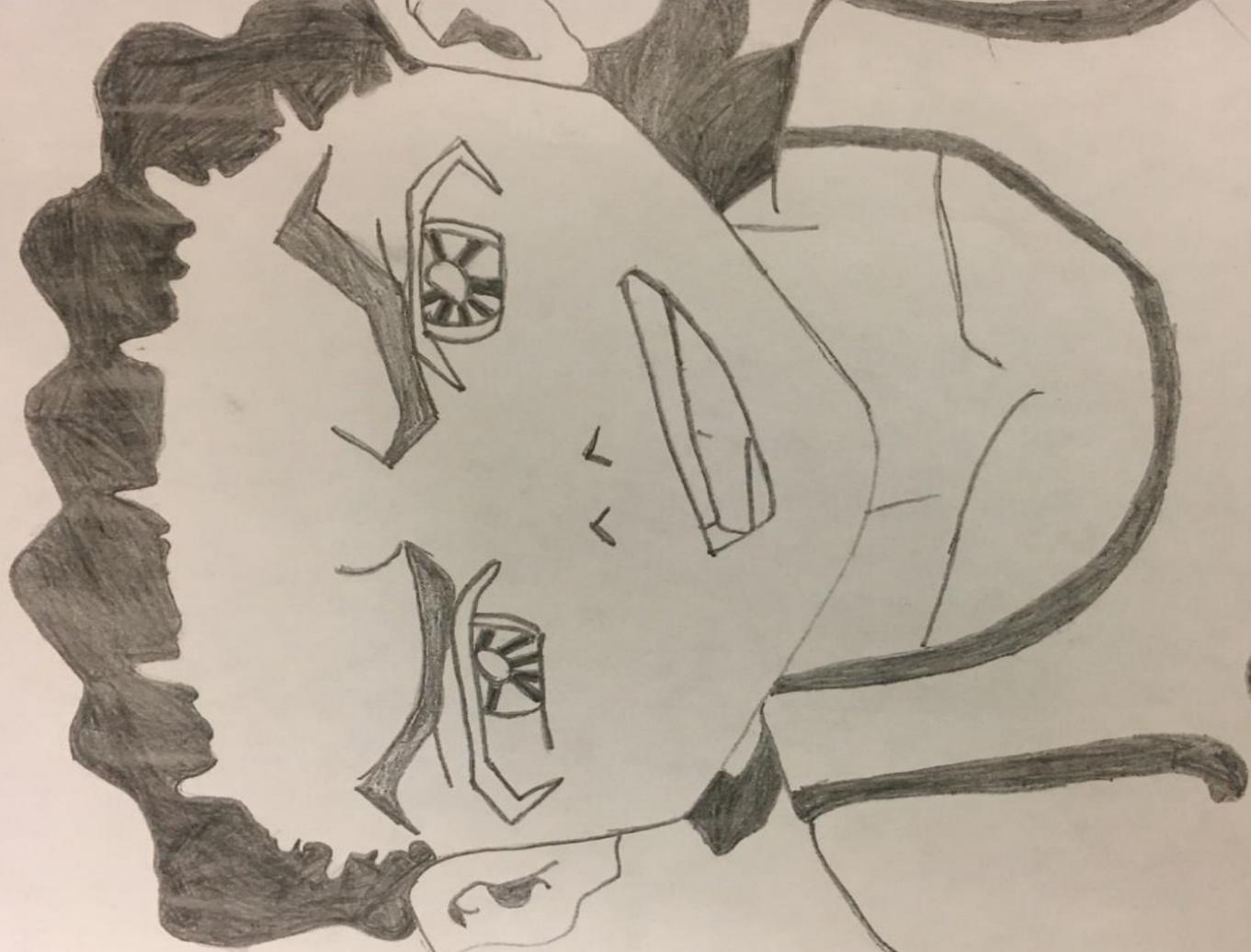
MIXED MEDIA

BY DEMOND M.



PENCIL ILLUSTRATION

BY CHE K.



2015

WAVE CAT, OIL PASTEL ILLUSTRATION

BY ANNA R.



SHAQUWUAN P.

# My Dad's Hands

My dad's hands are large  
and greasy.

He uses them to cook  
at Fat Heads—  
cheese fries, pizza, and burgers,  
onion rings, cheese sticks,  
fish sticks and pierogis.

In the summer  
he plays football with me,  
teaches me how to catch.

My dad's hands show  
he's a hard worker.

JOSH P.

## Holy Guacamole!

Hi, Kris Booth here. I'll tell you a little about myself: I'm a coloring book designer from Pittsburgh. Oh, and I only eat avocados. I draw only avocados—guacamole, green machine smoothies, the raw fruit. They're all I can think of, all I can eat. My entire life is the avocado! I used to be a pretty famous guy, but now I'm washed up. Done. People stopped buying my coloring books. I don't know why.

