

What will come of me?

By Kara Bronson

Twin Valley Middle School, Grade 7

They're coming. The soldiers. They're looking for me. I feel them coming closer and closer. Even when I'm hidden they'll find me and if they don't, I'll still have no chance of survival. I don't have much longer. But, of every second I have left, I think, I think, and I think.... What will become of me?

Oh gosh, they're back

By Maya Redington

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6

The weeds in my garden . . .
The stars at night . . .
My brother's annoying friends . . .
The garbage-green colored vegetables that my mother keeps trying to feed me . . .
The "It Girls" from school . . .
My dentist appointment . . .
School. Oh boy. Here I go . . .
Oh gosh, they're back.

The students return

By Emma Aspell

Woodstock Union High School, Grade 12

The doors fly open.
Trampling stampedes.
The loud, never-ending noise has returned.
Lockers slam,
Rumors travel.
Cluttering chatter in the hallways
Makes it hard to go from place to place.
But once the bell sounds
The traveling crowds of students
Make their way to class.
Watch out teachers,
We're back!

Next Prompt

Get published in the *Reformer!*

5. Ghosts.

Do you believe in ghosts? Have you ever seen one? Tell us a ghost story. Make one up if you want, but make it believable. **Alternate: Favorite character.** Choose your favorite character from a book or movie and place them in a different story. **Due Friday.**

Future prompts; to submit:

youngwritersproject.org

Those days

By Eden Hubert

Compass School, Grade 7

I look.
I look at the pictures of us.
All of us together at the water park, not really paying attention to cameras, but more to each other.

I think.
I think of how we ran around stores, not caring what people thought of us, but how we thought of each other, what would make us laugh, what made us love each other.

Loving and cherishing the time we had together.

Not remembering that we are all split up now between different schools, but remembering the time we did have together, wishing we still had now to laugh.

I miss those days.
Sometimes I wish I could turn around and there they would be.



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 after-school programs. For more go to: ywp-schools.net.

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Oh gosh

By Karianna Willette

Hartford Memorial Middle School, Grade 8

Oh man! not this time again.
The coldness that whirls inside my body.
The pain of icicles breaking and making on my nose.
The silence that quivers my eardrum,
But frankly the only words that come to my mind
Are...
Oh my gosh! winter is here.



Dorothea Lange took this photo, "Toward Los Angeles," in March 1937. For more historic, public photos from this era: <http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/index.html>

Two exhausted men

By Sarah Barker

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6

Two exhausted men
A never-ending dirt road
Hot humid air

Highway to nowhere

By Braeden Hughes

Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 9

Your slender-heeled
footsteps mingle
with the heavy tread of tires,
and your silken shadows
murmur on the
crunching gravel
highway to
Nowhere.
Like dying men
lost in the expanse of
unforgiving desert,
you're walking just to
be going
Somewhere,
Anywhere.
Straight-backed
and proud,
your path is spiced
with danger, and
peppered with the
promising glow of
adventure.
Your careless smile
and sun-tanned skin,
a friend, a pack, and
the road.
How glorious to be
young and strong
and going
Somewhere
on this long, dusty highway to
Nowhere.

Almost there

By Chloe Hutt Vater

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6

The intense heat
Walking down the dusty road
Sun is setting
It's almost dark
The temperature is dropping fast
We're almost there

The question

By Sarah Fry

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 5

Two graceful people
The train mocking them so
Should they walk?

Dust bowl travelers

By Shoshana Danit Silverstein

Homeschooled, Grade 11

Out they came in silent stride,
gravel rasping under foot,
resolute steps side by side.
Hats shading weary faces,
shadows bumping on the road,
callused hands grasping worn cases.
They are strangers traveling by
the twisted fences that edge their route,
beneath the bleached and endless sky.
Abandoned on a dusty plain,
seeking a world that passed them by,
mocked by 'Next Time Try The Train'.
They went on in silent stride,
gravel rasping under foot,
resolute steps side by side.