

# The Bus

By Skyla Harvey

*Dummerston Elementary School, Grade 7*

It moves and bumps and wiggles and turns  
 Throwing us around and making us giggle  
 It stops and opens its double doors  
 We scream and shout, making more trouble  
 We yell "Bye!" as someone gets off  
 We play the quiet game and I win  
 People laugh while two boys joke  
 While I sit I wait for more with a smile.  
 The pretty girl gets off  
 All the boys wave and wait for another day  
 Finally it's just me and a guy  
 He gets off and I see a chair and mirror for free  
 The bus stops and lets me off  
 I run in the door while my dad makes bets  
 I tell my mother about the bus ride home  
 But she's busy with a hair fuss  
 So I wait for another day  
 To laugh n' such other.

# Silent bus

By Austin Kim

*Cardigan Mt. School, Grade 9*

It was just a regular bus that I rode after school. Friends, workers, old men and all kinds of people crammed together to get through the narrow door. Some of them were euphoric while others seemed terrorized, as if something bad would happen.

I punched my debit card into the small machine to pay the bus driver. The small space I entered inside was familiar to me; it is a great place to convert hopes and desires from the crowded world outside by simply sitting on the chair. I liked it ... until the old man appeared. He had huge dentures in his mouth and dragged his right leg when he walked with his small cane. Before he even reached into his pocket, the bus driver kicked the gas pedal. It was such a heavy and ephemeral movement, and it triggered everybody to lean backward. The old man staggered to the ground. It took another minute for me to notice that his gigantic dentures were rolling on the floor of the bus. Silence vibrated and we all heard the 'clicking' noise of the dentures. The old man pulled himself up. His leg shook and his eyes seemed torn out, but nobody, absolutely nobody, picked up his dentures. Touching another person's dentures requires some special type of courage and benevolence. But, what the heck? Nobody? I don't want to. Hilarious. Everyone's eyes blinked as if they imagined some hero in a movie picking up an old man's dentures. It ended when an old lady picked them up and said, "Sorry."

Later, I questioned myself, 'Who am I? A student? A boy? Just another ordinary person who waits and lets things go by?'

# Unforgettable morning

By Sarah Barker

*Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6*

I was waiting at the top of my driveway for the bus. Five minutes passed and still no sign of it. Finally, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the long yellow deathtrap of a bus clunking down the road. It came to a halt six feet before me. The doors flung open, and I boarded. When I sat in the seat, the bus driver closed the doors and started to drive. I turned to my friends and began to chat.

A few minutes later we heard a popping noise and the bus driver stopped. He opened the doors and exited the bus, leaving us unaware of what was going on. Then he stepped back onto the bus and told everyone that the bus had a flat tire and he would be calling for help. He also said we might be here for a while so we'd better get comfortable. The little kids were panicking, the middle aged kids were excited and the older kids were both.

Thirty minutes passed and no sign of any help; now everyone was panicking. People were hungry, thirsty and the little kids had to go to the bathroom. The bus driver was sleeping in his seat with his hat over his head. We were not impressed.

It was the middle of October so the air was cold and frosty. The driver had to turn the bus off so there was no heat whatsoever. Everyone was wrapped up in their jackets, sitting with their best friends, sleeping. The bus driver woke the 6th graders up and told them he was going for a walk to find help. He asked them to be in charge. They nodded and sat back down, unable to sleep.

By 5:00 p.m. we were really hungry, thirsty and cold. The bus driver had not come back and it had been over two hours. The 6th graders kept the little kids warm and made them feel safe. Finally we could hear a faint beep, beeping sound. The sound was a huge truck and the bus driver. It was the tow man. He towed the bus to school and all the kids went home just as relieved as any other day.

# Bus

By Hunter Upmal

*Berlin Elementary School, Grade 6*

When I was little I rode the bus  
 It was very annoying so I made a fuss  
 The bus was covered in rust  
 And everyone on that bus cursed  
 The floor was covered in dust  
 I just wanted to bust that bus.  
 Most of all I just want to relax  
 This is why I don't ride the bus.

# Narnia Kantal

By Ezekiel Mulder

*Homeschooled, Grade 1*

One thing that really defines me is a clubhouse called Narnia Kantal. It is in the loft of the barn on our property. It has a hole in the wall that leads to a dark secret space. There is a door from the loft that leads out of the barn. This is really frightening because you are ten feet up. I meet there with my brother to talk about things, like what we are going to do. We play there. We sometimes make things there.

I like it because there is an old typewriter which we found the key to. I like my brother's company. I like the real world better than Narnia Kantal, but Narnia makes me feel full of excitement and adventure.

# Photographs

By Obadiah Mulder

*Homeschooled, Grade 3*

One object that defines me are two pictures in a bi-fold frame. One is of me at three months old lying in a carseat wrapped in a bunting. I look very happy. My head is tilted slightly to the left and my little fists are by my sides.

The other picture is of me with my great-grandmother. She is in a blue dress with flowers on it. She is smiling and her skin has freckles. Her hair is shiny brownish gold. My hand is in my mouth and my head is lolling sharply to the left.

These pictures are important to me because I love my great grandmother. They make me feel connected to her even though she is all the way in Tennessee and I am in Vermont.

## Upcoming Prompts

Get published in the *Reformer!*

**Sibling rivalry.** Write a story about how you compete with a brother or sister. If you don't have a sibling, write about what it's like to be the lone child. *Alternate: Anger.* Rant about something that really ticks you off. **Due Friday.**

**Winter Tales.** Tell a story about winter; it can focus on the season or the holidays — the weather, the outdoors, or the emotions. A dozen selections will be given dramatic presentations by Vermont Stage Company in early December. **Deadline: Nov. 13**

Future prompts and to submit:

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



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 [young-writersproject.org](http://young-writersproject.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 go to: [ywpschools.net](http://ywpschools.net).

**THANKS:** YWP depends on the generosity of businesses, foundations and individuals to keep going. Special thanks to:

## FAIRPOINT COMMUNICATIONS

FairPoint Communications has provided support for Digital Writing Classrooms in four schools and for a study of the impact of these classrooms on students' writing skills. FairPoint recognizes both the importance of strong writing skills and the need to integrate digital technology in the classroom.

# Blubber

By Tyler Cook

*Rutland Middle School, Grade 8*

Blubber is fun.

You can poke it, punch it,  
 throw it at the wall.  
 Put it in a chicken,  
 and step on it in the hall.  
 You can roll it in a glove  
 and throw it in Roald Dahl.  
 You can make it into a phone  
 and pretend to call.  
 You may even want to  
 make it tall.  
 You can make it look  
 like Edgar Allan Poe,  
 Or make it into a car  
 and watch it go.  
 (Watch out, 'cause it might  
 stub your toe.)  
 You can make it your friend,  
 and call it Joe.  
 Turn out the lights  
 and watch it glow.  
 Blubber is fun, but watch out,  
 'cause it might become  
 your foe.