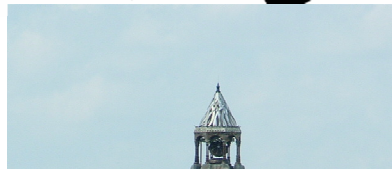
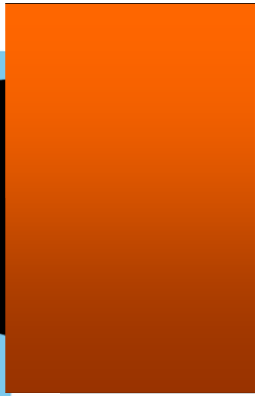
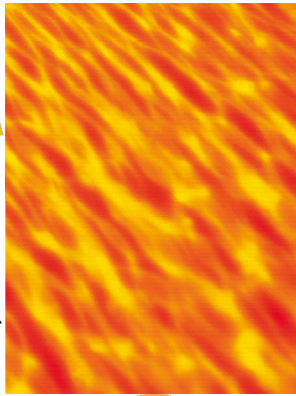
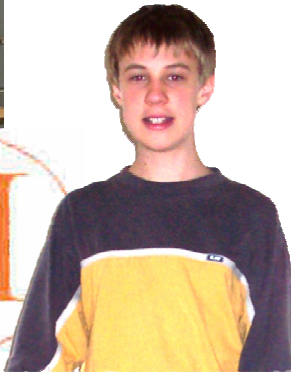


My Inner Stalker



ME!

The Diary of MICHAEL PLASMEIER



I push your buttons,
I stare at you,
You provide me all the ches,
You do my work,
You save my life,
Oh without you, life would suck!

So it goes on,
Another world you let me see,
Oh how happy I'd be,
You find my mistakes,
Lose them in green,
You provide my escape.

So, what is you?
You are nothing but...
A 1,000 dollar piece of metal, plastic, wires,
Sitting, staring, staring,
Upon my desk,
Nothing but a laptop computer.

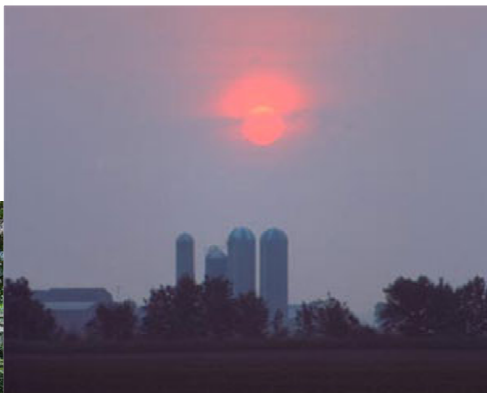




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I am

I am

I am

**I pretend that I am special and unique.
I wonder what makes people religious.
I hear the voice of thousands calling my name.
I see people beneath me
I pretend that I am special and unique.**

I am

**I feel sad that not everyone cares
I reach... I touch the sky.
I worry life will be different later on...
I pretend that I is special and unique.**

**I understand that everyone is different
I say that the world could be a better place
I dream all which is above.
I try to reach my dreams.
I hope that I can try to reach my dreams.
I pretend that I am special and unique.**

I am

I am special and unique.

I am

I am

I am

I am



I am



Who I used to Be

Me.
Me.
Looking in...

Innocent.
Running...

Running all around.

Good times... Good
times...
Going down the street.

Summer...
Summer.
Summer.

Splashing...
Splashing in the kiddie
pool.
Running on the grass.
Running...
Running.

Traveling...
Traveling all around.
Going far away.
Being with the family.
Flying across the pond.

Playing.
Splashing.
Running.
Traveling.

Summer.

Me.
Me.
In a time long ago.



Love

Companionship.
Friendly, Trustworthy.
Loving, Wanting, Feeling.
Being Together Forever.
One.

Hate

Being stuck alone
Only one there
Read everything
Empy TiVo list
Done! Now there's nothing left
to do ☹☹☹

