

Oh me! Oh my!

By John Davis

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Three siblings are a lot of work.
Behind the master bed they lurk
waiting, watching ‘til you come by
to scare you silly
Oh me! Oh my!
One brother should’ve been enough.
He’s always coming up with stuff
to drive the sanity out of me.
This is crazy
Oh my! Oh me!
One sis was added to the clan
to dirty up my mom’s new van.
Soon everything was like a sty
goodness gracious!
me! Oh my!
Then sister two came along,
“She’s always causing ruckus, mom!”
How long can I take this? We shall see.
Kill me now
oh my! oh me!
If mom has any plans of more
I’m sure I’ll soon be out the door
I’ll spread my wings and away I’ll fly
soaring gracefully through the sky
Oh my! Oh me! Oh me! Oh my!

Journey through a fight

By Paige Brigham

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

The hate sits on top of me, covering up all
my other feelings,
The anger not wanting to leave.
The strength within me tries hard to push
it away, but at the same time I want it to
stay.
I see the fight over and over again in my
head, it makes me feel madder and mad-
der.
Then I stare for a second, thinking, until I
realize the fault is all mine.
The guilt tugs at my shoulder, and the
anger is slowly forgotten.
The videos from my head are still playing
but only show that I am the bad one.
Courage kicks in and my feet take me away
from my room.
Then, to my surprise, we meet at the stairs
and start to apologize in sync with another.
We start to laugh at each other and then
we feel as though we should hug but don’t
know if that is
Weird or not, but we hug anyway and start
to smile at each other.
Then the fight is gone and shriveled up
into the way, far back of my mind.
But we are sisters, and I wouldn’t be sur-
prised if that happened three times in a day.

My brother

By Augie Stevens

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

What really ticks me off are my
brother’s actions when he isn’t thinking.
Whenever he comes home from school,
he throws his backpack on the floor and
his jacket on the couch, even though my
dad made hooks for both of them.

Since we have to share a room, while
I keep my side semi clean, his side is
filthy with the dirty cloths, the books,
and the unmade bed. Our beds are par-
allel, with my dresser next to my bed,
and his across from the foot of my bed.
He has a little table next to his bed,
which has all his books on it, and the
space between our beds has all of his
clothes in it. All of those tick me off.

Whenever we get to watch a movie,
his choice is always “Back to the Future

1,” “Back to the Future 2,” or “Back to
the Future 3,” while I would rather
watch something worthwhile and some-
thing we haven’t seen a million times,
like “Time Bandits” or “Baron
Munchausen.”

He whines to get what he wants, and
when we play Wii, I let him win so he
doesn’t pout. He doesn’t listen to our
parents while he is reading so he doesn’t
do what our parents ask him to immedi-
ately. When we are cleaning up rooms,
he finds a book and will not stop reading
it until I take it from his hands. He then
gets all angry and sad.

When he isn’t not cleaning, being
messy, or plain old being annoying, he is
a good brother.

Never-ending war

By Caitlyn Bashara

MAIN STREET MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Do you have a sibling
who won’t leave you alone?
It starts off as you both
are having fun. Then, like a bomb,
your sibling flips out over nothing!
Your parents hear her yelling
and see what’s going on.
They see you as the harasser,
then everything turns in to a disaster
For your parents praise your little sibling
and treat you like you’re nothing.
It’s a never-ending war, you see,
I’ll tell you this right now:
You’ll always be known as guilty
and receive a big, fat frown.

What is anger?

By Lindsey Lowell

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Anger is like
being in the dark,
with no way out.
It’s like
You’re in a block of ice,
but you’re on fire.
It’s like
being buried
alive.
Anger is
pressure,
hate,
pain
and passion.

The roaring lion inside us

By Claire Brundage

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 7

Anger is like
a red balloon swelling out of control,
like a wild lion in a cage,
roaring to be let out.
When you are angry,
your head is the lid to a pot,
the pot is on the stove,
the contents are bubbling, steaming,
your head is ready to fall off,
your insides about to boil over.
Just like the lion,
anger is untamed,
and sometimes uncontrollable,
but we keep it inside,
caged up,
hidden from others’ sight.
until one day it runs wild.

Heater fights

By Noel Riby-Williams

BARRE TOWN MIDDLE AND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL,
GRADE 4

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

I have a brother named Leo. He is
really picky — like really, really, picky.

Every day in the winter, when it is
always cold, we have fights for the heater.
We have a little heater spinner that you
plug in and heat will go everywhere. So at
night we get up really early and sneak the
heater spinner. If I do not get it, I will go



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Anger

By Jenna Boudreau

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

Anger is the hurricane that destroys
peoples’ lives.
People
Rage
Hate
Negativity
Disgust
Hold it in
Keep it inside
Too long
Explosion! The anger inside you explodes
like a fuming volcano.
Let it out
Vent
Emotions
Temper
Wrath,
Everywhere!
Deep breaths
Calm, you are calm like a welcoming, fall
morning
Done.

to Leo’s room and sneak it out. But if I
have it first, he will do the same. I keep a
close eye on it, he doesn’t. ...

Even if my brother is mean and fights
with me a lot, he is my brother, and I love
him so very much — even if I say I don’t.

Next Prompts

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

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