

Four a.m.

By Robyn Leary

Charlotte Central School, Grade 8

The silence is unmistakable,
mysterious and eluding
The world is still and serene
Nothing to shatter the stillness,
nothing to cause fear
Frost lines the once green grass
A thick haze blankets a silent world
All is asleep
except for the earth and me
at four a.m.

Fingertips

By Jah Robertson

Burlington High School, Grade 12

“grab hold of my fingertips”
the last words she breathed
hit by a drunk driver
why’d that man have to speed?

i struggle with the truth
so i scream out
enraged on this stage
no doubt i shout it out

she was the wind to my sails
the sand to my pails
weight to my scales
the guard to my jail

The burning rubber
and the smell of burnt flesh
metal and blood all meshed
and compressed

she was an angel
a gift from the heavens
i was only nine
she was eleven

i held onto those fingertips
and never let them slip
perfect in her hand
it always seemed to fit

My mother, my sister
my savior
and the only thing
i couldn’t do was save her

Friend

By Jared C. Vaughan

Westford Elementary School, Grade 8

When the sky is gray and winds start to blow
if the rain comes down I want you to know
I’ll always be there for you
When the snow is on the ground and the wind makes you shiver
there’s no need to frown ‘cause I’ll still be there
I’ll always be there for you.

Ode to my smile

By Lucy Pappas

Renaissance School, Grade 6

I sit in my chair, just wiggling my tooth.
My fingers take hold as I pull and pull.
My hand’s in my mouth, it’s feeling uncouth.

To yank this out I need the strength of a bull.
My baby tooth is ready to move on
So that a grownup tooth can take its place.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, turn, POP! It’s gone.

A new hole in my smile becomes my face.
I’ve done this before; now it’s quite a cinch.

The exit of one welcomes another.
Losing teeth, getting older, inch by inch.
Growing older frightens my dear mother.
Spaces for new teeth to grow and be free.
Until that day when braces meet me!

Phantom cat

By Charlotte Rutz

Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 9

The cat jumps from ledge to ledge without hesitation

Paws gliding softly over the snow
As she runs along the mountain ridges.
The snow is her friend

Keeping her hidden from danger
And allowing her to hide when she is hunting.

Lying perfectly still
She is unobserved by all who pass her
But ready to pounce at any moment.

Shrouded in a dappled gray coat
She is the beautiful, elusive, magical
Snow leopard.

Wheelbarrow

By Kyle Pearsall

Ferrisburgh Central School, Grade 5

Sitting in the shed
Red paint chipped
brittle plastic
creaky, wooden handles
squeaky wheel
really smelly
flat tire
a new tire
wash it
oil
new plastic
fresh paint
new, clean shed
it’s my wheelbarrow
it’s still reliable

Last message

By Maria Grant

Albert D. Lawton School, Grade 7

Always afraid of what people would say,
Did you know that I would listen to your stories?

That I wanted to hear
The reasons behind your art?
I wrote it in a card,
Thought it and hoped you would read my mind.

Living 420 miles away from you changes people
Everybody else was so close
They heard about your life.
They saw you in your last days.
But me?

I stayed home, going about my business.
I prayed for you.
I wish you knew that I loved you.
I wish I knew that I loved you.
And I still miss you.

If we all had one more day with you,
I would tell you that I loved you.
That I would have loved to hear about your childhood.

I yearn
To feel your rough whiskers on my cheek,
To hear you say how beautiful I’ve gotten,
How much taller than the last time you saw me.

I didn’t think I really loved you
‘Til I saw you lying there.
And saw everyone’s face wet, just watching you there.
And this is what I would tell you if you had one more day,
If I had known about what July 13 would bring,
Just a day before.
This would have been my last message to you.

Tink

By Brook Beamish

Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 3

I got my puppy! She is cute. I love my puppy. She is a chihuahua. Her name is Tink. She is nine weeks and two days old. She has a black head with a white stripe down her nose and white on her stomach. She sleeps in my arms. She chews on my mom’s toes. We all love Tink.

Next Prompt

General. Submit your best non-prompt general writing. **Due Friday.**

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them get better at it and connects them with authentic audiences for their best work. YWP provides writing prompts for this newspaper series;

maintains **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: **ywpschools.net**.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS:

Vermont Writes Day 2010

Tuesday, February 9

A day for schools, teachers, students, administrators to **STOP** what they are doing and write for SEVEN minutes. For more:

youngwritersproject.org

Late fall

By Ann Quan Granger

Lyman C. Hunt Middle School, Grade 6

I can feel the cool wind singing around my ears,
I can see the red maple leaves and the yellow oak leaves,

I can hear the mother of fall slowly and beautifully fainting away.

I can feel the drips of cold rain falling down my cheek,

I can see the cute little animals getting ready for the cold winter,

I can hear the laughter of pure white clouds playing on the deep blue sky,

I can feel the sun shining less brightly than usual,
I can see the days getting shorter and nights getting longer,

I can hear the whispering of the late fall lightly flying towards my heart.

And life goes on...

Spiders

By Saige Henderson

Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 3

They’re creepy, crawly, climbing up,
One leg after another.

Higher and higher up the wall,
Finding a place to spin a web.

Waiting, waiting, creeping, crawling,
To their dinner.

Sleeping, walking, spinning eating,
Laying an egg sack.

Crawling, crawling down to the ground,
Leaving, leaving, saying goodbye.

Goodbye! Goodbye!