

## Running blind

By Juliette Rose Wunrow

U-32 HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

(Excerpt: Full story at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org))

... So on the sixth night he climbed out of the bedroom window and onto the dark porch. He knew he had to get away from the suffocating silence so he found his way to the road and began to run, because running was something he was comfortable doing — but not in the dark. At first he was afraid. He moved stiffly, dismembered, unsure where to place his feet and unsure whether he had feet attached to his body at all. The night seemed to close around him and rearrange him, limb from limb, mixing and matching. But as sweat began beading on his forehead he pushed down his fear and ran from it, into it, stretching out into the darkness.

He was able to keep to the road by the hushed sound of gravel beneath his feet and felt the thrill of adrenalin at running blind. He loved it because he knew he could stop whenever he wanted to, but he didn't. He loved it especially because he chose the black, fear-filled silence over light. He felt as if the constraints of his body were completely gone; instead, his mind was lifted out of the erratic shell of his body and his aching soul was free to float as high as the stars above him, out of the world, away from memories . . .

## Where I'm from

By Travis LaPerle

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

I am from jumping bikes across the stream  
From salami sandwiches and super pretzels  
From digging in the sandbox to playing Wiffle ball in the yard  
Racing bigwheels around the driveway getting scraped up everywhere  
Racing Xmods in Tyler's driveway, breaking them every time  
Bringing scooters to the skatepark  
I am from building Legos in the basement  
Building little forts out in the woods  
Reading Captain Underpants all the time  
Playing football in the back yard

### Next Prompt

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

Submit work at:

[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

## Time's ode

By Aliza Silverstein

HOMESCHOOLED, GRADE 8

### Prologue

Light ahead, dark behind,  
Flowers in the wood divine,  
Pattering footsteps drawing near,  
The owner is as yet unclear.

### I

Chestnut hair, a mask-like smile,  
Temptation's kiss — accept the trial!  
Surely danger stays at bay  
On a sunlit day in early May!

### II

Glitter of armor, a high chanticleer,  
Excalibur can't save the fools who won't hear.  
The gasp of a maiden, who's afraid for her knight,  
The face of a man who knows he must fight.

### III

High on a hilltop, the laughter is ringing:  
Temptation's slick voice causes the birds to stop singing,  
As they listen and mourn what will never be theirs,  
And wish they could fly from their worries and cares.

### Epilogue

And so like patterns in the sand, all will be erased,  
The song is coming to an end, the dancers have embraced,  
The light is fading quickly, useless armor turned to rust,  
No one spared the wheel of time spinning dawn into dusk.

## Who am I?

(An Excerpt)

By Megan McMullen

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

I walk outside feeling like there is nowhere to go,  
No one to be with.  
Whoever knew I would be alone in this world?  
I wish I could change  
But that can't be done  
I'm just me.  
I look around and see this beautiful world right in front of my eyes.  
But where do I fit in this picture?  
...

## Defined by rules

By Shelby Nolan

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

She loved rules.  
She lived for them...  
no, she lived by them.  
They defined her,  
and prevented her from ever being wrong.  
She was a born instruction follower.  
Maybe that was why she was a genius when it came to math.  
If you stick by the rules,  
you get the problem right.  
She dreaded the world where difficulties can't be solved like algebraic equations,  
where you have to make the rules instead of following them.  
She despised voicing her opinions because she always feared she'd be wrong.  
She didn't get that opinions can't be incorrect.  
Rules protected her.  
Without them, she'd have had to step outside the box and think for herself.  
Without them, she'd make mistakes.  
She believed that without the rules she would be just like everyone else.  
She thought the rules made her special.

## Way up in the sky

By Madeline Goddard

BERLIN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GRADE 6

I am a bird. I am the luckiest animal to fly way, way up high in the sky. It seems like my wings never give up. They are always in use. I take off in the morning, I gaze at the beautiful views in the afternoon, and I give my wings a breather at night. The climates tend to get pretty harsh. When I fly over the big bodies of water, I really wish that I had an extra layer of feathers or so. When I pass over the dry deserts of Africa, I really wish that I could take a rest. I see the most amazing things — things most animals do not get to look at. I see the glistening ice-blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. I see a newborn zebra on the savannah grasslands take his first wobbly steps. I see harsh wildfires take over a part of California. I see new blooms of exotic flowers coming up out of the dark volcanic soil in Hawaii. I see things you can't imagine. That is why I am the luckiest animal to fly, way, way up high in the sky.



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them get better at it and finds audience for their best work. YWP provides writing prompts; maintains a supportive online community, [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org); trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds Digital Writing Classrooms for schools and afterschool programs. For more go to: [ywpschools.net](http://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](http://youngwritersproject.org)

## Life at sea

By Molly Taylor

MONTPELIER HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

Sometimes I wonder about blue.  
I dream blue  
I think blue  
I hear blue  
It's the sound of his voice at dusk.  
I wonder what happens to blue  
When he swirls it with white  
As if the sky is melting together  
Under his feet.  
And what happens  
When he experiments with orange  
Imagining it as the sun,  
The heat,  
The life within the blue.  
And the green,  
The yellow,  
The colors of the brightest fish...  
Hoping he can take them all,  
Under the water,  
Into this abyss.  
What happens when he mixes blue  
With the life that swells  
Like the waves  
And thrashes at the rocks?  
He finds at the end they all come together  
Acting as if that was always meant to be  
Wrapping around each other  
As if to say...  
We are one,  
Not some.  
Sometimes I wonder about blue,  
I know it's the sound of his voice in the morning.