

## Oh, gosh, fall is back

By **Lucy Pappas**  
Renaissance School, Grade 6

Ah, the summer mornings and evenings  
were warm and lazy.  
The lush green leaves danced in the cool  
breeze.  
But, it only took one night for that all to  
change.  
Now, the mornings are cold, and goose  
bumps cover arms and legs.  
The leaves are changing.  
The Dijon mustard yellows, the rusty  
orange with splotches of green and  
brown,  
and ruby reds, with curling edges.  
The night airs are crisp,  
And just as you fall asleep, you can hear  
coydogs howling at the moon.  
The temperature dropping,  
the leaves changing,  
coydogs howling,  
Oh gosh, fall is back!

## Here it comes again

By **Isaac Potvin**  
Rice Memorial High School, Grade 12

Oh gosh, it is back...  
I knew that it was going to come again  
It comes after me every year  
To trick me, to stump me, to intimidate me  
But today it will not defeat me  
I will defeat it with my powerful intellect  
I am a warrior and I am about to battle an enemy  
That I knew was approaching  
But was not sure when it would appear  
But the time has come  
And my enemy is in my sight  
So I take a deep breath  
Lift up my pencil  
Ignite my powerful intellect  
And hoping for the best, I attack.

### Next Prompts

**5. Ghosts.** Have you seen a ghost? 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.**

**6. Object.** Write about one object that defines you — or someone you know. Tell a story about why it is important to you (or them). **Alternate: The bus.** Write a story that takes place on a bus. **Due: Oct. 16**

To see the prompts for the full year and to submit work go to:

[youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)



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>

## Almost there

By **Georgia Parke** | Stowe High School, Grade 10

i.  
Let's go somewhere, I said.  
Where? Anywhere.  
Nowhere.  
Everywhere.  
And we'll just walk for a while.  
Walk walk walk, oh, walk.  
Don't stop.  
We're almost there.  
Depends on where "there" is.  
But sure, we're almost there.

ii.  
Let's go live for a while  
Among dirt and canvas and billboards  
and hats  
And just forget it all.  
Let's go live for a while.

iii.  
We don't say anything, ever. So I know we  
both understand.

iv.  
There're footprints ahead of us.  
The same size as yours, by the looks.  
Where are they going?  
I hope mine don't erase them.  
After all, they were here first.

v.  
Maybe we'll be our own billboard some-  
day  
And people will take a picture of us  
And try to understand where we're going.  
I hope they do,  
Because I sure don't.

vi.  
Let's just walk for a while.  
We will end up somewhere eventually.  
Yes, sure,  
We're almost there.

## 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.



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](http://youngwritersproject.org) — a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds Digital Writing Classrooms for schools and afterschool programs. For more: [ywpschools.net](http://ywpschools.net).

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## I'm sooooo tired

By **Samuel Edwards-Kuhn**  
Renaissance School, Grade 6

(Excerpt: Full story at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org))

"Father, I'm so tired," John said loudly. "Can't we stop and rest a little bit? We've been traveling for three days! My legs feel like jelly!"

John's father kept on walking as if he were listening to some birds chirping, not his son talking to him.

"Pleeeeeeeeeeease??"

"John, we're already three hours late, and your grandparents are expecting us by nightfall. We can't stop even for a minute!"

John knew he would get in trouble if he said this, but he couldn't stop the sarcasm from pouring out of his mouth.

"Can we stop for fifty-nine seconds?"

"Double chores when we get there!"

Now have a seat for twenty-five seconds. By the time I tell you to get up it will have been fifty-nine!"

John groaned, but it was worth it. About five seconds after he sat down, he looked down the road and saw a billboard advertising a train running from Laguna Beach (his hometown) to Los Angeles (his grandparents' home). Perfect! John thought. Then I wouldn't have to walk any of the way!

"Father, can we take the train next time?" John asked, just as his father was starting to tell him to get up.

John's father interrupted himself. "Just for asking, get up and we're getting on our way."

With a large "huff," John reluctantly got up and started walking.

"But why not?" John asked, thinking of sitting in a train seat, softer than his bed, and moving as fast as the wind. ...