

The pig win

By **Sasha Duchac**
The Renaissance School, Grade 5

"You, the boy in the red shirt." I look around for the boy in the red shirt. My parents push me forward. Oh, I'm wearing a red shirt.

The announcer asks, "What is your name?"

"Sasha," I mutter.

"Speak up," my mother chides.

"Sasha," I say louder.

"How old are you?" the announcer asks. I hold up three fingers.

"Well, welcome Sasha, age three. You represent Pig Red. Three other kids represent pigs Yellow, Green, and Blue. Hope you enjoy the race."

Four piglets run out of a trailer and onto the starting block. At the end of the track I see a pile of Oreo cookies. The gate opens and the pigs disappear from view. A moment later the announcer cries that Pig Red wins!

I feel hands pushing me forward. The announcer hands me a ticket saying, "This is my gift to you," while pointing to a big tent.

My parents lead me to the tent. A big banner hangs over the entrance. I pull my mom and dad forward. A man by the door takes my ticket but holds my parents back saying, "No ticket, no entry."

I enter a walkway that has canvas on one side and plywood on the other. I reach the end and turn. "Maybe it's a new bike!" I come to the end of the next hallway and turn again. "Maybe it is my very own cotton candy maker!" I turn again and am hit by a stench. It smells like animals. Maybe it's a puppy. I turn the last corner. This thing doesn't have wheels. It isn't a machine. It doesn't have fuzzy fur. It isn't mine. I won a chance to see a gigantic pig?

The big win

By **Sarah Bogacz**
Haverhill Cooperative Middle School, Grade 6

I'm the last batter
I'm stepping up to the plate
Here comes the pitch
DONG

It's going
I run to first
Second, third
Here comes the ball into the catcher
I slide

Dust is everywhere
I hear "SAFE"
I run into the dugout,
Get lifted up,
Say good game
I won,
I won the big game.

Clans: a new beginning

By **Kyrsten Torrey** | *Flood Brook Union School, Grade 8*

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

...Moonshine started off with Firepaw following behind. They went past the borders, through the Two-leg-place and over a bridge. When they came to a mountain with rocks jutting out the sides, Moonshine helped Firepaw go up by jumping on top of the rocks.

When they got to the top, Firepaw looked down and sighed. Moonshine looked at him. "Is something wrong?" she asked.

Firepaw looked up at her. "I am just tired. Plus, why did Nightmare have to come back with you?"

Moonshine looked at her apprentice and sighed. "He had to. I cannot explain. You will speak to your ancestors soon enough. Maybe they can tell you." Moonshine looked up at the entrance to the cavern.

Firepaw sighed and asked, "When are

we going to go inside?"

Moonshine waited a few minutes and then said, "Now." She padded inside and walked along the side of the wall. Firepaw quietly followed her and gazed in wonder at the carved walls and the glowing lake in the middle of the cavern. Moonshine looked over at her apprentice and purred, "This is where you will come if you are to become a medicine cat or a leader. This is the only place that other cats can talk to their ancestors. Listen well for some information you will learn may be helpful for further use." She lay down and lapped up some of the water. She fell asleep and soon Firepaw did the same.

Moonshine awoke to see Nighthawk standing before her. Nighthawk looked at her and sighed. ...

My relay

By **Jackson Viscomi**
Edmunds Middle School, Grade 8

Here it is, the Last Race of the Season. Everything that the coach has taught me, every hard practice has led me to this moment. We are seated second; the other team has a two-second gap between their best time and ours. This is going to be a good race.

Our starter steps on to the block. The crowd goes silent as the official starts the race.

"Take your mark..... *BEEP*"

The race takes off as the crowd roars. Adrenaline flows through my body. The race is neck-and-neck.

It is my turn to go. Everything slows down. I time my dive perfectly; my foot just takes off as the swimmer finishes, a false start, but the official doesn't notice. We are neck and neck. We flip over and head to the end. We both touch the wall.

But on the timer board is something different. My name is in last. We lose.

Maybe next season.

Marshmallows

By **August Stevens**
Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

Every summer my mother went down to our summer house on the lake with her 12 cousins and siblings. They had a little schedule: wake up, eat breakfast, head down to lake with aunt, play in water, eat lunch, play more in water and then come home for dinner. But one summer it rained for 17 days in a row. They were bored out of their minds and they were getting sick of each other. All they could do was read or play cards. ...

One day, I think on the 11th day of rain, most of them were gathered in the sitting room. My mom was playing Gin with three of her cousins. Suddenly something white flew across her field of vision and hit the far wall, BAM! And then another, BAM! Her cousin Danny yelled, "Aunt Peggy went crazy!" because there my grandmother was, standing in the doorway with a bag of marshmallows in her hand, throwing them at anybody who moved. Being children, they obviously started throwing them back. Soon, it was an all-out war: those 13 kids against my grandmother.

Upcoming Prompts

Get published in the *Reformer!*

Stress. What stresses you out? How do you deal with stress? Write about a time when you felt stressed out, or create a story in which the characters are in a stressful situation.
Alternate: My story. Pick a memorable moment from your life and tell a story about it. 400 words, no real names, please. Focus on something specific, give us detail. **Due Friday.**

Future prompts and to submit:

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 and afterschool programs. For more go to: 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

Narrow escape

By **Corey Clark**
Browns River Middle School, Grade 5

Back in the spring of 1975, David Villeneuve and my grandfather, Randy H. Clark, were talking about trucks. David was going to fly with his cousin and his brother to a truck show in Connecticut. He invited my grandfather to go with them. My grandfather said, "No thanks."

The airplane they were flying in had four seats and one door. The next morning on my grandfather's portable radio a frantic call came from David's wife. As she screamed, "THERE'S BEEN A PLANE CRASH!" my grandfather alerted the Fire Department because he was the fire chief and rushed to the scene behind Jeri Hill Hardware Store. The plane had come down and hit the power lines and was on fire.

David's cousin was the first one out with minor burns. David's brother was second with more burns, and David was third out with major burns on his head, arms and torso. Someone said that if there had been a fourth person, which would have been my grandfather, they would have not gotten out alive. I am happy that he did what he had to do as a fire chief to the airplane that was totally burned.