

# Anger

By KALIE MARIE SWEET  
Franklin Central School, Grade 6

When I get angry my fists clench and my mouth tightens so hard my jaw goes numb. I feel like the whole world hates me. And when the tears run down my face and it stings, I kick and scream until my lungs ache so bad I can't breathe. That's what I do when I am mad.

# Falling leaves

By IAN BOWLER  
St. Albans Town Educational Center, Grade 4

The leaves are falling  
The leaves are red, orange, brown  
Watch the leaves fall down.

# Winter

By GRIFFIN KNAPP  
St. Albans Town Educational Center, Grade 4

Sledding down the hill.  
Snow on the ground all around.  
School closed for the day.

# The poetry of chess

By RENNIE VAN ZILE  
St. Albans Town Educational Center, Grade 4

The queen is the most powerful piece.  
The bishop, only diagonally, moves anywhere.  
The king is most important 'cause his capture ends the game.  
The knight moves in the 'L' shape, and can jump over pieces, friend or foe.  
No other piece can move like the knight.  
The rook can move up, down, left or right as many spaces as he can.  
The pawns, the weakest pieces, yet still special: if they march to the opponent's side, they can win back a rook, knight, bishop, or queen.  
They cannot be transformed to another pawn or king.  
So, I invite you to a game of chess.

# Alien invasion

By OWEN BRUNING  
BFA Fairfax, Grade 8  
(Excerpt: Full story at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org))

One day my family and I were eating dinner at our dinner table. We were eating spaghetti with meatballs and sauce. Then I heard a weird sound coming from outside on our front yard. It sounded like an airplane or a helicopter. The sound got louder and louder. I looked out the window and there was a dark shape flying through the night sky. It was distant, far away. It looked like some sort of airplane or flying machine. The machine got closer and closer and ominously approached our house. As it got closer I could see that it was a spaceship. The spaceship was the shape of a flying saucer, and was black and green. The spaceship landed in our front yard and strange creatures with weapons stepped out. Aliens!

We started to panic and called the police. The creatures used their lightning guns to shatter the window. "Run!" We all tried to run away from the aliens but they switched their weapons to freeze mode and they froze us all before we could escape...



# YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT

building a generation of better writers

Welcome to the eighth weekly installment of great writing by area students as part of a partnership between the *St. Albans Messenger*, the Young Writers Project, area schools and the many talented young writers in our communities. Each week the *Messenger* features work from students in Franklin and Grand Isle counties.

Young Writers Project is a Vermont nonprofit dedicated to helping students improve their writing. Students submit work each week — responses to YWP prompts or general writing — and YWP selects the best for publication. YWP maintains a safe, civil Web site for students at [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org) (where all work is submitted). And it creates Digital Writing Classrooms for schools to use as part of their curriculum. Thanks to support from **FairPoint Communications**, Digital Writing Classrooms are operating at Milton High School, Enosburg Falls Middle School, St. Albans Town Educational Center and Grand Isle School. Swanton School and St. Albans City Schools are also participating.

**TODAY:** Response to the prompts: "General writing," "Kitchen Table" and "Anger."

## Melancholy joy



Kendra Underhill, *Essex High School, Grade 10*  
"My photographs show opposites. The two models show completely diverse appearances; one wears dark clothes and make-up, and the other wears lighter and brighter colors."

## Sunrise over Haiti

By ISAAC TOTTEN | Sheldon School, Grade 8

... It all just started out as a simple thought: Maybe we can go on a cruise. This simple thought turned into an idea and that idea into rock-hard reality. Next thing I knew I was in our white Ford SUV on the way to the airport and the beginning of a great adventure.

The plane ride may have been my favorite part. We arrived early in the morning and, as happens every time I'm excited for something, I could barely sleep the night before. ... This was my mother's first flight and mine, and once we got strapped into our seats and the plane started to take off, I looked over at my mother with an excited grin. She returned it with an equally eager smile. It felt like we were sailing through a sea of clouds and already I couldn't wait for the plane ride back.

The cruise ship was incredible! It had 16 stories and seemed to rise out of the water, making us look like ants below it. I could never have imagined a ship like that one. It had restaurants, pools, hot tubs, a wonderful view, and gorgeous hallways and entry ways. ...

