

Funeral

By **Jamie Sanders**

NORTHFIELD HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 12

My Grandmother Freida died in 2004 at 3:30 a.m. A few days before her funeral I started waking up at 3:30 every morning. I would wake up hearing something that sounded like a knock on my door. My eyes would wander over to the door and stare at it. Each time I thought it was just in my dream. Then I would hear my door handle shake, then turn. My door would open up about six inches, but no one was ever there. A few seconds later it would shut. I was always too shocked to be scared, and too many things were running through my head. I wondered if I had really seen that happen, if it was maybe even my grandmother's ghost, or if I was just dreaming.

Once the funeral was over, so was my streak of waking up at 3:30. I became certain it had been my grandmother opening the door. I never told anybody about it then because I wasn't sure people would believe me.

Later on my family and I were talking about the week of the funeral, and I was not the only one with a story. Many similar things happened that week and we were sure it was my grandmother letting us know she was there.

Can't you see me?

By **Jasmine Carpenter**

MONTPELIER HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 11

I walk through the night
People pass me but they look right through me.
Can you see me? I shout at them.
They just walk on by.
I remember crashing,
then the feeling of nothing.
Can you see me? I shout
To a couple of teen girls.
They just walk on by.
I'm confused,
here I am,
plain as day.
Screaming at the people,
but they say nothing back to me,
they don't even look at me.
I remember blood,
Then here I am in the middle of town.
Can you see me? I shout to a business man
Talking on his Blackberry.
He walks on by talking about a merger.
Then I hear someone talk,
About a crash the night before.
Two dead, a boy and a girl.
Another critically wounded.
You can't hear me...

Ghosts

By **Cerese Sanborn**

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

Broken sounds
Painful deaths
Mournful sobbing
Heartbreaking screams
Scaring you
Might be fun
Haunting the places
Where they died
Some play tricks
While others are cruel
Breaking things
Hurting people
Could they be
Signs of revenge?
Can't you see me?

Never alone

By **Nate Lavigne**

BERLIN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GRADE 6

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)
... John would often stay home when his parents went into town for errands or out to dinner with some of their friends. It seemed that every time that they were gone from the house John would experience something unusual. One time he was watching television and it just turned off. Another time he was in the living room and heard the kitchen sink water running. A few other times he swears he could hear footsteps upstairs walking around, and whispering voices. ...

On one of the coldest winter nights of the year John's parents were invited to a house party of some of their new friends. John didn't want to go so he said he'd stay home alone. It wasn't even 10 minutes after they had left that weird stuff started happening. First John went into the kitchen to make himself a snack and all of the cabinet drawers were open. Then the doorbell started to ring so John ran into the living room to shut off the TV and ran upstairs to look out his bedroom window to see if there was a car in the driveway. Right when he got to his door it was shut so he tried to open it but it was locked. He ran to his parent's bedroom and that door was also locked. Every door upstairs was locked. So he ran back downstairs to find that all the windows and main doors were opened wide. ...

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Favorite character

The Hogwarts Express

By **Christian Macarilla**

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8
(Excerpt: Full story: youngwritersproject.org)

... "Watch it you. Oh, Forrest, it's you," said his other best friend Hermione.

"Hello Hermione," said Forrest, punctuating the syllable.

"Hello," she said.

"Hurry or else were going to miss the Hogwarts Express!"

Forrest put his luggage on the train and boarded.

Half way to Hogwarts the train slowed to a stop and everything got cold. Nine figures appeared all in black robes.

"Nowhere to go now," said the figure in a deathly voice.

"Hey wait a second," said Forrest.

"Aren't you supposed to be in a different movie?"

"Are you Frodo Baggins?" the thing said.

"No sir, I'm Forest, Forest Gump."

"Oh, my bad; I'm sorry," the figure said. "Let's go, boys." And with that they were gone. ...

The Ooooh!

By **Cassidy Whitley**

BARRE TOWN SCHOOL, GRADE 4

One day when I was sleeping I heard a noise so I woke up. It was coming from my mom's room. I got up and went to see if everything was OK. Then I saw a faint white puff of smoke. So I ran into my mom's room, and when I was running I saw her smile and wave at me! I jumped up on her bed and yelled, "I'm scared!"

My mom said, "It is OK. You're with me now!"

Ever since then I have called the white puff of smoke the ooooh!

Ghosts

By **Kay Bushman**

U-32 MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

I must believe in ghosts. I have to believe that every chill I feel, every disembodied word I hear, every unexplained household noise, every time the door creaks open of its own accord, every misplaced item, every penny I find on my bedroom floor, every echo, every footstep, every trick of the light, is you.

Maybe it's not completely you, just the last breath you left here, released into the atmosphere as you began to disappear, but it's something, isn't it? Something I can wrap my hand around, figuratively.

I need some promise that I never imagined you. You were here, you are here, you will be here, you will come back.

Others might say it's denial. It's grief. Maybe the girl isn't all right in the head?

No, no, I assure them. I'm fine. I'm sane, I'm over it; I've moved on.

But still, I wonder. Was that really just the shadow of a passing car I saw on my wall that night in August? Was I just having an involuntary chill under those sheets? Was it just a strong breeze from my window that swept my door closed, or was it the trapped soul of a boy who was visiting those he had left behind?

Next Prompt

General. Submit your best non-prompt general writing. **Alternate: Hunting.** Share your favorite hunting stories, or tell us how you feel about hunting. **Due Friday.**

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