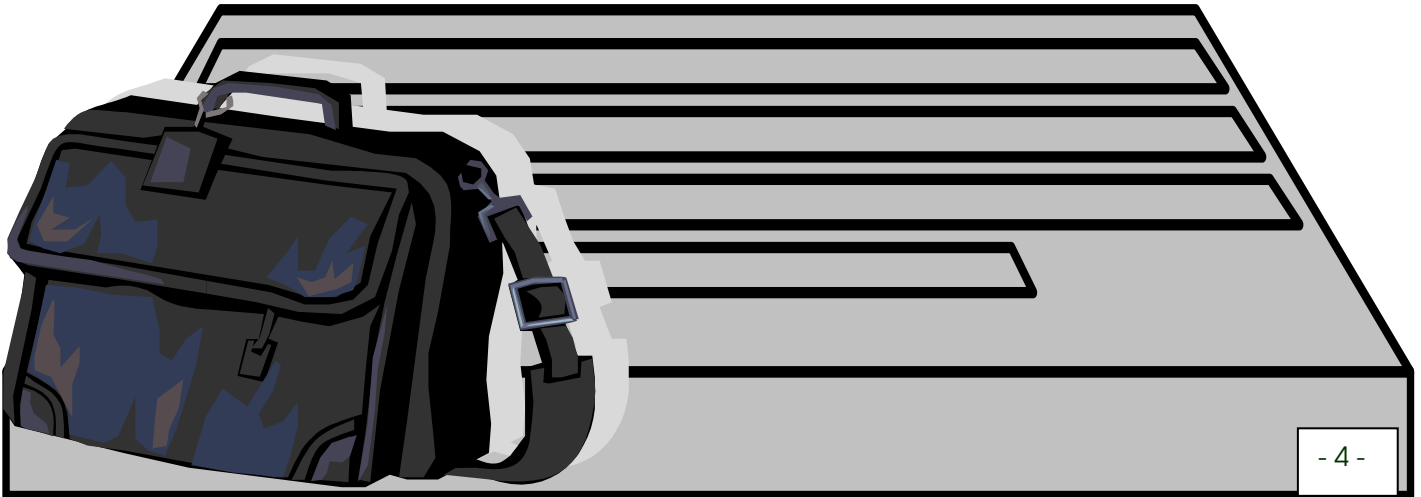


Who do I Appreciate

I push your buttons,
I stare at you.
You provide me all the clues.
You do my work,
You saved my life.
Oh without you, life would suck!

So life goes on...
Another world you let me see,
Oh how happy I'd be.
You find my mistakes,
Line them in green.
You provide my escape.

So, what is you?
You are nothing but...
A 1,000 dollar piece of metal, plastic, wires.
Sitting, staring, storing,
Upon my desk.
Nothing but a laptop computer.



I am Like this Color

I am orange and brown,
Bright and dull,
Attention-grabbing and boring.
Catch me in my moment,
And I shine bright and noticeable.

Or on a Monday morning, half-asleep,
Committed to my work,
I am rather dull and brown.

The 2 colors go well together,
Thought sometimes they clash.
Train-wreck!
2 personalities sometimes work.
Sometimes not.

Well, that is me,
Orange and Brown.



When I'm Alone/Sad Days

When I'm alone,
I'm in my sad place.
The world is on my shoulders...
Alone,
Separate.
The weight of 10 tons is upon me.
Everyone has their problems.
No one wants to help me.

I cry a river...
Alone,
In my room,
Alone.

My problems... their problems...
A world full of problems,

Is what we share.
Rivers full of problems,
Breaking down the door of my
place.

The walls are closing in.
I can't stop them, hold them.
They choke me.
Trap me.

No one to help me.
The whole world hates me.
I am alone.
Alone.
Alone.



MY SPECIAL PLACE

**My special place,
In my world.
Alone.**

**No one can touch me here,
Separate from my problems.
Separate from other people.
Alone.**

**In this sacred place,
I escape.
Separate.
Where is it you ask?
Alone.**

**Separate from the world,
In a different place.
I can't reveal the location,
Only I know.
My special place.
Alone.**

**I escape from the world,
Do my own thing.
Sit and think,
About my problems.
Reflect on my life.
Sit around.
Alone.**

Happy Days

The wind whispers over the bridge.
The belt groans over my weight,
Traveling back and forth over the ridge.
Time to get off, adventures await.

The sky loves me,
It smiles down at me.
The rain is afraid,
Of this beautiful day.

I walk down the street.
Soon my feet will groan.
My eyes are astounded at the wonder.
All around me, that I see.

The gate squeaks,
Eats my ticket,
Then spits it out.
I'm in!

