

## Stage

**By Olivia V. Hern**

*Shelburne Community School, Grade 8*

I guess it's like when you've been lying  
So still for so long  
And your legs ache to move  
I suppose it's like when you wake  
From a forgotten dream  
And your mouth is moving in forgotten  
song  
I think it's like a story  
You've been told since you were young  
And now you know it like yourself  
I guess it's like cringing  
Then smoothing your fears away  
In time for the people to see  
I think that it's like being in love  
Not that I have much experience with that  
It's like when your heart is about to burst  
And that is why  
You let out that heartfelt cry  
Bright lights — heat wave  
Seamless words  
Do I wonder why  
The theater makes me laugh  
And the theater makes me cry?

## Electric guitar

**By Ed Dixon**

*Renaissance School, Grade 7*

He held the guitar well as he played  
the most famous guitar riff in history.  
Holding a Fender Stratocaster, his fingers  
danced up and down the fret board, his  
hand swishing the strings as he played,  
the Malaysian skyline in the distance. The  
chrome blue of the guitar shone as the  
crowd cheered. The shrieking of the  
singer could hardly be heard as the gui-  
tarist swung his hand right through the  
strings. Then the interruption — thou-  
sands of people roared in indignation and  
...

“Hey, Ed, you're not daydreaming  
about rock music again, are you?”

## Interception

**By Callum Mahoney**

*Charlotte Central School, Grade 8*

I'm split out  
Covering the wide receiver  
Hike  
The ball is snapped  
He's running  
I watch his eyes  
They're following the ball  
Up, up, up  
I turn around  
Boom  
The ball is in my hands  
Interception

## Little, orange pumpkin

**By Grace Chamberlain**

*Ferrisburgh Central School, Grade 6*

Little, orange pumpkin  
sitting on the porch  
watching people come and go  
vampires, werewolves, ghosts.  
Little orange pumpkin  
with a smile on his face  
sits there most of the night  
looking into space.

## Fear

**By Mizpa Diaz**

*Burlington High School, Grade 12*

Everybody has fears  
Everybody needs a fear  
Fear of taking a chance  
A chance in love  
Fear of losing  
Losing who you love  
Fear of breaking free  
From memories that hurt  
Fear of chasing your dream  
It seems so far away  
Fear of life  
Because at the end there's death  
Fear of the future  
Of whom you'll be  
Fear of hurting someone  
Fear of yourself  
Not knowing who you are  
Fear of the world  
Fear is everywhere

## Cat

**By Megan Martin**

*Ferrisburgh Central School, Grade 6*

*(Author's note: This poem was inspired by  
Valerie Worth)*

On the hopechest  
My cat lies down,  
Curled up in a ball,  
His paw  
Covering his eyes  
Like he's hiding.  
He wakes up  
Takes a BIG stretch  
And yawns  
So big  
You can see  
The back of his throat.  
His teeth  
Are sharp as knives.  
He lies back down  
Curls up in a ball,  
With his paw  
Covering his eyes  
Like he's hiding  
And he sleeps  
All day  
On the hopechest  
In his orange and white  
Striped fur.

## My road

**By Karina Jaquith-Bender**

*Homeschooled, Grade 10*

I've always hated hunting with all my  
guts (pardon the pun). Being a vegetarian,  
it comes with the territory. People traips-  
ing through the woods with long metal  
sticks, looking for a life to steal — it has  
always seemed slightly barbaric to me.

But, living in Vermont, hunting is com-  
monplace. Something to either participate  
in or turn a blind eye on. The latter was  
working fine for me until one day when I  
was 11, I snapped.

On my road the nearest neighbors are  
a mile away. This being said, one does not  
expect to run into anyone out there. So  
when I was walking and saw the truck  
parked a little way off the road, I stopped  
dead in my tracks.

“Hunters,” I thought, rage leaping up  
inside me. “Hunters on MY road.” It infu-  
riated me that murder was occurring so  
close to me, just a few miles from where I  
stood. I stomped over to the truck, plan-  
ning my attack. I circled it a couple of  
times, fury making my hands shake and  
my ears ring. I'm sure the phrase, “if looks  
could kill,” would have applied.

In my rage, no brilliant attack strate-  
gies came to mind. So I wheeled around  
and spit on the bumper.

Again. Again.

It felt good.

Soon, though, my senses began to  
come back to me. One thing was for sure;  
I did not want to get caught spitting on a  
truck. An eleven-year-old girl salivating on  
an abandoned vehicle would probably be taken  
to the hospital to rule out concussion.

So I stalked off down my road, hoping  
against hope that the hunter would come  
so I could spit on him, too.

But, alas, no one appeared on my road:  
no one ever does.

So I walked home, shoulders slumped  
and deflated, with a little less saliva than  
I'd had before.

Nothing more.

## Darn squirrels

**By Sara Stearns**

*Ferrisburgh Central School, Grade 6*

*(Author's note: This poem was inspired by Valerie Worth)*

Sitting in the tree stand  
About 20 feet up  
We listen anxiously  
I hear something  
I look up; alert  
Hoping it's a deer  
Aim the gun  
where we heard the noise  
We stare at that spot  
With our strong eyes  
Hoping it's a big buck  
But no  
It's just a darn squirrel



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## A fun time hunting

**By Jeremy Oliver**

*Edmunds Middle School, Grade 7*

One day, my dad, two of his friends  
and I all got up at 3:00 in the morning to  
go hunting. It was dark and cold outside  
so I had to wear extra sweatshirts. We go  
hunting down at the lake by the North  
Shore condos in the Old North End. It's  
my favorite place to go because I've been  
going there since I was two, which is  
almost my whole life. There are always a  
lot of geese there. The site where we  
hunt has two other duck blinds near ours.

When I woke up that morning I had a  
feeling we were going to get at least one  
goose, maybe more. I felt really good all  
day because I was going hunting. I always  
feel really good when I go hunting.

My dad was calling to two geese and  
there were two people behind us camping.  
They were leaving in a boat when the  
geese got in range and we all emptied our  
guns. The people in the boat screamed  
when we shot the guns. We didn't mean to  
scare them but the good thing was that we  
got one of the two geese.

At the end of the day we were all  
happy and tired. We were happy because  
we got a goose and tired because we had  
gotten up very early.

### Next Prompt

**School.** What experiences in school  
have really engaged you? **Due Friday.**  
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