

Taking over

By Amelia Nick

Dover Elementary School, Grade 6

Here we fight
All through the night,
Steam coming out of our ears.
A feeling like no other
That we are sharing together.
Pain taking over, causing tears.
Filling us up,
Like water flowing into a cup.
Anger taking over right here.

Doing the dishes

By Isaac Day

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6

One thing that I hate is when my mom or dad tell me to do the dishes. Oh, doing the dishes is so disgusting. To touch people's food — it's like licking the inside of your dog's mouth. But my parents make me do the dishes and not my brothers. So I'm always just irritated.

Anger!

By Sidney Pillot

North Pomfret, Grade 3

Anger
Seething hot inside me
Ready to be let out
at my will
Like flames dancing round and round
Ready to engulf you
as you pound up the stairs
and lie down in your bed
You feel calm again, like a
dying phoenix ready to be reborn in your body
But for now, it's at peace.

Why do people have to spit?

By Caroline Krawczyk

Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

Something that ticks me off is when I see someone spitting. I always seem to catch people spitting. Every time I turn around, someone spits. During sport practices, I see people spitting. While I walk down the street, I see people spit. I just can't stand it. Why do people spit? Is it an unconscious behavior? Is it really that necessary? I just find it disgusting when I see people spit because I don't really want to see someone spit in front of me and it ticks me off.

Sisterly love

By Daisy Sullivan

Manchester Elementary Middle School, Grade 7

... we start
throwing
out insults
like they're
used tissues...
we shatter
each others'
hearts
and act
like there
is no
love
between
us.
Whether it's
the bathroom,
the remote,
or who
gets the
last cupcake ...
When we
both
have run
out of
nasty
things to say ...
everyone
forgets
about it
and we
become
loving sisters
again.

My pet peeves

By Maya Redington

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 6

I've never had trouble with Young Writers Project topics... until now.
“Anger” was a hard topic for me to write about. You see, one of my pet peeves is talking about my pet peeves. Yes, I do have quite a list of annoying sequences to write about, but I don't like to express them. For example, I really don't like it when my mother and my brother like the heat up ALL the way in the car, but I'm not going to talk about that. And when I'm at basketball practice, our coach makes us run around the WHOLE entire gym, but I'm not going to talk about that. So, what topic should I talk about if I don't like telling about my pet peeves? Wait a minute! If I just told YOU about my pet peeves, I just completed one of my pet peeves!

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Rollercoaster

By Chelsey Horner

Mettawee Community School, Grade 6

When it comes to sibling rivalry
the words in my mouth
tend to speak for themselves
One little thing can start it
We each take turns screaming
at each other
until one of us gets tired
The next day can be different
it all depends
Sibling rivalry does not have a special day
marked
unless you mark the whole year
We try to get along
but the next day there's a bet going
One wins
the other yells, “here we go again”
Sibling rivalry is a rollercoaster
We get along one day
and not the next.
Sibling rivalry is all about family
You just have to deal with it

A ONE-SENTENCE STORY
FROM YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG

“I dare to speak with the wall, murmuring in sarcastic whispers, because I know that it's filed away somewhere in cyberspace, to be heard at another time.”

— CIRCE

Best day ever

By Sarah Dunkle

Tunbridge Central School, Grade 5

One day my brother and I were doing our homework and I said that we should go outside when we were done. He said that we had to ask Mom and Dad. They knew we always caught snakes and lizards so they said it was fine.

So Michael and I went to catch lizards and snakes up on the pipe by our house. It is a brown water pipe. We also went to our cousin's house and went swimming and jumped on the trampoline. Then we went home the long way. We went all the way past the rock slides and to the desert to catch our pets. Then we were finally to our dirt road. That's where we saw it. It was a mean-looking rat. Then again, we were little so we didn't care. Michael went to pick it up and it bit him and he howled! Me, well I was about five or six years old, and I screamed at the thing, “Don't you touch him, he's my brother, not yours! You back off!” From there we scrambled home. Michael was bleeding really bad.

Back then he and I barely ever fought but, well, I can't say that now.



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 afterschool programs. For more go to: ywpschools.net.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS:

Dec 9-13 — Vermont Stage Company's *Winter Tales* at Flynnspace — featuring YWP student work. For more visit vtstage.org.

Escalation

By Emily Cooper

Mettawee Community School, Grade 6

One little comment starts it all
Shouting gets louder, voices no longer smaller
Insults being thrown back and forth
Each one challenging my self-worth
You can feel the tension in the air
Yell a meaner comment if you dare
Insults and voices escalate
And all I feel is hate
Then come the tears
It's the winning sound to the other's ears
Stalking off and doors slamming shut
Only thinking, “Those words really cut”
The other sibling hears my sobbing
Opens my door, their heart is throbbing
Wrapping arms in a hug
My heartstrings feel a tug
Each of us feels badly
Saying sorry, making up gladly
Talking together for a while
Happy to see each other smile

Upcoming Prompts

Get published in the *Reformer!*

General writing. Send us your best work in any genre. **Due Friday.**

An elder's story. Get someone in an older generation to tell you a story they've never told you. Re-tell it in 400 words. Focus on the most memorable moment. Fictionalize the story if you want. No real names. **Alternate: The big win.** Write about a time when you won big. **Deadline Dec. 11.**

Future prompts and to submit:

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