

Hunting memories

By **Drew M. Wood**

Dummerston Middle School, Grade 8

In my days of yonder,
All of the things I really loved —
The shooting of a rifle
And the taking-down of a doe.
The days fly by
And I really know
When the day comes by
I'll be ready for the blow.
A buck,
That's all I need,
Seven- or eight-pointer
To stand in front of me.
Someday I will remember
Today was the day
The buck went down
Where it was standing.

Goodbye

By **Samantha Newell**

Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 12

I can't say I knew you,
I barely knew your name,
You were a friend's friend,
And life was just a game.
Every time you drew a card,
It all turned out right,
Until the card you drew,
Was the one that took your life.
I hate the dreaded outcome,
I hate the way of fate,
I hate the car that crushed you,
But that's not all I hate.
I hate myself for crying,
It will not bring you here,
So all I can say right now,
Is I hope its been a good year.
You were a happy senior,
Now you're in the sky,
I really loved meeting you,
And now it's time for goodbye.

The five elements

By **Colette Anton**

Dover Elementary School, Grade 5

Fire: burning, deconstruction, flames in the distance
Air: swiftly moving, to keep us alive
Earth: what we call home, yet struggling with its survival
Water: the center of it all, rushing fiercely
These four elements work together and against each other,
but the fifth element, love, is the most peaceful and powerful of them all.

Hunting, by a real Vermonter

By **Jim Evans** | *Dummerston Middle School, Grade 8*

One time I was up in Island Pond with my brother. We was up there 'cause we were gunna do some huntin'. The first day we had to get up at four in the mornin'. It was snowin' and sleetin' pretty terrible out there but we went out anyways.

We got in the truck and headed off for the huntin' area. We got to our spot, parked the truck and loaded up them rifles. We walked off into the woods and about after ten minutes I was soaked to the bone. I musta put on at least ten pounds of water weight.

By the time we got to our spot an hour had passed, and it was gettin' more miserable the longer we was out there. We sat in our spot for two or three hours and didn't see or hear nuttin'. It was gettin' to be 'bout lunch time so we decided to head back to the truck.

'Bout half way to the truck there's a nice big field but we couldn't see nuttin' 'cause the gosh-dang snow was fallin' so thick. We walked on the tree line cause we didn't wanna spook them deer if they was

in there. Up in the left-hand corner we saw a nice buck. It musta been at least a eight-pointer. My brother pulled up his rifle and got a good aim. He shot and the buck went down. We walked over to it and saw that it was a wicked nice eight-pointer.

We had to pull the buck out 'bout a mile, and by this time the snow was gettin' pretty darn deep. We hooked up some ropes to pull it out and it went pretty easy. When we got to the pickup we loaded up the buck and headed for the reportin' station. When we got there we unloaded the buck and put it on the scale. He weighed in about 185 pounds. After that we got some lunch at Jennifer's, the local Island Pond eatery. They got one of the best cheeseburgers in the Northeast Kingdom.

After we was done eatin' we headed back to the cabin. We hung up the deer then went inside and took all our huntin' clothes off and put 'em on the heater. I got all warmed up and took a nap on the couch. It was one good day huntin' in Vermont.

My name

By **Hannah Gianotti**

The Mountain School, Grade 8

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

... My name is Channah, Hanalee, and Anneka. It is Grace of God, and favored Grace, it is family togetherness, and input. It is Hebrew, and German. It is mine. It's those days when it's raining and you'd do anything to be home and warm, and it's those times where the sun is shining and you can't sit still. It is life, hope and faith. It is Hannah.

... It is a brother's love, and a sister's appreciation. It is simple, almost boring, three letters, back and forth. A mirror image on the outside, but on the inside holds so much more. It holds a life, and all of those memories you make during it. An individual personality, formed together by those six letters. ...

These are the hours

By **Jonah Ullman**

Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 9

These are the hours
that drag on
Bringing thoughts of sickly suicidal poets
To the heads of insecure, worried memories
from earlier in life
Who attend to each and every need of the
dying like a mother would
Those who part with their lives to ensure that
another's will be better
Until their life's priority jumps into a void
Leaving them with nothing but themselves to
think about
These are the hours
That make a perfect life seem so unbearable
She's never more alone than when she's surrounded
by those who love her
Her mind is a prison
From which her mouth lets no thoughts
escape
These are the hours
That take the sanity from a brilliant mind
That hold the tantalizing excitement of
A rushing metropolis that is a brilliant mind in
its own
Right before the eyes of the artist
Who is locked away from her inspiration

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Watching

By **Alana Redden**

Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 8

The eyes focus in on you like they have never found anything so interesting.
Not one is the same as another,
All different,
Yet all
Staring,
Scrutinizing,
Judging in the exact same way.
The sea of eyes fades into one.
It becomes an ocean.
It creates a mass that
Makes you forget you're being watched.
There become so many that you start to forget about them entirely.
At a certain point,
They disappear altogether.
You start to wonder if what you were looking at
Was something completely different than what you thought.
You realize that maybe how you were looking
Didn't actually allow you to be seeing.

Skipping stone

By **Kyle Champney**

Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 9

I am on my own,
all alone.
Sinking to the bottom,
like a skipping stone.