OIL PASTEL ILLUSTRATION

BY TAMERE L.



RYEN B.

## Father of One

71 miles per hour—I wrecked  
My pocket rocket after  
Speeding down a hill.  
Garbage cans and houses whipped by.

My dad fixed it.  
He disassembled  
Then reassembled the bike  
His hands rough, dry,  
Covered in dirt and oil.

I knew he could fix it,  
And he looked to me  
Without yelling.

KENDRA H.

## **[Until after a while]**

Until after a while  
my big red heart  
turned back into that black hole  
a black hole  
and a body filled with  
selfishness and a careless soul.

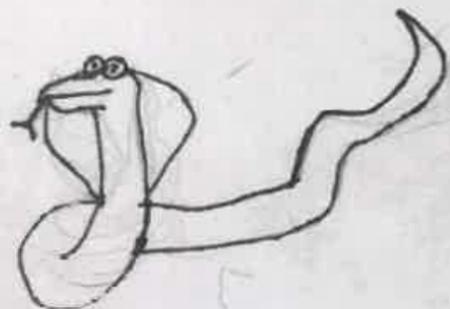
# WATERCOLOR AND PENCIL ILLUSTRATION

BY ROBERT P.



MIXED MEDIA

BY RALPH S.



TAJAH W.

# The Girl Who Ran Away

The girl who ran away  
feeling lost and confused  
run, run, runs with no shoes  
Trees and trees in the way.  
Where to go on this beautiful day?  
Tears fill her eyes.  
What a surprise—  
the girl who ran away.

3 pm she's still running.  
She stopped, out of breath  
and put her hand on her tummy.  
Where to go next?

She's huffing and puffing  
and getting hungry.

Berries and apples on trees  
yummy gummy yummy—  
The girl who ran away.

Sores and burns on her feet—  
what can she do to beat the heat?  
Going on 7 pm—she sees a cabin  
with lights on,  
runs to the door.  
The cabin is empty.  
She goes in, sees a bed,  
takes a nap and has a dream in her head—  
The girl who ran away.

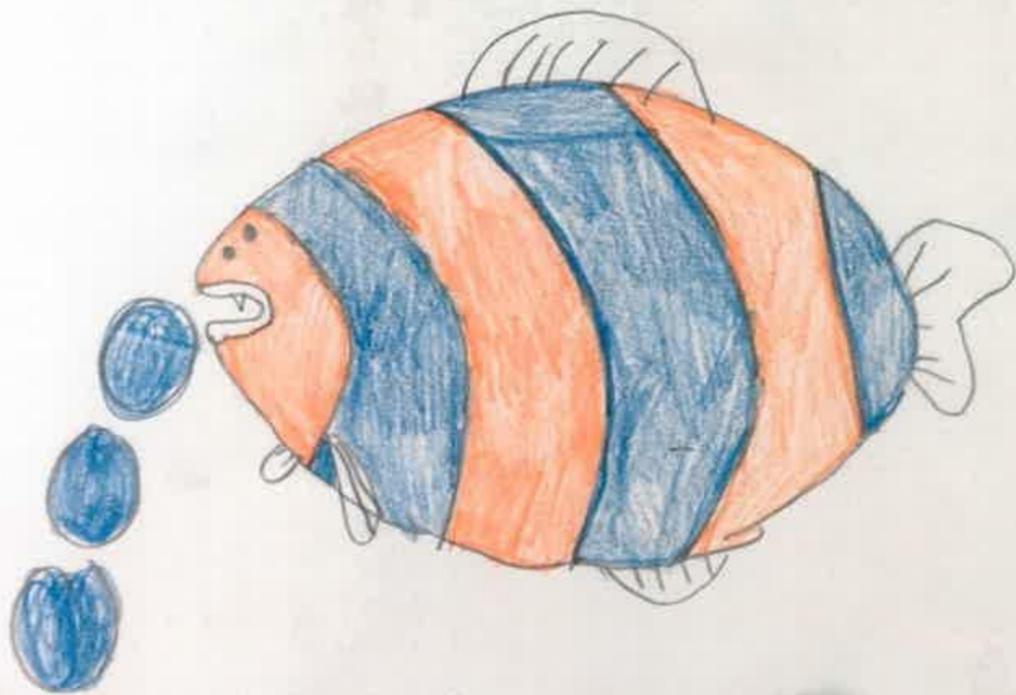
PENCIL ILLUSTRATION

BY DAYMONTE H.



COLORED PENCIL ILLUSTRATION

BY TIONJE S.



