

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 a frantic call came from David's wife on my grandfather's portable radio. As she screamed, "THERE'S BEEN A PLANE CRASH!" my grandfather alerted the Fire Department, because he was the fire chief, then rushed to the scene behind Jeri Hill Hardware Store. The plane had come down, 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, he 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.

Tales

By Oonagh Cavanagh

Browns River Middle School, Grade 7

The small, old woman makes her way down the frozen sidewalk.

You might wonder if she has a secret.

She has a story for every deep-set wrinkle in her face.

There's a journey behind every piece of jewelry

that she wears like artwork all over herself.

The scar that seems like a continuation of her left eyebrow

really tells the tale of when her long-dead sister

pushed her down the stairs.

The sorrow in her eyes might tell you that she's all alone.

The large ring on her finger could clue you in

that she was loved by someone once.

But now he's gone

left her in this cold world with no one to turn to.

But who would ever look so deeply at a frail old woman

Even if she has a brilliant story to tell?

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 and

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 one side canvas and the other plywood. I come to the end and turn. "Maybe it's a new bike!" I come to the end of this hallway and turn again. "Maybe it is my very own cotton candy maker!" I turn 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 little things

By Danielle Liguori | *Essex High School, Grade 9*

It was only a penny. Just a shiny hunk of copper with a face engraved on one side and a building on the other. But that one little penny set something in motion; something so grand and wonderful that it couldn't possibly be as small and insignificant as it appeared. The things that penny did may not have changed the world, but they changed Helena Boucher and a little boy and his family.

Helena had been walking down the road, the cobblestones clacking against shoes that were far too tight, scrunching her toes. She could feel a tiny object tucked into the pocket of her floursack skirt as it swung back and forth, hitting against her leg. It was the bright, shiny penny that her father had given her that morning. He had told her to go buy herself a stick of gum, and she was on her way to the candy shop. She pulled her winter coat tighter around her; she was nearly there.

As she walked she came across a small boy with his dirty face pressed against an even dirtier shop window. He was staring at something in the shop with longing, and Helena made her way over to stand beside him.

"Whatcha lookin' at?" she asked curiously, peering over his shoulder.

He glanced up at her. "That doll right there," he replied, pointing. "But I don't have enough money to buy it," he added sadly.

Helena laughed. "You're a boy, you don't need a doll anyway."

"Oh, no, it isn't for me," said the boy matter-of-factly. "It's the doll my little sister wanted for Christmas."

"Well maybe Santa Claus will bring it to her," Helena suggested.

"Santa Claus can't get to her where she is," he replied. "She's in Heaven with God," he added.

"Then how will you get it to her?" Helena asked, confused.

"I'll send it with Mommy. She'll be going up to Heaven soon too. She can bring the doll to my sister," he explained.

Helena felt compassion for the boy. He had already lost his sister, it seemed, and his mother's life was quickly fading as well. "How much money do you need?" she asked.

"Just one penny more."

Helena thought for a moment before slowly reaching into her pocket and grasping the penny in her fist. She ran her thumb over it, feeling the face engraved upon it, and then held her fist out to him, opening her fingers. "Here."

The boy looked at the penny, then up at her. He grinned suddenly, snatching the penny and running into the shop. "Thank you!" he called over his shoulder.

Now, every time Helena finds a penny, she runs her thumb over it and remembers the boy who was able to give his little sister one last gift because of her small act of kindness. She remembers and she smiles, knowing that sometimes the little things in life are the most precious.



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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.

Next Prompt

Stress. What stresses you out? How do you deal with stress? Write about a time you felt stressed out, or create a story about characters who have to deal with a stressful situation. *Alternate: My story.* Pick a memorable moment from your life. Tell a story about it. 400 words, no real names. **Due Friday.**

Submit at:

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