It was the third day that I remember the most. We had been sailing for two days and my sister and I were sleeping soundly that morning when there was a knock at the door, and my mother's sweet, warm voice called, "Get up. You've got to see this." We just groaned at her and tried to get back to sleep but that wouldn't stop her. She is a pretty woman with spunky, spiky hair and a great spirit of adventure that can't easily be broken. So we knew there was no point in fighting and that we should just go and see whatever it was before we missed it. We opened our door and squinted from the light that blinded our sleepy

eyes and knocked on our mother's door across the hall. She quickly opened the door and both a toothy grin and a blinding light met us.

At first I was stunned and couldn't work out what I was looking at. Then, as I was ushered to the balcony by my mother, my eyes began to adjust and the glare wasn't blinding. I got my first glimpse of our first destination: Haiti. I had heard of all the violence that Haiti had and how poor it was. We had been a bit scared at first to come and we almost changed our cruise destinations to avoid Haiti, but what we saw that day looked like a tropical paradise. We found out later that the part of the island we visited was owned by the Royal Caribbean and was very safe. It was a green, tropical paradise that was so beautiful, I just gaped at it; everyone was silent, just watching as we arrived in the bay. No one said a word for about 10 minutes. My mom broke the silence saying, "Well isn't this the greatest thing that we've ever seen." ...

I began thinking how Vermont's beautiful green mountains that I had always admired now seemed more like walls keeping me in. I watched the news and saw all of the horrible things happening in the outside world, which only made the walls feel safer. Seeing such beauty in a place that was supposed to be so horrible really opened my eyes. It showed me that everything has beauty and that if I just escape the walls trapping me then I can discover new experiences and new adventures.

Since that moment I have been craving to get away from here; to travel the world and see things just as beautiful....

# The great noodle experiment

By MARY KLAUZENBERG  
BFA Fairfax, Grade 9

My mom was getting supper ready. We were having buttered noodles. My dad, me, my sister Kelsey and my brother Ethan were all at the table. My mom and dad were talking about how they used to test to see if the noodles were ready. My dad said, "When I was little I remember hearing someone say if the noodles stuck to the ceiling that they were ready."

"Let's try it," Kelsey said.

"No, it will mark up the ceiling." Mom said.

"Mom's right, but we are going to re-paint anyways, and there is pudding up on the living room ceiling so let's just try it." Dad said.

"Fine, you can try it once." Mom said.

As I was setting the table Dad was talking with Mom about work. Kelsey and Ethan were sitting in the living room.

"Dinner is ready." Mom said. She started putting noodles on each of the plates. I got glasses for everybody. Kelsey got out the milk.

"Are you ready to try it?" Dad said. He grabbed a noodle and threw it into the air and it stuck to the ceiling.

"I want to try," Ethan said as he grabbed a noodle and started to throw it up to the ceiling. Dad grabbed one more noodle and threw up to the ceiling. Now a little piece of the ceiling looked a forest with all the trees swaying in the breeze.

"Stop with the noodles," Mom said.

Everybody put their hands down.

"Let's just eat dinner now" Dad said.

Everybody ate and talked about their day. The next morning the noodles had fallen off the ceiling but they left marks where they had stuck. Mom was not happy.

"Now every time we have noodles with anything we have to throw them up on the ceiling," Dad said. Now every time we look up from the kitchen table it reminds us of that night when we did the great noodle experiment.

Now about five years later we are just about to repaint. The noodle marks are still there after all this time. Mom and Dad still talk about that night. We used white paint to paint over the ceiling and where we painted over the noodles the paint is a little darker. It is there to remind us of that great night at the kitchen table.

## UPCOMING PROMPTS

**Franklin and Grand Isle county students:**  
Send us your best writing!

We are looking for more great general writing or responses to YWP prompts. Here are the next prompts:

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

**An elder's story.** Interview someone in an older generation — a family member or community member — and get from them a story they've never told you. Re-tell that story. Focus on the details; 400 words and concentrate on the most memorable moment within that story. You can fictionalize the story if you'd like. No real names needed. **Alternate: The big win.** Write about a time when you won big. **Deadline Dec. 11.**

Submit work  
at our Web site:

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