## Untitled

the bird's chirping and no  
one's working but sitting  
in the tall grass as time  
flows past.

when i look around,  
there's nothing to grasp.  
my life flies by as i stay  
in the past.

the wall that splits  
life and death is as  
thin as glass it's harder  
than steel and lighter

than a feather still as  
the water until it's  
someone's time to wither.  
and after someone passes

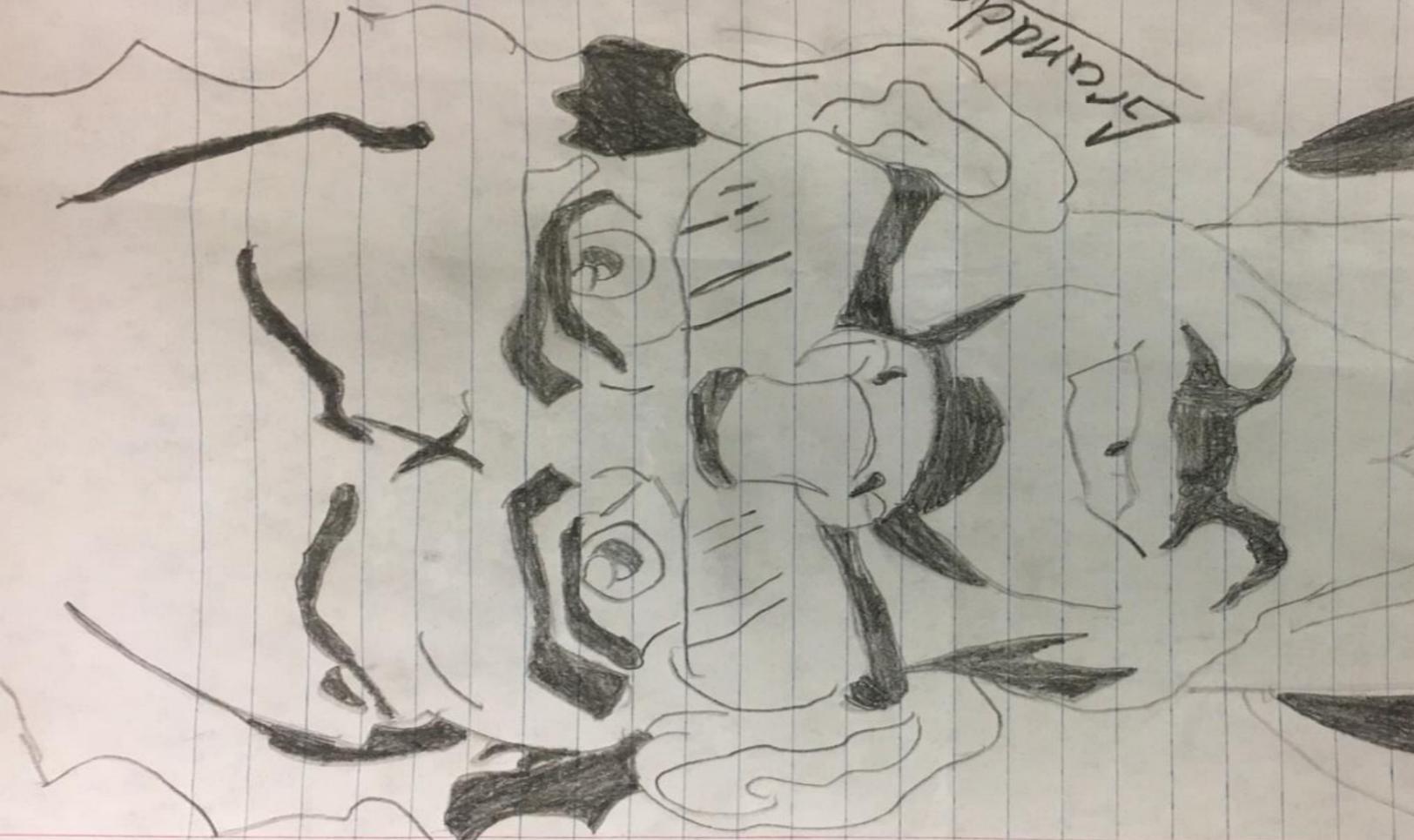
through the glass that splits  
life and death I look back  
at the sky and no time  
seemed to pass but

one thing changed, the bird.

PENCIL ILLUSTRATION

BY CHE K.

Granddad



DEVIN D.

## Where I'm From

I am from Monroeville  
From Pitcarin and New Kensington.

I am from TV dinners.  
(Barbeque ribs, corn,  
a brownie.)

I am from the white house  
the middle of the block,  
whose friends I remember  
as if they were my own.

I'm from the brutal neighborhood  
From blood and flesh.  
I am from the aftermath  
And mango juice

From *Wake up! And Get down!*

I'm from Tupac

Eazy-E

And Six Four.

