

I am from . . .

By OLIVE LACROIX SOUCY CAPONE
Fairfield Center School, Grade 8

I am from the giddy excitement of getting my first pair of silken pointe shoes
From walking in the door after all my brothers are asleep
And from early Saturday mornings
But not ones spent idle, watching cartoons.
I am from school days spent at home with my favorite teacher
Every day was a day off.
I am from classical, musical
Bows drawn across finely tuned strings
Fingers moving nimbly to cover holes and press keys
Notes forming melodies that flow from between
The cracks around the door frame.
I am from goof balls
From growing up with my best friends
In leaps and bounds
Tour jetes and pas de chat
From graceful steps across the kitchen floor
And from dancing with a boy in the darkened gym
I am from Daddy's scratchy good-bye kisses
I am from beetles with crunchy black wings
And Beatles who sing songs about a girl named Lucy.
I am from M&Ms with colored candy coatings, especially blue
From long books, short books, picture books
From too many brothers and not enough books
Not enough words to paint the pictures I see in my head.
I am from poetry
From rhyme and rhythm and writing what I feel
From not being afraid to voice my fears in words that don't make sense.
I am from staring at his vibrant blue eyes
And wishing just once they'd look at me.
I am from storms and wicked wild weather
Dashing icy water against my glassy window
And hiding under a blanket of warmth to stay away from the wailing wind.
I am from love baby
And Valentine's Day
From elbows up, knees straight and toes pointed to a peak.
I am from fuzzy socks that warm those pointed toes
That come in vibrant colors in my stocking on Christmas morning
And from glowing stars that have lit up my room since I was little.
I am from last year's worn-out coat
That was worn by my brother, my classmate and my best friend.
I am from being my little brothers' baby-sitter
From on my own
From be back soon and be good for her
And they always are
I am from coloring inside the lines
With a rainbow of wax sticks tucked neatly inside a yellow box.
I am from strong
I am from independent
I am from happy
I am from contentment.
I am from fairy villages deep in the woods
From hiding
And always being found.
I am not from doing with my hands
Or chatting with my dearest sisters
Or even girly preppy clothes.
I am from making rhythm with my feet
And lounging with my many bro's
And I have my own style, not preppy, not punk, not pink or purple
Just me.

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



YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT

building a generation of better writers

Welcome to the thirteenth weekly installment of great writing by area students as part of a partnership between the *St. Albans Messenger*, the Young Writers Project, area schools and the many talented young writers in our communities. Each week the *Messenger* features work from students in Franklin and Grand Isle counties.

Young Writers Project is a Vermont nonprofit dedicated to helping students improve their writing. Students submit work each week — responses to YWP prompts or general writing — and YWP selects the best for publication. YWP maintains a safe, civil Web site for students at youngwritersproject.org (where all work is submitted). And it creates Digital Writing Classrooms for schools to use as part of their curriculum. Thanks to support from **FairPoint Communications**, Digital Writing Classrooms are operating at Milton High School, Enosburg Falls Middle School, St. Albans Town Educational Center and Grand Isle School. Swanton School and St. Albans City Schools are also participating.

TODAY: Students' general writing.

PEACE



Timothy Lindberg, Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 10

Vicissitudes

By SAMANTHA BATTAGLINI
Sheldon School, Grade 8

Some days we get into our cocoons wanting to come out different
A beautiful butterfly with shiny, colorful wings
No more wiggling around a puny caterpillar
Some days we get into our cocoons with hopes of flying away
But we come out the same dull, gray caterpillar
Other days we get into our cocoons and
When we come out we have colorful wings, purple with hints of pink
But when you hold it up to the light
You can see the dark shades of gray
The light wears away at the wings
Soon you find your back to wiggling around a gray caterpillar
Then there are the days we jump in to our cocoons
Expecting nothing but the vicissitudes that often come upon us
And are surprised by finding we can fly away
Our beautiful wings, blue and green
And when you hold it up to the light
You watch in awe as they shimmer
Fluttering away into the light

Vermont

By COLE MORSE
Metawee Community School, Grade 6

Sugar maples
Horse-drawn sleighs
Lonesome woods and
Rainy days

Nature's beauty

By AMELIA PARENT
Sheldon School, Grade 8

I'm going out to the brook today
to see if pebbles have been washed away,
Only to see minnows swimming down the stream
And the sun rays glittering as it seems.
I shan't be gone long — You come too.
I'm going out to see the beauty of nature,
Where it is so peaceful and serene.
As I see the grass that is oh, so vibrant green,
I feel calm and happy.
I shan't be gone long — You come too.

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!

Even angels fall down

By ABRAM CAPONE
Rice Memorial High School, Grade 11

Our lives don't always go the way we planned,
But even in the ocean there's a piece of land.
A piece of hope or some salvation,
Saving us all from condemnation.
We need to pick our rosebuds while we may,
Smell the flowers and seize the day.
Remember your heart is a window to your soul,
To open it up takes lots of self control.
The hardest thing to remember is....

CHORUS

Sometimes even our angels fall down,
But you should never see that as a reason to frown.
Or dreams are always achievable,
Even when they're not believable.
Our friends are like a beacon in our life,
They can help us persevere through the trouble and strife.
Just be ready to catch your angel when she calls,
Because sometimes even our angels need to fall.

Moving on should be a way of life,
Even just surviving is a game of dice.
Live for the moment and forget the past,
Holding on to the joy and making it last.
The one who's worth your tears won't make you cry,
When you're feeling down don't let your hope die.
Love is nothing if it isn't shared,
So open up and don't be scared.
Remember...

Chorus

Things are looking pretty bad,
You're feeling down and looking sad.
Sometimes you look ahead to the end,
And realize it's just around the bend.
The road today is hard and long,
But to give up now would just be wrong.
Things don't always go as planned,
Now you're stuck, sinking in the sand.
But you're angel comes from on high,
Pulling you out, not letting you die.
But...

Chorus

Even when things aren't going our way,
It'll be all right.... (*Fade to end and possibly repeat*)

Abram lives in Fairfield.

UPCOMING PROMPTS

Franklin and Grand Isle county students: Send us your best writing!

We are looking for more great general writing or reponses to YWP prompts. Here are the next prompts:

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

Stress. What stresses you out? How do you deal with stress? Write about a time when you have felt stressed out, or create a story in which the characters have to deal with a stressful situation.
Alternate: My story. Pick a memorable moment from your life. Something that happened, something you did or something you witnessed. Tell a story about it that will tell us about you. 400 words, no real names, please. Focus on something very specific, give us detail.

Submit work
at our Web site:

youngwritersproject.org