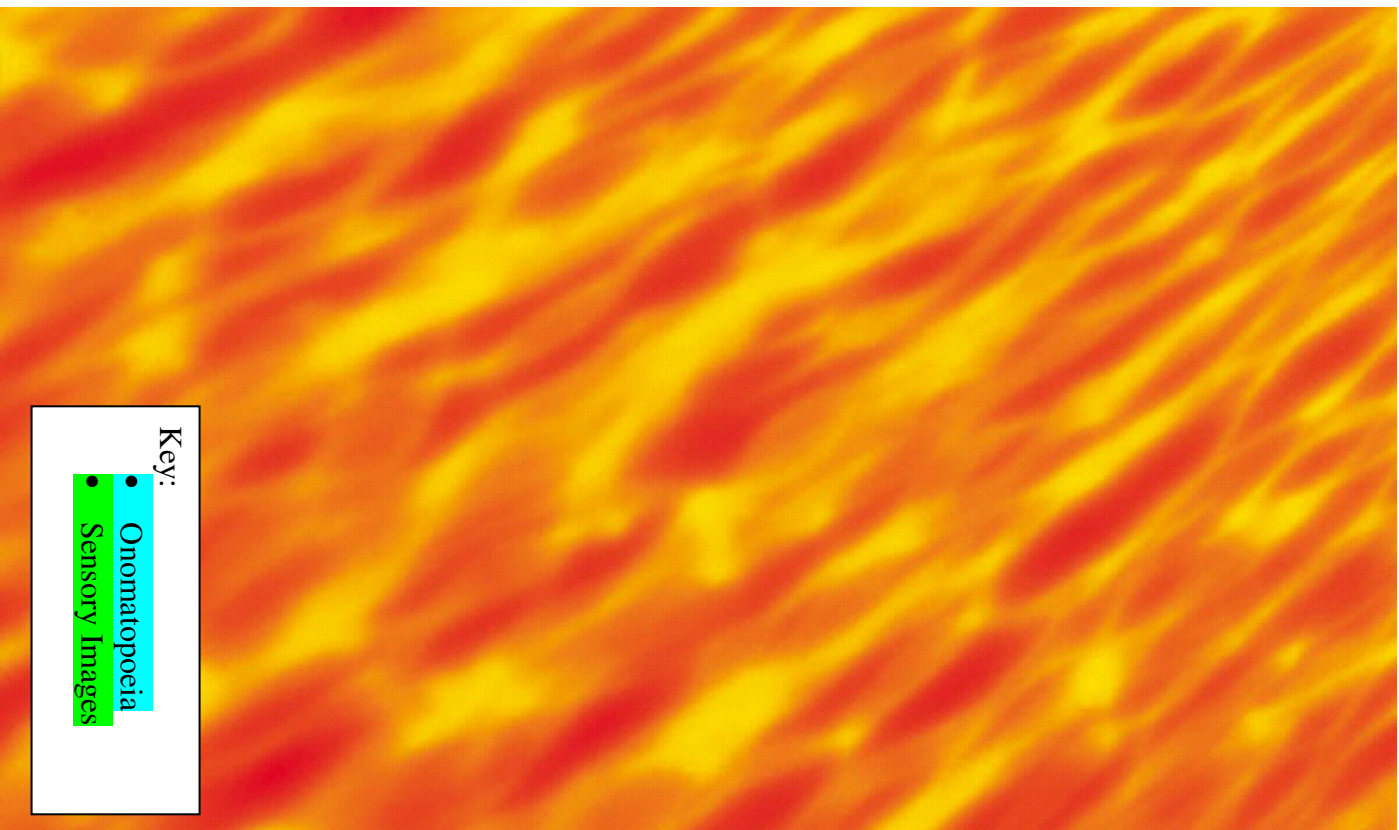
"The Adventure Begins," reads the sign,
Shouting loud for all to see.
That's it.

I'm in my happy place!
It's going to be a happy day for me.

Dante's Inferno Short Story

I am in a dark and confusing maze. I'm here. Somehow I've been left behind. I don't know how I got here. Why am I here? I look around; my worst fears are coming true. I am beginning to hate being here. The ceiling is low, and **the hair on my back** is starting to stand up. I am scared. What's going on? **Bang!** A shot pierces through the air. I duck and it passes where I just was a second ago. **Swoosh!** Another one passes by. What can I do? How can I escape? Where can I go? The ceiling is starting to drop down. **Whoosh,** I **hear** it descend a notch. It's close now. It is almost hugging me. **Creek,** it moves ever closer to me. I look around. It is dark, but I can **see** the outline of a maze. What can I do? Why am I here? This is my hell. I can feel it all the way to the bottom of my bones.

Grr, the ceiling is still lowering. Time is running out. I can't see. What can I do? I have a feeling to go through the maze. NO! Then I will get more lost. What can I do? It **smells** of bleach, like the hospital, the dentist office. I want to move but I can't. Something's stopping me. The ceiling is almost at me now. It will crush me. I can **taste** the salty air, and it's choking me. **WHAT CAN I DO?? WHERE CAN I GO???**



Key:

- Onomatopoeia
- Sensory Images

I look around, my eyes open. Where am I now? Where was I? Was it a dream? What's this? I see that I am in my bed now. It's just my room and it seems like nothing happened. But something did happen. I saw it. I just can't figure it out. I lay back down on my bed. I start to drift back to sleep. The dark envelops me. Once again, I am in a dark and confusing maze.

