

Identical

By Devon Preston

Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 9

It's like looking into a mirror
My exact genetic clone
My complete other half
I am under ceaseless comparison
If I don't justify my character
I will be concealed beneath the shadow of
my sister

Oh, boys!

By Haley Harder

Renaissance School, Grade 6

I have a few friends who are “only children.” They tell me how lucky I am to have brothers for “playmates.” Playmates? Yeah, right! More like shoot-me-with-a-Nerf-gun-while-I-am-doing-my-home-work, or rig-a-motion-sensor-in-my-room-so-it-freaks-me-out-when-I-walk-in- etc.-mates. Oh, the fun we have!

Someday, I will get those boys back. I know I will. In fact, they're probably laughing at me right now, thinking, ‘*That girl is crazy! She can't possibly get back at us. We are indestructible!*’ Well, you're wrong, brothers; you're wrong.

Only child

By Cheyenne Jewett

Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 3

I was an only child. When I was four, I wanted a sister so I could have someone to play with. I got my wish when I was seven. My sister's name is Autumn. She is so cute. She has blond hair and hazel eyes. Her hair is curly. When she was a baby she would call me “Yeh-yeh.” Now she is two. She calls me Sissy. She can make swirls and circles.

Sisters

By Maranda Aunchman

Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 3

My sister always makes my other sister go grouchy, and I don't really like listening to it. I am going to have to deal with it. They always fight. I have to admit that I fight with them, too, sometimes. Sometimes they blame some stuff on me, too, and I hate when they do that.

My mean sister

By Lexi Brace

Ferrisburgh Central School, Grade 5

Inspired by Valerie Worth
Latched on to my arm
My sister holds on
With her nails
As daggers
Screaming for my life
I try to fight back
When striking back
She only pinches harder
Tighter and tighter
Finally she thinks it's enough
And lets go
I run for it
I look down at my arm
Peeled skin and some blood
Is all I see
Days later
There is a scar
I'll spend all of
My life with this one.

Adam

By Cole Provost

Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 10

Adam is my one and only brother. We're like best friends. Growing up I followed him everywhere. Wherever he was I was right at his hip. His friends didn't seem to mind even though I was this seven-year-old kid who never shut up.

One time I will never forget was when our neighbor was making fun of me. Adam pushed him and told him to never talk about his baby sister again.

Being one of the tallest people I know, I've always looked up to him. He's always been there to pick me up or hang out with me when I needed to get out of the house. We have so much in common. We love the same music, do the same things and share a million of the same interests. I've always been closest to him. I get excited when I hear he'll be home for dinner or he's gonna come apple picking with us.

He used to have the longest hair, down to his chest. We always used to tell him it was the most beautiful hair we'd ever seen, even though he never brushed it.

I remember meeting his girlfriend of three years, Sara. She and I are like sisters now. What an adorable couple. The three of us hang out all the time. Last week we went to see “Where The Wild Things Are.” It was absolutely amazing and that's all we talked about for days after.

I never understood why siblings don't get along. Adam and I get along so well. I would never want to trade the relationship that I have with my brother for as long as I live.

Anger!

By Sofia Collas

Ferrisburgh Central School, Grade 5

My brother
Flicked my kitten.
Teeth clamped,
Face red,
Anger filled my
Body like a balloon.
Fists curled,
Ready to punch.
Eyes squinted,
Looked at my
Target,
Wanted to kill.
A sneer came.
I marched over
To him,
I towered over him,
Stared like a hawk.
He said he was sorry
Then my body relaxed.

An ode to anger

By Katelyn Jewell

Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 10

And so you taste
of rusted metal,
a wire
soldered
past its melting point —
a sensation
of momentary brain loss
fogging
over my tongue.
You are the
consonants
of hatred,
the ever-despised
icicle
forged between my teeth,
the chattering
in my throat
caused by
immortal struggle
for power over these
untamed vowels.
And so you taste
of tarnished brass,
rusted metal
soldered
to my tongue.

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Second person

By Bridget Iverson

Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 11
(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

It's not enough to say I'm angry, Breadloaf taught me. I need to make you feel it. I need to kick you, slap you, strike you across the face so hard my fingers leave welts. Dig my ink-warped fingernails into the swollen skin just above your eye. Blind; those are my tears wet on your cheek. It is my blood you taste in your mouth.

Your fists clench.

Anger tastes like ashes and aluminum foil. Guilt, like soured milk. You want to gag. You want to stand up, tip over your chair, and run for the classroom door; sprint down the barren hallway past the hall monitor, past the shocked teachers at their doors, past a hundred surprised adolescent faces peering at the crazy barefoot girl dashing by, past the stunned secretary and out into the cool damp grass of school property. You want to shout your frustration until it echoes through the theater and the gym. You want to let it out in an explosion that people will talk about for weeks afterward.

But this is school. This is a place for work, not emotion. All you can do is sit and scribble in your notebook as a bee crawls up your leg.

Now pay attention. Take notes. This will be on the exam.

Do not think, because to think is to question, and to question is to disobey. This is what you wanted, isn't it? This is what you worked so hard for. This is who you are now. This isn't even about you anymore.

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