

Success!

BY ANDREW CLARK |
Dummerston Middle School, Grade 8

Finally, I have waited all of these years for this one moment in time where everything comes together in the perfect circumstances, all leading up to this one event. Finally with all that I have gone through, everyone that I have had to work up to and get past for this greater coming of age, all the training that I have acquired and built up to for this one day, this one perfect day, this one glorious day brings the world together.

We have all wondered if it were remotely possible for such greatness to appear and happen in our decade, in our century, in our human life span. But everything seems to have come together to make this moment possible — nothing gone wrong but the passing of others. Many glorious people have failed in this brutal, life-threatening task of success in the mind-boggling field of knowledge.

On this record-breaking day, many people stopped and stared at their television, or sat in silence and listened to their radio for this life-changing announcement. Once the news was broken, some people cheered in happiness that it was physically possible for this to happen, while others cried in agony at the thought that this event was a sign of the apocalypse.

The great news was that I myself, Andrew Clark, had succeeded in getting a 98 on my science test.

Football

BY JULIAN SEGAR REID
Edmunds Elementary School, Grade 4

Mom thinks football is boring
but I love to see the Patriots scoring.
The TV's on loud
for the whole entire crowd
but it's not as loud as Mom's snoring.

Cat

BY MYA RENDALL
Shelburne Community School, Grade 4

She creeps like a shadow
Within the depths of the halls
Purrs like a baby sleeping
Her eyes are as black as night
With no moon or stars to
Sparkle the night with brightness

MORE GREAT STUDENT WRITING AT:
YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG



THIS WEEK: General writing

Each week Young Writers Project selects best work from students throughout Vermont. Students respond to prompts provided by YWP or send their best “general” work. A team of students helps select work for publication in this and eight other newspapers. For more go to youngwritersproject.org, a civil community of young writers.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

YWP is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them improve and connects them with authentic audiences for their best work.

YWP runs youngwritersproject.org — a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds Digital Writing Classrooms for schools.

For more go to ywpschools.net.

YWP NEWS

DON'T MISS! Phoebe Stone, author of “All the Blue Moons at the Wallace Hotel,” at YWP’s headquarters in Winooski, **Saturday, May 15.**

SIGN UP at youngwritersproject.org.

This workshop is part of a series of writing workshops with Vermont authors made possible by a generous grant from the **Vermont Humanities Council**.

Boarding

BY CHARLOTTE OUELLETTE
Westford Middle School, Grade 7

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

... The wind in my face was thrilling. I felt like I was flying, mostly because of the fact that my arms were straight out in front of me like Superman, except they were holding onto a handle. The boat bounced in the air over a wave, and so did I a few seconds later. As my knees turned towards the boat’s wake, I got a firm grip on the handle and the board soared over the wake like a gull. I enjoyed the smooth water outside the wake for a few moments, then flew back over inside the wake. I was having the time of my life!

I looked around and saw the beautiful scenery I had seen every day that week. The sun’s sparkling reflection on the lake looked just like diamonds. The clouds’ shadows on the green mountains surrounding the lake were absolutely fascinating to look at. I looked back at the boat and saw Dad driving it. When he got a chance, he looked back at me and smiled. Mom was sitting on a bench in the back of the boat, taking the shift of spotting me. She smiled and waved, and I waved back to her with just one hand grasping the rope. My brother was sitting on the front bow, looking back at me with his usual blank expression, but I could see a smile hidden there. I knew that he loved this place just as much as I did.

I took my free hand and reached down lightly to touch the sparkling blue water of Lake George. I splashed water up at my face, and its coolness felt wonderful in the wind. I put my hand back on the handle and swerved back and forth inside the wake, and that’s what really did it. ...

My mystery sport

BY MADISON DOUCETTE
Dummerston Middle School, Grade 8

If I give you ten hints do you think you can guess this mystery sport?

1. Kids and adults can play this sport.
2. I have practices Mondays and Wednesdays and games on the weekends.
3. It involves being cold, except when you’re the one playing it.
4. It involves the same basic gear as football (no cleats).
5. The object that everybody wants to get is a solid color.
6. The object is not a sphere.
7. It can be an indoor or an outdoor sport.
8. This sport involves a goalie.
9. There can be a total of six people on the playing area on each side.
10. This sport can be played all over the world, but Japan does not have a women’s league.

Those are ten hints about my favorite sport. If you weren’t able to guess the sport then continue on with this sentence and it will be as plain as can be... Hockey is the mystery sport.

NEXT PROMPTS

Success. Write about a time you succeeded at something you worked really hard on. *Alternate: Memorial Day.* What does this holiday mean to you? Do you do anything special, or do you just sleep in? **Deadline: May 14.**

General. Send us your best work, in any genre. **Deadline: May 22.**

Submit at: youngwritersproject.org

Sleepovers

BY DAISY AMBROZAITIS
Benson Village School, Grade 8

Sleepovers are the bomb!
They’re so much fun
Staying up all night
Eating junk food
Soda, chips and candy
Watching scary movies
Talking and laughing with friends
About the stupidest things
But still getting a kick out of it
We talk about everything
Like hot boys (not from our school)
We trust each other with our secrets
Hanging out in the hot tub
Taking funny pictures
Having a blast
Sleepovers and friends.

Watchful eyes

BY MEGAN BENWAY
Hazen Union High School, Grade 10

Can’t shake it
can’t escape it
Eyes wide
scared.
Knowing,
knowing that somehow you’re not alone...
Breath quickens
mind races....
races to the worst thoughts possible.
Eyes piercing,
piercing every crack
every little space.
You’re all alone,
yet somehow....
You can’t shake it,
can’t shake the feeling....
the feeling that you’re being watched.

The days I love

BY KIA’RAE HANRON
Main Street Middle School, Grade 8

The sun beats down warm on my face
The remnants of winter gone, without a trace
The springtime air filled with life
The sights, the sounds — Ahh, so nice
Arms and legs stretched across the bright green grass
If only these warm, sunny days would last.
The hot, steamy, sunburned daylight
Followed by a cool, buggy, starry night
These are the kind of days that I adore
‘Cuz as soon as the cold wind blows
Life’s a bore.