

The kitchen table

By Oonagh Cavanagh

Browns River Middle School, Grade 7

Littered with papers and mugs, candles and tape dispensers, old napkins. Everything that doesn't really have a home. Papers with important dates and phone numbers hardly ever make it to the hands of their recipient. Lost in the rush of yesterday, Cell phone chargers and checkbooks hide under piles of mail. Dozens of notes telling us to “Clean up your rooms!” are scattered about. Wallets, toothbrushes and grocery lists are set down without much care. Notebooks with half-finished stories or notes are arranged in untidy piles. Books that were supposed to be returned a few weeks back lie in heaps of disorder. Salt and pepper shakers stand in the middle of this chaos. They're the closest thing to a center-piece. I guess you could say it's sort of a mess.

Our table

By Jesse Trudeau

Ripton Elementary School, Grade 6

Jack screaming
Peas flying
Milk spilling
Dogs barking
Going crazy
Already cleaning
Dinner just beginning.

Wonderful place to sit

By Gabby Boyson

Browns River Middle School, Grade 5

My kitchen table is a place to eat, A place to talk, To rest your feet. My kitchen table is somewhere to relax, To play, To make wisecracks. A kitchen table is a family place, somewhere to draw, to spend your day. Something about my kitchen table makes me think, What a wonderful place to sit.

Food and memories

By Haleigh Pierce

Charlotte Central School, Grade 8

(Excerpt: Full story at youngwritersproject.org)

... Of course food is a major thing I remember when thinking about the kitchen table. Sitting here reminds me of all the delicious meals my mom has made. ... On a cold winter morning, I drizzle amber maple syrup over a stack of golden-brown pancakes. Outside I can see a field of glistening diamonds that seems to go on forever. I remember dunking a warm grilled cheese sandwich into a bowl of steaming, ruby red tomato soup crafted from the first tomatoes of summer. A warm breeze floats in through the open door, bringing with it the smell of freshly cut grass.

Staring now at the kitchen table I see words, initials and other unknown marks. These were left by my dad and his sister, who sat at this table every day when they were little, like I do now. I wonder what they mean, knowing they bring back fond memories for others. Using only my fingernail on the old, soft wood, I carve my initials into a corner of the table. I want to leave my mark on the table that has meant so much to me.

Sammy strawberries

By Claire Wulfman

Ripton Elementary School, Grade 5

One day I was sitting at the kitchen table with my mom and sister. We were eating strawberries and cream, and discussing how our day had been and what we had learned.

We heard some thumping coming from upstairs. We thought it was just our dog, Nick, chasing our cat, Sammy.

There was a little patch of wood in the ceiling that kind of stuck out. It had always been there. What we did not know was that the board was very loose. All of a sudden our cat came rocketing down into my mom's bowl. Strawberries flew everywhere, including on my mom, my sister and me.

My sister and I screamed as our cat, covered in cream, jumped off the table and ran away. We called our dog to come and clean up the mess. He ran down because he knew that there was something delicious waiting for him.

Next Prompt

Winter Tales. Tell a story about winter: The season, the holidays or the weather.. Top selections will be given dramatic presentation by Vermont Stage Company in early December. **Due Friday.** Submit at: youngwritersproject.org

So many doors

By Warren Ouellette

Renaissance School, Grade 6

Doors, so many in the world. Which ones to open? Which ones to not? You can choose which ones to go through.

I chose to go through the door titled, “Author,” and here I am. I've been writing for a long time. I love it, and I'm glad I went through that door.

Then I chose the “Artist” door. But there were more doors after that one. Red, blue, yellow, green, orange, purple, black, white. I couldn't decide, so I combined. Not one, not two, but infinite doors to choose whether to go through.

Sometimes, it's not like that. Three doors are in front of you: One leads to homework, another to play, and the other leads to relaxation. I tried to go through the “Play” door, but was pushed into the “Homework” door. Homework is now done. I exit homework and have fun going through the “Bike” door. But while I bike I somehow get sucked into the “Bath” door. How did that happen? I thought I locked that one. Did Mom find the key? No!

Doors, so many in the world. Which ones to open? Which ones to not? You can choose which ones to go through.

Sole survivor

By Peter Bowley

Edmunds Middle School, Grade 7

It was midnight. The rain pelted down, making the sound of a thousand pit-pats at once. The street lights along the pavement cast a dim, hollow light. The only human sound was my exhausted breathing as I ran across the worn bricks. The streets were empty, not a soul around.

I had awoken on the sidewalk on an unknown street, and I don't remember anything else. Certain that something horrible had happened, I ran, looking for a light in the never-ending darkness. I approached a house where the lights were on and a good smell filled the air. Sprinting, I raced to the front porch. Was there anyone here? Maybe they could help me and answer my questions.

I reached the door and knocked loudly. No response. I knelt, sobbing to no end. I wanted to see something alive, something warm and happy. What had happened? It was as if everything was the same, but everyone had suddenly disappeared. Stumbling, I reached for the door again and grabbed the doorknob. Locked. I collapsed, and was cast into darkness.

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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. For more: ywpschools.net.

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That wagging tail

By Laura Cavazos

Colchester Middle School, Grade 7

I reached for the door and knocked loudly
With my mind set
And my head held proudly.
I hoped my loyal friend
Would be on the other side
To listen to me.
When I think I am at the end
I need someone to tell me it will be OK,
To tell me they will be there forever,
Even when they are not.
When I think of her
I hear her bark
And see that wagging tail behind that door.

Halloween night

By Anna Burke

Browns River Middle School, Grade 5

I reached for the door and knocked loudly. No answer came, so I knocked again. I looked around for a sign of activity. No lights were on in the house, but the sounds of creaky stairs could be heard. My heart was pounding as the doorknob turned. The door cracked open, two yellow eyes peered at me. Old knobby hands reached for me. Screaming wildly, I turned and fled. Before I knew it, I was halfway down the block. I've never returned to that house I visited On Halloween night.