

My friend

By Emma Slater

Charlotte Central School, Grade 8

Your heart beats along with mine,
Our bodies in a perpetual rhythm.
Your legs carry me across the spent
cornfields of a summer
Now passed.
Bliss radiates through the saddle
At the prospect of
Stable mates,
Hounds,
The “fox.”
Through the deepest mud
You flag your tail in a moment of glee,
Reliving a past memory?
Then I wonder,
How many times we will ride the hunt
again
My friend.
And I wish that I could suspend this
moment in time,
Not forever,
Just a few more years, because I know
you’re tired
Old friend.

Spider’s web

By Anna Rutenbeck

Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 10

I hiked to a river and I perched myself in
a place between a rock and a tree.
I lay down
on the rock and looked up
and the canopy of the trees let the light
fall on my face in tiny shards of glass.
A spider’s web between two branches
bounced the
light to the
dew drops, which sparkled.
This was perfection,
this was Utopia.
Dirt found it’s way
onto my skin
and my hands fiddled with
pieces of tree bark.
At that moment I wanted nothing more than
this.
The sun and the
spider’s web and the
dirt and the
tree bark.

The art of persuasion

By Katy Rinaldo

Rice Memorial High School, Grade 9

... My mom and I were in the mall and
we walked by Abercrombie. The intriguing
smell caused my mom to walk over
and peer in. I was not going to ask her to
go in because I knew everything there was
way overpriced and she would not let me
buy anything. But since she had walked in
on her own, without me having to beg, I
decided to follow her in.

I proceeded to ask her for a pair of
jeans. Before I could finish she cut me off.
“Oh these are cute. How much are they?”
She looked at the price tag and it said
\$65.99. “NO WAY!” she exclaimed. “I am
not buying you pair of \$70 jeans when you
can go to Plato’s Closet and get a pair for
10 dollars.”

I replied with a tone in my voice,
“Fine, whatever. I don’t care,” and started
walking out of the store. She called me
back and started lecturing me about how
it was ridiculous to buy a pair of \$70
jeans. I stood there, feeling somewhat
annoyed.

When she had finished her speech I
began to defend the jeans. “Mom, they
would be the only pair of good jeans I
have. I only have one other pair.” She still
was not convinced, but I saw her starting
to break. “I will pay it off. When I get paid
after babysitting this weekend, I will pay
you back for the jeans.” She sighed, and
gave in.

Now, I am not saying that buying
expensive jeans is the most important
thing in the world, but that was one inci-
dent where I realized I was good at persuading.

You are my sunshine

By Kylie Edwards

Albert D. Lawton, Grade 7

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

... Then like a picture in a story book,
the skies started to clear. ... The clouds
parted and the brilliant sun came out,
with a shining rainbow overhead. The
dark clouds blew away into nothing as the
whole neighborhood lit up in golden light.

“Look Kylie it’s gone,” Sophie shouted.
She rushed outside to dance and twirl in
her yellow sun dress. As she spun around
the smile on her face was big and happy. I
smiled back but then blinked to see that
she was actually shimmering.

“What?” I thought. I looked again, try-
ing to focus. She looked confused too.
The gold dust was surrounding her and
coming off her skin. Her face was terri-
fied and innocent. I ran outside to try to
help her, to hug her. But as I did she
slipped away, the dust of something that
had now blown far away. ...



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.

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A better place

By Paige Tuttle

Colchester Middle School, Grade 8

Close your eyes
Imagine a world,
A world with no war, terrorists, or violence,
A world where everyone cares for one another,
A world where everyone is happy every day,
Now open your eyes,
Look around you,
Our world may not be perfect,
As the world I just explained,
But we can try to make it a better place,
We can try, but we probably won’t succeed,
But if the whole world tries we probably could,
But if we don’t, at least we tried.
So let us together make our world a better place,
A world we can call “Home Sweet Home.”

Next Prompt

The kitchen table. What happens at your kitchen table? Tell a story about a memorable moment there. If you don’t have a table, create a fictionalized narrative of something happening at a kitchen table. **Alternate: Door.** Use these words in a story or poem: “I reached the door and knocked loudly ...” **Due Friday.**

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org

The bucket girl

By Addy Campbell

Mt. Abraham Union High/Middle School, Grade 8

The bucket girl
walks down the rows
stooped
picking up discarded berries.
t h u m p - a - t h u m p
it sounds as it hits her walking knees.
C r e a k - s q u e a k - a - c r e a k
it whines when she forgets
and holds it by its old, creaking handle.
She’s too pretty to be just a bucket girl,
and again
I wonder what she is doing here.
Then,
out of the corner of my eye
as that bucket girl walks down my row
picking up my berries,
I catch a glimmer
of a smile.

Looking back

By Eric Suder

Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 10

Everything changes in the blink of an eye
Your best friend can turn to the love of your life
The people you always loved turn to people
you always fight
The life you once thought,
Was the life you want to live
Is sometimes best to be left behind
Taking a step back and seeing what you
may have missed
Is all you need to keep moving forward
Life will find a way to make itself great
To make itself a life worth living

Dear mi querida

By Lex Jackson

Vermont Commons School, Grade 10

Dear Mi Querida
I’m sitting here alone
Writing this letter
And staring at my phone
It’s been a quite a while
Since I’ve heard you speak
Since I’ve felt that touch
That makes me go weak
It’s been far too long
Since I’ve shared your embrace
Since I’ve held your hand tight
And gazed at your face
The days have been cold
The nights have been bare
Without your warm smile
To know that you’re there
Dear Mi Querida
I’m singing along
I turn on my iPod and
BAM, there’s our song
You’re so far away
Across oceans so blue
And as I sit here
I’m still falling for you
And everyday
I fall even faster
Love, without you
I’m running through plaster
Nowhere to go
I’m hopelessly flailing
I long for your presence
To cease my heart’s ailing
Dear Mi Querida
I’m yours ‘till the end
I’ll love you forever