I'm from muddy stuffed bears and torn couches,

Fried chicken and dirty sewers.

From my nana's job at the chocolate factory

To her lullaby

The 'don't you cry.'

Under my bed was broken glass,

Blood stains,

And cold stones.

I am from those moments—

Stuck in my family tree.

MARCUS J.

## **If God Looks at My Life**

If God were looking at my life,  
he'd wonder why I'm still in the same spot and not booming  
like I'm supposed to be. He would understand that I am  
awesome and amazing.

He'd know that the way things have gone for me—they've gone  
not as  
planned.

He'd remember how things went when I was very little, like when  
I got what I wanted. He'd know that I am a very  
special hybrid.

If God were looking at my life, he'd know that my life is going to change.  
I will make money and plan to enjoy fame. I will rise up.

If God were looking at my life, he'd know how hard it is to change.  
God knows that people who can't see the beauty that shines within are  
stupid.

God would want me to understand that life is about living the struggle, rising up,  
and staying humble.

If God opened a door for me, it would lead me to fame, money, and happiness.

GREG S.

## Kaycee

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Kaycee from Mars. Kaycee was a girl who had a problem with lying. Kaycee lied so much, no one wanted to be her friend. Kaycee became depressed and all she did was become an unemployed couch potato. One day Kaycee decided to go outside to make friends. As she was walking down the street, she met her favorite celebrity. Kaycee was so excited, she jumped up and down, making a fool out of herself. They laughed so hard, and she was embarrassed. She ran home.

ZION P.

## **Courage and Fear**

If my life I've known Courage. We met on my first day at Friendship Academy.  
I was dressed for success in my best khaki pants and fresh collared shirt.  
Nowadays, Courage is not considered cool, but I  
find Courage when I'm at school.

In my life, I've known Fear.  
We met when I was walking down the street, and a dog was running right at me.  
These days, Fear is running  
right  
after  
me.

Fear can find me  
when my P.O. comes to school to test me.  
Throughout my 18 years, I have learned that Courage and Fear are different.

When Courage tells me not to smoke, Fear butts right in and tells me to smoke  
as ash falls to the ground.

As I prepare myself to walk down the aisle and receive my hard-earned diploma,  
I have resolved to listen to Courage. Fear will no longer stifle my breath.  
No one will stop me from knowing Courage...

Not the P.O., the cigarette butt,  
Not the dog running toward me.

IAN B., RYEN B., DEVIN D., CHE K., JEFFREY L.,  
SHAQUWUAN P., JOSH P., & GREG S.

# A Sports Rap

Soccer, tennis, golf, track and field  
Talkin' bout football, hockey, baseball, basketball

Tommy Brady won the Super Bowl  
Sidney Crosby shot a goal  
Michael Jordan, LeBron James  
Both are kings of the Hall of Fame

Soccer, tennis, golf, track and field  
Talkin' bout football, hockey, baseball, basketball

Tiger Woods will shoot for par  
Usain Bolt – faster than a car  
Williams sisters play down under  
Ronaldo's kicks bring the thunder

Soccer, tennis, golf, track and field  
Talkin' bout football, hockey, baseball, basketball

Mohammad Ali's moves are tight  
Mike Tyson loves to fight  
Big Ben and Stephan Curry  
Both are good, only one is worthy

Soccer, tennis, golf, track and field  
Talkin' bout football, hockey, baseball, basketball

JASHAUN A., BRENDEN C., HEIZICHIAH C., TRACEY R. J., SHAMAR L.,  
SHELDON R., BENJAMIN R., SALLY S., DAVION T., & INAYA W.

# A Hungry Rap

Ice cream, whipped cream, what a team, it's a dream  
Talkin' bout ice cream, whipped cream, what a team, it's a dream

Feelin' kinda hungry  
I'm about to eat  
Need to get some steak  
Some kinda meat

Ice cream, whipped cream, what a team, it's a dream  
Talkin' bout ice cream, whipped cream, what a team, it's a dream

I'mma drink some juice  
To wash it down  
Food makes my frown  
Turn upside down

Ice cream, whipped cream, what a team, it's a dream  
Talkin' bout ice cream, whipped cream, what a team, it's a dream

McDonald's, KFC, Taco Bell  
Doritos Locos, how I love the smell  
Arby's, Subway, Chic Fi La  
I could eat there every day

Ice cream, whipped cream, what a team, it's a dream  
Talkin' bout ice cream, whipped cream, what a team, it's a dream

KENDRA H.

## **[I'm now all grown up]**

I'm now all grown up  
Being the beautiful woman  
God said and determined I would be  
And not the screw up  
Satan wanted  
And tried to make me out to be.