My Inner Stalker

You follow me.
You stalk me.
You are my *inner stalker*.

Who are you?
What are you telling me to do?

No, I won't!
You can't make me.
Never!

Jump! Slice! Cut!
Do I?
I won't, never!

Why do you make me?
Why do you force me?
Your will-power against mine.

I'm stronger.
No, your not!
I am!

The fight lives on.
Good vs. bad.
Why?

My *inner stalker*

I Celebrate



I am...



I celebrate me...
As I am different.
Different tastes,
Different music,
Different food.



Alone,
Together.



Things I love about myself:
Salesman,
Showman.



Computers,
Technical,
Classical,
Different.



Don't like accomplishments,
Awards assemblies.
FAKE!



Different,
Over-achiever.
Loony,
Conservative.



School District of

Haverford Township



8th Grade,
Could have been skipped,
Saved my time.
Advanced my knowledge,
In other places.
Learned in some classes,
Less in others.
Year ½ over, WHAT?
Some I could not stand,
Discovering myself.
Making new friends,
The world, a year later.
Changes around,
Responsibilities a-new.
Putting on a show or two.
People I met,
Things I learned,

Maybe 8th Grade wasn't to be burned.
All the things that I have learned in 8th Grade

8th Grade



Limericks and Haikus

For Extra Credit

Poetry

There once was a subject called poetry.
Writing 'crostics 'bout kaloatry.
Sometimes it rhymes.
Sometimes 'bout limes.
Maybe it's something you can't see.

Rami

There once was a boy named Rami,
Whose last name should be Karami.
Who jumps off roofs,
And probably has cleaned horse hoofs.
The boy, Rami Karami.

Summer

No wind is blowing
The sun is shining. Hot! Hot!
Lounging by the pool.

Winter

Snow softly falling.
Huddled up by the fire place.
Making snow angles.

Dante's Inferno Poem (For Extra Credit)

I am in a dark and confusing maze,
Been dropped, dragged down here.
I hate it, my worst fears are coming true.
It's hell.

The ceiling is low,
It's almost hugging me.
Creek, it's closing in, crushing me.
Squeak! It's lowering....

I see a darkly lit maze,
It goes into the darkness.
Where does it head?
Where does it lead?

I can't see anything.
This is my hell,
Ahhh, I scream!
Why am I here?

I can't smell anything,
My nose is all clogged up.
Can't breath, there is nothing around.
No way out.

Bang! Goes a shot!
I duck,
It passes.
Swoosh! There goes another.

I look around,
There is no way out.

The ceiling is getting lower and lower,
What else can I do?

I taste the salty air,
It's choking me,
Suffocating me.
I can't stop it. "STOP!" I yell.

Whoosh! The wind starts to blow.
I look around.
Where is it coming from?
Where is it going?

I look around,
Open my eyes.
Where am I?
Was it all just a dream?

I am in my bed,
I look around.
It's just my room.
Nothing happened.

I stay awake for a bit,
Then the darkness closes in.
I drift back to sleep.
The darkness envelops me again.

Once again, I'm in a dark and confusing
maze.

Poems others wrote for **Me!**

(Not for Extra Credit)

Plasmeier by: Patrick T. Maloney

There once was a boy named Plasmeier.
Who always wanted his grades higher.
He thought he was cool,
Because he liked school.
At age forty, he could retire.

Mike by: Kevin Nolan

There once was a boy named Mike,
He once went for a hike.
He fell off a cliff;
His body lay stiff.
And realized Math was what he liked.

Michael by: Rami Karain

A boy, Michael Plasmeier,
Well first, he will never get tired
His mind can never be wired.
A boy with a mind.
That's one of a kind.
That's the boy, Michael Plasmeier.

Plaz by: Zack Connor

There once was a boy named Plaz.
Who was certainly not a spaz.
He was so smart,
With a big heart.
Don't you know what Plaz has?

Mike by: Jordan Talasnik

There once was a boy named Mike,
He took a trip down the turnpike.
He saw a man with one leg.
Who was hit with an egg,
And then rode away on a bike.

Plasmeier by: Zack Connor

There once was a boy named Plasmeier.
Who was never called a liar.
Who never failed a class,
Or needed a homework pass.
That's him, Michael Plasmeier

