

Sasha

By Nathan Budgor

NORTHFIELD HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

Never again will I see her grey coat,
Sleek and smooth from recent brushing,
Long whiskers swaying in the breeze.
Never again will I hear her gentle meow,
Her soft paws traveling up the wooden
stairs to my bedroom,
Eagerly anticipating her meal.
The bells on her collar will never announce
her arrival again,
Her resonant purr forever extinguished.
Is this nature's law?
To snatch away a life that hadn't even seen
its peak?
Nature is cruel,
Indifferent,
Hostile.
Sasha didn't deserve to end this way,
She deserved a life full to the brim with
happiness and love,
One that obviously was too good for her,
Evidenced by Death's swift impatience.

The future

By Jenny Yang

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

I've tried to picture the future many
times. There are always the same two pic-
tures. In one the world is filled with tech-
nology; there are hardly any plants, but a
lot of buildings and construction. I really
wouldn't prefer that kind of world because
it has a lot of pollution and smoke. The
other is green, and environmentalists have
changed it; it has a lot of green plants and
everything is clean. I much prefer the one
that is green because it looks beautiful
with all the trees, grass and flowers. ...

Sewing

By Zymora Davinchi

UNION ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GRADE 4

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

... I pull out some red thread from my
sewing box and start threading. ... I reach
out beneath the needle where the bobbin
lays. I pull away the bobbin as the thread
wraps around its body. It reminds me of
twirling my hair, trying to think of what to
create. I push down the lever connected
to the foot pedal to begin. I take a deep
breath. The eye of the needle sets the
course as my eyes steer in the direction
needed. ... I yank out the plug. It's like
throwing the blankets over my head, turn-
ing off the lights. In the morning another
project will begin.

The sweet smell of sap

By Megan Day | CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Living in Vermont means
snowmobiling through the
cold, deep, glistening snow,
hiking through
the cool forests and
seeing turkey in my
front yard.
It means racing down a steep
hill on a sled,
four-wheeling in the

mud and gliding
through the snow-covered
forest on cross-country skis.
It means
being with friends and the
mud at camp,
picking blackberries,
trying not to get poked,
and the sweet smell of sap,
boiling to syrup.

Hiding in my blankets

By Courtney Shephard

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Life in Vermont means watching the
fish swim down the splashing stream
while watching the bronze, gold sun rise
and smelling a sweet maple tree.
It means tasting sweet cider on the tip of
your tongue,
while smelling mouth-watering apple pie
and watching the Green Mountains
turn into colors of bronze, orange and
red.
It means walking the long dirt roads and
tasting hot chocolate
in the bitter coldness of your mouth
while
listening to the howls in the
nightly darkness
and hiding in my blankets from the
bitter, cold air.

The fair

By Nicholas Gambill

UNION SCHOOL, GRADE 4

I really liked the free samples of cotton
candy. My group went through the cotton
candy line twice. I loved the pig race!

Next Prompt

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

Submit at:

youngwritersproject.org

Thunder Road

By Theresa Jablonski

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Living in Vermont means
going to Thunder Road
On a warm summer day.
It means going four-wheeling in the mud
after a hard rain,
walking down the road to my cousin's
house
and waiting for her to get ready for a
crayfish hunt.
Going swimming in the river
and going fishing at the bridge
and catching the first fish of the year.
It means raking up the leaves and making
a big pile of leaves and jumping in it.
watching the plow truck come racing up
my road
and making a fort after a big snow fall.

Pants

By Bridget Dow

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Too low, too short, too big, too long,
too small, too wide, too tight.
Leather. Denim. Corduroys. Jeans.
Pleather. Sweat. Spandex. Cargo. Wind.
Colorful. Dull. Ugly. Cute. Interesting.
Exotic. Stretchy. Plain.

Shopping for pants is a process.
Grabbing a pair trying to pull them on. And
of course... they don't fit. Pant legs drag,
waist too tight. Ugh.

My shortness makes me suffer. Hours
and hours in and out of the dressing room.
Trying on any pair in sight. And in the
end... none fit. Great.

Finally I give up... and make a choice. I
prefer no pants at all. I wear shorts.



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nonprofit that
engages students to
write, helps them get
better at it and finds
audience for their best
work. YWP provides
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maintains a support-
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The candle

By Sophie E. Schwab

STOWE HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

The shelter stands tall and has the
appearance of being sturdy, but is quite frail.
With a smooth texture it leaves its remains
clinging to you, as if to say, Don't go.
It, like humanity,
has an easy downfall
when not supported.
The core, made with many strands,
twists and turns, spiraling up spiraling down,
vulnerably frayed at the edges,
foolishly overriding the feeble armor.
It only takes an attack to one of those strands
to collapse the entire system.
The army will grow and grow
'til the entire tip of the core is consumed.
Then it starts moving, slowly demolishing
everything in its way.
Even the core's protection does no good
except help the pain linger,
for once the enemy gets inside
it's unstoppable.
The once tall becomes small.
The shield has no choice but to melt
from solid to liquid, for its center is no more.
Although it is still a substance, it is
deformed
and empty.
A skeleton without organs.
Soon it will be gone.
Soldiers without work move on.
All that is left is the support,
and without anything to support
is now a useless reminder of what was.
There is only one way to stop this destruc-
tion: Someone must blow out the flame.